

***ROBERT  
SOUTHEY***

***POEMS***

**Robert Southey**

# **Poems**

EAN 8596547222682

DigiCat, 2022

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## ERRORS

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p.151 - in the last line but one, for nosal, read nasal.  
p.192 - line 8, for wild, read mild. p. 203 - in the note, for  
Complicces, read Complices.

# THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN

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[Greek (transliterated):  
Ou gar thaeluierais demas opasen aemiielesion  
Morphaen, ophra xai allaperi chroi technaesainio.

**NATMACHIOS.]**

# TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

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The lilly cheek, the "purple light of love,"  
The liquid lustre of the melting eye—  
Mary! of these the Poet sung, for these  
Did Woman triumph! with no angry frown  
View this degrading conquest. At that age  
No MAID OF ARC had snatch'd from coward man  
The heaven-blest sword of Liberty; thy sex  
Could boast no female ROLAND'S martyrdom;  
No CORDE'S angel and avenging arm  
Had sanctified again the Murderer's name  
As erst when Caesar perish'd: yet some strains  
May even adorn this theme, befitting me  
To offer, nor unworthy thy regard.

**ROBERT SOUTHEY.**

The Subject of the following Poem may be found in the Third  
and Fourth  
Chapters of the first Book of Esdras.

THE TRIUMPH of WOMAN.

Glad as the weary traveller tempest-tost  
To reach secure at length his native coast,

Who wandering long o'er distant lands has sped,  
The night-blast wildly howling round his head,  
Known all the woes of want, and felt the storm  
Of the bleak winter parch his shivering form;  
The journey o'er and every peril past  
Beholds his little cottage-home at last,  
And as he sees afar the smoke curl slow,  
Feels his full eyes with transport overflow:  
So from the scene where Death and Anguish reign,  
And Vice and Folly drench with blood the plain,  
Joyful I turn, to sing how Woman's praise  
Avail'd again Jerusalem to raise,  
Call'd forth the sanction of the Despot's nod,  
And freed the nation best-belov'd of God.

Darius gives the feast: to Persia's court,  
Awed by his will, the obedient throng resort,  
Attending Satraps swell the Prince's pride,  
And vanquish'd Monarchs grace their Conqueror's side.  
No more the Warrior wears the garb of war,  
Sharps the strong steel, or mounts the scythed car;  
No more Judaea's sons dejected go,  
And hang the head and heave the sigh of woe.  
From Persia's rugged hills descend the train.  
From where Orontes foams along the plain,  
From where Choaspes rolls his royal waves,  
And India sends her sons, submissive slaves.  
Thy daughters Babylon to grace the feast  
Weave the loose robe, and paint the flowery vest,  
With roseate wreaths they braid the glossy hair.  
They tinge the cheek which Nature form'd so fair,  
Learn the soft step, the soul-subduing glance,  
Melt in the song, and swim adown the dance.  
Exalted on the Monarch's golden throne  
In royal state the fair Apame shone;

Her form of majesty, her eyes of fire  
Chill with respect, or kindle with desire.  
The admiring multitude her charms adore,  
And own her worthy of the crown she wore.

Now on his couch reclin'd Darius lay,  
Tir'd with the toilsome pleasures of the day;  
Without Judaea's watchful sons await  
To guard the sleeping pageant of the state.  
Three youths were these of Judah's royal race,  
Three youths whom Nature dower'd with every grace,  
To each the form of symmetry she gave,  
And haughty Genius curs'd each favorite slave;  
These fill'd the cup, around the Monarch kept,  
Serv'd as he spake, and guarded whilst he slept.

Yet oft for Salem's hallowed towers laid low  
The sigh would heave, the unbidden tear would flow;  
And when the dull and wearying round of Power  
Allowed Zorobabel one vacant hour,  
He lov'd on Babylon's high wall to roam,  
And stretch the gaze towards his distant home,  
Or on Euphrates' willowy banks reclin'd  
Hear the sad harp moan fitful to the wind.

As now the perfum'd lamps stream wide their light,  
And social converse cheers the livelong night,  
Thus spake Zorobabel, "too long in vain  
"For Sion desolate her sons complain;  
"In anguish worn the joyless years lag slow,  
"And these proud conquerors mock their captive's woe.  
"Whilst Cyrus triumph'd here in victor state  
"A brighter prospect cheer'd our exil'd fate,  
"Our sacred walls again he bade us raise,  
"And to Jehovah rear the pile of praise.  
"Quickly these fond hopes faded from our eyes,

"As the frail sun that gilds the wintry skies,  
"And spreads a moment's radiance o'er the plain,  
"Soon hid by clouds that dim the scene again.

"Opprest by Artaxerxes' jealous reign  
"We vainly pleaded here, and wept in vain.  
"Now when Darius, chief of mild command,  
"Bids joy and pleasure fill the festive land,  
"Still shall we droop the head in sullen grief,  
"And sternly silent shun to seek relief?  
"What if amid the Monarch's mirthful throng  
"Our harps should echo to the chearful song?

"Fair is the occasion," thus the one replied,  
"And now let all our tuneful skill be tried.  
"Whilst the gay courtiers quaff the smiling bowl,  
"And wine's strong fumes inspire the madden'd soul,  
"Where all around is merriment, be mine  
"To strike the lute, and praise the power of Wine.

"And whilst" his friend replied in state alone  
"Lord of the earth Darius fills the throne,  
"Be yours the mighty power of Wine to sing,  
"My lute shall sound the praise of Persia's King."

To them Zorobabel, on themes like these  
"Seek ye the Monarch of Mankind to please;  
"To Wine superior or to Power's strong arms,  
"Be mine to sing resistless Woman's charms.  
"To him victorious in the rival lays  
"Shall just Darius give the meed of praise;  
"The purple robe his honor'd frame shall fold,  
"The beverage sparkle in his cup of gold;  
"A golden couch support his bed of rest,  
"The chain of honor grace his favor'd breast;  
"His the soft turban, his the car's array

"O'er Babylon's high wall to wheel its way;  
"And for his wisdom seated on the throne,  
"For the KING'S COUSIN shall the Bard be known."

Intent they meditate the future lay,  
And watch impatient for the dawn of day.  
The morn rose clear, and shrill were heard the flute,  
The cornet, sackbut, dulcimer, and lute;  
To Babylon's gay streets the throng resort,  
Swarm thro' the gates, and fill the festive court.  
High on his throne Darius tower'd in pride,  
The fair Apame grac'd the Sovereign's side;  
And now she smil'd, and now with mimic frown  
Placed on her brow the Monarch's sacred crown.  
In transport o'er her faultless form he bends,  
Loves every look, and every act commends.

And now Darius bids the herald call  
Judaea's Bard to grace the thronging hall.  
Hush'd is each sound—the attending crowd are mute,  
The Hebrew lightly strikes the chearful lute:

When the Traveller on his way,  
Who has toil'd the livelong day,  
Feels around on every side  
The chilly mists of eventide,  
Fatigued and faint his wearied mind  
Rekurs to all he leaves behind;  
He thinks upon the well-trimm'd hearth,  
The evening hour of social mirth,  
And her who at departing day  
Weeps for her husband far away.  
Oh give to him the flowing bowl,  
Bid it renovate his soul;  
Then shall sorrow sink to sleep,  
And he who wept, no more shall weep;

For his care-clouded brow shall clear,  
And his glad eye shall sparkle thro' the tear.

When the poor man heart-opprest  
Betakes him to his evening rest,  
And worn with labour thinks in sorrow  
Of the labor of to-morrow;  
When sadly musing on his lot  
He hies him to his joyless cot,  
And loathes to meet his children there,  
The rivals for his scanty fare:  
Oh give to him the flowing bowl,  
Bid it renovate his soul;  
The generous juice with magic power  
Shall cheat with happiness the hour,  
And with each warm affection fill  
The heart by want and wretchedness made chill.

When, at the dim close of day,  
The Captive loves alone to stray  
Along the haunts recluse and rude  
Of sorrow and of solitude;  
When he sits with moveless eye  
To mark the lingering radiance die,  
And lets distemper'd Fancy roam  
Amid the ruins of his home—  
Oh give to him the flowing bowl,  
Bid it renovate his soul;  
The bowl shall better thoughts bestow,  
And lull to rest his wakeful woe,  
And Joy shall bless the evening hour,  
And make the Captive Fortune's conqueror.

When the wearying cares of state  
Oppress the Monarch with their weight,  
When from his pomp retir'd alone