

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
THOMAS CAMPBELL: INCLUDING  
THEODRIC, AND MANY OTHER  
PIECES NOT CONTAINED IN ANY  
FORMER EDITION**

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The poetical works of Thomas Campbell: including Theodric, and many other pieces not contained in any former edition by Thomas Campbell

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PHILADELPHIA:  
J. CRISSY, AND J. GRIGG.

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*Handwritten signature or decorative flourish*

**PLEASURES OF HOPE.**

**PART I.**



## ANALYSIS OF PART I.

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The poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well known fiction in pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his midnight watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science or of taste—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people, recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity, to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

THE

## PLEASURES OF HOPE.

### PART I.

At summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;  
And every form, that fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye  
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?  
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly power,  
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?  
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—  
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;  
Or, if she hold an image to the view,  
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light,  
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:  
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,  
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play:

Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,  
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,  
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,  
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;  
When every form of death, and every wo,  
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;  
When Murder bared his arm, and rampant War  
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;  
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,  
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;  
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,  
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare  
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,  
The Prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,  
Dropped on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow  
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every wo:  
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour  
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;  
There, as the wild-bee murmurs on the wing,  
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!  
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,  
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore  
Earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore.  
Lo! to the wint'ry winds the pilot yields  
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;  
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,  
Where Andes, giant of the western star,