



# **A casket of jewels selected from poets of the nineteenth century**

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E. J. Irving  
A Casket of Jewels



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**A CASKET OF JEWELS**

SELECTED FROM POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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# A CASKET OF JEWELS

SELECTED FROM POETS

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY

 E. J. IRVING 



S N E E K  
H. PYTTERSEN Tz.  
1887

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BOOK I

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POETS OF THE FIRST GENERATION





## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *the poet of nature and the simple domestic affections, was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland, April 7<sup>th</sup> 1870* From his earliest years he determined to be a poet and nothing but a poet. An opportune legacy enabled him to fulfil this resolution. His tastes were simple and frugal, and by a curious run of good fortune money seemed always to come to him when he needed it. Wordsworth's early poetry attracted little attention; even his *Lyrical Ballads, 1798*, were received with small favour. In his later years, however, his poems obtained wide recognition, and his fame is now established as one of the most original and thoughtful writers of modern times. Wordsworth's longest poem is *The Excursion, 1814*, which, very lengthy as it is, was intended to be merely part of a projected *Moral Epic*. *The Prelude, or Growth of my Own Mind*, was written comparatively early, but not published till after the author's death in 1850. Of the shorter poems, the most important are the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, Laodamia*, and the series of *Sonnets on the subject of Liberty*; but much of the poet's finest work is found in his shorter lyrics.

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## TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice:  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy loud note smites my ear!  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers;  
And unto me thou bring'st a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listen'd to; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain

And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place;  
That is fit home for thee!

---

## TO THE SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler! — that love-prompted strain  
— 'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond —  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam —  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

---

## THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said „A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown :  
This child I to myself will take :  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

„Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse ; and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

„She shall be sportive as the fawn,  
That, wild with glee, across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute, insensate things.

„The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend ;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
E'en in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

„The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,

And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

„And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell.“

Thus Nature spake. The work was done —  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

---

## THE LOST LOVE.

### I.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

## II.

I TRAVELL'D among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd  
The bowers where Lucy play'd;  
And thine is too the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

---

## THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,  
A foggy day in winter time)  
A woman on the road I met,  
Not old, though something past her prime:  
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;  
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead:  
Old times, thought I, are breathing there;

Proud was I that my country bred  
Such strength, a dignity so fair :  
She begg'd an alms, like one in poor estate ;  
I look'd at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
With the first word I had to spare,  
I said to her, „Beneath your cloak,  
What's that which on your arms you bear?“  
She answer'd, soon as she the question heard,  
„A simple burthen, sir, a little singing bird.“

And thus continuing, she said,  
„I had a son, who many a day  
Sail'd on the seas ; but he is dead ;  
In Denmark he was cast away ;  
And I have travell'd far as Hull, to see  
What clothes he might have left, or other property.

„The bird and cage they both were his ;  
'Twas my son's bird ; and neat and trim  
He kept it : many voyages  
His singing-bird had gone with him ;  
When last he sail'd he left the bird behind,  
As it might be, perhaps, from bodings of his mind.

„He to a fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it, to be watch'd and fed,  
Till he came back again ; and there  
I found it when my son was dead ;  
And now — God help me for my little wit —  
I bear it with me, sir ! he took so much delight in it.“

---

## WE ARE SEVEN.

— — A SIMPLE Child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad:  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair:  
— Her beauty made me glad.

„Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
How many may you be?“  
„How many? Seven in all,“ she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

„And where are they? I pray you tell.“  
She answered, „Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.“

„You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,

Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,  
„Seven boys and girls are we:  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

„You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

„Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little Maid replied,  
„Twelve steps or more from mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them.

And often after sun-set, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was sister Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;  
And, all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go ;  
And he lies by her side."

„How many are you, then," said I,  
„If they two are in heaven?"  
Quick was the little Maid's reply,  
„O Master! we are seven."

„But they are dead; those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!"  
„'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, „Nay, we are seven"!

---

## ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND.

1802.

Two voices are there — one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains — each a mighty voice :  
In both, from age to age, thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!  
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven,  
Thou from thy Alpine hold at length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:  
Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which still is left;  
For, high-soul'd maid, what sorrow would it be  
That mountain floods should thunder as before,  
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

---

## THE WORLD.

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :  
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !  
This sea that bears her bosom to the moon ;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours  
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers ;  
For this, for everything we are out of tune ;  
It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

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## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE fame of Scott's Waverley Novels, 1813—26, has eclipsed that of his metrical romances, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, *The Lord of the Isles*. But the ballads and lyrics scattered over his novels and long poems retain a high place in public estimation. Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 13<sup>th</sup> 1771, studied law, and devoted himself for a long time to the collection of old ballads. His *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published in 1805, and from that time to 1825 his writings were the delight of the reading world. They brought him enormous sums of money, which he invested partly in land, partly in a secret partnership with his printers and publishers. For Scott's great ambition was to become a large landed proprietor, and found a new baronial family. The publishers failed in 1825; Scott found himself responsible for a debt of nearly £ 120,000. Refusing to compound with his creditors, Scott set himself to pay the whole sum by his literary labours, and had all but succeeded when he was struck with paralysis. After lingering for some time Sir Walter, who had been created a baronet in 1820; died (1832) at the Gothic Castle of Abbotsford, which he had built at great expense.

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## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN. 1)

'WHY weep ye by the tide, lady?  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye shall be his bride  
And ye shall be his bride, lady,  
So comely to be seen' —  
But aye she let the tears down fall  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilful grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale;  
Young Frank is chief of Errington  
And lord of Langley-dale;  
His step is first in peaceful hall,  
His sword in battle keen —'  
But aye she let the tears down fall  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'A chain of gold ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you the foremost of them all  
Shall ride our forest-queen' —  
But aye she let the tears down fall  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning tide,  
The tapers glimmered fair:

---

1) The spelling of this favourite ballad is slightly altered from the Scotch.

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight are there :  
 They sought her both by bower and hall; <sup>1)</sup>  
 The lady was not seen!  
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
 With Jock of Hazeldean.

---

### A SERENADE.

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
 The sun has left the lea,  
 The orange-flower perfumes the bower,  
 The breeze is on the sea.  
 The lark, his lay who trilled all day,  
 Sits hushed his partner nigh;  
 Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,  
 But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade  
 Her shepherd's suit to hear;  
 To Beauty shy, by lattice high,  
 Sings high-born Cavalier.  
 The star of Love, all stars above,  
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky,  
 And high and low the influence know —  
 But where is County Guy?

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<sup>1)</sup> Hall is pronounced *ha* to rhyme with *awa'* (away) in the 7th line.

---

## ROSABELLE.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!  
 No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
 Soft is the note and sad the lay  
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew;  
 And, gentle lady, deign to stay!  
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day <sup>1)</sup>.

The blackening wave is edged with white;  
 To inch <sup>2)</sup> and rock the sea-mews fly;  
 The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,  
 Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

Last night the gifted seer did view  
 A wet shroud swathed round lady gay <sup>3)</sup>:  
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;  
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
 To-night at Roslin <sup>4)</sup> leads the ball,  
 But that my lady-mother there  
 Sits lonely in her castle hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
 But that my sire the wine will chide  
 If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle!

---

1) The Frith of Forth. — 2) A small island. — 3) In old times every noble Scottish family maintained a household poet. The bard was supposed to possess the gift of „second sight“, he would predict events twenty-four hours beforehand. — 4) The ruins of Roslin Castle stand on the banks of the Esk, not far from Edinburgh. The other places mentioned are all in the neighbourhood.

— O'er Roslin all that dreary night  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,  
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale:  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's ba-rons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chappelle;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold,  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there  
With candle, with book, and with knell:  
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

---

## GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK.

PIBROCH <sup>1)</sup> of Donuil Dhu  
Pibroch of Donuil  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan Conuil.  
Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons!  
Come in your war-array,  
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky;  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlocky.  
Come every hill plaid and  
True heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade and  
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter;  
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
The bride at the altar:  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges;  
Come with your fighting-gear,  
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when  
Forests are rended,  
Come as the waves come, when

---

1) The pibroch is a wild, irregular piece of music played on the bagpipes. It renders by imitative sounds the various phases of a battle — the march, the assault, the flight, the flight and pursuit, the lament for the fallen.

Navies are stranded;  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, last they come;  
See how they gather!  
Wide waves the eagle plume  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set!  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.  
Knell for the onset!

---



## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE was born in Devonshire, October 21<sup>st</sup>, 1771, and educated at Christ Hospital, London, whence he passed to Cambridge. Like his friends Wordsworth and Southey, Coleridge took a strong interest in the revolutionary agitations of the period, and his early poetry is full of the democratic spirit. Almost all his best poems were written in 1797, the year after his marriage. These are *The Ancient Mariner*, published 1798 as a part of the *Lyrical Ballads*: *Christabel*, Part I. *Ode to France*, *The Nightingale*. *Love*, the dream-poem *Kubla Khan*, and the tragedy *Remorse*. Coleridge's second period, 1802—1818, was devoted to literary and fine art criticism; his third, from 1818 to his death in 1834, to theology and metaphysics. He wrote little poetry after his thirtieth year.

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### LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
Live o'er again that happy hour  
When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene  
Had blended with the lights of eve ;  
And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve !

She lean'd against the arm'd man,  
The statue of the arm'd knight :  
She stood and listened to my lay,  
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !  
She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story —  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
For well she knew, I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand ;  
And that for ten long years he wooed  
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone

---

With which I sang another's love,  
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
And she forgave me that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,  
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once,  
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright ;  
And that he knew it was a fiend,  
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death  
The lady of the land ;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,  
And how she tended him in vain —  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest leaves  
A dying man he lay ;

His dying words — but when I reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve —  
The music and the doleful tale,  
That rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng;  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love and virgin shame;  
And like the murmur of a dream  
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;  
As conscious of my look she stept —  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace,  
And bending back her head, looked up  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel than see  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears ; and she was calm,  
 And told her love with virgin pride ;  
 And so I won my Genevieve,  
 My bright and beauteous bride !

## YOUTH AND AGE.

From POEMS WRITTEN IN LATER LIFE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee —  
 Both were mine ! Life went a-maying  
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
 When I was young !

When I was young ? Ah, woful when !  
 Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then !  
 This breathing house not built with hands,  
 This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,  
 How lightly then it flashed along :  
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
 That fear no spite of wind or tide !  
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather,  
 When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;  
 O the joys that came down shower-like,  
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
 Ere I was old !  
 Ere I was old ? Ah, woful Ere,

Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
'Tis known that thou and I were one;  
I'll think it but a fond conceit —  
It cannot be that thou art gone!  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,  
And thou wert aye a masker bold!  
What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make-believe that thou art gone?  
I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping gait, this altered size;  
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!  
Life is but thought: so think I will  
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,  
But the tears of mournful eve!  
Where no hope is, life's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve,  
    When we are old:  
That only serves to make us grieve  
With oft and tedious taking leave;  
Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
That may not rudely be dismissed,  
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,  
And tells the jest without the smile.

---



## ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*OF the one hundred and nine volumes published by Southey very few are now in circulation: one volume of selected poems, The Life of Nelson, The History of the Peninsular War, and (recently reprinted) The Doctor. Southey's poems consist of long Epics: Joan of Arc, Madoc, Thalaba, Roderick the Last of the Goths, The Curse of Kehama; and a number of ballads and lyrics. The two specimens subjoined are considered the most perfect. Southey was born at Bristol in 1774; began to publish in his twentieth year; was appointed Poet Laureate in 1813; received a pension in 1835; and died in 1843.*

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## AFTER BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,  
Old Kaspar's work was done;  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun,  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
That he beside the rivulet  
In playing there had found ;  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by ;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And, with a natural sigh,  
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,  
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for  
There's many here about,  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out ;  
For many thousand men, said he,  
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about  
Young Peterkin he cries,  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,  
That put the French to rout ;  
But what they kill'd each other for,  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said, quoth he,  
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by,  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then,  
And new-born infant died.  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won,  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
And our good Prince Eugene. —  
Why 'twas a very wicked thing!  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
Nay — nay — my little girl, quoth he,  
It was a famous victory.

And everybody praised the Duke  
Who such a fight did win.  
But what good came of it at last? —  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
Why, that I cannot tell, said he,  
But 'twas a famous victory.

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## MARY THE MAID OF THE INN.

WHO is yonder poor Maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes  
Seem a heart overcharged to express?  
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;  
She never complains, but her silence implies  
The composure of settled distress.

No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek;  
Nor for raiment nor food doth she care:  
Through her tatters the winds of the winter blow bleak  
On her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and her cheek  
Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,  
Poor Mary the Maniac hath been:  
The Traveller remembers who journey'd this way  
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,  
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight  
As she welcomed them in with a smile;  
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,  
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night  
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,  
And she hoped to be happy for life:  
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they  
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say  
That she was too good for his wife.

Tw'as in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,  
And fast were the windows and door;

Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,  
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight  
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

„Tis pleasant," cried one, „seated by the fire-side,  
To hear the wind whistle without."  
„What a night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied,  
„Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried  
Who should wander the ruins about.

„I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear  
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;  
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,  
Some ugly old Abbot's grim spirit appear,  
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

„I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,  
„That Mary would venture there now."  
„Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he replied,  
„I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,  
And faint if she saw a white cow."

„Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"  
His companion exclaim'd with a smile;  
„I shall win, — for I know she will venture there now,  
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough  
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,  
And her way to the Abbey she bent;  
The night was dark, and the wind was high,  
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,  
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the Maid  
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;

Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid,  
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade  
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast  
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;  
Over weed-cover'd fragments she fearlessly pass'd,  
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last  
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,  
And hastily gather'd the bough;  
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,  
She paused, and she listen'd all eager to hear,  
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,  
She listen'd, — nought else could she hear;  
The wind fell; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,  
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread  
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column half breathless with fear  
She crept to conceal herself there:  
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,  
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,  
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold;  
Again the rough wind hurried by, —  
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold  
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd, —  
She felt, and expected to die.

„Curse the hat!" he exclaims: „Nay, come on till we hide  
The dead body," his comrade replies.

She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,  
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,  
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,  
She gazed in her terror around,  
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no more,  
And exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,  
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,  
For a moment the hat met her view;  
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,  
For — O God! what cold horror then thrilled through her heart  
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,  
His gibbet is now to be seen;  
His irons you still from the road may espy;  
The traveller beholds them, and thinks with a sigh  
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

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## THE SCHOLAR IN HIS LIBRARY.

MY days among the Dead are past :  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old :  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal  
And seek relief in woe ;

And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them  
I live in long-past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all Futurity ;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

---



## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*THIS author is more famous for his prose than his poetry. His Imaginary Conversations were published at intervals during his long literary career, and secure for him a place in the front rank of prose writers. Landor was born in Warwickshire in 1775 and died at Florence in 1864, having led a troubled and wandering life; cheered however, by the friendship of three generations of poets. Southey, the Brownings, Swinburne, were all friends of Savage Landor, whose first poem, Gebir, was published in 1798, his last, Dry Sticks Faggoted, in 1858. In his ninetieth year he was still working at his Imaginary Conversations.*

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## FAESULAN IDYL.

HERE, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound,  
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;  
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,  
Soft airs, that want the lute to play with them,  
And softer sighs, that know not what they want:  
Under a wall, beneath an orange-tree

Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones  
Of sights in Fiesole right up above,  
While I was gazing a few paces off  
At what they seemed to show me with their nods,  
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,  
A gentle maid came down the garden steps  
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.  
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth  
To drive the ox away, or mule or goat,  
(Such I believed it must be); for sweet scents  
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,  
And nurse and pillow the dull memory  
That would let drop without them her best stores.  
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,  
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way  
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,  
Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,  
Among their kindred in their native place.  
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head  
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank  
And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup  
Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.  
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves  
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek  
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;  
I saw the foot, that although half-erect  
From its grey slipper, could not lift her up  
To what she wanted; I held down a branch,  
And gathered her some blossoms, since their hour  
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies  
Of harder wing were working their way through  
And scattering them in fragments under foot.  
So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,  
Others, ere broken off, fell out like shells,  
For such appear the petals when detached,  
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,

And like snow not seen through, by eye or sun:  
 Yet every one her gown received from me  
 Was fairer than the first . . . I thought not so,  
 But so she praised them to reward my care.  
 I said: *You find the largest.*

*This indeed*

Cried she, *is large and sweet.*

She held one forth,  
 Whether for me to look at or to take  
 She knew not, nor did I; but taking it,  
 Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts,  
 I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part  
 Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature  
 Of blossoms; yet a blossom; with a touch  
 To fall, and yet unfallen.

She drew back  
 The boon she tendered, and then finding not  
 The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,  
 Dropt it, as loath to drop it, on the rest.

## TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

Twenty years hence my eyes may grow  
 If not quite dim, yet rather so;  
 Yet yours from others they shall know  
     Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence, though it may hap  
 That I be called to take a nap  
 In a cool cell where thunder-clap  
     Is never heard,

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass  
A not too sadly sighed 'Alas!'  
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,  
That wingéd word.

---

### ON HIMSELF.

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife;  
Nature I loved, and next to nature, art;  
I warmed both hands before the fire of life:  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

---



## CHARLES LAMB.

*THE author of the delightful Essays of Elia was born in London Feb. 18, 1775. He spent all his life, or nearly all, in the crowded city; for many years as a clerk in the East India House. In his leisure hours he studied Elizabethan literature. The fruit of this study was his specimens of The English Dramatists, with critical notes. Lamb's Essays and Poems are full of personal reminiscences.*

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### TO HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
    With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed  
    And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool;  
But she was trained in Nature's school;  
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet forewarning?

---

## THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom-cronies ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;  
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly ;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood ;  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces —

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.



## THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, July 27<sup>th</sup>. 1777. In his twenty-second year he published his *Pleasures of Hope*, and immediately after its publication started for the Continent. He witnessed the battle of Ratisbon, and was on good terms with General Moreau and other French officers. In this way he gained the knowledge of warfare and soldiers displayed in his celebrated battle-pieces. On leaving the seat of war Campbell repaired to London and took up literature as a profession, becoming a very industrious and successful writer. His fame rests, however, on his ballads and lyrics. Longer poems are *Gertrude of Wyoming* and the beautiful *O'Connor's Child*. Campbell died at Boulogne in 1844.

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## HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay th'untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battleblade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their windingsheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

---

## A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:  
'Twas Autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd loud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us, — rest, thou art weary and worn!  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay; —  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

---

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry", —

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"  
'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

"And fast before her father's men,  
Three days we've fled together;  
For should he find us in the glen  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,  
When they have slain her lover?

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief; — I'm ready: —  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady: —

"And by my word the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So though the waves are raging white  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her, —  
When, O! too strong for human hand  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing :  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore, —  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade  
His child he did discover : —  
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
"Across this stormy water ;  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter! O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,  
Return or aid preventing :  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

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## THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE *was born in Dublin, May 28<sup>th</sup> 1777, and spent most of his life in or near London. His Irish Melodies, consisting of one hundred and twenty-five songs composed to existing national music, were for nearly three quarters of a century the delight of every drawing-room. Moore's longest imaginative production is Lalla Rookh, a series of four poems connected by a slight thread of graceful narrative. His most important prose work is The life and Letters of Lord Byron Moore died Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> 1852.*

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## PRO PATRIA MORI.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name  
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
O! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
Of a life that for thee was resigned?  
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
Thy tears shall efface their decree;  
For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;  
Every thought of my reason was thine:  
In my last humble prayer to the spirit above  
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!  
O! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
The days of thy glory to see;  
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give  
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

---

### THE LIVING TO THE DEAD.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly  
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;  
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air  
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,  
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear  
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear;  
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,  
I think, O my Love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls  
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

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## LEIGH HUNT.

THIS prolific poet, essayist, and journalist was born at Southgate in Middlesex, 1784, and died in London, 1859. His life was a long struggle with pecuniary difficulties aggravated by his careless habits, and he suffered two years' imprisonment for publishing a libel on the Prince Regent. He was closely connected with Keats, Shelley and Byron, and shortly after the death of the latter published a work entitled *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries*. Hunt's peculiar experiences and associations deeply colour his writings. His poetical works consist of *The Story of Rimini*, written during his imprisonment, and two small volumes entitled *Foliage*, and *The Feast of the Poets*.

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## TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass :  
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong  
At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth  
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song —  
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

---

### ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOUT Ben Adhem — may his tribe increase ! —  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said :  
“What writest thou ?” The vision raised its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered : “The names of those who love the Lord.”  
“And is mine one ?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”  
Replied the angel, Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still ; and said : “I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”  
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,  
And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

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## LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in London January 22,<sup>d</sup> 1788. His childhood was spent in the Highlands of Scotland, where his mother lived in very reduced circumstances. In his eleventh year the lame boy succeeded his grand-uncle, William, Lord Byron. He was then sent to school at Dulwich, thence to Harrow, from which he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge. While still at college Byron published his *Hours of Idleness*, 1807. These boyish poems were savagely reviewed; the young poet retorted with *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. He then travelled for some time, resided for a while in Greece and Turkey, and on his return published the first two Cantos of *Childe Harold* (1812). His *Eastern Tales* followed in rapid succession. In 1814 Byron married, but the union proved unhappy; his wife left him; and in 1815 he bade a last farewell to England. He then travelled in Switzerland and Italy, residing for a time in Venice. Between 1815 and 1823 were produced the third and fourth Cantos of *Childe Harold*, *Manfred*, *Cain*, *Mazeppa*, several dramas, and the humorous and satiric *Vision of Judgment*, *Beppo*, and *Don Juan*. Byron had always sympathised strongly with struggling nationalities, and in the summer of 1823 he sailed for Greece. To the cause of Greek independence he now

*devoted his talents, his fortune and his life. The poet had long been in delicate health; the climate was very severe. Malarial fever set in, accompanied with epileptic seizures and Lord Byron expired at Missolonghi April 19<sup>th</sup> 1824.*

### ALL FOR LOVE.

O TALK not to me of a name great in story;  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two and twenty  
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?  
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:  
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary —  
What care I for wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame! — if I e'er took delight in thy praises,  
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;  
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;  
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,  
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

### ELEGY ON THYRZA.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair  
As aught of mortal birth;

And forms so soft and charms so rare  
Too soon returned to Earth!  
Though Earth received them in her bed,  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
In carelessness or mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look,

I will not ask where thou liest low  
Nor gaze upon the spot:  
There flowers or weeds at will may grow  
So I behold them not:  
It is enough for me to prove  
That what I loved and long must love  
Like common earth can rot;  
To me there needs no stone to tell  
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,  
As fervently as thou  
Who didst not change through all the past,  
And canst not alter now,  
The love where Death has set his seal  
Nor age can chill nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow:  
And, what were worse, thou canst not see  
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;  
The worst can but be mine:  
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,  
Shall never more be thine.  
The silence of that dreamless sleep  
I envy now too much to weep;  
Nor need I to repine  
That all those charms have passed away  
I might have watched through long decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched  
Must fall the earliest prey;  
Though by no hand untimely snatched,  
The leaves must drop away.  
And yet it were a greater grief,  
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
Than see it plucked to-day;  
Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
To trace the change from foul to fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
To see thy beauties fade;  
The night that followed such a morn  
Had worn a deeper shade:  
Thy day without a cloud hath past,  
And thou wert lovely to the last,  
Extinguished, not decay'd;  
As stars that shoot along the sky  
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept if I could weep,  
My tears might well be shed  
To think I was not near, to keep  
One vigil o'er thy bed:  
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,  
To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
Uphold thy drooping head;  
And show that love, however vain,  
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
Though thou hast left me free,  
The loveliest things that still remain  
Than thus remember thee!  
The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread Eternity  
Returns again to me,

And more thy buried love endears  
Than aught except its living years.

---

## FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare *thee well*;  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show!  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee —  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not:  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away;

Still thine own its life retaineth —  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say „Father!“  
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is press'd,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,  
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more mayst see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,  
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done — all words are idle —  
Words from me are vainer still;

But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! — thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie.  
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die.

---

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA <sup>1</sup>).

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find;  
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath painted,  
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine;  
And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is delivered  
To pain — it shall not be its slave.

---

1) The Honourable Mrs. Leigh, Byron's half-sister.

There is many a pang to pursue me :  
They may crush, but they shall not contemn —  
They may torture, but shall not subdue me —  
'Tis of thee that I think — not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,  
Though slandered thou never couldst shake, —  
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
Nor the war of the many with one —  
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
'T was folly not sooner to shun :  
And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
And more than I once could foresee,  
I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,  
Thus much I at least may recall,  
It hath taught me that what I most cherished  
Deserved to be dearest of all.  
In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

---

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at midnight were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

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## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at Field Place, Sussex, August 4<sup>th</sup> 1792. From his earliest years he was rebellious to authority, and disposed to prefer the revolutionary theories of the period to the laws and customs of social life. Moreover the wonderful imagination which made him the greatest poet of his era frequently betrayed him into strange delusions and hallucinations; and this fact furnishes the best explanation of certain painful circumstances in his erratic career. While still a schoolboy at Eton Shelley published two wild romances entitled *Zastrozzi*, and *St. Irvyne, or The Rosicrucian*. From Eton he passed to Oxford; but after a short residence there he was expelled for refusing to disavow the authorship of a certain tract. Shelley's father now forbade him his house, and the grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, made important alterations in his will. The young man took lodgings in London; married a girl of humble birth; and wrote the daring rhapsody entitled *Queen Mab*. At this time Shelley was still in his nineteenth year. Unfortunately the young couple seem to have tired of each other; at all events Shelley, who had always professed revolutionary theories in regard to marriage, became attached to the daughter of William Godwin, philosopher and novelist; and left England with her. He was then in his twenty-second year; Miss Godwin in her seven-

teenth. Two years later Mrs. Shelley committed suicide, and the poet immediately married Miss Godwin.

In this same year, 1816, was published Shelley's first great poem, *Alastor, or The Spirit of Solitude*. The *Revolt of Islam* followed in 1818. The poet, with his wife and children, then went to Italy, where all his greatest poems were written: *Prometheus Unbound*, a glorious lyric drama; *The Cenci*, an appalling tragedy, *Adonais*, the noble elegy on Keats; *Epipsychidion*; *Hellas*; *The Witch of Atlas*; *The Triumph of Life*; and all the lovely lyrics by which the illustrious poet is most generally known. On the 8<sup>th</sup> of July 1822, Shelley was drowned by the foundering of his boat in the Gulf of Spezzia.

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### THE POET'S DREAM.

ON a poet's lips I slept  
 Dreaming like a love-adept  
 In the sound his breathing kept;  
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
 But feeds on the aerial kisses  
 Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.  
 He will watch from dawn to gloom  
 The lake reflected sun illumine  
 The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,  
 Nor heed nor see what things they be —  
 But from those create he can  
 Forms more real than living Man,  
 Nurslings of Immortality.

---

## THE POET'S WORSHIP.

ONE word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it,  
One feeling too falsely disdained  
For thee to disdain it,  
One hope is too like despair  
For prudence to smother,  
And pity from thee more dear  
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love:  
But wilt thou accept not  
The worship the heart lifts above  
And the Heavens reject not:  
The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow?

## INVOCATION.

RARELY, rarely comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight!  
Wherefore hast thou left me now  
Many a day and night?  
Many a weary night and day  
'Tis since thou hast fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
Win thee back again?  
With the joyous and the free

Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot  
All but those who need thee not

As a lizard with the shade  
Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;  
Even the sighs of grief  
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear,

Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure ; —  
Thou wilt never come for pity,  
Thou wilt come for pleasure ; —  
Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of Delight !  
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest  
And the starry night :  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost ;  
I love waves and winds and storms,  
Everything almost  
Which is nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society  
As is quiet, wise, and good ;  
Between thee and me

What difference? but thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love — though he has wings,  
And like light can flee,  
But above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee —  
Thou art love and life! O come!  
Make my heart once more thy home.

### STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple noon's transparent light:  
The breath of the moist air is light  
Around its unexpanded buds;  
Like many a voice of one delight —  
The winds', the birds', the ocean floods' —  
The City's voice itself is soft like solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;  
I see the waves upon the shore  
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:  
I sit upon the sands alone;  
The lightning of the noontide ocean  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measured motion —  
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within nor calm around,  
Nor that Content surpassing wealth  
The sage in meditation found  
And walked with inward glory crowned —  
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure:  
Others I see whom these surround —  
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;  
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild  
Even as the winds and waters are;  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

---

### TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest;  
Like a cloud of fire  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run;  
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven,  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which over-flows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aerial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymenæal  
Or triumphal chaunt  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt,  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee:  
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear,  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

### INVOCATION TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,  
 Spirit of Night!  
 Out of the misty eastern cave  
 Where all the long and lone daylight  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear  
 Which make thee terrible and dear, —  
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray  
 Star-inwrought!  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,  
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land  
 Touching all with thine opiate wand —  
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
 I sighed for thee;  
 When light rose high and the dew was gone,  
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary Day turned to his rest  
 Lingering like an unloved guest,  
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried  
 Wouldst thou me?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee  
Shall I nestle near thy side?  
Wouldst thou me? — And I replied  
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,  
Soon, too soon —  
Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, beloved Night —  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
Come, soon, soon!

---

## HYMN TO THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

LIFE of Life! Thy lips enkindle  
With their love the breath between them;  
And thy smiles before they dwindle  
Make the cold air fire; then screen them  
In those looks, where whoso gazes  
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! Thy limbs are burning  
Through the veil that seems to hide them,  
As the radiant lines of morning  
Through thin clouds, ere they divide them;  
And this atmosphere divinest  
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others: none beholds Thee;  
But thy voice sounds low and tender  
Like the fairest, for it folds thee

From the sight, that liquid splendour ;  
And all feel, yet see thee never, —  
As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest  
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,  
And the souls of whom thou lovest  
Walk upon the winds with lightness  
Till they fail, as I am failing,  
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing !

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## JOHN KEATS.

*THIS illustrious young poet was born in London October 29<sup>th</sup> 1795, and died at Rome in his twenty-sixth year. Notwithstanding his humble birth, defective education, delicate health, and the uncongenial profession to which he was apprenticed (that of surgeon), Keats contrived to familiarise himself with the master-pieces of English poetry and to imbibe much of the ancient Greek spirit, although he read the classics through the medium of translations. In 1817 Keats published a small volume of poems, which met with no success. Nothing daunted the poet abandoned his profession, devoted himself to literature and came forward the following year with Endymion. This poem was savagely criticised by the Quarterly Review and Blackwood's Magazine, whose politics were ultra-conservative, whereas Leigh Hunt and his circle, Keats's close friends, were ultra-Liberal. And in those days party feeling ran so high that few critics were just to a political adversary or his friends. It was long thought that the Quarterly article hastened Keats's death, but the fact is that his best poems were written afterwards, with no diminution of heart or hope. The principal of these are Lamia, The Pot of Basil; Hyperion, a Fragment, Eve of St Agnes, Odes to Autumn, A Nightingale, and A Grecian Urn; La Belle Dame Sans*

Merci. *In the summer of 1820 Keat's hereditary disease, consumption, developed itself to an alarming extent; and he went to Rome in search of health. On the 23<sup>d</sup> of February 1821 he died, directing the following inscription to be placed above his tomb: Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*

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### ODE TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
 And swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twin'd flowers;  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last ooziings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

### ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe wards had sunk:  
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thy happiness,  
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
 In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
 O for a beaker full of the warm south,  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
 And purple-stainéd mouth;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan :  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs ;  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee :  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :  
Already with thee ! tender is the night,  
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne.  
Clustered around by all her starry fays ;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous blooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;  
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves ;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath ;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oftentimes hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the hill-stream,  
Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley's glades:  
Was it a vision or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music: — do I wake or sleep?

---

### LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

'O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?

The sedge has withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

“O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel’s granary is full,  
And the harvest’s done,

“I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever-dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.”

“I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful — a fairy’s child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild,

“I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She looked at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

“I set her on my prancing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A fairy’s song.

“She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild and manna-dew,  
And sure in language strange she said  
“I love thee true.”

“She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sighed full sore,

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And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
With kisses four.

“And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dreamed — ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dreamed  
On the cold hill's side.

“I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
They cried “La Belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!”

“I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapéd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here  
On the cold hill's side.

“And this is why I sojourn here  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is withered from the lak  
And no birds sing!”



## THOMAS HOOD.

HOOD was born in London in 1798, and brought up to the business of his father, a bookseller. But his health was bad, and he sought to earn a precarious living by writing for the comic papers. He had little time for serious poetry. Yet the exquisite quality of pieces like *The Bridge of Sighs*, *Past and Present*, *The Death-Bed*; the grim power of others such as *The Dream of Eugene Aram* and *The Song of the Shirt*, entitle their author to a high rank among poets. Serious poems of considerable merit are *Hero and Leander*, *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, *Lycus the Centaur*, *The Haunted House*, *The Lady's Dream*, *The Lay of the Labourer*. A large proportion of Hood's productions consists of a curious mingling of fun and gravity. He was an inveterate punster, and his constant play upon words renders his humorous pieces difficult reading to many. This good and gifted man died in 1845.

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## PAST AND PRESENT.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
The roses red and white,  
The violets and the lily-cups —  
Those flowers made of light !  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birth day, —  
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
My spirit flew in feathers then  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance :

But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

---

### THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied —  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had  
Another morn than ours.

---

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,

Plying her needle and thread,  
Stitch — stitch — stitch !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;  
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt !'

“Work — work — work !  
While the cock is crowing aloof !  
And work — work — work !  
Till the stars shine through the roof !  
It's oh ! to be a slave,  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save.  
If this is Christian work !

“Work — work — work !  
Till the brain begins to swim ;  
Work — work — work !  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream !

“O men, with sisters dear !  
O men, with mothers and wives,  
It is not linen you're wearing out !  
But human creatures' lives !  
Stitch — stitch — stitch !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of Death ?  
That Phantom of grisly bone ;  
I hardly fear its terrible shape,

It seems so like my own,  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep :  
O God ! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap !

“Work — work — work !  
My labour never flags ;  
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread, and rags  
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —  
A table — a broken chair ;  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there !

“Work — work — work !  
From weary chime to chime,  
Work — work — work —  
As prisoners work for crime !  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand,

“Work — work — work !  
In the dull December light,  
And work — work — work !  
When the weather is warm and bright —  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring.

“Oh, but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet ;

For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh, but for one short hour!  
A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread.”

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread,  
Stitch — stitch — stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch —  
Would that its tone could reach the rich! —  
She sang this ‘Song of the Shirt!’

---

### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more Unfortunate  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;

Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair,

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements ;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing ;  
Take her up instantly.  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly ;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful :  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family,  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses ;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian Charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful,  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed;  
Love, by harsh evidence  
Thrown from its eminence,  
Even God's Providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch  
Or the black flowing river.  
Mad from life's history,

Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurl'd  
Anywhere! anywhere  
Out of the world!

In she plung'd boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it — think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it — drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Thro' muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurned by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest,

Cross her hands humbly  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour.

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BOOK II.

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POETS OF THE SECOND GENERATION





## LORD TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born in the Rectory of Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6<sup>th</sup> 1809, and traces his descent to the Plantagenets through the ancient Norman family of D'Eyncourt. Three of the Rector's seven sons essayed poetry, but Alfred alone attained eminence. The future Laureate was just turned five when he made his first plunge into poetry, prompted by his elder brother Charles. The subject of this infantile effusion was *The Flowers of the Garden*; and the form was blank verse modelled on Thomson's *Seasons*. In 1827 appeared *Poems by Two Brothers, Charles and Alfred Tennyson*. In 1828 the brothers went to Cambridge, and in 1830 Alfred published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. In the winter of 1832—3, appeared another volume, which contained among other important productions the *May Queen* and *The Miller's Daughter*. Tennyson published nothing more until 1842, in which year he issued *Poems in two volumes*: a perfect treasury of noble poetry. Since that time he has been the most widely popular writer of his age. In 1847 appeared *The Princess*, its author's first long poem; in 1850, *In Memoriam*, that great elegy on Tennyson's college friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, who died in 1832.

In the same year, 1850, Tennyson married, the lady being a niece of Sir John Franklin; and was made Poet Lau-

*reate, an office ennobled by the virtues of his predecessor, Wordsworth. The principal productions of Tennyson since appointment to the Laureateship are Maud, 1855; Idylls of The King, 1859—1872; Enoch Arden and Other Poems, 1864; a series of historical dramas, Queen Mary, Harold, Thomas a Becket; two poetical dramas, The Cup and The Promise of May; Poems and Ballads, 1880, Locksley Hall; Sixty years After, December 1886. In January 1884 the Laureate was raised to the peerage.*

## LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 Of me you shall not win renown;  
 You thought to break a country heart  
 For pastime, ere you went to town.  
 At me you smiled, but unbeguild  
 I saw the snare, and I retired:  
 The daughter of a hundred Earls,  
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, \*  
 I know you proud to bear your name:  
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,  
 Too proud to care from whence I came.  
 Nor would I break for your sweet sake  
 A heart that doats on truer charms.  
 A simple maiden in her flower  
 Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 Some meeker pupil you must find,  
 For were you queen of all that is,  
 I could not stoop to such a mind.

You sought to prove how I could love,  
And my disdain is my reply.  
The lion on your old stone gates  
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
You put strange memories in my head.  
Not thrice your branching limes have blown  
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.  
Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies :  
A great enchantress you may be ;  
But there was that across his throat  
Which you had hardly cared to see

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
When thus he met his mother's view,  
She had the passions of her kind,  
She spake some certain truths of you.  
Indeed I heard one bitter word  
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;  
Her manners had not that repose  
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
There stands a spectre in your hall :  
The guilt of blood is at your door :  
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.  
You held your course without remorse,  
To make him trust his modest worth,  
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,  
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
From yon blue heavens above us bent  
The gardener Adam and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
 'T is only noble to be good,  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,  
 You pine among your halls and towers :  
 The languid light of your proud eyes  
 Is wearied of the rolling hours,  
 In glowing health, with boundless wealth,  
 But sickening of a vague disease,  
 You know so ill to deal with time,  
 You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,  
 If Time be heavy on your hands,  
 Are there no beggars at your gate,  
 Nor any poor about your lands?  
 Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,  
 Or teach the orphan girl to sew,  
 Pray Heaven for a human heart,  
 And let the foolish yeoman go

---

### THE MAY QUEEN.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;  
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;  
 Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
 (o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright  
 (as mine;  
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline :

But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say ;  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
(o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break ;  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
(o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,  
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?  
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,  
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
(o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,  
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light ;  
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say ;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
(o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be :  
They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is that to me ?  
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
(o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,  
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen ;  
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
(o' the May,

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,  
And by the meadowtrenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and  
 (hollows gray,  
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
 (o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,  
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;  
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,  
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
 (o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,  
 And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,  
 And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play.  
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
 (o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:  
 To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
 (o' the May.

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### THE SISTERS.

WE were two daughters of one race:  
 She was the fairest in the face:  
 The wind is blowing in turret and tree.  
 They were together, and she fell;  
 Therefore revenge became me well.  
 O the Earl was fair to see!

She died: she went to burning flame:  
 She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.

---

The wind is howling in turret and tree,  
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,  
To win his love I lay in wait :  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I made a feast ; I bade him come ;  
I won his love, I brought him home,  
The wind is roaring in turret and tree,  
And after supper, on a bed,  
Upon my lap he laid his head :  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest :  
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.  
The wind is raging in turret and tree,  
I hated him with the hate of hell,  
But I loved his beauty passing well.  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night :  
I made my dagger sharp and bright.  
The wind is raving in turret and tree.  
As half-asleep his breath he drew,  
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,  
He look'd so grand when he was dead.  
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.  
I wrapt his body in the sheet,  
And laid him at his mother's feet.  
O the Earl was fair to see !

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## GODIVA.

*I waited for the train at Coventry;  
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,  
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped  
The city's ancient legend into this: —*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,  
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she  
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,  
The woman of a thousand summers back,  
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled  
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax  
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought  
Their children, clamouring, "If we pay, we starve!"  
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode  
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,  
His beard a foot before him, and his hair  
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,  
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."  
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,  
"You would not let your little finger ache  
For such as *these*?" — "But I would die," said she.  
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:  
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;  
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!" — "Alas!" she said,  
"But prove me what it is I would not do."  
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,  
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,  
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,  
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,

Made war upon each other for an hour,  
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all  
The hard condition; but that she would loose  
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,  
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,  
No eye look down, she passing; but that all  
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,  
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath  
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon  
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,  
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;  
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair  
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd  
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt  
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:  
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,  
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.  
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout  
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur  
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot  
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls  
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead  
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she  
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw  
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field  
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:  
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come,  
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
Peep'd — but his eyes, before they had their will,  
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,

And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait  
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused ;  
And she, that knew not, pass'd : and all at once,  
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon  
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,  
One after one : but even then she gain'd  
Her bower ; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,  
To meet her lord, she took the tax away  
And built herself an everlasting name.

### THE VICTIM.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,  
A famine after laid them low,  
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,  
For on them brake the sudden foe ;  
So thick they died the people cried,  
"The Gods are moved against the land."  
The Priest in horror about his altar  
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand :  
"Help us from famine  
And plague and strife!  
What would you have of us ?  
Human life ?  
Were it our nearest,  
Were it our dearest,  
(Answer, O, answer)  
We give you his life."

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,  
And cattle died, and deer in wood,  
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd  
And whiten'd all the rolling flood ;

And dead men lay all over the way,  
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame :  
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,  
Till at last it seem'd that an answer came.  
"The King is happy  
In child and wife ;  
Take you his dearest,  
Give us a life."

The Priest went out by heath and hill ;  
The King was hunting in the wild ;  
They found the mother sitting still ;  
She cast her arms about the child.  
The child was only eight summers old,  
His beauty still with his years increased,  
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,  
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.  
The Priest beheld him,  
And cried with joy,  
"The Gods have answer'd :  
We give them the boy."

The King return'd from out the wild,  
He bore but little game in hand ;  
The mother said, "They have taken the child  
To spill his blood and heal the land :  
The land is sick, the people diseased,  
And blight and famine on all the lea :  
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,  
So I pray you tell the truth to me.  
They have taken our son,  
They will have his life.  
Is *he* your dearest ?  
Or I, the wife ?"

The King bent low, with hand on brow,  
He stay'd his arms upon his knee :

“O wife, what use to answer now?  
For now the Priest has judged for me.”  
The King was shaken with holy fear;  
“The Gods,” he said, “would have chosen well;  
Yet both are near, and both are dear,  
And which the dearest I cannot tell!”  
But the Priest was happy,  
His victim won:  
“We have his dearest,  
His only son!”

The rites prepared, the victim bared,  
The knife uprising toward the blow,  
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,  
“Me, not my darling, no!”  
He caught her away with a sudden cry;  
Suddenly from him brake his wife,  
And shrieking “I am his dearest, I—  
I am his dearest!” rush’d on the knife.  
And the Priest was happy,  
“O, Father Odin,  
We give you a life.  
Which was his nearest?  
Who was his dearest?  
The Gods have answer’d;  
We give them the wife!”

---

### LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,  
And clouds are highest up in air,  
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :  
Lovers long-betroth'd were they :  
They two will wed the morrow morn :  
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,  
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;  
He loves me for my own true worth,  
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
Said, "Who was this that went from thee ?  
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,  
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd !" said Alice the nurse,  
"That all comes round so just and fair :  
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse ?"  
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild ?"  
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,  
"I speak the truth : you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;  
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !  
I buried her like my own sweet child,  
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
O mother," she said, "if this be true,  
To keep the best man under the sun  
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret for your life,  
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,  
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,  
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie,  
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,  
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret all ye can."  
She said, "Not so: but I will know  
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,  
"The man will cleave unto his right."  
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,  
"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!  
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."  
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,  
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,  
My mother dear, if this be so,  
And lay your hand upon my head,  
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,  
She was no longer Lady Clare:  
She went by dale, and she went by down,  
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought  
Leapt up from where she lay,  
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,  
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :  
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !  
Why come you drest like a village maid,  
That are the flower of the earth ?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,  
I am but as my fortunes are :  
I am a beggar born," she said,  
And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
"For I am yours in word and in deed.  
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up !  
Her heart within her did not fail :  
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :  
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood :  
"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,  
We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

## IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,  
Within was weeping for thee:  
Shadows of three dead men  
Walk'd in the walks with me,  
Shadows of three dead men and thou  
wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods:  
The Master was far away:  
Nightingales warbled and sang  
Of a passion that lasts but a day;  
Still in the house in his coffin the Prince  
of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known  
In courtesy like to thee:  
Two dead men have I loved  
With a love that ever will be:  
Three dead men have I loved and thou  
art last of the three.

## THE SAILOR BOY.

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope,  
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,  
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,  
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud  
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,

“O boy, tho’ thou art young and proud,  
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

“The sands and yeasty surges mix  
In caves about the dreary bay,  
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,  
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play.”

“Fool,” he answer’d, “death is sure  
To those that stay and those that roam,  
But I will nevermore endure  
To sit with empty hands at home.

“My mother clings about my neck,  
My sisters crying, “Stay for shame;”  
My father raves of death and wreck,  
They are all to-blame, they are all to blame.

“God help me! save I take my part  
Of danger on the roaring sea,  
A devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me.”

---

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
“Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!” he said:  
“Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”  
Was there a man dismay’d?  
Not tho’ the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder’d:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volley’d and thunder’d;  
Storm’d at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Flash’d all their sabres bare,  
Flash’d as they turn’d in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder’d:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro’ the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel’d from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter’d and sunder’d.  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volley’d and thunder’d;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
Oh the wild charge they made!  
All the world wonder'd,  
Honour the charge they made!  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred!

### THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,

I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
 In brambly wildernesses ;  
 I linger by my shingly bars ;  
 I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

---

### BUGLE SONG.

THE splendour falls on castle walls  
 And snowy summits old in story :  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying.  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill or field or river :  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow for ever and for ever,  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

"TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half awaken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

---

EDWARD GRAY.

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder town  
Met me walking on yonder way,  
„And have you lost your heart?" she said,  
„And are you married yet, Edward Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me :  
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :  
„Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

„Ellen Adair she loved me well,  
Against her father's and mother's will :  
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,  
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

„Shy she was, and I thought her cold ;  
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea ;  
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,  
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

„Cruel, cruel the words I said !  
Cruelly came they back to-day :  
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,  
„To trouble the heart of Edward Gray."

„There I put my face in the grass —  
Whisper'd, 'Listen to my despair :  
I repent me of all I did :  
Speak a little, Ellen Adair !'

„Then I took a pencil, and wrote  
On the mossy stone, as I lay,  
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair ;  
And here the heart of Edward Gray !'

„Love may come, and love may go,  
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree :  
But I will love no more, no more,  
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

„Bitterly wept I over the stone :  
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :  
There lies the body of Ellen Adair  
And there the heart of Edward Gray !”

---

### BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play !  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill ;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea,  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

---

### LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light  
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,  
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes ;

When, turning round a cassia, full in view,  
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,  
And talking to himself, first met his sight:  
“You must begone,” said Death, “these walks are mine.”  
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;  
Yet ere he parted said, “This hour is thine:  
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree  
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,  
So in the light of great eternity  
Life eminent creates the shade of death;  
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,  
But I shall reign for ever over all.”

---

### „A SMALL, SWEET IDYL“

“COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:  
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)  
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?  
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease  
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,  
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;  
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
For Love is of the valley, come thou down  
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,  
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,  
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk  
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,  
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,  
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls  
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:  
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down  
To find him in the valley; let the wild

Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave  
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill  
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,  
That like a broken purpose waste in air :  
So waste not thou ; but come ; for all the vales  
Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth  
Arise to thee ; the children call, and I  
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;  
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

### LIFE TRANSFIGURED BY LOVE.

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.  
There is none like her, none.  
And never yet so warmly ran my blood  
And sweetly, on and on  
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,  
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

None like her, none.  
Just now the dry-tongued laurel's pattering talk  
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,  
And shook my heart to think she comes once more ;  
But even then I heard her close the door,  
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

There is none like her, none.  
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.  
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon  
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,  
Sighing for Lebanon,

Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,  
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,  
And looking to the South, and fed  
With honey'd rain and delicate air,  
And haunted by the starry head  
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,  
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;  
And over whom thy darkness must have spread,  
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great  
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there  
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came.

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,  
And you fair stars that crown a happy day  
Go in and out as if at merry play,  
Who am no more so all forlorn,  
As when it seem'd far better to be born  
To labour and the mattock-harden'd hand,  
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand  
A sad astrology, the boundless plan  
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,  
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,  
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand  
His nothingness into man.

But now shine on, and what care I,  
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl  
The countercharm of space and hollow sky,  
And do accept my madness, and would die  
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give  
More life to Love than is or ever was  
In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to live.  
Let no one ask me how it came to pass;  
It seems that I am happy, that to me

A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,  
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

Not die ; but live a life of truest breath,  
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.  
O, why should Love, like men in drinking songs,  
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death ?  
Make answer, Maud my bliss,  
Maud made my Maud by that long lover's kiss,  
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this ?  
"The dusky strand of Death inwoven here  
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear."

Is that enchanted moan only the swell  
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay ?  
And hark the clock within, the silver knell  
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,  
And died to live, long as my pulses play ;  
But now by this my love has closed her sight  
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away  
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell  
Among the fragments of the golden day.  
May nothing there her maiden grace afright !  
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell,  
My bride to be, my evermore delight,  
My own heart's heart, my ownest own, farewell ;  
It is but for a little space I go :  
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell  
Beat to the noiseless music of the night !  
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow  
Of your soft splendours that you look so bright ?  
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.  
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,  
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,  
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe  
That seems to draw — but it shall not be so :  
Let all be well, be well.







Theirs? O no! they are mine — not theirs — they had  
(moved in my side.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em, I  
(buried 'em all —  
I can't dig deep, I am old — in the night by the churchyard  
(wall,  
My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment  
(ill sound,  
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

They would scratch him up — they would hang him again  
(on the cursed tree.  
Sin? O yes — we are sinners, I know — let all that be,  
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will toward  
(men —  
"Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord" — let me hear  
(it again;  
"Full of compassion and mercy — long-suffering" Yes,  
(O yes!  
For the lawyer is born but to murder — the Saviour lives  
(but to bless.  
He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst of  
(the worst,  
And the first may be last — I have heard it in church —  
(and the last may be first.  
Suffering — O long-suffering — yes, as the Lord must know,  
Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower  
(and the snow.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never  
(repented his sin.  
How do they know it? are *they* his mother? are *you* of  
(his kin?  
Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs  
(began,

The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill  
moan like a man?

Election, Election and Reprobation — it's all very well.  
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in  
(Hell.  
For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd  
(my care,  
And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy, I  
(know not where.

And if *he* be lost — but to save *my* soul, that is all your  
(desire :  
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone  
(to the fire ?  
I have been with God in the dark — go, go, you may leave  
(me alone —  
You never have borne a child — you are just as hard as a stone.

Madam, I beg your pardon ! I think that you mean to be kind,  
But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the  
(wind—  
The snow and the sky so bright — he used but to call in the  
(dark,  
And he calls to me now from the church and not from the  
(gibbet — for hark !  
Nay — you can hear it yourself — it is coming — shaking the  
(walls —  
Willy — the moon's in a cloud — — Good night. I am going.  
He calls.



## LORD HOUGHTON.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, *Lord Houghton*, (1807—1885) was more distinguished for his generous friendship towards struggling men of genius than for his own achievements as a poet. Most of his verses were written between 1834 and 1844; a large proportion consist of memorials of Travel and studies of Eastern life and manners. Many more are didactic. Lord Houghton's principal service to literature consists in his enthusiastic admiration for Keats; his edition of the poet's works, and the researches he initiated.

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### THE BROOK-SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,  
I wandered by the mill, —  
I could not hear the brook flow,  
The noisy wheel was still;  
There was no burr of grasshopper,  
Nor chirp of any bird,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,  
I watched the long, long shade,  
And as it grew still longer,  
I did not feel afraid;  
But I listened for a footfall,  
I listened for a word, —  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —  
The night came on alone, —  
The little stars sat, one by one,  
Each on his golden throne;  
The evening air passed by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stir'd, —  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,  
When something stood behind, —  
A hand was on my shoulder, —  
I knew its touch was kind;  
It drew me nearer, — nearer, —  
We did not speak one word,  
For the beating of our own hearts  
Was all the sound we heard.

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## SHADOWS.

BENEATH an Indian palm a girl  
Of other blood reposes,  
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl,  
Amid that wild of roses,

Beside a northern pine a boy  
Is leaning fancy-bound,  
Nor listens where with noisy joy  
Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm, —  
Relaxed the frosty twine, —  
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,  
The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace  
Those dimly-visioned boughs,  
As these young lovers face to face  
Renew their early vows!

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### THE LETTERS OF YOUTH.

LOOK at the leaves I gather up in trembling, —  
Little to see, and sere, and time-bewasted,  
But they are other than the tree can bear now,  
For they are mine!

Deep as the tumult in an archéd sea-cave,  
Out of the past these antiquated voices  
Fall on my heart's ear; I must listen to them,  
For they are mine!

Whose is this hand that, wheresoe'er it wanders,  
Traces in light words thoughts that come as lightly?  
Who was the king of all this soul-dominion?  
I? Was it mine?

With what a healthful appetite of spirit  
Sits he at Life's inevitable banquet,

Tasting delight in everything before him!  
 Could this be mine?

See! how he twists his coronals of fancy  
 Out of all blossoms, knowing not the poison —  
 How his young eye is meshed in the enchantment!  
 And it was mine!

What is this I? — this miserable complex,  
 Losing and gaining, only knit together  
 By the ever bursting fibres of remembrance —  
 What is this *mine*?

Surely we *are* by feeling as by knowing —  
 Changing our hearts our being changes with them;  
 Take them away — these spectres of my boyhood,  
 They are not mine!

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### A CHILD'S SONG.

LADY Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?  
 Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?  
 All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never  
 Resting to sleep?

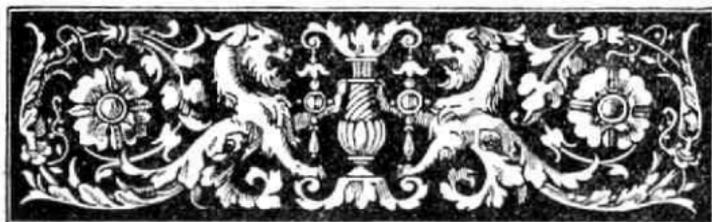
Why look so pale and so sad, as for ever  
 Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child! if you love me;  
 You are too bold;

I must obey my dear Father above me,  
 And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?  
Over the sea.  
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?  
All that love me.

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## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT, *England's greatest poetess*, was born at Hope End, near Ledbury, in 1809, and died at Florence in June 1861, having been for fifteen years the wife of one of the greatest of English poets. Miss Barrett began to write verse in her eighth year; she was an eager student, in fact the most learned of literary women. In her seventeenth year she published a metaphysical *Essay on Mind*, and in her twenty-fourth year a translation of *Æschylus' Prometheus Bound*. Miss Barrett's health, however, became very delicate; she was sent to Torquay, and there her favourite brother was drowned before her eyes. This shock almost cost the poetess her life. After a time she was removed to London and there she lay for years in a darkened room, reading almost every book worth reading in every language, and publishing some of the most spontaneous and impassioned poetry that this century has produced. In 1839 appeared *The Romant of the Page and Other Poems*; in 1844 *Collected Poems*, including *The Rhyme of the Duchess May*, *Bertha in the Lane*, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, *The Cry of the Children*, etc.

*A compliment paid in Lady Geraldine's Courtship to Mr. Browning*, led, it is said, to a personal interview, and in 1846 the poetess was taken from her couch to the altar and

*thence to Italy; where she enjoyed fifteen years of domestic happiness, literary triumph, and comparatively good health. Mr. and Mrs. Browning were deeply interested in the cause of Italian independence. Casa Guidi Windows, 1848, Poems Before Congress, etc. celebrate this great subject; and won for the authoress the enthusiastic affection and gratitude of the Italians, who erected a tablet to her memory on the house in Florence where she lived and sang. Sonnets from the Portuguese, 1850, are a record of her own experience. Aurora Leigh, 1856, purports to be a novel in verse, but in reality gives expression to the writer's deepest convictions in regard to art and social life. Last Poems were published in 1862, some months after the death of the poetess.*

### THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

- DO YE hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
     Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
     And *that* cannot stop their tears.  
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
     The young birds are chirping in the nest.  
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,  
     The young flowers are blowing toward the west —  
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
     They are weeping bitterly!  
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
     In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,  
     Why their tears are falling so?  
 The old man may weep for his to-morrow  
     Which is lost in Long Ago;

The old tree is leafless in the forest,  
The old year is ending in the frost,  
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,  
The old hope is hardest to be lost:  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,  
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses  
Down the cheeks of infancy;  
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary,"  
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak,  
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:  
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,  
For the outside earth is cold,  
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,  
And the graves are for the old."

"True," say the children, "it may happen  
That we die before our time:  
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen  
Like a snowball, in the rime.  
We looked into the pit prepared to take her:  
Was no room for any work in the close clay!  
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,  
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'  
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,  
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;  
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,  
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes:  
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in  
The shroud by the kirk-chime."

"It is good when it happens," say the children,  
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking  
Death in life, as best to have;  
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking  
With a cerement from the grave.  
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,  
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;  
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,  
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!  
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows  
Like our weeds anear the mine?  
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,  
From your pleasures fair and fine!

„For oh," say the children, "we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap;  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,  
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring  
Through the coal-dark underground;  
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.

"For all day, the wheels are droning, turning;  
Their wind comes in our faces,  
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,  
And the walls turn in their places:  
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,  
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,  
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,

All are turning, all the day, and we with all.  
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,  
    And sometimes we could pray,  
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning)  
    'Stop! be silent for to-day!'

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing  
    For a moment, mouth to mouth!  
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing  
    Of their tender human youth!  
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion  
    Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:  
Let them prove their living souls against the notion  
    That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!  
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,  
    Grinding life down from its mark;  
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,  
    Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,  
    To look up to Him and pray;  
So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,  
    Will bless them another day.  
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,  
    While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?  
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us  
    Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.  
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)  
    Strangers speaking at the door;  
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,  
    Hears our weeping any more?"

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,  
    And at midnight's hour of harm,  
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,  
    We say softly for a charm.

We know no other words except 'Our Father,'  
 And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,  
 God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,  
 And hold both within His right hand which is strong.  
 'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely  
 (For they call Him good and mild)  
 Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,  
 'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster,  
 "He is speechless as a stone:  
 And they tell us, of His image is the master  
 Who commands us to work on.  
 "Go to!" say the children, — "up in heaven,  
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.  
 Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving:  
 We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."  
 Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,  
 O my brothers, what ye preach?  
 For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,  
 And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!  
 They are weary ere they run:  
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory  
 Which is brighter than the sun.  
 They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;  
 They sink in man's despair, without its calm;  
 Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,  
 Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm:  
 Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly  
 The harvest of its memories cannot reap, —  
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.  
 Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
 And their look is dread to see,

For they mind you of their angels in high places.  
With eyes turned on Deity.  
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,  
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart, —  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,  
And your purple shows your path!  
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper  
Than the strong man in his wrath."

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## BERTHA IN THE LANE.

PUT the broidery frame away,  
For my sewing is all done!  
The last thread is used to-day,  
And I need not join it on,  
Though the clock stands at the noon  
I am weary! I have sewn,  
Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,  
And stand near me, Dearest sweet!  
Do not shrink nor be afraid,  
Blushing with a sudden heat!  
No one standeth in the street? —  
By God's love I go to meet,  
Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down! drop it in  
These two hands, that I may hold  
Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,  
Stroking back the curls of gold. —

“This a fair, fair face, in sooth —  
Larger eyes and redder mouth  
Than mine were in my first youth!

Thou art younger by seven years. —  
Ah! — So bashful at my gaze,  
That the lashes, hung with tears,  
Grow too heavy to upraise.  
I would wound thee by no touch  
Which thy shyness feels as such. —  
Dost thou mind me, Dear, so much.

Have I not been nigh a mother  
To thy sweetness? Tell me, Dear!  
Have we not loved one another  
Tenderly, from year to year,  
Since our dying mother mild  
Said, with accents undefiled,  
“Child, be mother to this child!”

Mother, mother, up in heaven,  
Stand up on the jasper sea,  
And be witness I have given  
All the gifts required of me, —  
Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,  
Love, that left me with a wound,  
Life itself that turneth round!

Mother, mother, thou art kind!  
Thou art standing in the room,  
In a molten glory shrined,  
That rays off into the gloom!  
But thy smile is bright and bleak  
Like cold waves — I cannot speak:  
I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof  
One hour longer from my soul --  
For I still am thinking of  
Earth's warm-beating joy and dole :  
On my finger is a ring  
Which I still see glittering,  
When the night hides everything!

— Little sister, thou art pale!  
Ah, I have a wandering brain, —  
But I lose that fever-bale,  
And my thoughts grow calm again.  
Lean down closer, closer still!  
I have words thine ear to fill, —  
And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,  
Thee and Robert — through the trees —  
When we all went gathering  
Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.  
Do not start so! think instead  
How the sunshine overhead  
Seemed to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day!  
Hills and vales did openly  
Seem to heave and throb away  
At the sight of the great sky.  
And the Silence, as it stood  
In the Glory's golden flood,  
Audibly did bud and bud.

Though the winding hedgerows green,  
How I wandered, I and you, —  
With the bowery tops shut in,  
And the gates that showed the view —

How we talked there! thrushes soft  
Sang our praises out — or oft  
Bleatings took them, from the croft.

Till the pleasure grown too strong  
Left me muter evermore;  
And, the winding road being long,  
I walked out of sight, before,  
And so, rapt in musings fond,  
Issued (past the wayside pond)  
On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech  
Which leans over to the lane,  
And the far sound of your speech  
Did not promise any pain;  
And I blessed you full and free  
With a smile stooped tenderly  
O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word  
As the speakers drew more near —  
Sweet, forgive me that I heard  
What you wished me not to hear.  
Do not weep so — do not shake —  
Oh, — I heard thee, Bertha, make  
Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and HE too! let him stand  
In thy thoughts untouched by blame;  
Could he help it, if my hand  
He had claimed with hasty claim? —  
That was wrong, perhaps — but then  
Such things be — and will, again!  
Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee when he swore  
He would love but me alone?  
Thou wert absent — sent before  
To our kin in Sidmouth town.  
When he saw thee who art best  
Past compare, and loveliest,  
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,  
Thou and I, Dear, if we might?  
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds  
Flying straightway to the light —  
Mine are older. — Hush! — look out —  
Up the street! Is none without?  
— How the poplar sways about!

And that hour — beneath the beech,  
When I listened in a dream  
And he said, in his deep speech,  
That he owed me all *esteem*, —  
Each word swam in on my brain  
With a dim, dilating pain,  
Till it burst with that last strain! —

I fell flooded with a Dark,  
In the silence of a swoon —  
When I rose, still cold and stark,  
There was night, — I saw the moon;  
And the stars, each in its place,  
And the May-blooms on the grass,  
Seemed to wonder what I was.

And I walked as if apart  
From myself, when I could stand; —  
And I pitied my own heart,  
As if I held it in my hand,

Somewhat coldly, — with a sence  
Of fulfilled benevolence,  
And a "Poor thing!" negligence.

And I answered coldly too,  
When you met me at the door;  
And I only *heard* the dew  
Dripping from me to the floor;  
And the flowers I bade you see  
Were too withered for the bee, —  
As my life henceforth for me.

Do not weep so, Dear, heart-warm!  
All was best as it befell!  
If I say he did me harm,  
I speak wild, I am not well.  
All his words were kind and good —  
*He esteemed me!* Only — blood  
Runs so faint in womanhood.

Then I always was too grave, —  
Like the saddest ballad sung, —  
With that look, besides, we have  
In our faces, who die young.  
I had died, Dear, all the same —  
Life's long, joyous, jostling game  
Is too loud for my weak shame.

We are so unlike each other  
Thou and I — that none could guess  
We were children of one mother,  
But for mutual tenderness.  
Thou art rose-leaved from the cold,  
And meant, verily, to hold  
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows  
Close beside a rose-tree's root!  
Whosoe'er would reach the rose  
Treads the crocus underfoot!  
*I* like may-bloom on thorn-tree,  
*Thou* like merry summer bee,  
Fit that *I* be plucked for *thee*!

Yet, who plucks me? — No one mourns!  
I have lived my season out,  
And now die of my own thorns  
Which I could not live without. —  
Sweet, be merry! How the light  
Comes and goes! — If it be night,  
Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door?  
Look out quickly. — Yea, or nay? —  
Some one might be waiting for  
Some last word that I might say —  
Nay? So best! So angels would  
Stand off clear from deathly road,  
Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet. —  
When I wear the shroud I made,  
Let the folds lie straight and neat,  
And the rosemary be spread;  
That if any friend should come  
(To see *thee*, sweet!) all the room  
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep  
On my hand this little ring,  
Which, at nights when others sleep,  
I can still see glittering.

Let me wear it out of sight,  
In the grave, where it will light  
All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave drop not a tear!  
Else, though fathom-deep the place,  
Through the woollen shroud I wear  
I shall feel it on my face.  
Rather smile there, blessed one,  
Thinking of me in the sun, —  
Or forget me — smiling on!

Art thou near me? nearer! so —  
Kiss me close upon the eyes,  
That the earthly light may go  
Sweetly, as it used to rise,  
When I watched the morning-gray  
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way  
He was sure to come that day.

So, — no more vain words be said!  
The hosannas nearer roll!  
Mother, smile now on thy Dead, —  
I am death-strong in my soul.  
Mystic Love alit on Cross,  
Guide the poor bird of the snows  
Through the snow-wind above loss!

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## BIANCA AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES.

THE cypress stood up like a church  
That night we felt our love would hold,  
And saintly moonlight seemed to search  
And wash the whole world clean as gold;

The olives crystallised the vales'  
 Broad slopes until the hills grew strong  
 The fireflies and the nightingales  
 Throbbled each to either, flame and song.  
 The nightingales, the nightingales.

Upon the angle of its shade  
 The cypress stood, self-balanced high  
 Half up, half down, as double-made,  
 Along the ground, against the sky.  
 And *we*, too! from such soul-heights went  
 Such leaps of blood, so blindly driven,  
 We scarce knew if our nature meant  
 Most passionate earth or intense heaven  
 The nightingales, the nightingales.

We paled with love, we shook with love,  
 We kissed so close we could not vow:  
 Till Giulio whispered, "Sweet, above,  
 God's Ever guarantees this now."  
 And through his words the nightingales  
 Drove straight and full their long clear call,  
 Like arrows through heroic mails,  
 And love was awful in it all.  
 The nightingales, the nightingales.

O cold white moonlight of the north,  
 Refresh these pulses, quench this hell:  
 O coverture of death drawn forth  
 Across this garden-chamber . . . well!  
 But what have nightingales to do  
 In gloomy England, called the free . . .  
 . . . Yes, free to die in! when we two  
 Are sundered, singing still to me?  
 And still they sing, the nightingales.

I think I hear him; how he cried  
„My own soul's life!" between their notes:  
Each man has but one soul supplied,  
And that's immortal. Though his throat's  
On fire with passion now, to *her*  
He can't say what to me he said!  
And yet he moves her, they aver.  
The nightingales sing through my head.  
The nightingales, the nightingales.

He says to *her* what moves her most:  
He would not name his soul within  
Her hearing, — rather pays her cost  
With praises to her lips and chin.  
Man has but one soul, 't is ordained,  
And each soul but one love, I add:  
Yet souls are damned and love's profaned!  
The nightingales will sing me mad!  
The nightingales, the nightingales.

I marvel how the birds can sing:  
There's little difference, in their view,  
Betwixt our Tuscan trees that spring  
As vital flames into the blue,  
And dull round blots of foliage meant  
Like saturated sponges here  
To suck the fogs up — as content  
Is *he* too in this land, tis clear.  
And still they sing, the nightingales.

My native Florence, dear, foregone!  
I see across the Alpine ridge  
How the last feast-day of St. John  
Shot rockets from Carraia bridge.  
The luminous city, tall with fire,  
Trode deep down in that river of ours,

While many a boat with lamp and choir  
Skimmed bird like over glittering towers,  
I will not hear these nightingales.

I seem to float, *we* seem to float  
Down Arno's stream in festive guise ;  
A boat strikes flame into our boat,  
And up that lady seems to rise  
As then she rose. The shock had flashed  
A vision on us. What a head !  
What leaping eyeballs ! — beauty dashed  
To splendour by a sudden dread !  
And still they sing, the nightingales.

Too bold to sin, too weak to die :  
Such women are so. As for me,  
I would we had drowned there, he and I,  
That moment, loving perfectly.  
He had not caught her with her loosed  
Gold ringlets . . . rarer in the south . . .  
Nor heard the "Grazio tanto" bruised  
To sweetness by her English mouth.  
And still they sing, the nightingales.

She had not reached him at my heart  
With her fine tongue, as snakes indeed  
Kill flies : nor had I for my part  
Yearned after, in my desperate need,  
And followed him as he did her  
To coasts left bitter by the tide,  
Whose very nightingales, elsewhere  
Delighting, torture and deride !  
For still they sing, the nightingales.

A worthless woman ! Mere cold clay  
As all false things are ! but so fair,

She takes the breath of men away  
 Who gaze upon her unaware.  
 I would not play her larcenous tricks  
 To have her looks! She lied and stole,  
 And spat into my love's pure pyx  
 The rank saliva of her soul.  
 And still they sing, the nightingales.

I would not for her white and pink,  
 Though such he likes — her grace of limb,  
 Though such he has praised — nor yet, I think,  
 For life itself, though spent with him,  
 Commit such sacrilege, affront  
 God's nature which is love, intrude  
 'Twixt two affianced souls, and hunt  
 Like spiders, in the altar's wood. —  
 I cannot bear these nightingales!

If she chose sin, some gentler guise  
 She might have sinned in, so it seems:  
 She might have pricked out both mine eyes,  
 And I still seen him in my dreams! —  
 -- Or drugged me in my soup or wine,  
 Nor left me angry afterwards:  
 To die thus with his hand in mine,  
 His breath upon me, were not hard.  
 (Our Lady hush those nightingales!)

But set a springe for *him*, mio ben;  
 My only good, my first, last love! —  
 Though Christ knows well what sin is, when  
 He sees some things done they must move  
 Himself to wonder, Let her pass.  
 I think of her by night and day.  
 Must I too join her .. out, alas!...  
 With Giulio, in each word I say?  
 And evermore the nightingales!

Giulio, my Giulio! — sing they so,  
 And you be silent? Do I speak  
 And you not hear? An arm you throw  
 Round some one, and I feel so weak!  
 — Oh, owl-like birds! They sing for spite,  
 They sing for hate, they sing for doom!  
 They'll sing through death who sing through night,  
 They'll sing and stun me in the tomb —  
 The nightingales, the nightingales!

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### MOTHER AND POET.

(*Turin. After news from Gaeta. 1861.*)

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east.  
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea!  
 Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast  
 And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
 Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
 And good at my art for a woman, men said.  
 But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonised here,  
 The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head  
 For ever instead.

What's art for a woman? To hold on her knees  
 Both darlings! To feel all their arms round her throat  
 Cling, strangle a little! To sew by degrees,  
 And broider the long clothes and neat little coat;  
 To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . . It stings there. *I* made them indeed  
 Speak plain the word „country:” *I* taught them, no doubt,

That a county's a thing men should die for at need.  
I prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O, my beautiful eyes?  
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise  
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!  
God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled  
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and how  
They both loved me; and soon, coming home to be spoiled,  
In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
With their green laurel bough.

There was triumph at Turin. Ancona was free!  
And some one came out of the cheers in the street  
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.  
— My Guido was dead! — I fell down at his feet,  
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it — friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime  
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained  
To be leaned on and walked with, recalling the time  
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained  
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, — shorter, sadder, more strong,  
Writ now but in one hand! I was not to faint:  
One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere long:  
And 'Viva Italia' *he* died for, our saint  
Who forbids our complaint.

My Nanni would add, he was safe, and aware  
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,  
 And how 't was impossible, quite dispossesst,  
 To live on for the rest.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line  
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta: *Shot:*  
*Tell his mother.* Ah, ah! — 'his', 'their' mother: not 'mine'.  
 No voice says 'my mother' again to me. What!  
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,  
 They drop Earth's affection, conceive not of woe?  
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven  
 Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so  
 The Above and Below.

O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst through the dark  
 To the face of thy mother! Consider, I pray,  
 How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,  
 Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,  
 And no last words to say!

Both boys dead! But that's out of nature. We all  
 Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one;  
 'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall. —  
 And when Italy's made, for what end is it done  
 If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?  
 When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport  
 Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?  
 When your guns of Cavalli with final retort  
 Have cut the game short, —

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,  
 When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,

When you have your country from mountain to sea,  
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head, —  
(And I have my dead).

What then? Do not mock me? Ah, ring your bells low,  
And burn your lights faintly. *My* country is *there*,  
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;  
*My* Italy's there — with my brave civic pair,  
To disfranchise despair.

Dead! — one of them shot by the sea in the west!  
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!  
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast  
You want a great song for your Italy free,  
Let none look at me!

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### TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

LOVING friend, the gift of one  
Who her own true faith hath run  
Through thy lower nature;  
Be my benediction said  
With my hand upon thy head,  
Gentle fellow-creature!

Like a lady's ringlets brown  
Flow thy silken ringlets down  
Either side demurely  
Of thy silver-suited breast  
Shining out from all the rest  
Of thy body purely.

Darkly brown thy body is,  
Till the sunshine striking this  
    Alchemise its dullness:  
When the sleek curls manifold  
Flash all over into gold  
    With a burnished fullness.

Underneath my stroking hand,  
Startled eyes of hazel bland  
    Kindling, growing larger,  
Up thou leapest with a spring,  
Full of prank and curvetting,  
    Leaping like a charger.

Leap! thy broad tail waves a light;  
Leap! thy slender feet are bright,  
    Canopied in fringes.  
Leap! those tasselled ears of thine  
Flicker strangely, fair and fine,  
    Down their golden inches.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,  
Little is 't to such an end  
    That I praise thy rareness!  
Other dogs may be thy peers  
Haply in these drooping ears,  
    And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,  
This dog watched beside a bed  
    Day and night unweary —  
Watched within a curtained room,  
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom  
    Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,  
In that chamber died apace,  
    Beam and breeze resigning.  
This dog only, waited on,  
Knowing that when light is gone,  
    Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew  
Tracked the hares, and followed through  
    Sunny moor or meadow.  
This dog only, crept and crept  
Next a languid cheek that slept,  
    Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer  
Bounded at the whistle clear,  
    Up the woodside hieing.  
This dog only, watched in reach  
Of a faintly uttered speech,  
    Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears  
Dropped upon his glossy ears,  
    Or a sigh came double —  
Up he sprang in eager haste,  
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,  
    In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied  
If a pale thin hand would glide  
    Down his dewlaps sloping —  
Which he pushed his nose within,  
After — platforming his chin  
    On the palm left open.

This dog, if a friendly voice  
Call him now to blither choice:  
Than such chamber-keeping,  
'Come out!' praying from the door, —  
Presseth backward as before,  
Up against me leaping.

Therefore, to this dog will I,  
Tenderly, not scornfully,  
Render praise and favour:  
With my hand upon his head,  
Is my benediction said,  
Therefore, and forever.

And because he loves me so,  
Better than his kind will do,  
Often, man or woman,  
Give I back more love again  
Than dogs often take of men,  
Leaning from my Human.

Blessings on thee, dog of mine,  
Pretty collars make thee fine,  
Sugared milk make fat thee!  
Pleasures wag on in thy tail —  
Hands of gentle motion fail  
Never more, to to pet thee!

Downy pillow take thy head,  
Silken coverlid bestead,  
Sunshine help thy sleeping!  
No fly's buzzing wake thee up, —  
No man break thy purple cup.  
Set for drinking deep in.

Whiskered cats aointed flee —  
Sturdy stoppers keep from thee  
Cologne distillations ;  
Nuts lie in thy path for stones,  
And thy feast-day macaroons  
Turn to daily rations !

Mock I thee, in wishing weal?  
Tears are in my eyes to feel  
Thou art made so straitly  
Blessing needs must straiten too, —  
Little canst thou joy or do,  
Thou who lovest greatly.

Yet be blessed to the height  
Of all good and all delight  
Pervious to thy nature,  
Only *loved* beyond that line,  
With a love that answers thine,  
Loving fellow-creature !

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### A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river ?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river ?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river.  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river,  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew out the pith like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
Then notched the poor dry empty thing  
In holes as he sat by the river.

"This is the way", laughed the great god Pan,  
(Laughed while he sat by the river!)  
"The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed!"  
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
    Making a poet out of a man.  
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain —  
For the reed that grows never more again  
    As a reed with the reeds of the river,

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## ROBERT BROWNING.

THE biography of Robert Browning, born in London, May 7<sup>th</sup>. 1812, resolves itself for the present into a mere chronicle of the publication of his works. He has neither allowed himself to be "interviewed," nor "sonnet-sung" us about himself. Like his great contemporaries, Mr. Browning began early to write verse; while like the poets of the aesthetic school he appears to have deemed the single field of poetry too narrow for him, and made some attempt to master the arts of painting and music. Mr. Browning's first published poem, *Pauline*, appeared in 1833, *Paracelsus*, a closet drama with speeches three hundred lines long, in 1834. *Strafford*, an historical drama, was played successfully in 1837; *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, in 1843. *Bells and Pomegranates*, a collection of dramatic and lyrical poems appeared between 1841 and 1846, and contain many of the simplest and noblest of Mr. Browning's productions. Longer Poems are *Sordello*, *The Ring and the Book*, *Fifine at the Fair* etc. Later works are *Dramatic Idyls*, and *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day*, (1887).

## HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

OH, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England — now !

And after April, when May follows,  
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows !  
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dew-drops — at the bent spray's edge —  
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture !  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower.

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SONG FROM »PIPPA PASSES».

THE year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn ;  
Morning's at seven ;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;





"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them  
(take in tow

"All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,  
"For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

"Better run the ships aground!

"Not a minute more to wait!

"Let the Captains all and each

"Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!

"France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for in struck amid all these

-- A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate -- first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé  
(Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or  
(rogues?

"Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soun-  
(dings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disem-  
(bagues?

"Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

„Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

"Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor

"Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty  
(Hogues!

"Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's  
(a way!

"Only let me lead the line,

"Have the biggest ship to steer,  
 "Make the others follow mine,  
 "And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,  
 "Right to Solidor past Grève,  
 "And there lay them safe and sound;  
 "And if one ship misbehave  
 "— Keel so much as grate the ground,  
 "Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries  
 (Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait,  
 "Steer us in then, small and great!  
 "Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried  
 (its chief,

Captains, give the sailor place!  
 He is Admiral, in brief.  
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace!  
 See the noble fellow's face  
 As the big ship, with a bound,  
 Clears the entry like a hound,  
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's  
 (profound.

See, safe through shoal and rock,  
 How they follow in a flock,  
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,  
 Not a spar that comes to grief!  
 The peril, see, is past,  
 All are harboured to the last,  
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas, "Anchor!" — sure as fate,  
 Up the English come, too late!

So the storm subsides to calm:  
 They see the green trees wave  
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.  
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
 "Just our rapture to enhance,  
 "Let the English rake the bay,

"Gnash their teeth and glare askance  
 "As they cannonade away!"  
 Now hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!  
 Out burst all with one accord,  
 "This is Paradise for Hell!  
 "Let France, let France's king  
 "Thank the man that did the thing!"  
 What a shout, and all one word,  
     "Hervé Riel!"  
 As he stepped in front once more,  
 Not a symptom of surprise  
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
 "I must speak out at the end,  
 "Though I find the speaking hard,  
 "Praise is deeper than the lips:  
 "You have saved the King his ships,  
 "You must name your own reward.  
 "Faith, our sun was near eclipse!  
 "Demand whate'er you will,  
 "France remains your debtor still.  
 "Ask to heart's content and have, or my name's not  
     (Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
 As the honest heart laughed through  
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:  
 "Since I needs must say my say,  
 "Since on board my duty's done,  
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?  
 "Since 't is ask and have, I may —  
 "Come! a good whole holiday!  
 "Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"  
 That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

Nothing more?  
 Nothing more!  
 Name and deed alike are lost; —  
 Not a pillar or a post  
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;  
 Not a single figure-head on a single fishing-smack,  
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack  
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore  
 (the bell.  
  
 Go to Paris: rank on rank  
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell  
 On the Louvre, face and flank!  
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel,  
 So for better and for worse,  
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!  
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more  
 Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle  
 (Aurore.

### INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:  
 A mile or so away  
 On a little mound, Napoleon  
 Stood on our storming-day;  
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
 As if to balance the prone brow  
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans  
 That soar, to earth may fall,  
 "Let once my army-leader Lannes  
 "Waver at yonder wall," —

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect,  
By just his horse's mane, a boy:  
You hardly could suspect —  
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through)  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace  
"We've got you Ratisbon!  
"The Marshal's in the market-place,  
"And you'll be there anon  
"To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
"Where I, to heart's desire,  
"Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans  
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle's eye  
When her bruised eaglet breathes;  
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride  
Touched to the quick, he said:  
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,  
Smiling the boy fell dead.

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## THE PATRIOT.

## AN OLD STORY.

IT was roses, roses, all the way,  
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad :  
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,  
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,  
A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,  
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.  
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels —  
"But give me your sun from yonder skies!"  
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun  
To give it my loving friends to keep!  
Nought man could do, have I left undone :  
And you see my harvest, what I reap  
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now —  
Just a palsied few at the windows set ;  
For the best of the sight is, all allow,  
At the Shambles' Gate — or, better yet,  
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,  
A rope cuts both my wrists behind ;  
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,  
For they fling, whoever has a mind,  
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go !  
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.

“Paid by the world, what dost thou owe  
“Me?”—God might question; now instead,  
’Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

---

## HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

(16—).

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;  
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;  
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other, we kept the great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;  
I turned in the saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,  
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;  
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;  
At Duffield, ’t was morning as plain as could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,  
So Joris broke silence with, “Yet there is time!”

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,

And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;  
And one eye's black intelligence — ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;  
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;  
Till over by Dalhelm a dome-spire sprang white,  
And, "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, fell dead as a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,  
As I sat with his head 't wixt my knees on the ground;  
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

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### THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

I SAID - Then, dearest, since 't is so,  
Since now at length my fate I know,  
Since nothing all my love avails,  
Since all my life seemed meant for, fails,  
    Since this was written and needs must be  
My whole heart rises up to bless  
Your name in pride and thankfulness!  
Take back the hope you gave, - I claim  
Only a memory of the same,  
- And this beside, if you will not blame,  
    Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers;  
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs  
When pity would be softening through,  
Fixed me a breathing-while or two  
    With life or death in the balance: right!  
The blood replenished me again;  
My last thought was at least not vain:  
I and my mistress, side by side  
Shall be together, breathe and ride,  
So, one day more am I deified.  
    Who knows but the world may end to-night?

Hush! if you saw some western cloud  
 All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed  
 By many benedictions — sun's  
 And moon's and evening-star's at once —  
     And so, you, looking and loving best,  
 Conscious grew, your passion drew  
 Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star shine too,  
 Down on you, near and yet more near,  
 Till flesh must fade for heaven was here! —  
 Thus leant she and lingered — joy and fear!  
     Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul  
 Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll  
 Freshening and fluttering in the wind,  
 Past hopes already lay behind.  
     What need to strive with a life awry?  
 Had I said that, had I done this,  
 So might I gain, so might I miss.  
 Might she have loved me? just as well  
 She might have hated, who can tell!  
 Where had I been now if the worst befell?  
     And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?  
 Why, all men strive and who succeeds?  
 We rode; it seemed my spirit flew,  
 Saw other regions, cities new,  
     As the world rushed by on either side.  
 I thought, — All labour, yet no less  
 Bear up beneath their unsuccess:  
 Look at the end of work, contrast  
 The petty Done, the Undone vast,  
 This Present of theirs with the hopeful Past!  
     I hoped she would love me; here we ride.

What hand and brain went ever paired?  
 What heart alike conceived and dared?  
 What act proved all its thought had been?  
 What will but felt the fleshly screen?

We ride and I see her bosom heave.  
 There's many a crown for who can reach.  
 Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!  
 The flag stuck on a heap of bones,  
 A soldier's doing! what atones?  
 They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.  
 My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet? Well,  
 Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell  
 What we felt only; you expressed  
 You hold things beautiful the best.

And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.  
 'Tis something, nay 'tis much: but then,  
 Have you yourself what's best for men?  
 Are you — poor, sick, old ere your time —  
 Nearer one whit your own sublime  
 Than we who never have turned a rhyme?  
 Sing, riding's a joy! For me I ride.

And you, great sculptor — so, you gave  
 A score of years to Art, her slave,  
 And that's your Venus, whence we turn  
 To yonder girl that fords the burn!

You acquiesce, and shall I repine?  
 What, man of music, you grown grey  
 With notes and nothing else to say,  
 Is this your sole praise from a friend,  
 "Greatly his opera's strains intend,  
 "But in music we know how fashions end!"  
 I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate  
 Proposed bliss here should sublimate  
 My being — had I signed the bond —  
 Still one must lead some life beyond,  
     Have a bliss to die with, dim-described.  
 This foot once planted on the goal,  
 This glory-garland round my soul,  
 Could I descry such? Try and test!  
 I sink back shuddering from the quest.  
 Earth being so good, would Heaven seem best?  
     Now, Heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet — she has not spoke so long!  
 What if Heaven be that, fair and strong  
 At life's best, with our eyes upturned  
 Whither life's flower is first discerned,  
     We, fixed so, ever should so abide?  
 What if we still ride on, we two,  
 With life for ever old yet new,  
 Changed not in kind but in degree,  
 The instant made eternity, —  
 And Heaven just prove that I and she  
     Ride, ride, together, for ever ride?

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### EVELYN HOPE

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!  
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
 That is her book-shelf, this is her bed;  
     She plucked that piece of geranium flower  
 Beginning to die too, in the glass;  
 Little has yet been changed, I think;  
 The shutters are shut; no light may pass  
     Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!  
 Perhaps she had hardly heard my name;  
 It was not her time to love; beside,  
 Her life had many a hope and aim;  
 Duties enough and little cares,  
 And now was quiet, now astir,  
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?  
 What, your soul was pure and true—  
 The good stars met in your horoscope,  
 Made you of spirit, fire and dew—  
 And, just because I was thrice as old,  
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
 Each was nought to each, must I be told?  
 We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

No indeed! for God above  
 Is great to grant as mighty to make,  
 And creates the love to reward the love:  
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
 Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:  
 Much is to learn, much to forget,  
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will,  
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)  
 In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
 That body and soul so pure and gay.  
 Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red —  
 And what you would do with me, in fine,  
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,  
 Given up myself so many times,  
 Gained me the gains of various men,  
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;  
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,  
 Either I missed or itself missed me:  
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
 What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!  
 My heart seemed as full as it could hold—  
 There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,  
 And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.  
 So hush—I will give you this leaf to keep:  
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!  
 There, that is our secret; go to sleep!  
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

---

### PROSPICE.

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
 The post of the foe;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go:  
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
 And the barriers fall,  
 Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
 The reward of it all.  
 I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,  
 The best and the last!

---

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute 's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

---



## ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THIS writer's productions are mostly "poems of the inner life", although his principal work, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, 1848, is a descriptive poem with a love-story interwoven. Clough was born at Liverpool in 1819; passed some of his early years in Virginia, was educated at Rugby and Oxford, resigned his university appointments in 1848, officiated for a short time as Principal of University Hall, London; spent a year in America in intimate association with Emerson and his circle; returned to England to take a post in the Education Office; lost his health and died at Florence in 1861. Clough's collected poems, with a selection from his letters and other papers, and a memoir by his widow, were published in two volumes in 1869.

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### THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O STREAM descending to the sea,  
Thy mossy banks between,  
The flowerets blow, the grasses grow,  
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,  
The fields the labourers till,  
And houses stand on either hand,  
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,  
Our waking eyes behold,  
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,  
Companions young and old,

Strong purposes our minds possess,  
Our hearts affections fill,  
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,  
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,  
Inevitable sea,  
To which we flow, what do we know,  
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,  
As we our course fulfil;  
Scarce we divine a sun will shine  
And be above us still.

---

## AN INCIDENT.

'T WAS on a sunny summer day  
I trod a mighty city's street,  
And when I started on my way  
My heart was full of fancies sweet:  
But soon, as nothing could be seen  
But countenances sharp and keen,  
Nought heard or seen around but told

Of something bought or something sold,  
And none that seemed to think or care  
That any save himself was there, —

Full soon my heart began to sink  
With a strange shame and inward pain,  
For I was sad within to think  
Of this absorbing love of gain,  
And various thoughts my bosom tossed;  
When suddenly my path there crossed,  
Locked hand in hand with one another,  
A little maiden and her brother —  
A little maiden, and she wore  
Around her waist a pinafore.

And hand in hand along the street  
This pretty pair did softly go,  
And as they went, their little feet  
Moved in short even steps and slow:  
It was a sight to see and bless,  
That little sister's tenderness:  
One hand a tidy basket bore  
Of flowers and fruit — a chosen store,  
Such as kind friends oft send to others —  
And one was fastened in her brother's.

It was a voice of meaning sweet,  
And spake amid that scene of strife  
Of home and homely duties meet,  
And charities of daily life;  
And often, should my spirit fail,  
And under cold strange glances quail  
'Mid busy shops and busier throng,  
That speed upon their ways along  
The thick and crowded thoroughfare,  
I'll call to mind that little pair.

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## DIPSYCHUS' VISION.

I HAD a vision; was it in my sleep?  
 And if it were, what then? But sleep or wake,  
 I saw a great light open o'er my head;  
 And, sleep or wake, uplifted to that light,  
 Out of that light proceeding heard a voice,  
 Uttering high words, which whether sleep or wake,  
 In me were fixed, and in me must abide.

When the enemy is near thee,  
 Call on us!

In our hands we will upbear thee,  
 He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,  
 He shall fly thee, and shall fear thee,  
 Call on us!

Call when all good friends have left thee,  
 Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee;  
 Call when hope and heart are sinking,  
 And the brain is sick with thinking,  
 Help, O help!

Call, and following close behind thee  
 There shall haste, and there shall find thee,  
 Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,  
 When necessity seems on thee,  
 Hope and choice have all foregone thee,  
 Fate and force are closing o'er thee,  
 And but one way stands before thee —  
 Call on us!

O, and if thou dost not call,  
 Be but faithful, that is all,  
 Go right on, and close behind thee  
 There shall follow still and find thee  
 Help, sure help.

## SONG IN ABSENCE.

COME home, come home! and where is home for me  
Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea?  
To the frail bark here plunging on its way,  
To the wild waters, shall I turn and say  
To the plunging bark, or to the salt sea foam,  
You are my home?

Fields I once walked in, faces once I knew,  
Familiar things so old my heart believed them true,  
These far, far back, behind me lie, before  
The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar,  
And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them roam  
No words of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar,  
There may indeed, or may not be, a shore,  
Where fields as green, and hands and hearts as true,  
The old forgotten semblance may renew,  
And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea foam  
Another home.

But toil and pain must wear out many a day,  
And days bear weeks, and weeks bear mouths away,  
Ere, if at all, the weary traveller hear,  
With accents whispered in his wayworn ear,  
A voice he dares to listen to, say, Come  
To thy true home.

Come home, home, home! and where a home hath he  
Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea?  
Through clouds that mutter, and o'er waves that soar,  
Say, shall we find, or shall we not, a shore  
That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,  
Indeed our home?



## JEAN INGELOW.

*THIS popular poetess was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1820. Her poetical taste was nurtured on the early works of Tennyson and Mrs. Browning, and many of her poems show the influence of her teachers. In others Miss Ingelow shows herself a sweet natural singer. Her poems have been exceedingly popular; a twenty-third edition was published so early as 1863; her novels, the first of which was published in 1872, have also enjoyed a fair share of success.*

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### THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

(1571).

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran by two, by three;  
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;  
Good ringers pull your best," quoth he.  
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!  
Ply all your changes, all your swells,  
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde —  
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all;  
 But in myne ears doth still abide  
 The message that the bells let fall:  
 And there was nought of strange, beside  
 The flights of mews and peewits pied  
 By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and span within the doore,  
 My thread brake off, I raised mine eyes;  
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
 Lay sinking in the barren skies,  
 And dark against day's golden death  
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
 My sonne's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
 Ere the early dews were falling,  
 Farre away I heard her song.  
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along  
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
 Floweth, floweth;  
 From the meads where melick groweth  
 Faintly came her milking song —

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
 "For the dews will soon be falling;  
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
 Mellow, mellow;  
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
 Hollow, hollow;  
 Come up Jetty, rise and follow,  
 From the clovers lift your head;  
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,

Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,  
 When I begin to think howe long,  
 Again I hear the Lindis flow,  
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;  
 And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee)  
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
 Save where full fyve good miles away  
 The steeple towered from out the greene;  
 And ho! the great bell farre and wide  
 Was heard in all the country-side  
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are  
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,  
 And my son's wife, Elizabeth;  
 Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
 Came down that kindly message free,  
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
 And all along where Lindis flows  
 To where the goodly vessels lie,  
 And where the lordly steeple shows.  
 They sayde, "And why should this thing be?  
 What danger lowers by land or sea?  
 They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mabelthorpe,  
 Of pyrate galleys warping down:

For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
They have not spared to wake the towne;  
But when the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?' "

I looked without, and lo! my sonne  
Came riding downe with might and main:  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again,  
"Elizabeth, Elizabeth!  
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,  
The rising tide comes on apace,  
And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing up the market-place."  
He shook as one that looks on death:  
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;  
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,  
With her two bairns I marked her long;  
And ere yon bells beganne to play  
Afar I heard her milking song."  
He looked across the grassy lea,  
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"  
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;  
For, lo! along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped,  
It swept with thunderous noises loud;  
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed  
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;  
 Then madly at the eygre's breast  
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.  
 Then banks came downe with ruin and rout —  
 Then beaten foam flew round about —  
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave  
 The heart had hardly time to beat,  
 Before a shallow seething wave  
 Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:  
 The feet had hardly time to flee  
 Before it brake against the knee,  
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,  
 The noise of bells went sweeping by;  
 I marked the lofty beacon light  
 Stream from the church tower, red and high—  
 A lurid mark and dread to see;  
 And awsome bells they were to mee,  
 That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;  
 And I — my sonne was at my side,  
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;  
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
 "O come in life or come in death!  
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?  
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare  
 The waters laid thee at his doore,  
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,

The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
 Down drifted to thy dwelling-place.  
 That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,  
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;  
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!

To many more than myne and mee:  
 But each will mourn his own (she saith)  
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more  
 By the reedy Lindis shore,  
 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
 Ere the early dews be falling;  
 I shall never hear her song,  
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along  
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
 Goeth, floweth;  
 From the meads where melick groweth,  
 When the water winding down,  
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more  
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
 Shiver, quiver;  
 Stand beside the throbbing river,  
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling  
 To the sandy lonesome shore;  
 I shall never hear her calling,  
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
 Mellow, mellow;  
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow  
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;  
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
 Hollow, hollow  
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;  
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,

From your clovers lift the head ;  
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed

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## THE BASHFUL LOVER.

MY neighbour White — we met to-day —  
He always had a cheerful way,  
As if he breathed at ease ;  
My neighbour White lives down the glade,  
And I live higher, in the shade  
Of my old walnut trees.

So many lads and lasses small,  
To feed them all, to clothe them all,  
Must surely tax his wit ;  
I see his thatch when I look out,  
His branching roses creep about,  
And vines half smother it.

There white-haired urchins climb his eaves  
And little watch-fires heap with leaves,  
And milky filberts hoard ;  
And there his oldest daughter stands  
With downcast eyes and skilful hands  
Beside her ironing-board.

She comforts all her mother's days,  
And with her sweet obedient ways  
She makes her labour light ;  
So sweet to hear, so fair to see !  
O, she is much too good for mee,  
That lovely Lettice White !

'T is hard to feel oneself a fool!  
With that same lass I went to school —  
I then was great and wise;  
She read upon an easier book,  
And I — I never cared to look  
Into her shy blue eyes.

And now I know they must be there,  
Sweet eyes, behind those lashes fair  
That will not raise their rim:  
If maids be shy, he cures who can;  
But if a man be shy — a man —  
Why then, the worse for him!

My mother cries, "For such a lad  
A wife is easy to be had,  
And always to be found;  
A finer scholar scarce can be,  
And for a foot and leg" says she,  
He beats the county round!

My handsome boy must stoop his head  
To clear her door whom he would wed."  
Weak praise, but fondly sung!  
„O mother! scholars sometimes fail —  
And what can foot and leg avail  
To him that wants a tongue?"

When by her ironing-board I sit,  
Her little sisters round me flit,  
And bring me forth their store;  
Dark clustered grapes of dusty blue,  
And small sweet apples bright of hue,  
And crimson to the core.

But she abideth silent, fair,  
All shaded by her flaxen hair

The blushes come and go ;  
I look, and I no more can speak  
Than the red sun that on her cheek  
Smiles as he lieth low.

Sometimes the roses by the latch  
Or scarlet vine-leaves from the thatch  
Come sailing down like birds ;  
When from their drifts her board I clear,  
She thanks me, but I scarce can hear  
The shyly uttered words,

Oft have I wooed sweet Lettice White  
By daylight and by candle-light  
When we two were apart,  
Some better day come on apace,  
And let me tell her face to face,  
"Maiden, thou hast my heart".

How gently rock those poplars high  
Against the reach of primrose sky  
With heaven's pale candles stored !  
She sees them all, sweet Lettice White ;  
I'll e'en go sit again to-night  
Beside her ironing-board !

---

### SONG.

WHEN sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,  
My old sorrow wakes and cries,  
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,  
And a scarlet sun doth rise ;  
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,  
And the icy founts run free,

And the bergs begin to bow their heads,  
And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,  
And my love that loved me so!  
Is there never a chink in the world above  
Where they listen for words from below?  
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore —  
I remember all that I said;  
And now thou wilt hear me no more — no more  
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail  
To the ice-fields and the snow;  
Thou wert sad, for thy love did nought avail,  
And the end I could not know.  
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,  
Whom that day I held not dear?  
How could I know I should love thee away,  
When I did not love thee near?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain  
With the faded bents o'erspread,  
We shall stand no more by the seething main  
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;  
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,  
Where thy last farewell was said;  
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again  
When the sea gives up her dead.



## MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THIS eminent critic, theologian and poet, was born in Middlesex December 24<sup>th</sup> 1822. Like his father, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, he has interested himself greatly in educational work, and his reports of schools and universities on the continent are very valuable. Mr. Arnold's poetry forms but a small part of his literary work. His first production was *The Strayed Revellers*; *Empeclodes on Etna*, a lyrical drama, followed in 1853. Both these works were published anonymously, but in 1854 a volume of poems appeared, bearing the author's name. In 1857 Mr. Arnold was elected professor of poetry at Oxford, an office which he held for a few years and then resigned. In 1858 he published *Merope*, a tragedy after the antique, in a preface to which he explained the principles of Greek tragedy. A collected edition of Mr. Arnold's poems was issued in 1866, and has been several times reprinted. Among the most important pieces are *The Scholar Gipsy* and *Thyrsis*, the latter an elegy on A. H. Clough; *Tristram and Iseult*; *Sohrab and Rustum*; and the short popular poems given below.

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## LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

IN this lone open glade I lie,  
Screened by deep boughs on either hand,  
And, at its head, to stay the eye,  
Those dark-crowned, red-boled pine trees stand.

Birds here make song ; each bird has his  
Across the girdling city's hum ;  
How green under the boughs it is !  
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come !

Sometimes a child will cross the glade  
To take his nurse his broken toy ;  
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead,  
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass !  
What endless, active life is here :  
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass !  
An air-stirred forest fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain sod  
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,  
And, eased of basket and of rod,  
Counts his day's spoil, his spotted trout.

In the huge world which roars hard by  
Be others happy, if they can ;  
But, in my helpless cradle, I  
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I on men's impious uproar hurled  
Think often, as I hear them rave,  
That peace has left the upper world,  
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace for ever new!  
When I, who watch them, am away;  
Still all things in this glade go through  
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass,  
The flowers close, the birds are fed,  
The night comes down upon the grass,  
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things! make it mine  
To feel, amid the city's jar,  
That there abides a peace of thine,  
Man did not make, and cannot mar!

The will to neither strive nor cry,  
The power to feel with others, give!  
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die  
Before I have begun to live.

---

### TO MARGUERITE.

YES! in the sea of life enisled,  
With echoing straits between us thrown,  
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,  
We mortal millions live *alone*.  
The islands feel the enclasping flow,  
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,  
And they are swept by balms of spring,  
And in their glens, on starry nights,  
The nightingales divinely sing;  
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,  
Across the sounds and channels pour —

Oh! then a longing like despair  
Is to their farthest caverns sent;  
For surely once, they feel, we were  
Parts of a single continent!  
Now round us spreads the watery plain —  
Oh might our margs meet again!

Who ordered, that their longing's fire  
Should be, as soon as kindled, cooled?  
Who renders vain their deep desire? —  
A God, a God their severance ruled!  
And bade between their shores to be  
The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

### REQUIESCAT.

STREW on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew!  
In quiet she reposes;  
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required.  
She bathed it in smiles of glee.  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,  
In mazes of heat and sound;  
But for peace her soul was yearning,  
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd ample spirit,  
It flutter'd and failed for breath.  
To-night it doth inherit  
The vasty hall of death.

## PHILOMELA.

HARK! ah, the nightingale --  
The tawny-throated!  
Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst!  
What triumph! hark! -- what pain!

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
Still, after many years, in distant lands,  
Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain  
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain --  
Say, will it never heal?  
And can this fragrant lawn  
With its cool trees, and night,  
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
And moonshine, and the dew,  
To thy racked heart and brain  
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,  
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,  
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?  
Dost thou again peruse  
With hot cheeks and seared eyes  
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?  
Dost thou once more essay  
Thy flight, and feel come over thee  
Poor fugitive, the feathery change  
Once more, and once more seem to make resound  
With love and hate, triumph and agony,  
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?  
Listen, Eugenia --  
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!  
Again -- thou hearest?  
Eternal passion!  
Eternal pain!

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## THE NECKAN.

IN summer, on the headlands,  
The Baltic sea along,  
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,  
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands  
Green rolls the Baltic Sea;  
And there, below the Neckan's feet,  
His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,  
Its shells and roses pale:  
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,  
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,  
And sings a mournful stave  
Of all he saw and felt on earth,  
Far from the kind sea-wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wandered  
By castle, field and town —  
But earthly knights have harder hearts  
Than the sea children own.

Sings of his earthly bridal —  
Priests, knights, and ladies gay.  
"And who art thou," the priest began,  
"Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?"

— "I am no knight," he answered;  
"From the sea-waves I come. —"  
The knights drew sword, the ladies screamed,  
The surpliced Priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel  
He vanished with his bride,  
And bore her down to the sea-halls,  
Beneath the salt sea-tide.

He sings how she sits weeping  
‘Mid shells that round her lie.  
— “False Neckan shares my bed,” she weeps;  
“No Christian mate have I.” —

He sings how through the billows  
He rose to earth again,  
And sought a priest to sign the cross,  
That Neckan Heaven may gain.

He sings how, on an evening,  
Beneath the birch-trees cool,  
He sate and played his harp of gold,  
Beside the river-pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan,  
Tears filled his mild blue eye.  
On his white mule, across the bridge,  
A cassocked priest rode by.

“Why sitt’st thou there, O Neckan,  
— And play’st thy harp of gold?  
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,  
Than thou shalt Heaven behold.”

But lo, the staff, it budded!  
It greened, it branched, it waved!  
“O ruth of God!” the priest cried out,  
“This lost sea-creature saved!”

The cassocked priest rode onwards,  
And vanished with his mule :  
But Neckan in the twilight grey  
Wept by the river pool.

He wept : "The earth hath kindness,  
The sea, the starry poles ;  
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above —  
But, ah, not human souls!"

In summer, on the headlands,  
The Baltic Sea along,  
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,  
And sings this plaintive song.

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### THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away ;  
Down and away below !  
Now my brothers call from the bay,  
Now the great winds shoreward blow,  
Now the salt tides seaward flow ;  
Now the wild white horses play,  
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray,  
Children dear, let us away !  
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go —  
Call once yet !  
In a voice that she will know :  
Margaret ! Margaret !  
Children's voices should be dear  
(Call once more) to a mother's ear ;  
Children's voices, wild with pain —

Surely she will come again!  
Call her once and come away;  
This way, this way!  
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!  
The wild white horses foam and fret,"  
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;  
Call no more!  
One last look at the white-walled town,  
And the little gray church on the windy shore;  
Then come down!  
She will not come though you call all day;  
Come away, come away!  
Children dear, was it yesterday  
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?  
In the caverns where we lay,  
Through the surf and through the swell,  
The far-off sound of a silver bell?  
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep:  
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,  
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,  
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;  
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,  
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
Round the world for ever and aye?  
When did music come this way?  
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday  
(Call yet once) that she went away?  
Once she sate with you and me,  
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee,  
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,  
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.  
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea;  
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.  
'T will be Easter-time in the world — ah me!  
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."  
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;  
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"  
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.  
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?  
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;  
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;  
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.  
We went up the beach, by the sandy down  
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;  
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,  
To the little grey church on the windy hill.  
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,  
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.  
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,  
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.  
She sate by the pillar: we saw her clear:  
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!  
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;  
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."  
But, ah, she gave me never a look,  
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book!  
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.  
Come away, children, call no more!  
Come away, come down, call no more!

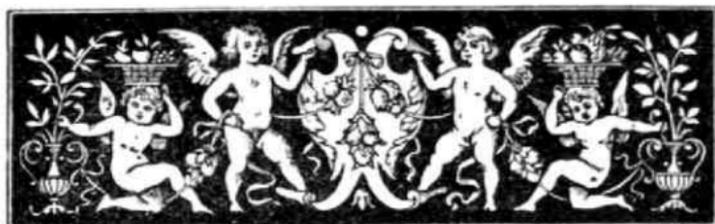
Down, down, down!  
Down to the depths of the sea!

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,  
Singing most joyfully.  
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,  
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!  
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;  
For the wheel where I spun,  
And the blessed light of the sun!"  
And so she sings her fill,  
Singing most joyfully,  
Till the spindle falls from her hand;  
And the whizzing wheel stands still.  
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,  
And over the sand at the sea;  
And her eyes are set in a stare;  
And anon there breaks a sigh,  
And anon there drops a tear,  
From a sorrow-clouded eye,  
And a heart sorrow-laden,  
A long, long sigh;  
For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden,  
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children;  
Come children, come down!  
The hoarse wind blows colder;  
Lights shine in the town.  
She will start from her slumber  
When gusts shake the door;  
She will hear the winds howling,  
Will hear the waves roar.  
We shall see, while above us  
The waves roar and whirl,  
A ceiling of amber,  
A pavement of pearl.  
Singing: "Here came a mortal,  
But faithless was she!

And alone dwell for ever  
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,  
When soft the winds blow,  
When clear falls the moonlight,  
When spring-tides are low ;  
When sweet airs come seaward  
From heaths starred with broom,  
And high rocks throw mildly  
On the blanched sands a gloom ;  
Up the still, glistening beaches,  
Up the creaks we will hie,  
Over banks of bright seaweed  
The ebb-tide leaves dry.  
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,  
At the white, sleeping town,  
At the church on the hill-side—  
And then come back down,  
Singing : "There dwells a loved one,  
But cruel is she !  
She left lonely for ever  
The kings of the sea."



## COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE *author of The Angel in the House* was born in 1823. He was a contributor to the *Pre-Raphaelite* magazine *The Germ*; and his poetry displays a considerable resemblance to that of *Rossetti's* school. *The Angel in the House* is devoted to praises of the female character and the happiness of domestic love. In its completed form it consists of four books: *The Betrothal, The Espousals, Faithful for Ever, and The Victories of Love.* The composition extended over fourteen years. A collected edition of *Mr. Patmore's* poems appeared in 1866.

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### THE PRODIGAL

*From* THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

To heroism and holiness  
How hard it is for man to soar,  
But how much harder to be less  
Than what his mistress loves him for!

There is no man so full of pride,  
And none so intimate with shame,  
And none to manhood so denied,  
As not to mend if women blame.  
He does with ease what do he must.  
Or merit this, and nought's debarred  
From man, when woman shall be just  
In yielding her desired regard.  
O wasteful woman, she who may  
On her sweet self set her own price,  
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,  
How has she cheapened Paradise:  
How given for nought her priceless gift,  
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,  
Which, spent with due, respective thrift  
Had made brutes men and men divine.

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## LOVE'S PERVERSITY

*From* THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How strange a thing a lover seems  
To animals that do not love!  
Lo, where he walks and talks in dreams,  
And flouts us with his Lady's glove;  
How foreign is the garb he wears;  
And how his great devotion mocks  
Our poor propriety, and scares  
The undevout with paradox!  
His soul, through scorn of worldly care,  
And great extremes of sweet and gall,  
And musing much on all that's fair,  
Grows witty and fantastical;

He sobs his joy and sings his grief,  
And evermore finds such delight  
In simply picturing his relief,  
That plaining seems to cure his plight:  
He makes his sorrow, when there's none;  
His fancy blows both cold and hot,  
Next to the wish that she'll be won,  
His first hope is that she may not;  
He sues, yet deprecates consent;  
Would she be captured she must fly;  
She looks too happy and content,  
For whose least pleasure he would die;  
Oh, cruelty, she cannot care  
For one to whom she's always kind!  
He says he's nought, but, oh, despair,  
If he's not Jove to her fond mind!  
He's jealous if she pets a dove,  
She must be his with all her soul;  
Yet 't is a postulate in love  
That part is greater than the whole,  
And all his apprehension's stress,  
When he's with her, regards her hair,  
Her hand, a ribbon of her dress,  
As if his life were only there;  
Because she's constant, he will change,  
And kindest glances coldly meet,  
And, all the time he seems so strange,  
His soul is fawning at her feet;  
Of smiles and simple heaven grown tired,  
He wickedly provokes her tears,  
And when she weeps, as he desired,  
Falls slain with ecstasies of fears;  
He blames her, though she has no fault,  
Except the folly to be his;  
He worships her, the more to exalt  
The profanation of a kiss;  
Health's his disease; he's never well

But when his paleness shames her rose;  
His faith's a rock-built citadel,  
Its sign a flag that each way blows;  
His o'erfed fancy frets and fumes;  
And Love, in him, is fierce like Hate,  
And ruffles his ambrosial plumes  
Against the bars of time and fate.

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BOOK III.

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POETS OF THE THIRD GENERATION





## DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE leader of the so-called *Pre-Raphaelite school of poetry and painting*, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was born in London in 1828. His father was an Italian patriot, the author of many spirited patriotic songs, which rendered him particularly obnoxious to the Austrian rulers of Italy. Gabriele Rossetti escaped to England, and there married a lady of English birth but Italian extraction on the father's side. All his four children have shown remarkable literary talent; but Dante Gabriel was early recognised as the genius of the family. It was understood that he was to be a painter: his early drawings showed wonderful promise, his boyish poems exceedingly little. Nevertheless *The Blessed Damozel*, which is generally regarded as a typical and epoch-making poem, was published in *The Germ* (*Pre-Raphaelite Magazine*) in the poet's twenty-first year.

In poems and pictures alike, Rossetti and his school show a close study of the early art of Italy; and the spirit of their works has been appropriately defined as a renaissance of mediæval feeling.

Rossetti himself was of a singularly modest and retiring disposition. He neither exhibited his pictures nor (until 1870) published his poems in collective form. Nevertheless he was the central figure of an illustrious band of painters and poets, some of

whom, like himself, practised both arts; and his influence was speedily apparent in the published and exhibited works of his contemporaries. When Rossetti's Poems were at length given to the world (after an eight years' burial in his wife's coffin) they were received with a tumult of applause, and ran through seven editions in the course of a few weeks. Nevertheless the poet, who suffered from ill health and melancholia, devoted most of his time to painting; and published no more poetry until the autumn of 1880. The exquisite quality of these Poems and Ballads raised high hopes of a long succession of master-pieces; but the poet died somewhat suddenly on Easter Sunday 1881. His Collected Works have been published recently by his brother. These consist of two volumes, the first containing original poems and prose papers: the second translations, notably the collection of Italian Poetry entitled Dante and His Circle, and Dante's Vita Nuova.

### THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years,  
... Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair  
Fell all about my face...  
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves,  
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is Space begun,  
So high, that looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their rapturous new names;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped  
Out of the circling charm;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm,

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds, Her gaze still strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
She spoke through the still weather,  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,  
Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells  
Possessed the mid-day air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come", she said,  
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? — on earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?"

“When round his head the aureole clings,  
And he is clothed in white,  
I'll take his hand and go with him  
To the deep wells of light;  
We will step down as to a stream,  
And bathe there in God's sight.

“We two will stand beside that shrine,  
Occult, withheld, untrud,  
Whose lamps are stirred continually  
With prayer sent up to God;  
And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud.

“We two will lie i' the shadow of  
That living mystic tree  
Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that His plumes touch  
Saith His name audibly.

“And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here: which his voice  
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
And find some knowledge at each pause,  
Or some new thing to know.”

(Alas! we two, we two, thou say'st!  
Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves  
Where the Lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalene,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded ;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb ;  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak :  
And the dear mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles :  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me : —  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love, — only to be  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild, —  
“All this is when he comes.” She ceased.  
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres!  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

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### THE STAFF AND SCRIP.

“WHO owns these lands?” the Pilgrim said,  
“Stranger, Queen Blanchelys.”  
“And who has thus harried them?” he said.  
“It was Duke Luke did this;  
God's ban be his!”

The Pilgrim said: “Where is your house?  
I'll rest there, with your will.”  
“You've but to climb these blackened boughs,  
And you'll see it over the hill,  
For it burns still.”

“Which road, to seek your Queen?” said he.  
“Nay, nay, but with some wound  
You'll fly back hither, it may be,  
And by your blood in the ground  
My place be found.”

"Friend, stay in peace. God keep your head,  
And mine, where I will go ;  
For He is here and there," he said,  
He passed the hill-side slow,  
And stood below.

The Queen sat idle by her loom :  
She heard the arras stir,  
And looked up sadly : through the room  
The sweetness sickened her  
Of musk and myrrh.

Her women, standing two and two,  
In silence combed the fleece.  
The Pilgrim said, "Peace be with you,  
Lady," and bent his knees.  
She answered, "Peace."

Her eyes were like the wave within :  
Like water-reeds the poise  
Of her soft body, dainty thin ;  
And like the water's noise  
Her plaintive voice.

For him, the stream had never well'd  
In desert tracts malign  
So sweet : nor had he ever felt  
So faint in the sunshine  
Of Palestine.

Right so, he knew that he saw weep  
Each night through every dream  
The Queen's own face, confused in sleep  
With visages supreme  
Not known to him.

"Lady," he said, "your lands lie burnt  
And waste: to meet your foe  
All fear: this I have seen and learnt,  
Say that it shall be so,  
And I will go."

She gazed at him, "Your cause is just,  
For I have heard the same:"  
He said: "God's strength shall be my trust,  
Fall it to good or grame,  
'Tis in His name."

"Sir, you are thanked. My cause is dead,  
Why should you toil to break  
A grave, and fall therein?" She said.  
He did not pause but spake:  
"For my vow's sake."

"Can such vows be, Sir? — to God's ear,  
Not to God's will?" "My vow  
Remains: God heard me there as here,"  
He said with reverent brow,  
"Both then and now."

They gazed together, he and she,  
The minute while he spoke;  
And when he ceased, she suddenly  
Looked down upon her folk  
As though she woke.

"Fight, Sir," she said, "my prayers in pain  
Shall be your fellowship."  
He whispered one among her train, —  
"To morrow bid her keep  
This staff and scrip."

She sent him a sharp sword, whose belt  
About his body there  
As sweet as her own arms he felt.  
He kissed its blade, all bare,  
Instead of her.

She sent him a green banner, wrought  
With one white lily stem,  
To bind his lance with when he fought.  
He writ upon the same,  
And kissed her name.

She sent him a white shield, whereon  
She bade that he should trace  
His will. He blent fair hues that shone,  
And in a golden space  
He kissed her face

Right so, the sunset skies revealed,  
Like lands he never knew,  
Beyond to-morrow's battle-field  
Lay open out of view  
To ride into,

Next day till dark the women prayed;  
Nor any might know there  
How the fight went: the Queen has bade  
That there do come to her  
No messenger.

Weak now to them the voice o' the priest  
As any trance affords;  
And when each anthem failed and ceased,  
It seemed that the last chords  
Still sang the words.

“Oh what is the light that shines so red?  
’Tis long since the sun set:”  
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid:  
“’Twas dim but now, and yet  
The light is great.”

Quoth the other: “’Tis our sight is dazed  
That we see flame in the air.”  
But the Queen held her brows and gazed,  
And said, “It is the glare  
Of torches there.”

“Oh what are the sounds that rise and spread?  
All day it was so still;”  
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid;  
“Unto the furthest hill  
The air they fill.

Quoth the other: “’Tis our sense is blurred  
With all the chants gone by.”  
But the Queen held her breath and heard,  
And said, “It is the cry  
Of Victory.”

The first of all the rout was sound,  
The next were dust and flame,  
And then the horses shook the ground:  
And in the thick of them  
A still band came.

“Oh what do ye bring out of the fight,  
Thus hid beneath these boughs?”  
“Thy conquering guest returns to-night,  
And yet shall not carouse,  
Queen, in thy house.”

"Uncover ye his face," she said  
    "O changed in little space!"  
She cried. "O pale that was so red!  
    O God, O God of grace!  
    Cover his face!"

His sword was broken in his hand  
    Where he had kissed the blade.  
"O soft steel that could not withstand!  
    O my hard heart unstayed,  
    That prayed and prayed!"

His bloodied banner crossed his mouth  
    Where he had kissed her name.  
"O east, and west, and north, and south,  
    Fair flew my web, for shame,  
    To guide Death's aim!"

The tints were shredded from his shield  
    Where he had kissed her face.  
"Oh, of all gifts that I could yield,  
    Death only keeps its place,  
    My gift and grace!"

Then stepped a damsel to her side,  
    And spoke, and needs must weep:  
"For his sake, lady, if he died,  
    He prayed of thee to keep  
    This staff and scrip."

That night they hung above her bed,  
    Till morning wet with tears;  
Year after year above her head  
    Her bed his token wears,  
    Five years, ten years.

That night the passion of her grief  
Shook them as there they hung;  
Each year the wind that shed the leaf  
Shook them and in its tongue  
A message flung.

And once she woke with a clear mind  
That letters writ to calm  
Her mind lay in the scrip; to find  
Only a torpid balm  
And dust of palm.

They shook far off with palace sport  
When joust and dance were rife;  
And the hunt shook them from the court;  
For hers, in peace or strife,  
Was a Queen's life.

A Queen's death now: as now they shake  
To gusts in chapel dim, —  
Hung where she sleeps, not seen to wake,  
(Carved lovely white and slim),  
With them by him.

Stand up to-day, still armed, with her,  
Good knight, before His brow,  
Who then as now was here and there,  
Who had in mind thy vow  
Then even as now.

The lists are set in Heaven to-day,  
The bright pavilions shine;  
Fair hangs thy shield, and none gainsay;  
The trumpets sound in sign  
That she is thine.

Not tithed with days' and years' decease  
He pays thy wage He owed ;  
But with imperishable peace,  
Here in His own abode,  
Thy jealous God,

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### THE CARD DEALER.

COULD you not drink her gaze like wine  
Yet though its splendour swoon  
Into the silence languidly  
As a tune into a tune,  
Those eyes unravel the coiled night  
And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand,  
In truth rich prize it were ;  
And rich the dreams that wreath her brows  
With magic stillness there ;  
And he were rich who should unwind  
That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance  
Now breathes its eager heat ;  
And not more lightly or more true  
Fall there the dancers' feet  
Than fall her cards on the bright board  
As 't were an heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,  
Smooth polished silent things :  
And each one as it falls reflects  
In swift light shadowings,

Blood-red and purple, green and blue,  
The great eyes of her rings.

Whom plays she with? With thee, who lov'st  
Those gems upon her hand;  
With me, who search her secret brows;  
With all men, bless'd or bann'd.  
We play together, she and we,  
Within a vain strange land.

A land without any order, --  
Day even as night, (one saith) --  
Where who lieth down ariseth not  
Nor the sleeper awakeneth;  
A land of darkness as darkness itself  
And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards, you ask? Even these:  
The heart, that doth but crave  
More, having fed; the diamond,  
Skilled to make base seem brave;  
The club, for smiting in the dark;  
The spade, to dig a grave.

And do you ask what game she plays?  
With me 't is lost or won;  
With thee it is playing still; with him  
It is not well begun;  
But 't is a game she plays with all  
Beneath the sway o' the sun.

Thou seest the card that falls, -- she knows  
The card that followeth:  
Her game in thy tongue is called Life,  
As ebbs thy daily breath:  
When she shall speak, thou'lt learn her tongue  
And know she calls it Death.

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## THE CLOUD CONFINES.

THE day is dark and the night  
 To him that would search their heart;  
 No lips of cloud that will part  
 Nor morning song in the light:  
 Only, gazing alone,  
 To him wild shadows are shown,  
 Deep under deep unknown  
 And height above unknown height.  
 Still we say as we go, —  
 "Strange to think by the way,  
 Whatever there is to know,  
 That shall we know one day."

The Past is over and fled;  
 Named new, we name it the old;  
 Thereof some tale hath been told,  
 But no word comes from the dead;  
 Whether at all they be,  
 Or whether as bond or free,  
 Or whether they too were we,  
 Or by what spell they have sped.  
 Still we say as we go, —  
 "Strange to think by the way,  
 Whatever there is to know,  
 That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of hate  
 That beats in thy breast, O Time? —  
 Red strife from the furthest prime,  
 And anguish of fierce debate;  
 War that shatters her slain,  
 And peace that grinds them as grain,  
 And eyes fixed ever in vain

On the pitiless eyes of Fate,  
Still we say as we go, —  
"Strange to think by the way,  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of love  
That beats in thy breast, O man? —  
Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban  
Of fangs that mock them above;  
Thy bells prolonged unto knells,  
Thy hope that a breath dispels,  
Thy bitter forlorn farewells  
And the empty echoes thereof?  
Still we say as we go, —  
„Strange to think by the way,  
Whatever there is to know  
That shall we know one day."

The sky leans dumb on the sea,  
Aweary with all its wings;  
And oh! the song the sea sings  
Is dark everlastingly.  
Our past is clean forgot,  
Our present is and is not,  
Our future's a sealed seedplot,  
And what betwixt them are we? —  
We who say as we go, —  
"Strange to think by the way,  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know one day."

## LOST DAYS. 1)

THE lost days of my life until to-day,  
 What were they, could I see them on the street  
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat  
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?  
 Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?  
 Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?  
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat  
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death  
 God knows I know the faces I shall see.  
 Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.  
 "I am thyself, — what hast thou done to me?"  
 "And I and I — thyself," "(lo! each one saith.)  
 "And thou thyself to all eternity!"

## NEWBORN DEATH.

## I.

TO-DAY Death seems to me an infant child  
 Which her worn mother Life upon my knee  
 Has set to grow my friend and play with me;  
 If haply so my heart might be beguiled  
 To find no terrors in a face so mild, —  
 If haply so my weary heart might be  
 Unto the new-born milky eyes of thee,  
 O Death, before resentment reconciled.

1) These sonnets are taken from *The House of Life*. The last three conclude the work.

How long, O Death? And shall thy feet depart  
Still a young child's with mine, or wilt thou stand  
Full grown the helpful daughter of my heart,  
What time with thee indeed I reach the strand  
Of the pale wave which knows thee what thou art,  
And drink it in the hollow of thy hand?

## II.

AND thou, O Life, the lady of all bliss,  
With whom, when our first heart beat full and fast,  
I wandered till the haunts of men were pass'd,  
And in fair places found all bowers amiss  
Till only woods and waves might hear our kiss,  
While to the winds all thought of Death we cast —  
Ah, Life! and must I have from thee at last  
No smile to greet me and no babe but this?

Lo! Love, the child once ours; and Song, whose hair  
Blew like a flame and blossomed like a wreath;  
And Art, whose eyes were worlds by God found fair;  
These o'er the book of nature mixed their breath  
With neck-twined arms, as oft we watched them there:  
And did these die that thou mightst bear me Death?

## THE ONE HOPE.

WHEN vain desire at last and vain regret  
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,  
What shall assuage the unforgotten pain  
And teach the unforgetful to forget?  
Shall peace be still a sunk stream long unmet —  
Or may the soul at once in a green plain  
Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-fountain  
And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet?

Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air  
Between the scripted petals softly flown  
Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown, —  
Ah! let none other alien spell so'er  
But only the one Hope's one name be there, —  
Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

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## WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

*THIS popular song-writer was born in Ireland in 1828. His first volume was dedicated to Leigh Hunt. He was afterwards closely connected with the school of Rossetti.*

---

### A WIFE.

THE wife sat thoughtfully turning over  
A book inscribed with the school-girl's name,  
A tear, one tear, fell hot on the cover  
So quickly closed when her husband came.

He came and he went away, it was nothing;  
With commonplace words upon either side;  
But, just with the sound of the room-door shutting,  
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love she had read of in sweet romances,  
Love that could sorrow, but never fail;  
Built her own palace of noble fancies,  
All the wide world like a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter and utterly doleful  
 Spread to this woman her map of life;  
 Hour after hour she looked in her soul, full  
 Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in hands, she knelt on the carpet;  
 The cloud was loosened, the storm-rain fell.  
 O! life has so much to wilder and warp it,  
 One poor heart's day what poet could tell?

---

## LADY ALICE.

### I.

Now what doth Lady Alice so late on the turret stair,  
 Without a lamp to light her but the diamond in her hair:  
 When every arching passage o'erflows with shallow gloom,  
 And dreams float through the castle, into every silent room?

She trembles at her footsteps, although they fall so light;  
 Through the turret loopholes she sees the wild midnight;  
 Broken vapours streaming across the stormy sky:  
 Down the empty corridors the blast doth moan and cry.

She steals along a gallery; she pauses by a door;  
 And fast her tears are dropping down upon the oaken floor:  
 And thrice she seems returning — but thrice she turns again —  
 How heavy lies the cloud of sleep on that old father's brain!

Oh, well it were that *never* shouldst thou waken from thy sleep!  
 For wherefore should they waken, who waken but to weep?  
 No more, no more beside thy bed doth Peace a vigil keep,  
 But Woe, — a lion that awaits thy rousing for its leap.



Fresh-born from the foam, with new graces,  
Comes many a winsome fair maid,  
Peep children's damp hair and bright faces  
From straw-hat's or sun-bonnet's shade.

Green crystal in exquisite tremble,  
My tide-brimming pool I behold:  
What shrimps on the sand-patch assemble!  
I vanish! embraced with pure cold.

A king of the morning-time's treasures,  
To revel in water and air,  
Join salmon and gull in their pleasures;  
Then home to our sweet human fare.

There stand the blue cups on white table,  
Rich nugget of gold from the hive,  
And there's uncle George and Miss Mabel,  
And Kitty, the best child alive!

Now two little arms round my neck fast,  
A kiss from a laugh I must win, —  
You don't deserve one bit of breakfast,  
You unbaptised people within!

---



## CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

*Miss Rossetti, born 1830, is the youngest and only surviving sister of the illustrious painter-poet. She has published several volumes of poetry, each named after the opening poem: Goblin Market; A Prince's Progress, A Pageant etc.*

---

### NOBLE SISTERS.

"Now did you mark a falcon,  
Sister dear, sister dear,  
Flying toward my window  
In the morning cool and clear."  
With jingling bells about her neck,  
But what beneath her wing?  
It may have been a ribbon,  
Or it may have been a ring." —  
"I marked a falcon stooping  
At the break of day:  
And for your love, my sister dove,  
I frayed the thief away."

"Or did you spy a ruddy hound,  
 Sister fair and tall,  
 Went snuffing round my garden bound,  
 Or crouched by my bower wall?  
 With a silken leash about his neck;  
 But in his mouth may be  
 A chain of gold and silver links,  
 Or a letter writ to me?" —

I heard a hound, high-born sister,  
 Stood baying at the moon:  
 I rose and drove him from your wall  
 Lest you should wake too soon." —

"Or did you meet a pretty page  
 Sat swinging on the gate;  
 Sat whistling whistling like a bird,  
 Or may be slept too late:  
 With eaglets broidered on his cap,  
 And eaglets on his glove?  
 If you had turned his pockets out,  
 You had found some pledge of love." —

"I met him at this daybreak,  
 Scarce the east was red:  
 Lest the creaking gate should anger you,  
 I packed him home to bed." —

"O patience, sister. Did you see  
 A young man tall and strong,  
 Swift-footed to uphold the right  
 And to uproot the wrong,  
 Come home across the desolate sea  
 To woo me for his wife?  
 And in his heart my heart is locked,  
 And in his life my life." —

"I met a nameless man, sister,  
 Hard by your chamber door:

I said : Her husband loves her much,  
And yet she loves him more." —

"Fie, sister, fie, a wicked lie,  
A lie, a wicked lie,  
I have none other love but him,  
Nor will have till I die,  
And you have turned him from our door,  
And stabbed him with a lie :  
I will go seek him through the world  
In sorrow till I die." —

"Go seek in sorrow, sister,  
And find in sorrow too :  
If thus you shame our father's name  
My curse go forth with you." —

---

### MAUDE CLARE.

OUT of the church she followed them  
With a lofty step and mien :  
His bride was like a village maid,  
Maude Clare was like a queen.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,  
With smiles, almost with tears :  
May Nell and you but live as true  
As we have done for years.

"Your father thirty years ago  
Had just your tale to tell ;  
But he was not so pale as you,  
Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,  
And Nell was pale with pride;  
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare  
Or ever he kissed the bride.

“Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,  
Have brought my gift,” she said :  
“To bless the hearth, to bless the board,  
To bless the marriage-bed.

“Here’s my half of the golden chain  
You wore about your neck,  
That day we waded ankle-deep  
For lilies in the beck,

Here’s my half of the faded leaves  
We plucked from budding bough,  
With feet amongst the lily-leaves, —  
The lilies are budding now.’

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,  
He faltered in his place ;  
“Lady,” he said, — „Maude Clare,” he said —  
“Maude Clare;” and hid his face

She turned to Nell : “My Lady Nell,  
I have a gift for you ;  
Though, were it fruit, the bloom were gone,  
Or were it flowers, the dew.

“Take my share of a fickle heart,  
Mine of a paltry love :  
Take it or leave it as you will,  
I wash my hands thereof.”

“And what you leave,” said Nell, “I’ll take,  
 And what you spurn, I’ll wear;  
 For he’s my lord for better and worse,  
 And him I love, Maude Clare.

“Yea, though you’re taller by the head,  
 More wise, and much more fair;  
 I’ll love him till he loves me best,  
 Me best of all, Maude Clare.”

### AMOR MUNDI.

“O WHERE are you going with your love-locks flowing  
 On the west wind blowing along this sandy track?”  
 “The downward path is easy, come with me an it please ye,  
 We shall escape the uphill by never turning back.”

So they two went together in glowing August weather,  
 The honey-breathing heather lay to their left and right;  
 And dear she was to dote on, her swift feet seemed to float on  
 The air like soft twin pigeons too sportive to alight.

“Oh, what is that in heaven where grey cloud-flakes are  
 seven,  
 Where blackest clouds have riven just at the rainy skirt?”  
 “Oh, that’s a meteor sent us, a message dumb, portentous,  
 An undeciphered solemn signal of help or hurt.”

“Oh, what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow  
 thickly,  
 Their scent comes rich and sickly?” “A scaled and hooded  
 worm.”

“Oh what’s that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?”  
 “Oh, that’s a thin dead body which waits the eternal term!”



Awake her not,  
Led by a single star,  
She came from very far  
To seek where shadows are  
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,  
She left the fields of corn,  
For twilight cold and lorn  
And water springs.  
Through sleep, as through a veil,  
She sees the sky grow pale,  
And hears the nightingale  
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest  
Shed over brow and breast;  
Her face is toward the west;  
The purple land.  
She cannot see the grain  
Ripening on hill and plain;  
She cannot feel the rain  
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore  
Upon a mossy shore;  
Rest, rest at the heart's core  
Till time shall cease;  
Sleep that no pain shall wake.  
Night that no morn shall break,  
Till joy shall overtake  
Her perfect peace.

## AFTER DEATH.

THE curtains were half-drawn, the floor was swept  
And strown with rushes, rosemary and may  
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,  
Where through the lattice ivy shadows crept,  
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept  
And could not hear him; but I heard him say:  
"Poor child, poor child!" and as he turned away  
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.  
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold  
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,  
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head:  
He did not love me living; but once dead  
He pitied me; and very sweet it is  
To know he still is warm though I am cold.

---



## WILLIAM MORRIS.

WILLIAM MORRIS, born 1834, published in 1858 a volume of poetry which attracted much attention. It was entitled *The Defence of Guinevere and Other Poems*, and treated with great power and originality various aspects of human life in the Middle Ages. The most widely popular of these pieces is the "plumed and heroic ballad", *Riding Together*. Mr. Morris's later works, *The Life and Death of Jason*, *The Earthly Paradise*, *The Story of Sigurd* and *The Fall of the Nibuls*, are of great length, and do not lend themselves easily to quotation. The following lines from *The Prologue to The Earthly Paradise*, 1868, in which work the poet calls himself "the idle singer of an empty day", express his desire to divorce poetry from modern thought and purpose. Of late years, however, he has distinguished himself as the leading spirit of the Socialistic League.

---

FORGET six counties overhung with smoke,  
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,  
Forget the spreading of the hideous town;  
Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,  
And dream of London, small, and white, and clean,  
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green;

Think that below bridge the green lapping waves  
Smite some few keels that bear Levantine staves,  
Cut from the yew-wood on the burnt-up hill,  
And pointed jars that Greek hands toiled to fill,  
And treasured scanty spice from some far sea,  
Florence gold cloth, and Ypres napery,  
And cloth of Bruges, and hogsheads of Guienne,  
While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen  
Moves over bills of lading mid such times  
Shall dwell the hollow puppets of my rhymes.

---

### RIDING TOGETHER

FOR many, many days together  
The wind blew steady from the East;  
For many days hot grew the weather  
About the time of Our Lady's Feast.

For many days we rode together,  
Yet met we neither friend nor foe;  
Hotter and clearer grew the weather,  
Steadily did the East wind blow.

We saw the trees in the hot, bright weather,  
Clear-cut, with shadows very black,  
As freely we rode on together  
With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often as we rode on together  
We, looking down the green-banked stream,  
Saw flowers in the sunny weather,  
And saw the bubble-making bream.

And in the night lay down together  
And hung above our heads the rood,  
Or watched night-long in the dewy weather,  
The while the moon did watch the wood.

Our spears stood bright and thick together,  
Straight out the banners streamed behind,  
As we gallop'd on in the sunny weather,  
With faces turn'd towards the wind.

Down sank our three-score spears together,  
As thick we saw the pagans ride,  
His eager face in the clear fresh weather  
Shone out that last time by my side.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dash'd together,  
It rocked to the crash of the meeting spears,  
Down rained the buds of the dear spring weather,  
The elm-tree flowers fell like tears.

There, as we rolled and writhed together,  
I threw my arms above my head,  
For close to my side in the lovely weather,  
I saw him reel and fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together  
He waited the death-stroke there in his place,  
With thoughts of death, in the lovely weather,  
Gapingly mazed at my maddened face.

Madly I fought as we fought together;  
In vain: the little Christian band  
The pagans drown'd, as in stormy weather  
The river drowns low lying land.

They bound my blood-stained hands together,  
They bound his corpse to nod by my side;  
Then on we rode, in the bright March weather,  
With clash of cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together;  
My prison-bars are thick and strong,  
I take no heed of any weather:  
The sweet saints grant I live not long.

---



## LEWIS MORRIS.

*"A NEW WRITER" was born in Wales in 1834. His Songs of Two Worlds, 1872—74—75, were cordially received; and his subsequent productions, An Epic of Hades, Gwen, The Ode of Life, Songs Unsung, Songs of Britain etc, have been very widely read. Lewis Morris is a thoughtful and impressive writer. His peculiar genius is shown to advantage in the following poem.*

---

### THE ORGAN BOY

GREAT brown eyes,  
Thick plumes of hair,  
Old corduroys  
The worse for wear.  
A buttoned jacket,  
And peeping out  
An ape's grave poll,  
Or a guinea-pig's snout.  
A sun-kissed face,

And a dimpled mouth,  
With the white flashing teeth,  
And soft smile of the south.  
A young back bent,  
Not with age or care,  
But the load of poor music  
'T is fated to bear.  
But a commonplace picture  
To commonplace eyes,  
Yet full of a charm  
Which the thinker will prize  
They were stern cold rulers  
These Romans of old  
Scorning art and letters  
For conquest and gold;  
Yet leavening mankind,  
In mind and in tongue,  
With the laws that they made,  
And the songs that they sung:  
Sitting rose-crowned,  
With pleasure-choked breath,  
As the nude young limbs crimsoned,  
Then stiffened to death:  
Piling up monuments  
Greater than praise,  
Thoughts and deeds that shall live  
To the latest days:  
Adding province to province,  
And sea to sea,  
Till the idol fell down  
And the world rose up free.

And this is the outcome, —  
This vagabond child  
With that statue like face  
And eyes soft and mild;  
This creature so humble,

So gay, yet so meek,  
Whose whole strength is only  
The strength of the weak,  
Of those long cruel ages  
Of lust and of guile,  
Naught left us to-day  
But an innocent smile.  
For the laboured appeal  
Of the orator's art,  
A few childish accents  
That reach to the heart.  
For those stern legions speeding  
O'er sea and o'er land,  
But a pitiful glance  
And a suppliant hand,  
I could moralise still ;  
But the organ begins,  
And the tired ape swings downward  
And capers and grins.

And away flies romance,  
And yet, time after time,  
As I dwell on days spent  
In a sunnier clime,  
Of blue lakes deep-set  
In the olive-clad mountains,  
Of gleaming white palaces  
Girt with cool fountains,  
Of minsters whose every  
Carved stone is a treasure,  
Of sweet music hovering  
Twixt pain and twixt pleasure ;  
Of chambers enriched  
On all sides, overhead,  
With the deathless creations  
Of hands that are dead ;  
Of still cloisters holy,

And twilight arcades,  
Where the lovers still saunter  
Thro' chequers of shade ;  
Of tomb and of temple,  
Arena and column,  
Mid to day's garish splendours,  
Sombre and solemn,  
Of the marvellous town  
With the salt-flowing street,  
Where colour burns deepest,  
And music's most sweet ;  
Of her the great mother  
Who centuries sate  
Neath a black shadow blotting  
The days she was great ;  
Who was plunged in such shame —  
She, our source and our home —  
That a foul spectre only  
Was left us of Rome ;  
She who, seeming to sleep  
Thro' all ages to be,  
Was the priests', is mankind's,  
Was a slave, and is free !  
I turn with grave thought  
To this child of the ages,  
And to all that is writ  
In Time's hidden pages.  
Shall young Howards or Guelphs,  
In the days that shall come,  
Wander forth seeking bread  
Far from England and home ?

Shall they sail to new continents,  
English no more,  
Or turn — strange reverse —  
To the old classic shore ?  
Shall fair locks and blue eyes,

And the rose on the cheek,  
Find a language of pity  
The tongue cannot speak —  
“Not English, but angels?”  
Shall this tale be told  
Of Romans to be  
As of Romans of old?  
Shall they too have monkeys  
And music? Will any  
Try their luck with an engine  
Or toy spinning-jenny?

Shall we too be led  
By that mirage of art  
Which saps the true strength  
Of the national heart?  
The sensuous glamour,  
The dreamland of grace,  
Which rot the strong manhood  
They fail to replace;  
Which at once are the glory,  
The ruin, the shame,  
Of the beautiful lands  
And ripe souls whence they came?

Oh, my England! oh, Mother  
Of Freeman! oh, sweet  
Sad toiler majestic,  
With labour-worn feet!  
Brave worker, girt round,  
Inexpugnable, free,  
With tumultuous sound  
And salt spume of the sea,  
Fenced off from the clamour  
Of alien mankind  
By the surf on the rock,  
And the shriek of the wind,

Tho' the hot Gaul shall envy,  
The cold German flout thee,  
Still thou shalt be great.  
Still march on uncaring,  
Thy perils unsharing,  
Alone, and yet daring  
Thy infinite fate ;  
Yet ever remembering  
The precepts of gold  
That were written in part  
For the great ones of old : —  
Let other hands fashion  
The marvels of art ;  
To thee Fate has given  
A loftier part :  
To rule the wide peoples,  
To bind them to thee,  
By the sole bond of loving,  
That bindeth the free.  
To hold thine own place,  
Neither lawless nor slave ;  
Not driven by the despot,  
Not tricked by the knave.

But these thoughts are too solemn :  
So play, my child, play,  
Never heeding the connoisseur  
Over the way.  
The last dances of course :  
Then, with scant pause between,  
"Home, sweet Home," the "Old Hundredth,"  
And "God save the Queen."  
See the poor children swarm  
From dark court and dull street,  
As the gay music quickens  
The lightsome young feet,  
See them now whirl away,

Now insidiously come,  
With a coy grace which conquers  
The squalor of home.  
See the pallid cheeks flushing  
With innocent pleasure  
At the hurry and haste  
Of the quick-footed measure;  
See the dull eyes now bright,  
And now happily dim,  
For some soft-dying cadence,  
Of love song or hymn,  
Dear souls, little joy  
Of their young lives have they,  
So thro' hymn-tune and song tune  
Play on, my child, play.

For the, dull pedants chatter  
Of musical taste,  
Talk of hindered researches  
And hours run to waste;  
Tho' they tell us of thoughts  
To ennoble mankind  
Which your poor measures chase  
From the labouring mind;  
While your music rejoices  
One joyless young heart,  
Perish bookworms and books,  
Perish learning and art —  
Of my vagabond fancies  
I'll e'en take my fill.  
"Qualche cosa, signor?"  
Yes, my child, that I will.



## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE "*English Republican*", as Swinburne delights to call himself, was born in 1837. He is a very voluminous writer, and his critical essays are almost as highly prized as his poetical works. The most remarkable quality of his verse is its wonderful melody, which in some degree resembles that of Shelley. Mr. Swinburne won his spurs with *Atalanta in Calydon*, (1865), a lyrical drama in the Greek manner. A second lyrical drama, *Erectheus*, appeared in 1876. *Chastelard*, 1865, *Bothwell*, 1874, and *Mary Stuart*, 1881, form a group of powerful tragedies and chronicle the life of the Queen of Scots from her marriage with Daruley till her execution. A fourth tragedy, *Marino Faliero*, appeared in 1881. Mr. Swinburne's short poems fill several volumes. In 1882 he published a long epic poem entitled *Tristram of Lyoneses*.

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### CHORUS FROM ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

1.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain

Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,  
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
With a clamour of waters, and with might,  
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet ;  
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers  
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
Fold our hands round her knees and cling ?  
Oh that man's heart were as fire and could cling to her,  
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !  
For the stars and the winds are unto her  
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player ;  
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
And the south-west wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins ;  
The days dividing lover and lover,  
The light that loses, the night that wins ;  
And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,



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The light that loses, the night that wins ;  
And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,

Sows, and he shall not reap ;  
His life is a watch or a vision  
Between a sleep and a sleep.

### A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,  
All the birds of heaven may sing,  
All the wells on earth may spring,  
All the winds on earth may bring  
All sweet sounds together ;  
Sweeter far than all things heard,  
Hand of harper, tone of bird,  
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,  
Welling water's winsome word,  
Wind in warm wan weather

One thing yet there is, that none  
Hearing ere its chime be done  
Knows not well the sweetest one  
Heard of man beneath the sun,  
Hoped in heaven hereafter ;  
Soft and strong and loud and light,  
Very sound of very light  
Heard from morning's rosiest height,  
When the soul of all delight  
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled  
Never forth such notes, nor told  
Hours so blythe in tones so bold,  
As the radiant mouth of gold  
Here that rings forth heaven.  
If the golden-crested wren

Were a nightingale, why then.  
Something seen and heard of men  
Might be half as sweet as when  
Laughs a child of seven.

## A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,  
Blown fields or flowerful closes,  
Green pleasure or grey grief;  
If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune,  
With double sound and single  
Delight our lips would mingle,  
With kisses glad as birds are  
That get sweet rain at noon;  
If I were what the words are  
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death,  
We'd shine and snow together  
E'er March made sweet the weather  
With daffodil and starling  
And hours of fruitful breath;  
If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death,

If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy,  
We'd play for lives and seasons  
With loving looks and treasons  
And tears of night and morrow  
And laughs of maid and boy;  
If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May,  
We'd throw with leaves for hours  
And draw for days with flowers,  
Till day like night were shady,  
And night were bright like day;  
If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain,  
We'd hunt down love together,  
Pluck out his flying feather,  
And teach his feet a measure,  
And find his mouth a rein;  
If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain.

---

## THE REJECTED LOVER TO THE SEA.

I WILL go back to the great sweet mother,  
Mother and lover of men, the sea.  
I will go down to her, I and none other,  
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me;

Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast ;  
O fair white mother, in days long past  
Born without sister, born without brother,  
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine.  
Sea that art clothed with the wind and the rain,  
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,  
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.  
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,  
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,  
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,  
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,  
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide ;  
My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,  
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside ;  
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,  
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,  
As a rose is fulfilled to the rose-leaf tips  
With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,  
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,  
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,  
Alive and aware of thy days and thee ;  
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,  
Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam.  
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,  
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

Fair mother, fed with the lives of men,  
Thou art subtle and cruel of heart, men say,  
Thou hast taken, and shalt not render again ;  
Thou art full of thy dead, and cold as they.

But death is the worst that comes of thee ;  
 Thou art fed with our dead, O mother, O sea,  
 But when last thou fed on our hearts ? or when,  
     Having given us love, hast thou taken away ?

O tender-hearted, O perfect lover,  
     Thy lips are bitter, and sweet thine heart,  
 The hopes that hurt and the dreams that hover,  
     Shall they not vanish away and depart ?  
 But thou, thou art sure, thou art older than earth ;  
 Thou art strong for death and fruitful of birth ;  
 Thy depths conceal and thy gulfs discover ;  
     From the first thou wert ; in the end thou art.

And grief shall endure not for ever, I know.  
     As things that are not shall these things be ;  
 We shall live through seasons of sun and of snow,  
     And none be grievous as this to me.  
 We shall hear, as one in a trance that hears,  
 The sound of time, the rhyme of the years ;  
 Wrecked hope and passionate pain will grow  
     As tender things of a spring-tide sea.

Sea fruit that swings in the waves that hiss,  
     Drowned gold and purple and royal rings,  
 And all time past, was it all for this ?  
     Times unforgotten, and treasures of things ?  
 Swift years of liking, and sweet long laughter,  
 That wist not well of the years thereafter,  
 Till love woke, smitten at heart by a kiss,  
     With lips that trembled and trailing wings ?

I shall never be friends again with roses ;  
     I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown strong  
 Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,  
     As a wave of the sea turned back by song

There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,  
 Face to face with its own desire;  
 A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes, —  
 I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,  
 The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,  
 The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,  
 The music burning at heart like wine,  
 An armed archangel whose hands raise up  
 All senses mixed up in the spirit's cup,  
 Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder —  
 These things are over, and no more mine.

These were part of the playing I heard  
 Once, ere my love and my heart were at strife:  
 Love that sings and hath wings as a bird,  
 Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.  
 Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep  
 Than over-watching of eyes that weep,  
 Now time has done with his one sweet word,  
 The wine and leaven of lovely life.

---

## A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland  
 At the sea-down's edge between windward and lea,  
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,  
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.  
 A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses  
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed  
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses  
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,  
 To the low last edge of the long lone land.  
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,  
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?  
 So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,  
 Through branches and bars if a man make way,  
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless  
 Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled  
 That crawls by a track none turn to climb  
 To the strait waste place that the years have rifled  
 Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.  
 The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;  
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.  
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,  
 These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;  
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;  
 From the thicket of thorns where the nightingale calls not,  
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.  
 Over the meadows that blossom and wither  
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;  
 Only the sun and the rain come hither  
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels  
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath,  
 Only the wind here hovers and revels  
 In a round where life seems barren as death.  
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,  
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,  
 Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping  
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"  
Did he whisper? "look forth from the flowers to the sea;  
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,  
And men that love lightly may die — but we?"  
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,  
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,  
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,  
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?  
And were one to the end; but what end who knows?  
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,  
As the rose-red sea-weed that mocks the rose.  
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?  
What love was ever as deep as a grave?  
They are loveless now as the grass above them  
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,  
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea  
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers  
In the air now soft with a summer to be.  
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter  
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,  
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter  
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;  
Here change may come not till all change end,  
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,  
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.  
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,  
While the sun and the rain live, there shall be;  
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing  
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,  
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,  
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble  
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink.  
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,  
Stretched out on the spoils that his own land spread,  
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,  
Death lies dead.

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### HERSE.

WHEN grace is given us ever to behold  
A child some sweet months old,  
Love, laying across our lips his finger, saith,  
Smiling, with bated breath,  
Hush! for the holiest thing that lives is here,  
And heaven's own heart how near!  
How dare we, that may gaze not at the sun,  
Gaze on this verier one?  
Heart, hold thy peace: eyes, be cast down for shame;  
Lips, breathe not yet its name.  
In heaven they know what to call it; we,  
How should we know? For, see!  
The adorable sweet living marvellous  
Strange light that lightens us  
Who gaze, desertless of such glorious grace,  
Full in a babe's warm face!  
All roses that the morning rears are nought,  
All stars not worth a thought,  
Set this one star against them, or suppose  
As rival this one rose.  
What price could pay with earth's whole weight of gold  
One least flushed rose-leaf's fold

Of all this dimpling store of smiles that shine.  
From each warm curve and line,  
Each charm of flower-sweet flesh, to reillumine  
The dappled rose-red bloom  
Of all its dainty body, honey-sweet  
Clenched hands and curled-up feet,  
That on the roses of the dawn have trod  
As they came down from God,  
And keep the flush and colour that the sky  
Takes when the sun comes nigh,  
And keep the likeness of the smile their grace  
Evoked on God's own face  
When, seeing this work of his most heavenly mood,  
He saw that it was good?  
For all its warm sweet body seems one smile,  
And mere men's love too vile  
To meet it, or with eyes that worship dims  
Read o'er the little limbs,  
Read all the book of all their beauties o'er  
Rejoice, revere, adore,  
Bow down and worship each-delight in turn,  
Laugh, wonder, yield, and yearn.  
But when our trembling kisses dare, yet dread  
Even to draw nigh its head,  
And touch, and scarce with touch or breath surprise  
Its mild miraculous eyes  
Out of their viewless vision — O what then,  
What may be said of men?  
What speech may name a new-born child? what word  
Earth ever spoke or heard?  
The best men's tongues that ever glory knew  
Called that a drop of dew  
Which from the breathing creature's kindly womb  
Came forth in blameless bloom.  
We have no word, as had those men most high,  
To call a baby by.  
Rose, ruby, lily, pearl of stormless seas —

A better word than these,  
A better sight it was than flower or gem  
That love revealed to them :  
They know that whence comes light or quickening flame,  
Thence only this thing came,  
And only might be likened of our love  
To somewhat born above,  
Not even to sweetest things dropped else on earth,  
Only to dew's own birth.  
Nor doubt we but their sense was heavenly true,  
Babe, when we gaze on you,  
A dew-drop out of heaven where colours are  
More bright than sun or star,  
As now, ere watching love dare fear or hope,  
Lips, hands, and eyelids ope,  
And all your life is mixed with earthly leaven.  
O child, what news from heaven?

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### PROSERPINE.

PALE, beyond porch and portal,  
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands  
Who gathers all things mortal  
With cold immortal hands :  
Her languid lips are sweeter  
Than love's who fears to greet her  
To men that mix and meet her  
From many climes and lands,

She waits for each and other,  
She waits for all men born ;  
Forgets the earth her mother,  
The life of fruits and corn ;

And spring and seed and swallow  
Take wing for her and follow  
Where summer song rings hollow  
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,  
The old loves with wearier wings;  
And all dead years draw thither,  
And all disastrous things;  
Dead dreams of days forsaken,  
Blind buds that snows have shaken,  
Wild leaves that winds have taken,  
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,  
And joy was never sure:  
To day will die to-morrow;  
Time stoops to no man's lure;  
And love, grown faint and fretful,  
With lips but half regretful  
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much hope of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be,  
That no life lives for ever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

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## HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

MR. DOBSON, born 1840, is the eldest of a group of poets whose aim has been to naturalise the graceful forms of French poetry, and to cultivate both in humorous and pathetic verse the tone of refined society. The titles of Mr. Dobson's volumes are as follow: *Vignettes in Rhyme*, *Vers de Société*, *Proverbs in Porcelain*, *Old World Idylls*, *At the Sign of the Lyre*.

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### «GOOD NIGHT, BABETTE.»

“Si vieillesse pouvait !”

SCENE — *A small neat Room. In a high Voltaire Chair sits a white-haired old gentleman.*

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS. BABETTE.

M. VIEUXBOIS. (*turning querelously*).

Day of my life ! Where *can* she get ?  
BABETTE ! I say ! BABETTE ! BABETTE !

BABETTE (*entering hurriedly*).

Coming M'sieu'! If M'sieu' speaks  
So loud, he won't be well for weeks!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Where have you been?

BABETTE.

Why, M'sieu' knows: —  
April! Ville-d'Avray! Ma'amselle ROSE!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Ah! I am old, — and I forget.  
Was the place growing green, BABETTE?

BABETTE.

But of a greenness! Yes, M'sieu'!  
And then the sky so blue, so blue!  
And when I dropped my *immortelle*,  
How the birds sang!

(*Holding her apron to her eyes.*)

This poor Ma'amselle!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

You're a good girl, Babette, but she, —  
She was an Angel, verily,  
Sometimes I think I see her yet  
Stand smiling by the cabinet;  
And once, I know, she peeped and laughed  
Betwixt the curtains . . .

Where's the draught?

(*She gives him a cup.*)

Now I shall sleep, I think, Babette; —  
Sing me your Norman *chansonette*.

BABETTE (*sings*).

*Once at the Angelus  
(Ere I was dead,  
Angels all glorious  
Came to my bed;  
Angels in blue and white  
Crowned on the head.*

M. VIEUXBOIS (*drowsily*).

"She was an Angel," . . . "Once she laughed . . ."  
What, was I dreaming?

Where's the draught?

BABETTE (*showing the empty cup*).

The draught, M'sieu'?

M. VIEUXBOIS.

How I forget!

I am so old! But sing, Babette!

BABETTE (*sings*).

*"One was the Friend I left  
Stark in the snow,  
One was the Wife that died  
Long, — long ago;  
One was the Love I lost . . .  
How could she know?"*

M. VIEUXBOIS (*murmuring*).

Ah, PAUL! . . . old PAUL! . . . EULALIE too!  
And ROSE! . . . and O! "the sky so blue!"

BABETTE (*sings*).

*"One had my Mother's eyes,  
Wistful and mild;  
One had my Father's face;*

*One was a Child;  
All of them bent to me, —  
Bent down and smiled!"*

(He is asleep!)

M. VIEUXBOIS (*almost inaudibly*).

How I forget!

I am so old . . . Good night, BABETTE!

---

### THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,  
He had played for her ladyship's whim,  
Till the poor little head was heavy,  
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,  
And the large eyes strange and bright,  
And they said — too late — "He is weary!  
He shall rest for, at least, To-night".

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,  
As they watched in the silent room,  
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,  
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,  
And they heard him stir in his bed: —  
"Make room for a tired little fellow,  
Kind God!" — was the last that he said.

---

## BEFORE SEDAN.

*"The dead hand clasped a letter."*

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HERE in this leafy place,  
Quiet he lies,  
Cold, with his sightless face  
Turned to the skies;  
'T is but another dead;  
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence, —  
Kings must have slaves;  
Kings rise to eminence  
Over men's graves:  
So this man's eye is dim; —  
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,  
There, at his side?  
Paper his hand had clutched  
Tight ere he died; —  
Message or wish, may be; —  
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us  
Here could have smiled! —  
Only the tremulous  
Words of a child; —  
Prattle, that has for stops  
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look, she is sad to miss,  
 Morning and night,  
 His — her dead father's — kiss :  
 Tries to be bright,  
 Good to mamma, and sweet,  
 That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead  
 Slumbered the pain !  
 Ah, if the hearts that bled  
 Slept with the slain !  
 If the grief died ; but no ; —  
 Death will not have it so.

---

### THE KISS.

(TRIOLET.)

ROSE kissed me to-day.  
 Will she kiss me to-morrow ?  
 Let it be as it may  
 Rose kissed me to-day.  
 But the pleasure gives way  
 To a savour of sorrow ; —  
 Rose kissed me to-day, —  
*Will* she kiss me to-morrow ?

---

### THE WANDERER.

(RONDEL.)

LOVE comes back to his vacant dwelling, —  
 The old, old Love that we knew of yore

We see him stand by the open door,  
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling,  
He fain would lie as he lay before;  
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling, —  
The old, old love that we knew of yore!

Ah, who shall help us from over-spelling  
That sweet, forgotten, forbidden lore!  
E'en as we doubt in our heart once more,  
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling  
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.

---

### WITH PIPE AND FLUTE.

(RONDEAU.)

WITH pipe and flute the rustic Pan  
Of old made music sweet for man;  
And wonder hushed the warbling bird,  
And closer drew the calm-eyed herd, —  
The rolling river slower ran.

Ah! would — ah! would, a little span,  
Some air of Arcady could fan  
This age of ours, too seldom stirred  
With pipe and flute!

But now for gold we plot and plan;  
And from Beersheba unto Dan,  
Apollo's self might pass unheard,  
Or find the night-jar's note preferred; —  
Not so it fared, when time began,  
With pipe and flute!

---



## ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

*This prolific poet, dramatist, essayist and novelist, was born in Warwickshire, 1841. He is of Scottish parentage, was educated in Glasgow, and has been referred to as the principal living representative of the Scottish element in English literature. Mr. Buchanan's most ambitious poem is The Book of Orm; his most popular works consist of Scottish and London Ballads and Idylls. He is also very successful in describing natural scenery and phenomena.*

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### THE SUMMER POOL.

THERE is a singing in the summer air,  
The blue and brown moths flutter o'er the grass,  
The stubble bird is creaking in the wheat,  
And perched upon the honeysuckle hedge  
Pipes the green linnnet. Oh, the golden world!  
The stir of life on every blade of grass,  
The motion and the joy on every bough.  
The glad feast everywhere, for things that love  
The sunshine and for things that love the shade!

Aimlessly wandering with weary feet,  
Watching the wool-white clouds that wander by,  
I came upon a lonely place of shade, —  
A still green Pool, where with soft sound and stir  
The shadows of o'erhanging branches sleep  
Save where they leave one dreamy space of blue,  
O'er whose soft stillness ever and anon  
The feathery chirrus blows. Here unaware  
I pause, and leaning on my staff I add  
A shadow to the shadows; and behold!  
Dim dreams steal down upon me, with a hum  
Of little wings, a murmuring of boughs, —  
The dusky stir and motion dwelling here,  
Within this small green world. O'ershadowed  
By dusky greenery, though all around  
The sunshine throbs on fields of wheat and bean,  
Downward I gaze into the dreamy blue  
And pass into a waking sleep, wherein  
The green boughs rustle, feathery wreaths of cloud  
Pass softly, piloted by golden airs:  
The air is still, — no birds sing any more—  
And, helpless as a tiny flying thing,  
I am alone in all the world with God.

The wind dies — not a leaf stirs — on the Pool  
The fly scarce moves; earth seems to hold her breath  
Until her heart stops, listening silently  
For the far footsteps of the coming Rain!

While thus I pause, it seems that I have gained  
New eyes to see; my brain grows sensitive  
To trivial things that, at another hour  
Had passed unheeded. Suddenly the air  
Shivers, the shadows in whose midst I stand  
'Tremble and blacken — the blue eye o' the Pool  
Is closed and clouded; with a sudden gleam,

Oiling its wing, a swallow darteth past,  
 And weeding flowers beneath my feet thrust up  
 Their leaves to feel the fragrant shower. Oh, hark!  
 The thirsty leaves are troubled into sighs,  
 And up above me, on the glistening boughs,  
 Patters the summer Rain!

Into a nook,  
 Screened by thick foliage of oak and beech,  
 I creep for shelter; and the summer shower  
 Murmurs around me. Oh, the drowsy sounds!  
 The pattering rain, the numerous sigh of leaves,  
 The deep, warm breathing of the scented air,  
 Sink sweet into my soul — until at last  
 Comes the soft ceasing of the gentle fall,  
 And lo! the eye of blue within the Pool  
 Opens again, while with a silvern gleam  
 Dew-diamonds twinkle moistly on the leaves,  
 Or, shaken downward by the summer wind,  
 Fall melting on the Pool in rings of light!

---

## THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF GREEN FIELDS.

*From LIZ.*

AND so the baby's come, and I shall die!  
 And though 't is hard to leave poor baby here,  
 Where folk will think him bad and all's so drear,  
 The great LORD GOD knows better far than I.  
 Ah, don't! — 't is kindly, but it pains me so!  
 You say I'm wicked, and I *want* to go?  
 GOD's kingdom, Parson, dear? Ah, nay, ah nay!  
 That must be like the country — which I fear; —  
 I *saw* the country once, one summer day, —

And I would rather die in London here !

For I was sick of hunger, cold, and strife,  
And took a sudden fancy in my head  
To try the country, and to earn my bread  
Out among fields, where I had heard one's life  
Was easier and brighter. So that day,  
I took my basket up and stole away  
Just after sunrise. As I went along,  
Trembling and loath to leave the busy place,  
I felt that I was doing something wrong,  
And feared to look policemen in the face.  
And all was dim : the streets were gray and wet  
After a rainy night : and all was still ;  
I held my shawl around me with a chill ;  
And dropt my eyes from every face I met ;  
Until the streets began to fade, the road  
Grew fresh and clean and wide,  
Fine houses where the gentlefolk abode,  
And gardens full of flowers on every side  
That made me walk the quicker — on, on, on —  
As if I were asleep with half-shut eyes,  
And all at once I saw, to my surprise,  
The houses of the gentlefolks were gone ;  
And I was standing still,  
Shading my face, upon a high green hill,  
And the bright sun was blazing,  
And all the blue above me seemed to melt  
To burning, flashing gold, while I was gazing  
On the great smoky cloud where I had dwelt.

I'll ne'er forget that day. All was so bright  
And strange. Upon the grass around my feet  
The rain had hung a million drops of light,  
The air, too, was so clear and warm and sweet,  
It seemed a sin to breathe it. All around  
Where hills and fields and trees that trembled through

A burning, blazing fire of gold and blue:  
And there was not a sound,  
Save a bird singing, singing, in the skies  
And the soft wind, that ran along the ground,  
And blew so sweetly on my lips and eyes.  
Then, with my heavy hand upon my chest,  
Because the bright air pained me, trembling, sighing,  
I stole into a dewy field to rest;  
And oh, the green, green grass where I was lying  
Was fresh and living — and the bird sang loud  
Out of a golden cloud —  
And I was looking up at him and crying!

How swift the hours slipt on! — and by and bye  
The sun grew red, big shadows filled the sky,  
The air grew damp with dew,  
And the dark night was coming down, I knew.  
Well, I was more afraid than ever, then,  
And felt that I should die in such a place,  
So back to London town I turned my face,  
And crept into the cheerful streets again;  
And when I breathed the smoke, and heard the roar,  
Why, I was better, for in London here  
My heart was busy, and I felt no fear.  
I never saw the country any more.  
And I have stayed in London, well or ill —  
I would not stay out yonder if I could,  
For one feels dead, and all looks pure and good —  
I could not bear a life so bright and still.  
All that I want is sleep,  
Under the flags and stones so deep, so deep!  
God won't be hard on one so mean, but He  
Perhaps will let a tired girl slumber sound  
There in the deep cold darkness underground;  
And I shall waken up in time, may be,  
Better and stronger, not afraid to see  
The burning Light that folds Him round and round.

See! there's the sunset creeping through the pane —  
How cool and moist it looks amid the rain!  
I like to hear the splashing of the drops  
On the house-tops,  
And the loud murmur of the folks that go  
Along the streets below!  
I like the smoke and roar — I love them yet —  
They seem to still one's cares . . . .  
There's Joe! I hear his foot upon the stairs! —  
Poor lad, he must be wet!  
He will be angry, like enough, to find  
Another little life to clothe and keep.  
But show him baby, Parson — speak him kind —  
And tell him Doctor thinks I'm going to sleep.  
A hard, hard life is his! He need be strong,  
And rough, to earn his bread and get along.  
I think he will be sorry when I go,  
And leave the little one and him behind,  
I hope he'll see another to his mind  
To keep him straight and tidy . . . Poor old Joe!

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ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR  
O' SHAUGHNESSY.

ARTHUR O' SHAUGHNESSY (1844—1881) *was one of the most promising members of the Pre-Raphaelite or Neo-Romantic school. His poetical works fill four volumes: An Epic of Women 1870, Lays of France, 1872, Music and Moonlight, 1874, and Songs of a Worker, published after the poet's death.*

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THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

IF you go over desert and mountain,  
Far into the country of sorrow,  
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,  
And may be for months and for years;  
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting,  
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,  
You shall certainly come to the fountain  
At length, — to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely  
For piteous lamenting and sighing,  
And those who come living or dying,  
Alike from their hopes and their fears ;  
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,  
And statues that cover their faces :  
But out of the gloom springs the holy  
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion  
So gentle and lovely and listless,  
And murmurs a tune so resistless  
To him who hath suffered and hears —  
You shall surely — without a word spoken,  
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,  
And yield to the long curbed emotion  
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows as though leaping  
Up higher the more one is thinking ;  
And ever its tunes go on sinking  
More poignantly into the ears :  
Yea, so blessed and good seems that fountain  
Reached after dry desert and mountain,  
You shall fall down at length in your weeping  
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas ! while you lie there a season,  
And sob between living and dying,  
And give up the land you were trying  
To find mid your hopes and your fears ;  
— O the world shall come up and pass o'er you :  
Strong men shall not care to stay for you,  
Nor wonder indeed for what reason  
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting  
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,  
Not caring to raise your wet tresses  
And look how the cold world appears, —  
O perhaps the mere silences round you —  
All things in that place grief hath found you,  
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,  
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes  
You face, as though some one had kissed you :  
Or think at least some one who missed you  
Hath sent you a thought, — if that cheers :  
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,  
May pass for a tender word spoken :  
— Enough, while around you there rushes  
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,  
Brim over, and baffle resistance,  
And roll down bleared paths to each distance  
Of past desolation and years ;  
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,  
And leave you no past and no morrow :  
For what man is able to master  
And stem the great Fountain of Tears ?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather ;  
The sound of them all grows like thunder ;  
— O, into what bosom, I wonder,  
Is poured the whole sorrow of years ?  
For Eternity only seems keeping  
Account of the great human weeping :  
May God then, the Maker and Father —  
May He find a place for the tears !

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## SOWN SEED.

I WANDERED dreaming through a mead;  
And it was sowing-season there;  
As one who sows and takes no heed  
I cast my dreams upon the air:  
And each dream was a golden seed  
That in my life some flower should bear.

— O sowing-season bright and gay,  
To have you back I am most fain!  
O sowing season, find some way  
To bring me here each golden grain  
I cast upon the air that day,  
That I may sow them all again.

For some, that fairest should have been,  
About the world they have been tost  
And borne no flowers that I have seen:  
And some have taken wing and crost  
The sea, or through the blue serene  
Gone up to heaven and been lost.

O, sowing season, come once more,  
Bring back each golden seed to me!  
For one, indeed, grew up and bore  
No flower of gladness, good to see —  
A thing to look upon right sore  
— A grief that in my life should be.

One other truly did beget  
Some blossom of the June that fell  
In May; and one, a violet  
Whose death upon my heart doth dwell  
The last seed hath not blossomed yet:  
Come back and bring this one as well.

---

— What! the whole sudden summer? Yea;  
The last one hath come up a rose!  
O sowing season, you may stay;  
It is in my love's heart it grows;  
And she hath shown it me to-day:  
I keep this one and give up those.



## ANDREW LANG.

*THIS poet, born 1844, is a fertile and successful writer in very different fields. His two volumes of poems are entitled Ballades in Blue China and Rhymes à la Mode, and belong to the school led by Mr. Aust'n Dobson; he has written a successful novel; a long poem called Helen of Troy; translations from the classics; besides innumerable papers contributed to various magazines. Mr. Lang has moreover made himself famous by his learned writings on French literature and comparative mythology.*

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### BALLADE OF SLEEP.

THE hours are passing slow,  
I hear their weary tread  
Clang from the tower, and go  
Back to their kinsfolk dead.  
Sleep! death's twin brother dread!  
Why dost thou scorn me so?  
The wind's voice overhead  
Long wakeful here I know,

And music from the steep  
Where waters fall and flow. —  
Wilt thou not hear me, sleep?

All sounds that might bestow  
Rest on the fevered bed,  
All slumbrous sounds and low  
Are mingled here and wed,  
And bring no drowsihead,  
Shy dreams flit to and fro  
With shadowy hair dispread;  
With wistful eyes that glow,  
And silent robes that sweep,  
Thou wilt not hear me; no?  
Wilt thou not hear me, sleep?

What cause hast thou to show  
Of sacrifice unsped?  
Of all thy slaves below  
I most have labouréd  
With service sung and said;  
Have culled such buds as bow  
Soft poppies white and red,  
Where thy still gardens grow,  
And Lethe's waters weep.  
Why, then, art thou my foe?  
Wilt thou not hear me, sleep?

## ENVOY.

Prince, ere the dark be shred  
By golden shafts, ere low  
And long the shadows creep:  
Lord of the wand of lead,  
Soft-footed as the snow,  
Wilt thou not hear me, sleep!

---

## BALLADE OF TRUE WISDOM.

WHILE others are asking for beauty or fame,  
Or praying to know that for which they should pray,  
Or courting queen Venus, that affable dame,  
Or chasing the Muses the weary and grey,  
The sage has found out a more excellent way —  
To Pan and to Pallas his incense he showers,  
And his humble petition puts up day by day,  
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Inventors may bow to the God that is lame;  
And crave from the fire on his stithy a ray;  
Philosophers kneel to the God without name,  
Like the people of Athens, agnostics are they;  
The hunter a fawn to Diana will slay,  
The maiden wild roses will wreath for the Hours;  
But the wise man will ask, ere libation he pay,  
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Oh! grant me a life without pleasure or blame  
(As mortals count pleasure who rush through their day  
With a speed to which that of the tempest is tame)  
O grant me a house by the beach of a bay,  
Where the waves can be surly in winter, and play  
With the sea weed in summer, ye bountiful powers!  
And I'd leave all the hurry, the noise, and the fray,  
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

## ENVOY.

Gods, grant or withhold it; your yea and your nay  
Are immutable, heedless of outcry of ours:  
But life *is* worth living, and here we would stay  
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

---

## ROMANCE.

My Love dwelt in a northern land,  
A grey tower in a forest green  
Was hers, and far on either hand  
The long wash of the waves was seen,  
And leagues on leagues of yellow sand,  
The woven forest boughs between!

And through the silver northern night  
The sunset slowly died away,  
And herds of strange deer, lily-white,  
Stole forth among the branches grey;  
About the coming of the light,  
They fled like ghosts before the day

I know not if the forest green  
Still girdles round that castle grey;  
I know not if the boughs between  
The white deer vanish ere the day;  
Above my love the grass is green,  
My heart is colder than the clay!

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## EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

MR. GOSSE, born 1849, has produced many important critical and biographical works, as well as several volumes of poetry mostly lyrical, and invariably perfect in form and feeling. In the subjoined sonnet on Certain Critics, the poet's theory of his art is sufficiently indicated.

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### ON CERTAIN CRITICS.

THESE are who bid us chant this modern age,  
With all its shifting hopes and crowded cares,  
School-boards and land-laws, tithes and state affairs,  
And, one by one, the penny wars we wage.  
They charge us with our lyric flutes assuage  
The hunger that the lean-ribbed peasant bears,  
Or wreath our laurel round the last grey hairs  
Of the old pauper in his workhouse cage, —  
Not wisely; for the round world spins so fast,  
Leaps in the air, staggers, and shoots, and halts, —  
We know not what is false or what is true;

---

But in the firm perspectives of the past  
We see the picture duly, and its faults  
Are softly moulded by a filmy blue.

---

### EUTHANSASIA.

WHEN age comes by and lays his frosty hands  
So lightly on mine eyes, that, scarce aware  
Of what an endless weight of gloom they bear,  
I pause, unstirred, and wait for his commands;  
When time has bound these limbs of mine with bands,  
And hushed mine ears and silvered all my hair,  
May sorrow come not, nor a vain despair  
Trouble my soul that weakly girded stands.  
As silent rivers into silent lakes,  
Through rush of reeds that not a murmur breaks,  
Wind, mindful of the poppies whence they came,  
So may my life, and calmly burn away,  
As ceases in a lamp at break of day,  
The fragrant remnant of memorial flame.

---

### THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

“OUT in the meadows the young grass springs,  
Shivering with sap,” said the larks, “and we  
Shoot into air with our strong young wings,  
Spirally up over level and lea;  
Come, O swallows, and fly with us  
Now that horizons are luminous!  
Evening and morning the world of light,  
Spreading and kindling, is infinite!”

Far away, by the sea in the south,  
The hills of olive and slopes of fern  
Whiten and glow in the sun's long drouth,  
Under the heavens that beam and burn ;  
And all the swallows were gathered there  
Flitting about in the fragrant air,  
And heard no sound from the larks, but flew  
Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats  
Languidly fluted the thrushes and said,  
"Musical thought in the mild air floats,  
Spring is coming and winter is dead !  
Come, O swallows, and stir the air,  
For the buds are all bursting unaware,  
And the drooping eaves and the elm trees long  
To hear the sound of your low, sweet song."

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,  
Flashingly shadowing the bright bazaar,  
Flitted the swallows, and not one hears  
The call of the thrushes from far, from far ;  
Sighed the thrushes ; then all at once,  
Broke out singing the old sweet tones,  
Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,  
The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

But just when the dingles of April flowers  
Shine with the earliest daffodils,  
When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours,  
Gleam with a promise that now fulfils,  
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,  
Perched on a spray by a rivulet side,  
"Swallows, O swallows, come back again  
To swoop and herald the April rain."

And something awoke in the slumbering heart  
Of the alien birds in their African air,  
And they paused. and alighted, and twittered apart,  
And met in the broad white dreamy square ;  
And the sad slave woman who lifted up  
From the fountain her broad-lipped earthen cup  
Said to herself with a weary sigh,  
"To-morrow the swallows will northward fly."

---

## LYING IN THE GRASS.

BETWEEN two golden tufts of summer grass,  
I see the world through hot air as through glass,  
And by my face sweet lights, and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky  
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie :  
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,  
Rich glowing colour on bare throat, and head ;  
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead !

And in my strong young living as I lie,  
I seem to move with them in harmony, —  
A fourth is mowing, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,  
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,  
And all the perfume, and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,  
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,  
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood  
That gushes through my veins a languid flood  
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air  
A dark-green beechwood rises, still, and fair,  
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,  
And clean white apron on her gown of red,  
Her even-song of love is but half said.

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes;  
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush-rose:  
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass and vanish I am there.  
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,  
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah now the rosy children come to play,  
And romp, and struggle with the new-mown hay;  
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,  
They dig themselves warm graves, and yet are glad;  
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad!

I long to go and play among them there;  
Unseen like wind to take them by the hair,  
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children! full of frank surprise,  
And sudden whims, and innocent ecstasies;  
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays

That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,  
And coloured like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little Gods and loves portrayed,  
Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,  
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight,  
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight  
Of little children playing in his sight;

What pure sweet pleasure, and what sacred love,  
Comes drifting down upon us from above,  
In watching how their limbs, and features move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,  
I only wish to live my life, and find  
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star  
That trembles on the horizon's primrose bar —  
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death  
Should come behind, and take away my breath,  
I should not rise as one who sorroweth;

For I should pass, but all the world would be  
Full of desire, and young delight, and glee,  
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

The light is flying; in the silver blue  
The young moon shines from her bright window through;  
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

---



## PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

*This gifted young poet (1850—1887) was afflicted with blindness from his early childhood. Nevertheless he produced three volumes of poems, many of which are of fine quality. His sonnets especially bear a considerable resemblance to those of his friend Rossetti.*

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## THE ROSE AND THE WIND.

DAWN.

- The Rose.* WHEN think you comes the Wind,  
The Wind that kisses me and is so kind?  
Lo! how the lily sleeps; her sleep is light;  
Would I were like the lily pure and white;  
Will the Wind come?
- The Beech.* Perchance for thee too soon.
- The Rose.* If not, how could I live until the noon?  
What think you, Beech-tree, makes the Wind delay?  
Why comes he not at breaking of the day?
- The Beech.* Hush child, and like the lily, go to sleep.

- The Rose.* You know I cannot.  
*The Beech.* Nay then, do not weep.  
*The Beech.* (after a pause) Thy lover comes, be happy now,  
 O Rose,  
 And softly through my bending branches goes,  
 Soon he shall come, and you shall feel his kiss.  
*The Rose.* Already my flushed heart grows faint with bliss.  
 Love, I have longed for thee through all the night.  
*The Wind.* And I to kiss thy petals warm and bright.  
*The Rose.* Laugh round me, Love, and kiss me; it is well.

## MORNING.

- 'T was dawn when first you came, and now the sun  
 Shines brightly, and the dews of dawn are done.  
 'T is well you take me so in your embrace :  
 But lay me back again into my place,  
 For I am worn, perhaps with bliss extreme.  
*The Wind.* Nay, you must wake, love, from this childish dream.  
*The Rose,* 'T is thou, love, seemest changed, thy laugh  
 is loud,  
 And 'neath thy stormy kiss my head is bowed.  
 O Love, O Wind, a space wilt thou not spare ?  
*The Wind.* 'Not while thy petals are so soft and fair.  
*The Rose.* My buds are blind with leaves, they cannot see.  
 O Love, O Wind, wilt thou not pity me ?

## EVENING.

- The Beech.* O Wind, a word with you before you pass,  
 What didst thou to the Rose that on the grass  
 Broken she lies and pale, who loved thee so ?  
*The Wind.* Roses must live and love, and winds must blow.
-

## MY LOVE.

My Love is like great music when it fills  
Man's heart and brain with high, all-hail delight ;  
My Love is like some still, immaculate night,  
When through the hushed and sleeping earth there thrills  
God's very peace ; my Love is like the hills  
That welcome first the dawn upon each height :  
For is she not as pure as they and bright,  
With eyes like sunlight upon wind-kissed rills ?

But ah, my song, that thou canst never say  
How fairer far she is than all these things —  
My governing moon by night, my sun by day,  
My nightingale, in which the whole race sings,  
My summer of women, in whose beauty clings  
What men to pluck would give their souls away !

---

WORTH REMEMBRANCE.

OF me ye may say many a bitter thing,  
O Men, when I am gone, gone far away  
To that dim land where shines no light of day.  
Sharp was the bread for my soul's nourishing  
Which Fate allowed, and bitter was the spring  
Of which I drank and maddened, even as they  
Who wild with thirst at sea will not delay,  
But drink the brine and die of its sharp sting.

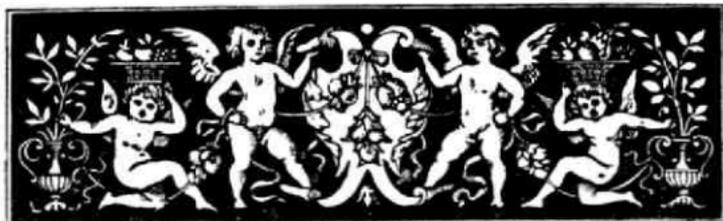
Not gentle was my war with Chance, and yet  
I borrowed no man's sword — alone I drew,  
And gave my slain fit burial out of view.  
In secret places I and sorrow met.  
So, when you count my sins, do not forget  
To say I taxed not any one of you.

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BOOK IV.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN POETS.





## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ALTHOUGH by no means the earliest American poet, Bryant is generally regarded as the first writer of distinctively American poetry. He himself dated the dawn of American literature from 1821, the year in which *Thanatopsis* was published. He was Wordsworth's most distinguished and consistent disciple; his master's sentiments are transplanted to America and adapted to the scenery and circumstances of the New World. Bryant was born in Massachusetts (that prolific mother of great men) in 1794; published his first „poem”, a political satire, in his thirteenth year; *Thanatopsis*, *The Ages*, *A Forest Hymn*, and a small quantum of meditative poetry at intervals; became editor of a Democratic Newspaper in 1826; and held a very conspicuous and highly honourable position as a journalist till his death in 1878.

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### THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours

She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —  
Comes a still voice. — Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground  
Where thy pale form is laid with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements, —  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone: — nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings —  
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. — The hills  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun, — the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;

The venerable woods — rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste, —  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. — All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings  
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep — the dead there reign alone.

So shalt thou rest, — and what if thou withdraw  
Unheeded by the living — and no friend  
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on ; and each one, as before, will chase  
His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
And the sweet babe and the grey-headed man, —  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
 Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

### O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,  
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!  
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,  
 Admire and hate thy blooming years.  
     With words of shame  
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread  
 That tints the morning hills with red;  
 Thy step — the wild deer's rustling feet  
 Within thy woods are not more fleet;  
     Thy hopeful eye  
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail — those haughty ones —  
 While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.  
 They do not know how loved thou art —  
 How many a fond and fearless heart  
     Would rise to throw  
 Its life between thee and the foe!

They know not, in their hate and pride,  
 What virtues with thy children bide;

How true, how good, thy graceful maids  
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades ;  
    What generous men  
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen :

What cordial welcomes greet the guest  
By the lone rivers of the west ;  
How faith is kept, and truth revered,  
And man is loved, and God is feared,  
    In woodland homes  
And where the solemn ocean foams !

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest  
For earth's down-trodden and oppressed,  
A shelter for the hunted head,  
For the starved labourer toil and bread.  
    Power, at the bounds,  
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother ! on thy brow  
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.  
Deep in the brightness of thy skies  
The thronging years in glory rise,  
    And, as they fleet,  
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,  
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower ;  
And when thy sisters, elder born,  
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,  
    Before thine eye,  
Upon their lips the taunt shall die !

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## RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

*THE most widely read of Emerson's works are his Essays, which fill several volumes and have exercised an enormous influence on thinking minds during the last forty or fifty years. The poet philosopher was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1803, and spent the last fifty years of his life in the town of Concord, where he died in the spring of 1882. Mr. W. M. Rossetti justly pronounces Emerson to be one of the finest souls of our time.*

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## EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, you red-cloaked clown,  
Of thee, from the hill-top looking down ;  
And the heifer, that lows in the upland farm,  
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm,  
The sexton tolling the bell at noon  
Dreams not that great Napoleon  
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;

Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one ;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough.  
I brought him home in his nest at even ; —  
He sings the song, but it pleases not now ;  
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;  
He sang to my ear ; they sang to my eye.  
The delicate shells lay on the shore ;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
And fetched my sea-born treasures home ;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid  
As mid the virgin train she strayed,  
Nor knew her beauty's best attire  
Was woven still by the snow-white quire,  
At last she came to his hermitage,  
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage, —  
The gay enchantment was undone,  
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet Truth ;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat, —  
I leave it behind with the games of youth."  
As I spoke, beneath my feet  
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club moss burns ;

I inhaled the violet's breath ;  
 Around me stood the oaks and firs ;  
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ;  
 Above me soared the eternal sky,  
 Full of light and deity ;  
 Again I saw, again I heard,  
 The rolling river, the morning bird ; —  
 Beauty through my senses stole,  
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

### THE HUMBLE BEE.

BURLY dozing humble bee !  
 Where thou art is clime for me,  
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
 Far-off heats through seas to seek,  
 I will follow thee alone,  
 Thou animated torrid rone !  
 Zigzag steerer, desert-cheerer,  
 Let me chase thy waving lines ;  
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
 Joy of thy dominion !  
 Sailor of the atmosphere,  
 Swimmer through the waves of air,  
 Voyager of light and noon,  
 Epicurean of June,  
 Wait, I prithee, till I come  
 Within ear-shot of thy hum, —  
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,  
 With a net of shining haze,

Silvers the horizon wall,  
And, with softness touching all,  
Tints the human countenance  
With a colour of romance,  
And, infusing subtle heats,  
Turns the sod to violets, —  
Thou in sunny solitudes,  
Rover of the underwoods,  
The green silence dost displace  
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy breezy tune,  
Telling of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
In Indian wildernesses found,  
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
Firmest cheer and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen;  
But violets and bilberry bells,  
Maple sap and daffodils,  
Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern and agrimony,  
Clover, catch-fly, adder's tongue,  
And briar-roses, dwelt among;  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher!  
Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,

Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff and take the wheat,  
When the fierce north-western blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast,  
Thou already slumberest deep, --  
Woe and want thou canst out-sleep, --  
Want and woe, which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

---

### THE WORLD SOUL.

THANKS to the morning light,  
Thanks to the seething sea,  
To the uplands of New Hampshire,  
To the green-haired forest free ;  
Thanks to each man of courage,  
To the maids of holy mind,  
To the boy with his games undaunted,  
Who never looks behind.

Cities of proud hotels  
Houses of rich and great,  
Vice nestles in your chambers,  
Beneath your roofs of slate.  
It cannot conquer folly,  
Time-and-space-conquering steam, --  
And the light outspeeding telegraph  
Bears nothing on its beam.

The politics are base,  
The letters do not cheer,  
And 't is far in the depths of history --  
The voice that speaketh clear,  
Trade and the streets ensnare us,

Our bodies are weak and worn,  
We plot and corrupt each other,  
And we despoil the unborn,

Yet there in the parlour sits  
Some figure of noble guise,  
Our angel in a stranger's form,  
Or woman's pleading eyes;  
Or only a flashing sunbeam,  
In at the window-pane;  
Or music pours on mortals  
Its beautiful disdain.

The inevitable morning  
Finds them who in cellars be;  
And be sure the all-loving Nature  
Will smile in a factory.  
Yon ridge of purple landscape,  
Yon sky between the walls,  
Hold all the hidden wonders  
In scanty intervals.

Alas, the sprite that haunts us  
Deceives our rash desire;  
It whispers of the glorious gods,  
And leaves us in the mire.  
We cannot learn the cipher  
That's writ upon our cell;  
Stars help us by a mystery  
Which we could never spell.

If but one hero knew it,  
The world would blush in flame  
The sage, till he hit the secret,  
Would hang his head for shame.  
But our brothers have not read it,

Not one has found the key ;  
And henceforth we are comforted,  
We are but such as they.

Still, still the secret presses,  
The nearing clouds draw down,  
The crimson morning flames into  
The fopperies of the town.  
Within, without the idle earth  
Stars weave eternal rings ;  
The sun himself shines heartily,  
And shares the joy he brings.

And what if trade sow cities  
Like shells along the shore,  
And thatch with towns the prairie broad  
With railways ironed o'er ; —  
They are but sailing foam-bells  
Along thought's causing stream,  
And take their shape and sun-colour  
From him that sends the dream.

For Destiny does not like  
To yield to men the helm,  
And shoots his thought by hidden nerves  
Throughout the solid realm.  
The patient Daemon sits  
With roses and a shroud ;  
He has his way and deals his gifts —  
But ours is not allowed.

He is no churl nor trifler,  
And his viceroy is none,  
Love-without-weakness,  
Of genius sire and son ;  
And his will is not thwarted, —

The seeds of land and sea  
Are the atoms of his body bright,  
And his behest obey.

He serveth the servant,  
The brave he loves amain,  
He kills the cripple and the sick,  
And straight begins again ;  
For gods delight in gods,  
And thrust the weak aside ;  
To him who scorns their charities,  
Their arms fly open wide.

When the old world is sterile,  
And the ages are effete,  
He will from wrecks and sediment  
The fairer world complete.  
He forbids to despair ;  
His cheeks mantle with mirth,  
And the unimagined good of men  
Is yearning at the birth.

Spring still makes spring in the mind  
When sixty years are told ;  
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,  
And we are never old.  
Over the winter glaciers  
I see the summer glow,  
And through the wild-piled snow-drift  
The warm rose buds below.

---

## E R O S.

THE sense of the world is short,  
Long and various the report, —  
To love and be beloved ;  
Men and gods have not outlearned it  
And, how oft so'er they've turned it,  
'T is not to be improved.

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## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

*FEW poets have enjoyed a wider popularity than Longfellow; and his musical and sweetly emotional verse has found many imitators. He was born in February 1807 at Portland, Maine, and died somewhat suddenly, March 1882, in Boston, where he had resided many years. Longfellow's most important original poems are Evangeline, 1847, Hiawatha, 1855, The Courtship of Miles Standish, 1858. His translations from various languages, especially German, are many and beautiful. In 1867 he published a translation of The Divina Commedia. Longfellow's shorter poems are so well-known as to be almost hackneyed.*

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### EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!



A traveler by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

---

### THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose over the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odour of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,

Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then!

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow.

And for ever and for ever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

---

## THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

THE brooklet came from the mountain,  
As sang the bards of old,  
Running with feet of silver  
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean  
There rolled a turbulent wave,  
Now singing along the sea-beach,  
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,  
Though they flowed so far apart,  
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness  
That turbulent bitter heart!

---

## KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,  
The heart of honour, the tongue of truth ;  
He, the light and the life of us all,  
Whose voice was as blythe as a bugle-call,  
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,  
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,  
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,  
Down the dark of the mountain gap,  
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,  
Little dreaming of any mishap,  
He was humming the words of some old song :  
"Two red roses he had on his cap,  
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball  
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still ;  
Something I heard in the darkness fall,  
And for a moment my blood grew chill ;  
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks  
In a room where some one is lying dead ;  
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,  
And through the mire and the mist and the rain  
Carried him back to the silent camp,  
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;  
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp  
Two white roses upon his cheeks,  
And one just over his heart, blood-red !

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet  
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,

Till it reached a town in the distant north,  
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,  
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat  
Without a murmur, without a cry;  
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,  
For one who had passed from cross to crown,  
And the neighbours wondered that she should die.

---

### THE BELLS OF LYNN HEARD AT NAHANT.

O CURFEW of the setting sun! O bells of Lynn!  
O requiem of the dying day! O bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of you cloud-cathedral wafted,  
Your sounds aërial seem to float, O bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,  
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,  
Listens and leisurely rows ashore, O bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands, the wandering cattle homeward  
Follow each other to your call, O bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal,  
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,  
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantation,  
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,  
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O bells of Lynn!

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## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE "Quaker poet" was born in Massachusetts, 1808. He is in all respects a genuine national poet. The times of religious persecution which preceded the War of Independence, the Anti-Slavery Movement, of which the poet was a distinguished champion, rural customs, legends of the Old and the New World, all find an echo in the verse of Whittier. His poetry ought to be better known than it is.

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### THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbour over the way  
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
Pushed from her ears the locks of grey,  
And listened to hear the Robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,  
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,  
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not heard,  
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,  
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird  
Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,  
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;  
You can see the mark on his red breast still  
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb!  
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord  
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;  
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;  
Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all  
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

---

### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear from the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep;

Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,  
Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their silver bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun  
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,  
Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.  
Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead;

Under his slouched hat, left and right,  
He glanced, the old flag met his sight,  
"Halt!" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
"Fire! — out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.  
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.  
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;  
The noble nature within him stirred  
To life, at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of you gray head  
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.  
All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long the free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel host;  
Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds, that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.  
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!  
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;  
And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

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## TELLING THE BEES.

*(In former times a curious custom, brought from the old country, prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of any member of a household, a person went round the beehives, dressing them in mourning and telling the bees what had happened. If this ceremony was neglected, the bees, it was supposed, would seek a new home).*

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HERE is the place; right over the hill  
Runs the path I took;  
You can see the gap in the old wall still,  
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,  
And the poplars tall;  
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,  
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the bee-hives ranged in the sun;  
And down by the brink  
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,  
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
Heavy and slow;  
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,  
And the same brook sings, of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care  
From my Sunday coat  
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,  
And cooled at the brook-side my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, —  
To love, a year;  
Down through the beeches I looked at last  
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain  
Of light through the leaves,  
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,  
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before, —  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door, —  
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,  
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun  
Had the chill of snow;  
For I knew she was telling the bees of one  
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps  
For the dead to-day:  
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps  
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,  
With his cane to his chin,

The old man sat ; and the chore-girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since  
In my ear sounds on : -  
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone !"

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## EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE author of *The Raven* was born at Baltimore, January 19th 1809, and died mysteriously in the same city, October 7th 1849. His father, a man of good family, married the orphan daughter of an English gentleman, who dying suddenly, had left his child to be brought up by strangers. She became an actress, and her husband adopted the same profession. After a long and hopeless struggle with poverty and ill-health, the ill-fated couple died within a week of each other, leaving three children. Edgar, a beautiful boy of two years old, was adopted by a wealthy merchant, Mr. Allan, who brought him up as his heir. The child seems to have been badly trained, spoiled and petted, and indulged in every extravagance. But as he grew up and began to manifest the rebellious and haughty temper thus fostered, along with a passion for gambling, Mr. Allan's love for him cooled. Mrs. Allan, however, was devoted to him, and during her lifetime there was a precarious peace between the erratic youth and his adoptive father. After her death Mr. Allan married again; a son was born to him; Poe's disappointment at the loss of a rich inheritance found vent in insubordination and dissipation; Mr. Allan's patience gave way, and Poe was abandoned to his own resources. From this time (1831) Poe's





Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and  
 (flutter,  
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or  
 (stayed he;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber  
 (door —  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —  
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art  
 (sure no craven,  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly  
 (shore:  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian  
 (shore!"  
 Quoth the Raven „Nevermore”.

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so  
 (plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
 Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door —  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
 With such name as "Nevermore".

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did  
 (out-pour.  
 Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he flut-  
 (tered —  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered: Other friends have flown  
 (before —

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown  
(before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,—  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store;  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden  
(bore. —

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of "Never — Nevermore!"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and  
(bust and door,

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird  
(of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore".

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's  
(core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated  
(o'er, —

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er  
*She* shall press -- ah, Nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an  
(unseen censer,

Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels  
(he hath sent thee

Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or  
(devil! —

Whethertempter sent or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —  
In this home by horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —  
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me,  
(I implore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or  
(devil! —

By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both  
(adore —

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within that distant Aidenn,  
I shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name  
(Lenore."

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend, I shrieked,  
(upstarting —

Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath  
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from  
(off my door!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore".

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;



— Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those that were older than we —  
Of many far wiser than we —  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
And so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

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## ULALUME.

THE skies they were ashen and sober ;  
The leaves they were crisped and sere —  
The leaves they were withering and sere ; —  
It was night in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year ;  
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid-region of Weir —  
It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley titanic  
Of cypress, I roamed with my soul —  
Of cypress, with Psyche, my soul.  
These were days when my heart was volcanic  
As the scoriac rivers that roll —  
As the lavas that restlessly roll  
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek  
In the ultimate climes of the pole —  
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek,  
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,  
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere —  
Our memories were treacherous and sere —  
For we knew not the month was October,  
And we marked not the night of the year —  
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)  
We noted not the dim lake of Auber —  
(Though once we had journeyed down here) —  
Remembered not the dark tarn of Auber,  
Nor the ghoulish-woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,  
And star-dials pointed to morn —  
And star-dials hinted of morn —  
At the end of our path a lignescent  
And nebulous lustre was born,  
Out of which a miraculous crescent  
Arose with a duplicate horn —  
Astarte's bediamonded crescent  
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said — „She is warmer than Dian :  
She rolls through an ether of sighs —  
She revels in a region of sighs :  
She has seen that the tears are not dry on

These cheeks, where the worm never dies,  
And has come past the stars of the Lion,  
To point us the path to the skies —  
To the Lethean peace of the skies —  
Come up, in despite of the Lion,  
To shine on us with her bright eyes —  
Come up through the lair of the Lion,  
With love in her luminous eyes.

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,  
Said — “sadly this star I mistrust —  
Her pallor I strangely mistrust; —  
Oh hasten! — oh let us not linger!  
Oh fly! — let us fly! — for we must.”  
In terror she spoke, letting sink her  
Wings till they trailed in the dust —  
In agony sobbed, letting sink her  
Plumes till they trailed in the dust —  
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied — “This is nothing but dreaming;  
Let us on by this tremulous light!  
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!  
Its sibyllic splendour is beaming  
With hope and in beauty to-night; —  
See! it flickers up the sky through the night.  
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,  
And be sure it will lead us aright:  
We safely may trust to a gleaming  
That cannot but guide us aright,  
Since it flickers up to heaven through the night.”

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,  
And tempted her out of her gloom —  
And conquered her scruples and gloom;  
And we passed to the end of the vista,

But were stopped by the door of a tomb —  
By the door of a legended tomb,  
And I said — “What is written, sweet sister,  
On the door of this legended tomb?”  
She replied — “Ulalume — Ulalume —  
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!”

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober  
As the leaves that were crisped and sere —  
As the leaves that were withering and sere —  
And I cried — “It was surely October  
On *this* very night of last year,  
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here. —  
That I brought a dread burden down here.  
On this night of all nights in the year,  
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?  
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber —  
This misty mid region of Weir —  
Well I know, now, this dark tarn of Auber,  
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.”



## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DR. HOLMES *was born in 1809 at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He is a very popular prose writer as well as poet. His chief prose work is a series of light humorous essays entitled, The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; his poetical works consist chiefly of occasional and society verse; but many of his serious lyrics are very graceful and tender.*

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### THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

OH, for one hour of youthful joy! Give back my twentieth  
(spring;  
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy, than reign a gray-beard  
(king!  
Off with the wrinkled spoils of age! Away with learning's  
(crown!  
Tear out life's wisdom-written page, and dash its trophies  
(down

One moment let my life-blood stream from boyhood's fount  
(of flame!  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream of life, all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer, and, calmly smiling, said,  
 "If I but touch thy silvered hair, thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track to bid thee fondly stay ;  
 While the swift seasons hurry back to find the wished-for  
 (day ?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind ! Without thee, what were life ?  
 One bliss I cannot leave behind : I'll take — my — pre-  
 (cious wife

The angel took a sapphire pen and wrote in rainbow dew,  
 "The man would be a boy again, and be a husband too !"  
 "And is there nothing yet unsaid before the change appears ?  
 Remember, all their gifts have fled with those dissolving  
 (years !"

Why yes ; for memory would recall my fond paternal joys :  
 I could not bear to leave them all : I'll take — my girls —  
 (and -- boys !

The smiling angel dropped his pen —" Why this will ne-  
 (ver do ;  
 The man would be a boy again, and be a father too !"

And so I laughed ; my laughter woke the household with  
 (its noise —  
 And wrote my dream, when morning broke, to please the  
 (gray-haired boys.

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### THE VOICELESS.

WE count the broken lyres that rest  
 Where the wailing singers slumber, --  
 But o'er their silent sisters' breast,  
 The wild flowers who will stoop to number ?

A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is proud to win them.  
Alas for those who never sing,  
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,  
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,  
Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
The cross, without the crown of glory!  
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
But where the glistening night-dews weep  
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

Oh, hearts that break and give no sign,  
Save whitening lips and faded tresses,  
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,  
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses, —  
If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

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## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BORN in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1819. Mr. Lowell has gained a high reputation among his countrymen both as a poet and a prose writer. In his early efforts he showed the influence of Keats, and his serious poems have been much admired. But it is to his dialect poems, *The Biglow Papers*, — a series of satirical papers on questions of the day—that Lowell owes his high place among representative American authors. When the first of these poems were published in 1848, the use of the Yankee dialect was a novelty in literature; moreover Mr. Lowell's productions are master-pieces of rich and original humour. As the plan of the present work excludes dialect and purely humorous verse, Mr. Lowell is somewhat inadequately represented by serious pieces.

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## ROSALINE.

THOU look'dst on me all yesternight;  
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright  
As when we murmured our troth-plight

Beneath the thick stars, ROSALINE!  
Thy hair was braided on thy head  
As on the day we two were wed,  
Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert dead —  
But my shrunk heart knew, ROSALINE!

The death-watch ticked behind the wall,  
The blackness rustled like a pall,  
The moaning wind did rise and fall  
Among the bleak pines, ROSALINE!  
My heart beat thickly in mine ears!  
The lids may shut out fleshly fears,  
But still the spirit sees and hears,  
Its eyes are lidless, ROSALINE!

A wildness rushing suddenly,  
A knowing some ill shape is nigh,  
A wish for death, a fear to die —  
Is not this vengeance, ROSALINE?  
A loneliness that is not lone,  
A love quite withered up and gone,  
A strong soul trampled from its throne, —  
What wouldst thou further, ROSALINE?

Tis lone such moonless nights as these,  
Strange sounds are out upon the breeze,  
And the leaves shiver in the trees,  
And then thou comest, ROSALINE!  
I seem to hear the mourners go,  
With long black garments trailing slow  
And plumes a-nodding to and fro,  
As once I heard them, ROSALINE!

Thy shroud it is of snowy white,  
And in the middle of the night  
Thou standest moveless and upright,

Gazing upon me, ROSALINE!  
There is no sorrow in thine eyes,  
But evermore that meek surprise, —  
O God! her gentle spirit tries  
To deem me guiltless, ROSALINE!

Above thy grave the robin sings,  
And swarms of bright and happy things  
Flit all about with sunlit wings, —  
But I am cheerless, ROSALINE!  
The violets on the hillock toss,  
The gravestone is o'ergrown with moss,  
For Nature feels not any loss, —  
But I am cheerless, ROSALINE!

Ah! why wert thou so lowly bred?  
Why was my pride galled on to wed  
Her who brought lands and gold instead  
Of thy heart's treasure, ROSALINE?  
Why did I fear to let thee stay  
To look on me and pass away  
Forgivingly, as in its May  
A broken flower, ROSALINE?

I thought not, when my dagger strook,  
Of thy blue eyes; I could not brook  
The past all pleading in one look  
Of utter sorrow, ROSALINE!  
I did not know when thou wert dead:  
A blackbird whistling overhead  
Thrilled through my brain; I would have fled,  
But dared not leave thee, ROSALINE!

A low, low moan, a light twig stirr'd  
By the upspringing of a bird,  
A drip of blood, -- were all I heard, —

Then deathly stillness, ROSALINE!  
The sun rolled down, and very soon,  
Like a great fire, the awful moon  
Rose, stained with blood, and then a swoon  
Crept chilly o'er me, ROSALINE!

The stars came out; and one by one,  
Each angel from his silver throne -  
Looked down and saw what I had done:  
I dared not hide me, ROSALINE!  
I crouched; I feared thy corpse would cry  
Against me to God's quiet sky,  
I thought I saw the blue lips try  
To utter something, ROSALINE!

I waited with a maddened grin  
To hear that voice all icy thin  
Slide forth and tell my deadly sin  
To hell and heaven, ROSALINE!  
But no voice came, and then it seemed  
As if the very corpse had screamed,  
The sound like sunshine glad had streamed  
Through that dark stillness, ROSALINE!

Dreams of old quiet glimmered by,  
And faces loved in infancy  
Came and looked on me mournfully,  
Till my heart melted, ROSALINE!  
I saw my mother's dying bed,  
I heard her bless me, and I shed  
Cool tears - but lo! the ghastly dead  
Stared me to madness, ROSALINE!

And then, amidst the silent night  
I screamed with horrible delight  
And in my brain an awful light  
Did seem to crackle, ROSALINE!

It is my curse! sweet memories fall  
From me like snow — and only all  
Of that one night, like cold worms crawl  
My doomed heart over, ROSALINE!

Thine eyes are shut, they never more  
Will leap thy gentle words before  
To tell the secret o'er and o'er  
Thou couldst not smother, ROSALINE!  
Thine eyes are shut; they will not shine  
With happy tears, or, through the vine  
That hid thy casement, beam on mine  
Sunfull with gladness, ROSALINE!

Thy voice I never more shall hear,  
Which in old times did seem so dear  
That e'er it trembled in my ear  
My quick heart heard it, ROSALINE!  
Would I might die! I were as well,  
Ay, better, at my home in hell,  
To set for aye a burning spell  
'Twixt me and memory, ROSALINE!

Why wilt thou haunt me with thine eyes,  
Wherein such blessed memories,  
Such pitying forgiveness lies,  
Than hate more bitter, ROSALINE!  
Woe's me! I know that love so high  
As thine, true soul, could never die,  
And with mean clay in churchyard lie —  
Would GOD it were so, ROSALINE!

## THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;  
With sated heart he hears the pants  
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,  
And wearies in his easy-chair ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,

A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labour sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned by being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door,  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft white hands, —  
This is the best crop from thy lands;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state:  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both, children of the same dear God,  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By record of a well-fill'd past;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

## THE SOWER.

I SAW a sower walking slow  
Across the earth from east to west;  
His beard was white as mountain snow,  
His head drooped forward on his breast.

With shrivelled hand he flung his seed,  
Nor ever turned to look behind;  
Of sight or sound he took no heed;  
It seemed he was both deaf and blind.

His dim face showed no soul beneath;  
Yet in my heart I felt a stir,  
As if I looked upon the sheath  
That once had clasped Excalibur.

I heard, as still the seed he cast,  
How, crooning to himself, he sung, —  
"I sow again the holy Past,  
The happy days when I was young.

"Then all was wheat without a tare,  
Then all was righteous, fair, and true;  
And I am he whose thoughtful care  
Shall plant the Old World in the New.

The fruitful germs I scatter free,  
With busy hand, while all men sleep;  
In Europe now, from sea to sea,  
The nations bless me as they reap."

Them looked I back along his path,  
And heard the clash of steel on steel,  
Where man faced man, in deadly wrath,  
While clanged the tocsin's hurrying peal.

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The sky with burning towns flared red,  
Nearer the noise of fighting rolled,  
And brothers' blood, by brothers shed,  
Crept, curdling, over pavements cold.

Then marked I how each germ of truth  
Which through the dotard's fingers ran  
Was mated with a dragon's tooth  
Whence there sprang up an armed man.

I shouted, but he could not hear;  
Made signs, but these he could not see;  
And still, without a doubt or fear,  
Broad-cast he scattered anarchy.

Long to my straining ears the blast  
Brought faintly back the words he sung;—  
"I sow again the holy Past,  
The happy days when I was young."

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## WALT WHITMAN.

THIS very original writer, whom Mr. W. M. Rossetti calls "by far the greatest of American poets, — the most national and the most world-wide", was born in the State of New-York, May 31st 1819. He has been a printer, a school-teacher, a newspaper-writer, a carpenter and builder, a Government clerk, and is now in his old age dependent for most of the comforts of life on the liberality of a few friends and admirers. During the Civil War Mr. Whitman "volunteered to attend on the sick and wounded of both armies, and is said to have ministered, with boundless brotherliness and eminent success, to upwards of a hundred thousand men." (Rossetti.) Walt Whitman's poems are like nothing else in literature unless it be the irregular dithyrambs of the Hebrew prophets and other pioneers of a great national poetry. His *Leaves of Grass* was published in 1855, and has since been frequently reissued with alterations and additions. *Drum-taps*, a series of very noble and beautiful pieces referring to the war, appeared in 1865. Mr. Whitman claims to be the poet of extreme naturalism and the prophet of Democracy. In both characters he has rendered himself obnoxious to many readers, and not until very lately have the high qualities of his best work been fully appreciated.

## A SONG.

COME, I will make the continent indissoluble ;  
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone upon,  
I will make divine magnetic lands,  
    With the love of comrades,  
    With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the  
rivers of America, and along the shores of the great  
lakes, and all over the prairies ;  
I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each  
other's necks ;  
    By the love of comrades,  
    By the manly love of comrades.

For you these, from me, O Democracy, to serve you, ma  
femme !

For you ! for you, I am trilling these songs,  
    In the love of comrades,  
    In the high-towering love of comrades.

## ENVY.

WHEN I peruse the conquered fame of heroes, and the  
victories of mighty generals, I do not envy the gene-  
rals, —  
Nor the President in his Presidency, nor the rich in his  
great house ;  
But when I hear of the brotherhood of lovers, how it was  
with them,  
How through life, through dangers, odium, unchanging, long  
and long,

Through youth, and through middle and old age, how unfaltering, how affectionate and faithful they were,  
Then I am pensive — I hastily walk away, filled with the bitterest envy.

---

### THERE WAS A CHILD WENT FORTH.

THERE was a child went forth every day :  
And the first object he looked upon, that object he became ;  
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain part of the day, or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.

The early lilacs became part of this child,  
And grass, and white and red morning-glories, and white and red clover, and the song of the phoebe-bird,  
And the Third-month lambs, and the sow's pink-faint litter, and the mare's foal, and the cow's calf,  
And the noisy brood of the barn-yard, or by the mire of the brook-side,  
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there — and the beautiful curious liquid,  
And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads — all became part of him.

The field-sprouts of Fourth-month and Fifth-month became part of him ;  
Winter-grain-sprouts, and those of the light-yellow corn, and the esculent roots of the garden,  
And the apple-trees covered with blossoms, and the fruit afterwards, and wood-berries, and the commonest weeds by the road ;

And the old drunkard staggering home from the out-house  
of the tavern, whence he had lately risen,  
And the school mistress that passed on her way to the school,  
And the friendly boys that passed — and the quarrelsome boys,  
And the tidy and fresh-cheeked girls — and the barefoot  
negro boy and girl,  
And all the changes of city and country, wherever he went.

His own parents,  
He that had fathered him, and she that had conceived him  
in her womb and birthed him,  
They gave this child more of themselves than that.  
They gave him afterward every day — they became part  
of him.

The mother at home, quietly placing the dishes on the  
supper-table ;  
The mother with mild words — clean her cap and gown,  
a wholesome odour falling off her person and clothes  
as she walks by ;  
The father, strong, self-sufficient, manly, mean, angered,  
unjust ;  
The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain, the  
crafty lure,  
The family usages, the language, the company, the furni-  
ture — the yearning and swelling heart,  
Affection that will not be gainsaid — the sense of what is  
real — the thought if, after all, it should prove unreal,  
The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time —  
the curious whether and how,  
Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all flashes  
and specks ?  
Men and women crowding fast in the streets — if they are  
not flashes and specks, what are they ?  
The streets themselves, and the façades of houses, and goods  
in the windows,

Vehicles, teams, the heavy planked wharves — the huge  
 crossing at the ferries,  
 The village on the highland, seen from afar at sunset —  
 the river between,  
 Shadows, aureola and mist, the light falling on roofs and  
 gables of white and brown, three miles off,  
 The schooner near by, sleepily dropping down the tide —  
 the little boat slack-towed astern,  
 The hurrying tumbling waves quick-broken crests slapping,  
 The strata of coloured clouds, the long bar of maroon-  
 tint, away solitary by itself — the spread of purity it  
 lies motionless in,  
 The horizon's edge, the flying sea-blow, the fragrance of  
 salt-marsh and shore mud:  
 These became part of that child who went forth every day,  
 and who now goes, and will always go forth every day.

---

## YEARS OF THE MODERN.

YEARS of the modern! years of the unperformed!  
 Your horizon rises — I see it parting away for more august  
 dramas:  
 I see not America only — I see not only Liberty's nation,  
 but other nations preparing;  
 I see tremendous entrances and exits — I see new com-  
 binations — I see the solidarity of races;  
 I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the  
 world's stage;  
 (Have the old forces, the old wars, played their parts? are  
 the acts suitable to them closed?)  
 I see Freedom, completely armed, and victorious, and very  
 haughty, with Law on one side, and Peace on the other,  
 A stupendous Trio, all issuing forth against the idea of caste;

— What historic denouements are these we so rapidly approach ?  
 I see new marching and countermarching by swift millions ;  
 I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies broken ;  
 I see the landmarks of European kings removed ;  
 I see this day the People beginning their landmarks, all others give way ;  
 Never were such sharp questions asked as at this day ;  
 Never was average man, his soul, more energetic, more like a God.  
 Lo ! how he urges and urges, leaving the masses no rest ;  
 His daring foot is on sea and land everywhere, he colonises the Pacific, the Archipelagoes ;  
 With the steam-ship, the electric telegraph, the newspaper, the wholesale engines of war,  
 With these, and the world-spreading factories, he interlinks all geography, all lands.

— What whispers are these, O lands, running ahead of you, passing under the seas ?  
 Are all nations communing ? is there going to be but one heart to the globe ?  
 Is humanity forming en masse ? -- for lo ! tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim ;  
 The earth, restive, confronts a new era, perhaps a general divine war ;  
 No one knows what will happen next — such portents fill the days and nights.  
 Years prophetic ! the space ahead as I walk, as I vainly try to pierce it, is full of phantoms ;  
 Unborn deeds, things soon to be, project their shapes around me ;  
 This incredible rush and heat — this strange ecstatic fever of dreams, O years !  
 Your dreams, O years, how they penetrate through me ! (I know not whether I sleep or wake !)

The performed America and Europe grow dim, retiring in  
 shadow behind me,  
 The unperformed, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance  
 upon me.

---

### ABOARD, AT A SHIP'S HELM.

ABOARD, at a ship's helm,  
 A young steersman, steering with care.

A bell through fog on a sea-coast dolefully ringing,  
 An ocean-bell — O a warning-bell, rocked by the waves.

O you give good notice indeed, you bells by the sea-reef  
 ringing,  
 Ringing, ringing, to warn the ship from its wreck-place.

For as on the alert, O steersman, you mind the bell's ad-  
 monition,  
 The bows turn, — the freighted ship, tacking, speeds away  
 under her grey sails,  
 The beautiful and noble ship, with all her precious wealth,  
 speeds away gaily and safe.

But O the ship, the immortal ship! O ship aboard the ship!  
 O ship of the body — ship of the soul — voyaging, voya-  
 ging, voyaging!

---

### BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

BEAT! beat! drums! Blow! bugles! blow!  
 Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless  
 force,

Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation ;  
Into the school where the scholar is studying ;  
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he now  
have with his bride ;  
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or  
gathering his grain ;  
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you  
bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums! — Blow! bugles! blow!  
Over the traffic of cities — over the rumble of wheels in  
the streets.  
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No  
sleepers must sleep in these beds ;  
No bargainers bargain by day — no brokers or speculators ;  
— Would they continue ?  
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt  
to sing ?  
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before  
the judge ?  
Then rattle quicker, heavier, drums—you bugles, wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums! — Blow! bugles! blow!  
Make no parley — stop for no expostulation ;  
Mind not the timid — mind not the weeper or prayer ;  
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man ;  
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's en-  
treaties ;  
Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie  
awaiting the hearses,  
So strong you thump, O terrible drums — so loud you  
bugles blow.

---

RISE, O DAYS, FROM YOUR FATHOMLESS  
DEEPS.

RISE, O days, from your fathomless deeps, till you loftier,  
fiercer sweep!  
Long for my soul, hungering gymnastick, I devoured what  
the earth gave me;  
Long I roamed the woods of the north—long I watched  
Niagara pouring;  
I travelled the prairies over, and slept on their breast —  
I crossed the Nevadas, I crossed the plateaus;  
I ascended the towering rocks along the Pacific, I sailed  
out to sea.  
I sailed through the storm, I was refreshed by the storm;  
I watched with joy the threatening maws of the waves;  
I marked the white combs where they careered so high,  
curling over;  
I heard the wind piping, I saw the black clouds;  
Saw from below what arose and mounted (O superb! Oh  
wild as my heart and powerful!)  
Heard the continuous thunder, as it bellowed after the  
lightning;  
Noted the slender and jagged threads of lightning as sudden  
and fast amidst the din they chased each other across  
the sky.  
— These, and such as these, I, elate, saw — saw with  
wonder, yet pensive and masterful;  
All the menacing might of the globe uprisen around me;  
Yet there with my soul I fed — I fed content, supercilious.

'Twas well, O soul! 'twas a good preparation you gave me!  
Now we advance our latent and ampler hunger to fill:  
Now we go forth to receive what the earth and sea never  
gave us.

Not through the mighty woods we go, but through the  
mightier cities ;

Something for us is pouring now, more than Niagara pouring ;  
Torrents of men (sources and rills of the Northwest, are you  
indeed inexhaustible ? —

What, to pavements and homesteads here — what were  
those storms of the mountains and sea ?

What, to passions, I witness around me to-day, was the  
sea risen, —

Was the wind piping the pipe of death under the black clouds ?  
Lo ! from deeps more unfathomable, something more deadly  
and savage ;

Manhattan, rising, advancing with menacing front — Cincin-  
nati, Chicago, unchained.

— What was that swell I saw on the ocean ? Behold what  
comes here !

How it climbs with daring feet and hands ! how it dashes !  
How the true thunder bellows after the lightning ! how bright  
the flashes of lightning !

How Democracy, with desperate vengeful port, strides on,  
shown through the dark by those flashes of lightning !  
(Yet a mournful wail and low sob I fancied I heard through  
the dark,

In a lull of the deafening confusion.)

Thunder on ! stride on, Democracy ! strike with vengeful  
stroke !

And do you rise higher than ever yet, O days, O cities !  
Crash heavier, heavier yet, O storms ! you have done me good ;  
My soul, prepared in the mountains, absorbs your immortal  
strong nutriment.

— Long had I walked my cities, my country-roads, through  
farms, only half satisfied ;

One doubt, nauseous, undulating like a snake, crawled on  
the ground before me,

Continually preceding my steps, turning upon me oft, icro-  
nically hissing low.

— The cities I loved so well I abandoned and left. — I  
 sped to the certainties suitable to me ;  
 Hungering, hungering, hungering, for primal energies, and  
 Nature's dauntlessness,  
 I refreshed myself with it only, I could relish it only ;  
 I waited the bursting forth of the pent fire—on the water  
 and air I waited long.  
 But now I no longer wait — I am fully satisfied — I am  
 gluttet ;  
 I have witnessed the true lightning — I have witnessed my  
 cities electric ;  
 I have lived to behold man burst forth, and warlike Ame-  
 rica rise ;  
 Hence I will seek no more the food of the northern solitary  
 wilds,  
 No more on the mountains roam, or sail the stormy sea.

---

## A LETTER FROM CAMP.

### 1.

COME up from the fields, father, here's a letter from our Pete ;  
 And come to the front door, mother — here's a letter from  
 thy dear son.

### 2.

Lo, 't is autumn :  
 Lo where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,  
 Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves fluttering in  
 the moderate wind ;  
 Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on the  
 trellised vines ;  
 (Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines ?  
 Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately buzzing ?)

Above all, lo, the sky, so calm, so transparent after the  
rain, and with wondrous clouds;  
Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful — and the  
farm prospers well.

## 3.

Down in the fields all prospers well;  
But now from the fields come, father — come at the daugh-  
ter's call.  
And come to the entry, mother — to the front door come,  
right away.  
Fast as she can she hurries — something ominous — her  
steps trembling;  
She does not tarry to smooth her hair, nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly;  
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is signed;  
O a strange hand writes for our dear son — O stricken  
mother's soul!  
All swims before her eyes — flashes with black — she  
catches the main words only;  
Sentences broken — "Gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry  
skirmish, taken to hospital,  
At present low, but will soon be better."

## 4.

Ah now the single figure to me,  
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with all its cities and  
farms,  
Sickly white in the face, and dull in the head, very faint,  
By the jamb of a door leans.

"Grieve not so, dear mother," (the just grown daughter  
speaks through her sobs;  
The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dismayed;)  
"See dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better."

## 5.

Alas, poor boy, he will never be better, (nor maybe needs  
to be better, that brave and simple soul;)   
While they stand at home at the door, he is dead already;   
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better;   
She, with thin form, presently dressed in black;   
By day her meals untouched — then at night fitfully sleep-  
ing, often waking.   
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep  
longing   
O that she might withdraw unnoticed — silent from life  
escape and withdraw,   
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son!

---

RECONCILIATION.

WORD over all, beautiful as the sky!   
Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage, must in  
time be utterly lost;   
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night, incessantly,  
softly, wash again, and ever again, this soiled world;   
— For my enemy is dead — a man divine as myself is  
dead;   
I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the coffin —  
I draw near;   
I bend down, and touch lightly with my lips the white  
face in the coffin.

---

## O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(FOR THE DEATH OF LINCOLN).

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought  
is won;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and  
daring:

But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle  
trills;

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the  
shores a-crowding;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head;  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.

## 3.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;  
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed  
and done;

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck, my Captain lies  
Fallen cold and dead.



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

BORN about 1835, is the son of James Aldrich, a minor American poet. Mr. T. B. Aldrich has won a high reputation, both as a poet and a novelist.

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DECEMBER 1863.

ONLY the sea intoning,  
Only the wainscot-mouse,  
Only the wild wind moaning  
Over the lonely house.

Darkest of all Decembers  
Ever my life has known,  
Sitting here by the embers,  
Stunned and helpless, alone, —

Dreaming of two graves lying  
Out in the damp and chill;  
One where the buzzard, flying,  
Pauses at Malvern Hill.

The other, — alas! the pillows  
 Of that uneasy bed  
 Rise and fall with the billows  
 Over our sailor's head.

Theirs the heroic story, —  
 Died by frigate and town!  
 Theirs the calm and the glory,  
 Theirs the cross and the crown.

Mine to linger and languish  
 Here by the wintry sea,  
 Ah faint heart! in thy anguish,  
 What is there left to thee?

Only the sea intoning,  
 Only the wainscot mouse,  
 Only the wild wind moaning  
 Over the lonely house.

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### PYTHAGORAS.

ABOVE the petty passions of the crowd  
 I stand in frozen marble like a god,  
 Inviolatè, and ancient as the moon.  
 The thing I am, and not the thing man is,  
 Fills my deep dreaming. Let him moan and die;  
 For he is dust that shall be laid again:  
 I know my own creation was divine.  
 Strewn on the breezy continents I see  
 The veinèd shells and burnished scales which once  
 Enclosed my being, — husks that had their uses. —  
 I brood on all the shapes I must attain  
 Before I reach the Perfect, which is God,

And dream my dream, and let the rabble go;  
For I am of the mountains and the sea,  
The deserts, and the caverns in the earth,  
The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.

I was a spirit on the mountain-tops,  
A perfume in the valleys, a simoom  
On arid deserts, a nomadic wind  
Roaming the universe, a tireless voice.  
I was ere Romulus and Remus were;  
I was ere Nineveh and Babylon;  
I was, and am, evermore shall be,  
Progressing, never reaching to the end.

A hundred years I trembled in the grass,  
The delicate trefoil that muffled warm  
A slope on Ida; for a hundred years,  
Moved in the purple gyre of those dark flowers  
That Grecian women strew upon the dead;  
Under the earth, in fragrant glooms, I dwelt;  
Then in the veins and sinews of a pine  
On a lone isle, where, from the Cyclades,  
A mighty wind, like a leviathan,  
Ploughed through the brine, and from those solitudes  
Sent Silence, frightened. To and fro I swayed,  
Drawing the sunshine from the stooping clouds;  
Suns came and went, and many a mystic moon,  
Orbing and waning, and fierce meteors  
Leaving their lurid ghosts to haunt the night.  
I heard loud voices by the sounding shore:  
The stormy sea-gods, and from fluted conchs,  
Wild music, and strange shadows flitted by,  
Some moaning and some singing. So the years  
Clustered about me, till the hand of God  
Let down the lightning from a sultry sky,  
Splintered the pine and split the iron rock;  
And from my odorous prison-house a bird,

I in its bosom, darted ; so we fled,  
Turning the brittle edge of one high wave,  
Island and tree and sea-gods left behind !

Free as the air from zone to zone I flew,  
Far from the tumult to the quiet gates  
Of daybreak ; and beneath me I beheld  
Vineyards, and rivers that like silver threads  
Ran through the green and gold of pasture-lands,  
And here and there a hamlet, a white rose,  
And here and there a city, whose slim spires  
And palace-roofs and swollen domes uprose  
Like scintillant stalagmites in the sun ;  
I saw huge navies battling with a storm  
By ragged reefs along the desolate coasts,  
And lazy merchantmen that crawled like flies,  
Over the blue enamel of the sea  
To India or the icy Labradors.

A century was as a single day.  
What is a day to an immortal soul ?  
A breath, no more. And yet I hold one hour  
Above all price, — that hour when from the sky  
I circled near and nearer to the earth,  
Nearer and nearer, till I brushed my wings  
Against the pointed chestnuts, where a stream  
That foamed and chattered over pebbly shoals,  
Fled through the briony, and with a shout  
Leapt headlong down a precipice. And there,  
Gathering wild flowers in the cool ravine,  
Wandered a woman more divinely shaped  
Than any of the creatures of the air,  
Or river-goddesses, or restless shades  
Of noble matrons marvellous in their time  
For beauty and great suffering ; and I sung,  
I charmed her thought, I gave her dreams, and then  
Down from the dewy atmosphere I stole

And nestled in her bosom. There I slept  
From moon to moon, while in her eyes a thought  
Grew sweet and sweeter, deepening like the dawn, —  
A mystical forewarning! When the stream,  
Breaking through leafless brambles and dead leaves,  
Piped shriller treble, and from chestnut boughs  
The fruit dropped noiseless through the autumn night,  
I gave a quick low cry, as infants do.  
We weep when we are born, not when we die!  
So was it destined; and thus came I here,  
To walk the earth and wear the form of man,  
To suffer bravely as becomes my state,  
One step, one grade, one cycle, nearer God:

And, knowing these things, can I stoop to fret,  
And lie, and haggle in the market-place,  
Give dross for dross, or everything for nought?  
No! let me sit above the crowd, and sing,  
Waiting with hope for that miraculous change  
Which seems like sleep; and though I waiting starve,  
I cannot kiss the idols that are set  
By every gate, in every street and park;  
I cannot fawn, I cannot soil my soul:  
For I am of the mountains and the sea,  
The deserts and the caverns of the earth,  
The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.

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## JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE poetry of Joaquin Miller (born in California about 1840) is, like that of Walt Whitman, the genuine growth of Transatlantic soil, springing naturally from the writer's own feelings and experiences. Mr. Miller has led a rough adventurous life in his native district and the regions of Western and Central America, 1) and his poems possess a rude vigour, a half barbaric splendour, and a strong narrative interest not too common among American poets.

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## ARIZONIAN.

“AND I have said, and I say it ever,  
As the years go on and the world goes over,  
’T were better to be content and clever  
In tending of cattle and tossing of clover,  
In the grazing of cattle and the growing of grain,  
Than a strong man striving for fame or gain;  
Be even as kine in the red-tipped clover;  
For they lie down and their rests are rests,  
And the days are theirs, come sun come rain,

1) W. M. Rossetti.

To lie, rise up, and repose again ;  
While we wish, yearn, and so pray in vain,  
And hope to ride on the billows of bosoms,  
And hope to rest in the haven of breasts,  
Till the heart is sickened and the fair hope dead ;  
Be even as clover with its crown of blossoms,  
Even as blossoms ere the bloom is shed,  
Kissed by kine and the brown sweet bee —  
For these have the sun, and moon, and air,  
— And never a bit of the burthen of care ;  
And with all our caring, what more have we ?  
I would court Content like a lover lonely,  
I would woo her, win her, and wear her only,  
And never go over this white sea wall  
For gold or glory or for aught at all."

He said these things as he stood with the squire,  
By the river's rim in the fields of clover,  
While the stream flowed under and the clouds flew over,  
With the sun tangled in and the fringes afire.  
So the squire leaned with a kind desire  
To humour his guest, and to hear his story ;  
For his guest had gold, and he yet was clever,  
And mild of manner ; and, what was more, he,  
In the morning's ramble, had praised the kine,  
The clover's reach and the meadows fine,  
And so made the squire his friend for ever.

His brow was browned by the sun and weather,  
And touched by the terrible hand of time ;  
His rich black beard had a fringe of rime,  
As silk and silver inwove together,  
There were hoops of gold all over his hands,  
And across his breast in chains and bands,  
Broad and massive as belts of leather ;  
And the belts of gold were bright in the sun,  
But brighter than gold his black eyes shone  
From their sad face-setting so swart and dun,

Brighter than beautiful Santan-stone,  
Brighter even than balls of fire,  
As he said, hot-faced, in the face of the squire: —

“The pines bowed over, the stream bent under  
The cabin covered with thatches of palm,  
Down in a cañon so deep, the wonder  
Was what it could know in its clime but calm :  
Down in a cañon so cleft asunder  
By sabre-stroke in the young world's prime  
It looked as broken by bolts of thunder,  
Riven and driven by turbulent time.  
And this in the land where the sun goes down,  
And gold is gathered by tide and by stream,  
And maidens are brown as the cocoa brown,  
And a life is a love and a love is a dream ;  
Where the winds come in from the far Cathay,  
With odour of spices and balm and bay,  
And summer abideth for aye and aye, —  
Nor comes in a tour with the stately June,  
And comes too late and returns too soon  
To the land of the sun and of summer's noon.

“She stood in the shadows as the sun went down,  
Fretting her curls with her fingers brown,  
As tall as the silk-tipped tasselled corn —  
Stood strangely watching as I weighed the gold  
We had washed that day where the river rolled ;  
And her proud lip curled with a sun-clime scorn,  
As she asked, “Is she better or fairer than I? —  
She, that blonde in the land beyond,  
Where the sun is hid and the seas are high —  
That you gather-in gold as the years go on,  
And hoard and hide it away for her  
As a squirrel burrows the black pine-burr?”

“Now the gold weighed well, but was lighter of weight  
Than we two had taken for days of late ;

So I was fretted, and, brow a-frown,  
I said, "She is fairer, and I loved her first,  
And shall love her last, come the worst to worst."  
Now her eyes were black, and her skin was brown,  
But her lips grew livid and her eyes afire  
And I said this thing: and higher and higher  
The hot words ran, when the booming thunder  
Pealed in the crags and the pine-tops under,  
While up by the cliff in the murky skies  
It looked as the clouds had caught the fire —  
The flash and fire of her wonderful eyes.

"She turned from the door and down to the river,  
And mirrored her face in the whimsical tide;  
Then threw back her hair, as if throwing a quiver,  
As an Indian throws it back far from his side  
And free from his hands, swinging fast to the shoulder,  
When rushing to battle; and rising, she sighed  
And shook, and shivered as aspens shiver.  
Then a great green snake slid into the river,  
Glistening, green, and with eyes of fire.  
Quick, double handed, she seized a boulder,  
And cast it with all the fury of passion,  
As with lifted head it went curving across,  
Swift darting its tongue with a fierce desire,  
Curving and curving, lifting higher and higher,  
Bent and beautiful as a river-moss.  
Then, smitten, it turned, bent, broken, and doubled,  
And licked, red-tongued, like a forked fire,  
And sank, and the troubled waters bubbled,  
And then swept on in their old swift fashion.

"I lay in my hammock. The air was heavy  
And hot and threatening; the very heaven  
Was holding its breath; and bees in a bevy  
Hid under my thatch; and birds were driven  
In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirr,  
As I peered down by the path for her,

“She stood like a bronze bent over the river,  
The proud eyes fixed, the passion unspoken —  
When the heavens broke like a great dyke broken.  
Then ere I fairly had time to give her  
A shout of warning, a rushing of wind,  
And the rolling of clouds, and deafening din,  
And a darkness that had been black to the blind,  
Came down as I shouted, “Come in! come in!  
Come under the roof, come up from the river,  
As up from a grave, come now or come never!”  
The tasselled tops of the pines were as weeds,  
The red-woods rocked like to lake-side reeds,  
And the world seemed darkened and drowned for ever.

“One time in the night as the black wind shifted,  
And a flash of lightning stretched over the stream,  
I seemed to see her with her brown hands lifted —  
Only seemed to see, as one sees in a dream —  
With her eyes wide-wild, and her pale lips pressed,  
And the blood from her brow and the blood from her breast,  
When the flood caught her hair as the flax in a wheel,  
And wheeling and whirling her round like a reel,  
Laughed loud her despair, then leapt long like a steed,  
Holding tight to her hair, folding fast to her heel,  
Laughing fierce, leaping far as if spurred to its speed: —  
Now mind, I tell you all this did but seem —  
Was seen as you see fearful sights in a dream:  
For what the devil could the lightning show  
In a night like that, I should like to know?

„And then I slept, and sleeping I dreamed  
Of great green serpents with tongues of fire,  
And of death by drowning, and of after death —  
Of the day of judgment, wherein it seemed  
That she, the heathen, was bidden higher,  
Higher than I; that I clung to her side,  
And crying struggled, and struggling cried,

And crying wakened, all weak of my breath.

“Long leaves of the sun lay over the floor,  
And a chipmonk chirped in the open door;  
But above on his crag the eagle screamed,  
Screamed as he never had screamed before.  
I rushed to the river; the flood had gone  
Like a thief, with only his tracks upon  
The weeds and grasses and warm wet sand;  
And I ran after with reaching hand,  
And called as I reached and reached as I ran,  
And ran till I came to the canon's van,  
Where the waters lay in a bent lagoon,  
Hooked and crooked like the hornèd moon.

“Here in the surge where the waters met,  
And the warm wave lifted, and the winds did fret  
The wave till it foamed with rage on the land,  
She lay with the wave on the warm white sand.  
Her rich hair trailed with the trailing weeds,  
And her small brown hands lay prone or lifted  
As the waves sang strophes in the broken reeds,  
Or paused in pity, and in silence lifted  
Sands of gold, as upon her grave.  
And as sure as you see yon browsing kine,  
And breathe the breath of your meadows fine,  
When I went to my waist in the warm white wave,  
And stood all pale in the wave to my breast,  
And reached for her in her rest and unrest,  
Her hands were lifted and reached to mine.

“Now mind, I tell you I cried, ‘Come in!  
Come into the house, come out from the hollow,  
Come out of the storm, come up from the river!’  
Cried and called, in that desolate din,  
Though I did not rush out and in plain words give her  
A wordy warning of the flood to follow,

Word by word and letter by letter :  
She knew it as well as I and better.  
For once in the desert of New Mexico,  
When I sought frantically far and wide  
For the famous spot where Apaches shot  
With bullets of gold their buffalo,  
And she followed faithfully at my side,  
I threw me down in the hard hot sand,  
Utterly famished and ready to die,  
And a speck arose in the red-hot sky —  
A speck no larger than a lady's hand —  
While she at my side bent tenderly over,  
Shielding my face from the sun as a cover,  
And wetting my face, as she watched by my side,  
From a skin she had borne till the high noon-tide,  
(I had emptied mine in the heat of the morning.)  
When the thunder muttered far over the plain  
Like a monster bound or a beast in pain,  
She sprang the instant and gave the warning,  
With her brown hand pointed to the burning skies.  
I was too weak unto death to arise,  
And I prayed for death in my deep despair,  
And did curse and clutch at the sand in my rage,  
And bite in the bitter white ashen sage  
That covers the desert like a coat of hair.  
But she knew the peril, and her iron will,  
With heart as true as the great North Star,  
Did bear me up to the palm-tipped hill,  
Where the fiercest beasts in a brotherhood —  
Beasts that had fled from the plain and far,  
In perfectest peace expectant stood  
With their heads held high, and their limbs a-quiver.  
And ere she barely had time to breathe  
The boiling waters began to seethe  
From hill to hill in a booming river,  
Beating and breaking from hill to hill —  
Even yet while the sun shot fire,

Without the shield of a cloud above, —  
Filling the canon as you would fill  
A wine-cup, drinking in swift desire,  
With the brim new-kissed by the lips you love.

“So you see she knew — knew perfectly well,  
As well as I could shout and tell —  
The mountains would send a flood to the plain,  
Sweeping the gorge like a hurricane,  
When the fire flashed, and the thunder fell,  
Therefore it is wrong, and I say therefore  
Unfair, that a mystical brown-winged moth  
Or midnight bat should for evermore  
Fan my face with its wings of air  
And follow me up, down, everywhere,  
Flit past, pursue me, or fly before,  
Dimly limning in each fair place  
The full fixed eyes and the sad brown face,  
So forty times worse than if it were wroth.

“I gathered the gold I had hid in the earth,  
Hid over the door and hid under the hearth;  
Hoarded and hid, as the world went over,  
For the love of a blonde by a sun-browned lover.  
And I said to myself, as I set my face  
To the East and afar from the desolate place,  
‘She has braided her tresses, and through her tears  
Looked away to the West, for years, the years  
That I have wrought where the sun tans brown.  
She has waked by night, she has watched by day,  
She has wept and wondered at my delay,  
Alone and in tears, with her heed held down,  
Where the ships sail out and the seas swirl in,  
Forgetting to knit and refusing to spin.  
She shall lift her head, she shall see her lover,

She shall hear his voice like a sea that rushes,  
She shall hold his gold in her hands of snow,  
And down on his breast she shall hide her blushes,  
And never a care shall her true heart know,  
While the clods are below, or the clouds are above her.

“On the fringe of the night she stood with her pitcher  
At the old town-pump: and oh! passing fair.  
‘I am riper now,’ I said, ‘but am richer,’  
And I lifted my hand to my beard and hair;  
‘I am burnt by the sun, I am browned by the sea;  
I am white of my beard, and am bald may-be;  
Yet for all such things what can her heart care?’  
Then she moved; and I said, ‘How marvellous fair!’  
She looked to the West, with her arm arched over,  
‘Looking for me, her sun-browned lover,’  
I said to myself, with a hot heart-thump, —  
And stepped me nearer to the storm-stained pump,  
As approaching a friend: for ‘t was here of old  
Our troths were plighted and the tale was told.

“How young she was and how fair she was,  
How tall as a palm, and how pearly fair,  
As the night came down on her glorious hair!  
Then the night grew deep and the eye grew dim,  
And a sad-faced figure began to swim  
And float in my face, flit past, then pause,  
With her hands held up and her head held down,  
Yet face to face; and her face was brown.

“Now why did she come and confront me there,  
With the mould on her face and the moist in her hair,  
And a mystical stare in her marvellous eyes?  
I had called to her twice, ‘Come in:’ ‘Come in,  
Come out of the storm to the calm within!’  
Now that is the reason that I make complain  
That for ever and ever her face should arise,

Facing face to face with her great sad eyes.  
I said then to myself, and I say it again,  
(Gainsay it you, gainsay it who will,  
I shall say it ever and over still,  
And will say it ever, for I know it true)  
That I did all that a man could do  
(Some good men's doings are done in vain)  
To save that passionate child of the sun,  
With her love as deep as the troubled main,  
And as strong and fierce as a troubled sea —  
That beautiful bronze with its soul of fire,  
Its tropical love and its kingly ire —  
That child as fixed as a pyramid,  
As tall as a tule and as pure as a nun:  
And all there is of it the all I did,  
As often happens, was done in vain,  
So there is no bit of her blood on me.

“She is marvellous young and is wonderful fair”,  
I said again — and my heart grew bold,  
And beat and beat a charge for my feet,  
“Time that defaces us places and replaces us,  
And trenches the faces as in furrows for tears,  
Has traced here nothing in all these years.  
'T is the hair of gold that I vexed of old,  
The marvellous flowing flower of hair;  
And the peaceful eyes in their sweet surprise  
That I have kissed till the head swam round,  
And the delicate curve of the dimpled chin,  
And the pouting lips and the pearls within,  
Are the same, the same, but so young, so fair!  
My heart leapt out and back at a bound,  
As a child that starts, then stops, then lingers;  
‘How wonderful young!’ I lifted my fingers,  
And fell to counting the round years over  
That I had dwelt where the sun goes down,  
Four full hands, and a finger over!

'She does not know me, her truant lover,'  
I said to myself, for her brow was a-frown  
As I stepped nearer, with my head held down,  
All abashed and in blushes my brown face over;  
'She does not know me, her long-lost lover,  
For my beard's so long and my skin's so brown  
That I well might pass myself for another.'  
So I lifted my voice and I spoke aloud;  
'Annette my darling! Annette Macleod!'

"She started, she stopped, she turned, amazed,  
She stood all in wonder with her eyes wild-wide,  
Then turned in terror down the dusk way-side,  
And cried as she fled, 'The man is crazed,  
And calls the maiden name of my mother!'

"From a scene that saddens, from a ghost that wearies,  
From a white isle set in a wall of seas,  
From the kine and the clover, and all of these,  
I shall set my face for the fierce sierras.  
I shall make me mates on the stormy border,  
I shall beard the grizzly, shall battle again,  
And from mad disorder shall mould me order  
And a wild repose for a weary brain.

Let the world turn over, and over, and over,  
And toss and tumble like a beast in pain,  
Crack, quake, and tremble, and turn full over,  
And die, and never rise up again;  
Let her dash her peaks through the purple cover,  
Let her plash her seas in the face of the sun —  
I have no one to love me now, not one,  
In a world as full as a world can hold,  
So I will get gold as I erst have done,  
I will gather a coffin top-full of gold,  
To take to the door of Death, to buy  
Content when I double my hands and die.

There is nothing that is, be it beast or human,  
Love of maiden or the lust of man,  
Curse of man or the kiss of woman,  
For which I care, or for which I can  
Give a love for a love or a hate for a hate,  
A curse for a curse or a kiss for a kiss,  
Since life has neither a bane nor a bliss  
To one that is cheek-by-jowl with Fate;  
For I have lifted and reached far over  
To the tree of promise, and have plucked of all  
And ate — ate ashes and myrrh, and gall.  
Go down, go down to the fields of clover,  
Down with the kine in the pastures fine,  
And give no thought or care or labour  
For maid or man, good name or neighbour;  
For I have given, and what have I? —  
Given all my youth, my years, and labour,  
And a love as warm as the world is cold,  
For a beautiful, bright, and delusive lie.  
Gave youth, gave years, gave love, for gold,  
Giving and getting; yet what have I  
But an empty palm and a face forgotten,  
And a hope that's dead, and a heart that's rotten?  
Red gold on the waters is no part bread,  
But sinks dull-sodden like a lump of lead,  
And returns no more in the face of heaven.  
So the dark day thickens at the hope deferred,  
And the strong heart sickens, and the soul is stirred  
Like a weary sea when his hands are lifted  
Imploring peace, with his raiment drifted  
And driven afar and rent and riven.

“The red ripe stars hang low overhead;  
Let the good and the light of soul reach up,  
Pluck gold as plucking a butter cup,  
But I am as lead and my hands are red;  
There is nothing that is that can wake one passion

In soul or body, or one sense of pleasure, —  
No fame or fortune in the world's wide measure,  
Or love full-bosomed or in any fashion.

“The doubled sea, and the troubled heaven  
Starred and barred by the bolts of fire,  
In storms where stars are riven, and driven  
As clouds through heaven, as a dust blown higher,  
The angels hurled to the realms infernal  
Down from the walls in unholy wars,  
That man misnameth the falling stars;  
The purple robe of the proud Eternal,  
The Tyrian blue with its fringe of gold,  
Shrouding his countenance, fold on fold —  
All are dull and tame as a tale that is told,  
For the loves that hasten and the hates that linger,  
The nights that darken and the lays that glisten  
I care not even the snap of my finger.

“So the sun climbs up, and on, and over,  
And the days go out and the tides come in,  
And the pale moon rubs on the purple cover,  
Till worn as thin and as bright as tin;  
But the ways are dark and the days are dreary,  
And the dreams of youth are but dust in age,  
And the heart gets hardened, and the hands grow weary  
Holding them up for their heritage.

“And the strained heartstrings wear bare and brittle,  
And the fond hope dies when so long deferred;  
Then the fair hope lies in the heart interred,  
So stiff and cold in its coffin of lead,  
For you promise so great and you gain so little;  
For you promise so great of glory and gold,  
And gain so little that the hands grow cold;  
And for gold and glory you gain instead  
A fond heart sickened and a fair hope dead.

“So I have said, and I say it over,  
And can prove it over and over again,  
That the four-footed beasts on the red-crowned clover,  
The pied and hornèd beasts on the plain,  
That lie down, rise up, and repose again,  
And do never take care or toil or spin,  
Nor buy, nor build, nor gather-in gold,  
Though the days go out and the tides come in,  
Are better than we by a thousand-fold;  
For what is it all, in the words of fire,  
But a vexing of soul and a vain desire?”

FINIS.



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