

Carisbrooke Castle,

OUR ANCIENT ISLAND CITADEL.

How we love to stand and gaze
On the wreck of other days,
Where the gleams of prowess linger—prowess never
more to be ;
Like a warrior at his rest,
In his panoply still dress'd,
Dreaming of the storms of conflicts—resting after
victory.

Moat and rampart, bastion, tower,
Each suggesting pomp and power,
Mouldering now beneath Time's fingers, passing on—
ward to decay ;
But like yonder glorious sun,
When his race is well nigh run—
Beautiful in his declining, loveliest in his parting ray,
Art, inventive, raised thee here,
Proud, defiant, stern, austere !
Art, the cold utilitarian, has no more for thee to do ;
Useful erst, its purpose served !
To thy fate—how undeserved—
Leaves thee to decay and ruin,—fate, alas ! of not a
few !

But fair Nature, ever kind,
Takes thee, as to her assigned,
And, with tender care maternal, clothes thee in her
mantling vest,
As, with kindest endeavour,
Makes she thee a "joy for ever"—
Makes and keeps thee fresh and verdant in her loving
arms caressed.

Be it so ! thou art our pride,
And we love to turn aside
From the wear and tear of being, to the quiet thou
dost yield ;
Rising o'er the leafy dell,
Far-famed ancient Citadel,
Still, oh still be cast about thee Nature's potent, lov-
ing shield !