Furness Abbey.

By Coleridge, Mary Elizabeth .

Here would the aged pilgrim gladly stay

To rest him in these hospitable halls;

Here where the night disconsolately falls

With song and story keep the night at bay.

Here did the shadowy brethren, white and grey,

Move to and fro within their stately walls,

And bind and loose the burdens of their thralls

Nor ever from the poor man turn away.

Alas! within the Abbot's painted room,

Rich with armorial rose and eastern palms,

The ferns are growing and the harebells bloom,

And blackberry for all who ask an alms,

Where, through the vale of nightshade in the gloom,

The screech owl hoots his penitential psalms.