POEMS,

CHIEFLY LYRICAL,

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

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ERRATA.

Page 23, line 17, *for* three-times-three *read* amorously.
26, ... 7, *read* kissed *without the accent.*
31, ... 5, *for* as *read* a.
55, ... 4, *after* Caliphat, *for a* comma *insert* full stop.
130, ... 14, *for* man *read* men.

CLARIBEL.

A MELODY.

WHERE Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the roseleaves fall:
But the solemn oaktree sigheth,
Thickleaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

At eve the beetle boometh
  Athwart the thicket lone :
At noon the bee low-hummeth
  About the mossed headstone :
At midnight the moon cometh,
  And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clearvoiced mavis dwelleth,
  The fledgling throstle lispeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
  The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

LILIAN.

AIRY, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She 'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in lovesighs
She, looking through and through me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks ;
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her purfled wimple,
Glancing with blackbeaded eyes
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby-roses in her checks,
Then away she flies.

Prythee weep, May Lilian !
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian :
Through my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimsonthreaded lips
Silvertreble laughter trilleth :
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a roseleaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

ISABEL.

Eyes not downdropt nor overbright, but fed
With the clearpointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit: locks not wide dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head,
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summercalm of golden charity,

Were fixéd shadows of thy fixed mood,
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stàtely flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thoroughedgéd intellect to part
Error from crime — a prudence to withhold —
The laws of wifehood charactered in gold
Upon the blenched tablets of her heart —
A love still burning upward giving light
To read those laws—an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtlepacéd counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride —
A courage to endure and to obey —
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crowned Isabel, through all her placid life
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

The mellowed reflex of a wintermoon —
A clear stream flowing with a muddy one,
Till in its onward current it absorbs
With swifter movement and in purer light
The vexéd eddies of its wayward brother —
A leaning and upbearing parasite,
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite,
With clustered flowerbells and ambrosial orbs
Of rich fruitbunches leaning on each other —
Shadow forth thee :—the world hath not another
(Though all her fairest forms are types of thee,
And thou of God in thy great charity),
Of such a finished chastened purity.

ELEGIACS.

I.

Lowflowing breezes are roaming the broad valley dimmed
in the gloaming:
Thoro' the blackstemmed pines only the far river shines.
Creeping through blossomy rushes and bowers of rose-
blowing bushes,
Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble and fall.
Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerly; the grasshopper ca-
rolleth clearly;
Deeply the turtle coos; shrilly the owlet halloos;

Winds creep ; dews fall chilly : in her first sleep earth breathes stilly :
Over the pools in the burn watergnats murmur and mourn.
Sadly the far kine loweth : the glimmering water outfloweth :
Twin peaks shadowed with pine slope to the dark hyaline.
Lowthroned Hesper is stayéd between the two peaks ; but the Naiad
Throbbing in mild unrest holds him beneath in her breast.
The antient poetess singeth, that Hesperus all things bringeth,
Smoothing the wearied mind : bring me my love, Rosalind.
Thou comest morning and even ; she cometh not morning or even.
False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my sweet Rosalind ?

THE "HOW" AND THE "WHY."

?

I AM any man's suitor,
If any will be my tutor:
Some say this life is pleasant,
Some think it speedeth fast:
In time there is no present,
In eternity no future,
In eternity no past.
We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The bulrush nods unto its brother,
The wheatears whisper to each other:
What is it they say? What do they there?
Why two and two make four? Why round is not square?
Why the rock stands still, and the light clouds fly?
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white willows sigh?
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?
Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
How you are you? Why I am I?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The world is somewhat; it goes on somehow;
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now*?
I feel there is something; but how and what?
I know there is somewhat; but what and why?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.

The little bird pipeth—"why? why?"
In the summerwoods when the sun falls low

And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,
And stares in his face and shouts, "how? how?'
And the black owl scuds down the mellow twilight,
And chaunts, "how? how?" the whole of the night.

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt?
  What the life is? where the soul may lie?
Why a church is with a steeple built;
And a house with a chimneypot?
Who will riddle me the how and the what?
  Who will riddle me the what and the why?

MARIANA.

" Mariana in the moated grange."—*Measure for Measure.*

WITH blackest moss the flowerplots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the gardenwall.
The broken sheds looked sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said " My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said " I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead !"

II.

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casementcurtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

III.

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the nightfowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,

Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

IV.

About a stonecast from the wall,
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marishmosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silvergreen with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

V.

And ever when the moon was low,
  And the shrill winds were up an' away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
  She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
  And wild winds bound within their cell,
  The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
    She only said, "The night is dreary,
      He cometh not," she said;
    She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
      I would that I were dead!"

VI.

All day within the dreamy house,
  The doors upon their hinges creaked,
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
  Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
  Old faces glimmered through the doors,

Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, " My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

VII.

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thickmoted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Downsloped was westering in his bower.
Then, said she, " I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, " I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"

TO ——.

Clearheaded friend, whose joyful scorn,
Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain
The knotted lies of human creeds,
The wounding cords which bind and strain
The heart until it bleeds,
Rayfringéd eyelids of the morn
Roof not a glance so keen as thine:
If aught of prophecy be mine,
Thou wilt not live in vain.

Lowcowering shall the Sophist sit;
  Falsehood shall bare her plaited brow:
  Fairfronted Truth shall droop not now
With shrilling shafts of subtle wit.
Nor martyr-flames, nor trenchant swords
  Can do away that ancient lie;
  A gentler death shall Falsehood die,
Shot through and through with cunning words.

Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch,
  Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need,
  Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
    Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch,
  Those writhèd limbs of lightning speed;
    Like that strange angel which of old,
  Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wandering Israel,
  Past Yabbok brook the livelong night,
And heaven's mazed signs stood still
In the dim tract of Penuel.

MADELINE.

THOU art not steeped in golden languors,
No trancéd summercalm is thine,
Evervarying Madeline.
Through light and shadow thou dost range,
Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
Delicious spites, and darling angers,
And aery forms of flitting change.

Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in lovelore.
Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles: but who may know
Whether smile or frown be fleeter?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?
Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow
Light-glooming over eyes divine
Like little clouds sunfringed, are thine,
Evervarying Madeline.
Thy smile and frown are not aloof
From one another,
Each to each is dearest brother;
Hues of the silken sheeny woof
Momently shot into each other.
All the mystery is thine;
Smiling frowning evermore,
Thou art perfect in lovelore,
Evervarying Madeline.

A subtle, sudden flame,
By veering passion fanned,
About thee breaks and dances;
When I would kiss thy hand,
The flush of angered shame
O'erflows thy calmer glances,
And o'er black brows drops down
A sudden-curvéd frown:
But when I turn away,
Thou, willing me to stay,
Wooest not, nor vainly wranglest;
But, looking fixedly the while,
All my bounding heart entanglest
In a golden-netted smile;
Then in madness and in bliss,
If my lips should dare to kiss
Thy taper fingers amorously,
Again thou blushest angerly,
And o'er black brows drops down
A sudden-curvéd frown.

THE MERMAN.

Who would be
A merman bold
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne ?

I would be a merman bold ;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day ;

I would fill the seahalls with a voice of power ;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white seaflower,
And holding them back by their flowing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me
    Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away, away
To the palegreen seagroves straight and high,
    Chasing each other merrily.

There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us afar —
Low thunder and light in the magic night —
    Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other, and whoop and cry
    All night, merrily, merrily :
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,

Laughing and clapping their hands between,
All night, merrily, merrily :
But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis and agate and almondine :
Then leaping out upon them unseen
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me
Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green !
Soft are the mossbeds under the sea ;
We would live merrily, merrily.

THE MERMAID.

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;

With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I combed I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry seabud crown
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great seasnake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my lowflowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad seawolds i' the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap,
From the diamondledges that jut from the dells;
For I would not be kist by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,

All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forkéd, and hornéd, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

OF A SECONDRATE SENSITIVE MIND NOT IN UNITY WITH ITSELF.

Oh God! my God! have mercy now.
I faint, I fall. Men say that thou
Did'st die for me, for such as *me*,
Patient of ill, and death, and scorn,
And that my sin was as a thorn
Among the thorns that girt thy brow,

Wounding thy soul.—That even now,
In this extremest misery
Of ignorance, I should require
A sign! and if a bolt of fire
Would rive the slumbrous summernoon
While I do pray to thee alone,
Think my belief would stronger grow!
Is not my human pride brought low?
The boastings of my spirit still?
The joy I had in my freewill
All cold, and dead, and corpselike grown?
And what is left to me, but thou,
And faith in thee? Men pass me by;
Christians with happy countenances —
And children all seem full of thee!
And women smile with saintlike glances
Like thine own mother's when she bowed
Above thee, on that happy morn
When angels spake to men aloud,
And thou and peace to earth were born.

Goodwill to me as well as all—
—I one of them : my brothers they :
Brothers in Christ—a world of peace
  And confidence, day after day ;
And trust and hope till things should cease,
  And then one Heaven receive us all.

How sweet to have a common faith !
To hold a common scorn of death !
And at a burial to hear
  The creaking cords which wound and eat
Into my human heart, whene'er
Earth goes to earth, with grief, not fear,
  With hopeful grief, were passing sweet !
A grief not uninformed, and dull,
Hearted with hope, of hope as full
As is the blood with life, or night
And a dark cloud with rich moonlight.
To stand beside a grave, and see
The red small atoms wherewith we

Are built, and smile in calm, and say—
" These little motes and grains shall be
" Clothed on with immortality
" More glorious than the noon of day.
" All that is pass'd into the flowers,
" And into beasts, and other men,
" And all the Norland whirlwind showers
" From open vaults, and all the sea
" O'erwashes with sharp salts, again
" Shall fleet together all, and be
" Indued with immortality."

Thrice happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee!
Who lets his waxen fingers play
About his mother's neck, and knows
Nothing beyond his mother's eyes.
They comfort him by night and day
They light his little life alway;
He hath no thought of coming woes;

He hath no care of life or death,
Scarce outward signs of joy arise,
Because the Spirit of happiness
And perfect rest so inward is;
And loveth so his innocent heart,
Her temple and her place of birth,
Where she would ever wish to dwell,
Life of the fountain there, beneath
Its salient springs, and far apart,
Hating to wander out on earth,
Or breathe into the hollow air,
Whose chillness would make visible
Her subtil, warm, and golden breath,
Which mixing with the infant's blood,
Fullfills him with beatitude.
Oh! sure it is a special care
Of God, to fortify from doubt,
To arm in proof, and guard about
With triplemailéd trust, and clear
Delight, the infant's dawning year.

Would that my gloomed fancy were
As thine, my mother, when with brows
Propped on thy knees, my hands upheld
In thine, I listened to thy vows,
For me outpoured in holiest prayer—
For me unworthy !—and beheld
Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that knew
The beauty and repose of faith,
And the clear spirit shining through.
Oh ! wherefore do we grow awry
From roots which strike so deep ? why dare
Paths in the desart ? Could not I
Bow myself down, where thou hast knelt,
To th' earth — until the ice would melt
Here, and I feel as thou hast felt ?
What Devil had the heart to scathe
Flowers thou had'st reared — to brush the dew
From thine own lily, when thy grave
Was deep, my mother, in the clay ?
Myself ? Is it thus ? Myself ? Had I

So little love for thee? But why
Prevailed not thy pure prayers? Why pray
To one who heeds not, who can save
But will not? Great in faith, and strong
Against the grief of circumstance
Wert thou, and yet unheard. What if
Thou pleadest still, and seest me drive
Through utter dark a fullsailed skiff,
Unpiloted i'the echoing dance
Of reboant whirlwinds, stooping low
Unto the death, not sunk! I know
At matins and at evensong,
That thou, if thou wert yet alive,
In deep and daily prayers would'st strive
To reconcile me with thy God.
Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold
At heart, thou wouldest murmur still—
"Bring this lamb back into thy fold,
"My Lord, if so it be thy will."
Would'st tell me I must brook the rod,

And chastisement of human pride;
That pride, the sin of devils, stood
Betwixt me and the light of God!
That hitherto I had defied,
And had rejected God—that grace
Would drop from his o'erbrimming love,
As manna on my wilderness,
If I would pray—that God would move
And strike the hard hard rock, and thence,
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence
Which would keep green hope's life. Alas!
I think that pride hath now no place
Nor sojourn in me. I am void,
Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then? Why not yet
Anchor thy frailty there, where man
Hath moored and rested? Ask the sea
At midnight, when the crisp slope waves

After a tempest, rib and fret
The broadimbaséd beach, why he
Slumbers not like a mountain tarn ?
Wherefore his ridges are not curls
And ripples of an inland meer ?
Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can
Draw down into his vexéd pools
All that blue heaven which hues and paves
The other ? I am too forlorn,
Too shaken : my own weakness fools
My judgment, and my spirit whirls,
Moved from beneath with doubt and fear.

" Yet," said I, in my morn of youth,
The unsunned freshness of my strength,
When I went forth in quest of truth,
" It is man's privilege to doubt,
" If so be that from doubt at length,
" Truth may stand forth unmoved of change,
" An image with profulgent brows,

" And perfect limbs, as from the storm
" Of running fires and fluid range
" Of lawless airs, at last stood out
" This excellence and solid form
" Of constant beauty. For the Ox
" Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills
" The hornéd valleys all about,
" And hollows of the fringed hills
" In summerheats, with placid lows
" Unfearing, till his own blood flows
" About his hoof. And in the flocks
" The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
" And raceth freely with his fere,
" And answers to his mother's calls
" From the flowered furrow. In a time,
" Of which he wots not, run short pains
" Through his warm heart; and then, from whence
" He knows not, on his light there falls
" A shadow; and his native slope,
" Where he was wont to leap and climb,

" Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,
" And something in the darkness draws
" His forehead earthward, and he dies.
" Shall men live thus, in joy and hope
" As a young lamb, who cannot dream,
" Living, but that he shall live on?
" Shall we not look into the laws
" Of life and death, and things that seem,
" And things that be, and analyse
" Our double nature, and compare
" All creeds till we have found the one,
" If one there be?" Ay me! I fear
All may not doubt, but every where
Some must clasp Idols. Yet, my God,
Whom call I Idol? let thy dove
Shadow me over, and my sins
Be unremembered, and thy love
Enlighten me. Oh teach me yet
Somewhat before the heavy clod
Weighs on me, and the busy fret

Of that sharpheaded worm begins
In the gross blackness underneath.

Oh weary life! oh weary death!
Oh spirit and heart made desolate!
Oh damnéd vacillating state!

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

His eyes in eclipse,
Palecold his lips,
The light of his hopes unfed,
Mute his tongue,
His bow unstrung
With the tears he hath shed,
Backward drooping his graceful head,
Love is dead:
His last arrow is sped;
He hath not another dart;
Go — carry him to his dark deathbed;
Bury him in the cold cold heart —
Love is dead.

Oh, truest love! art thou forlorn,
And unrevenged? thy pleasant wiles
Forgotten, and thine innocent joy?
Shall hollowhearted apathy,
The cruellest form of perfect scorn,
With languor of most hateful smiles,
For ever write,
In the withered light
Of the tearless eye,
An epitaph that all may spy?
No! sooner she herself shall die.

For her the showers shall not fall,
Nor the round sun shine that shineth to all;
Her light shall into darkness change;
For her the green grass shall not spring,
Nor the rivers flow, nor the sweet birds sing,
Till Love have his full revenge.

TO ——

SAINTED Juliet! dearest name!
If to love be life alone,
Divinest Juliet,
I love thee, and live; and yet
Love unreturned is like the fragrant flame
Folding the slaughter of the sacrifice
Offered to gods upon an altarthrone;
My heart is lighted at thine eyes,
Changed into fire, and blown about with sighs.

SONG.—THE OWL.

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the newmown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay:
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG.—TO THE SAME.

Thy tuwhits are lulled I wot,
  Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which upon the dark afloat,
  So took echo with delight,
  So took echo with delight,
    That her voice untuneful grown,
    Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
  But I cannot mimick it;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
  Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
  Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
    With a lengthened loud halloo,
    Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

I.

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me
  The forwardflowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summermorn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
Highwalléd gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
  For it was in the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

II.

Anight my shallop, rustling through
The low and bloométd foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citronshadows in the blue:
By gardenporches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering through lamplight dim,
And broidered sophas on each side:
In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

III.

Often, where clearstemmed platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boathead down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moonlit sward
Was damaskwork, and deep inlay

Of breaded blosms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the waters slept.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid !

IV.

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop through the starstrown calm,
Until another night in night
I entered, from the clearer light,
Imbowered vaults of pillared palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which as they clomb
Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome
Of hollow boughs. — A goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid !

V.

Still onward; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillets musical,
Through little chrystal arches low
Down from the central fountain's flow
Fall'n silverchiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

VI.

Above through many a bowery turn
A walk with varycoloured shells
Wandered engrained. On either side
All round about the fragrant marge,
From fluted vase, and brazen urn
In order, eastern flowers large,

Some dropping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide
With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

VII.

Far off, and where the lemongrove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung.
Not he: but something which possessed
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepressed,
Apart from place, witholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

VIII.

Blackgreen the gardenbowers and grots
Slumbered: the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwooed of summer wind.
A sudden splendour from behind
Flushed all the leaves with rich goldgreen,
And flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamondplots
  Of saffron light. A lovely time,
  For it was in the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid!

IX.

Darkblue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars unrayed,
Grew darker from that underflame;
So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came

Upon me, as in sleep I sank
In cool soft turf upon the bank,
  Entrancéd with that place and time,
  So worthy of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

X.

Thence through the garden I was borne —
A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
And many a shadowchequered lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound.
And deep myrrhthickets blowing round
The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
  Graven with emblems of the time,
  In honour of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

XI.

With dazéd vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat,
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broadbaséd flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
After the fashion of the time,
And humour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

XII.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From wreathéd silvers looked to shame
The hollowvaulted dark, and streamed
Upon the moonéd domes aloof

In inmost Bagdat, till there seemed
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
Of night newrisen, that marvellous time,
To celebrate the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

XIII.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argentlidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tresséd with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing below her rosehued zone ;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

XIV.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropped a rich
Throne o' the massive ore, from which
Downdrooped, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diapered
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughterstirred
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him—in his golden prime,
The Good Haroun Alraschid!

ODE TO MEMORY.

WRITTEN VERY EARLY IN LIFE.

I.

THOU who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

II.

Come not as thou cam'st of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day; but robed in softened light
Of orient state.
Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
Even as a maid, whose stately brow
The dewimpearléd winds of dawn have kist,
When she, as thou,
Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
Which in wintertide shall star
The black earth with brilliance rare.

III.

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleanéd wealth into my open breast,
(Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind
Never grow sere,

When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the year).
Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope,
The eddying of her garments caught from thee
The light of thy great presence; and the cope
Of the half attained futurity,
Though deep not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million stars which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's distress,
For sure she deemed no mist of earth could dull
Those spiritthrilling eyes so keen and beautiful:
Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
Listening the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years.
Oh strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

IV.

Come forth I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest memory!
Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried,
Come from the woods that belt the gray hillside,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbéd sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filtered tribute of the rough woodland.
O! hither lead thy feet!

Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thickfleecéd sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridgéd wolds,
When the first matinsong hath wakéd loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a lowhung cloud.

V.

Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present
When first she is wed;
And like a bride of old
In triumph led,
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment
With royal framework of wrought gold;
Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,

And foremost in thy various gallery
  Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls
  Upon the storied walls,
    For the discovery
And newness of thine art so pleased thee,
That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
  Or boldest since, but lightly weighs
With thee unto the love thou bearest
The firstborn of thy genius. Artistlike,
Ever retiring thou dost gaze
On the prime labour of thine early days:
No matter what the sketch might be;
Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
Or even a sandbuilt ridge
Of heapéd hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretched wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Emblems or glimpses of eternity,
The trenchéd waters run from sky to sky;

Or a garden bowered close
With pleachéd alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crownéd lilies, standing near
Purplespikéd lavender :
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,
From weary wind,
With youthful fancy reinspired,
We may hold converse with all forms
Of the manysided mind,
The few whom passion hath not blinded,
Subtlethoughted, myriadminded.
My friend, with thee to live alone,
Methinks were better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne.
O strengthen me, enlighten me !
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

SONG.

I.

I' THE glooming light
Of middle night
So cold and white,
Worn Sorrow sits by the moaning wave;
Beside her are laid
Her mattock and spade,
For she hath half delved her own deep grave.
Alone she is there:
The white clouds drizzle: her hair falls loose;
Her shoulders are bare;
Her tears are mixed with the beaded dews.

II.

Death standeth by ;
She will not die ;
With glazéd eye
She looks at her grave : she cannot sleep ;
Ever alone
She maketh her moan :
She cannot speak : she can only weep,
For she will not hope.
The thick snow falls on her flake by flake,
The dull wave mourns down the slope,
The world will not change, and her heart will not break.

SONG.

I.

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :
To himself he talks ;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks ;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers :
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tigerlily.

II.

The air is damp, and hushed, and close
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death ;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tigerlily.

ADELINE.

I.

Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly-smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest;
But beyond expression fair,
With thy floating flaxen hair,
Thy roselips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast;
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

Whence that aery bloom of thine,
  Like a lily which the sun
Looks through in his sad decline,
  And a rosebush leans upon,
Thou that faintly smilest still,
As a Naiad in a well,
  Looking at the set of day,
Or a phantom two hours old
  Of a maiden past away,
Ere the placid lips be cold?
Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,
    Spiritual Adeline?

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
  For sure thou art not all alone.
    Do beating hearts of salient springs
  Keep measure with thine own?
      Hast thou heard the butterflies
    What they say betwixt their wings?
    Or in stillest evenings

With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou looked upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,
Some spirit of a crimson rose
In love with thee forgets to close
His curtains, wasting odorous sighs
All night long on darkness blind.
What aileth thee? whom waitest thou
With thy softened, shadowed brow,
And those dewlit eyes of thine,
Thou faintsmiler, Adeline?

Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the lowtongued Orient
Wander from the side o' the morn
Dripping with Sabæan spice
On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs lovelorn,
Breathing Light against thy face,
While his locks a-dropping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring,
Make a carcanet of rays,
And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith spring
Letters cowslips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine,
Spiritual Adeline.

A CHARACTER.

I.

With a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, "The wanderings
Of this most intricate universe
Teach me the nothingness of things."
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

II.

He spake of beauty : that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smoothed his chin and sleeked his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

III.

He spake of virtue : not the gods
More purely, when they wish to charm
Pallas and Juno sitting by :
And with a sweeping of the arm,
And a lacklustre deadblue eye,
Devolved his rounded periods.

IV.

Most delicately hour by hour
He canvassed human mysteries,
And trod on silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes,
And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power.

V.

With lips depressed as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold :
Upon himself himself did feed :
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chiselled features clear and sleek.

SONG.

I.

The lintwhite and the throstlecock
Have voices sweet and clear;
All in the blooméd May.
They from the blosmy brere
Call to the fleeting year,
If that he would them hear
And stay.
Alas! that one so beautiful
Should have so dull an ear.

II.

Fair year, fair year, thy children call,
But thou art deaf as death ;
All in the bloométd May.
When thy light perisheth
That from thee issueth,
Our life evanisheth :
Oh ! stay.
Alas ! that lips so cruel-dumb
Should have so sweet a breath !

III.

Fair year, with brows of royal love
Thou comest, as a king.
All in the bloométd May.
Thy golden largess fling,
And longer hear us sing ;
Though thou art fleet of wing,
Yet stay.
Alas ! that eyes so full of light
Should be so wandering !

IV.

Thy locks are all of sunny sheen
In rings of gold yronne,*
All in the bloométd May.
We pri'thee pass not on ;
If thou dost leave the sun,
Delight is with thee gone,
Oh! stay.
Thou art the fairest of thy feres,
We pri'thee pass not on.

* "His crispè hair in ringis was yronne."
Chaucer, Knight's Tale.

SONG.

I.

Every day hath its night :
  Every night its morn :
Thorough dark and bright
  Wingéd hours are borne ;
    Ah ! welaway !
Seasons flower and fade ;
Golden calm and storm
  Mingle day by day.
There is no bright form
Doth not cast a shade —
    Ah ! welaway !

II.

When we laugh, and our mirth
  Apes the happy vein,
We're so kin to earth,
  Pleasaunce fathers pain —
    Ah! welaway!
Madness laugheth loud:
Laughter bringeth tears:
  Eyes are worn away
Till the end of fears
Cometh in the shroud,
    Ah! welaway!

III.

All is change, woe or weal;
  Joy is Sorrow's brother;
Grief and gladness steal
  Symbols of each other;
    Ah! welaway!

Larks in heaven's cope
Sing : the culvers mourn
  All the livelong day.
Be not all forlorn :
Let us weep in hope —
        Ah ! welaway !

THE POET.

THE poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
The secret'st walks of fame.
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And winged with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then like the arrowseeds of the fieldflower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving took root, and springing forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnished all abroad to fling
The wingéd shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Though one did fling the fire,
Heaven flowed upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like a great garden showed,
And through the wreaths of floating dark upcurled,
Rare sunrise flowed.

And Freedom reared in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning eyes
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
Sunned by those orient skies,
But round about the circles of the globes
Of her keen eyes

And in the bordure of her robe was writ
WISDOM, a name to shake
Hoar anarchies, as with a thunderfit.
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
And as the lightning to the thunder
Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
Of wrath her right arm hurled,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word
She shook the world.

THE POET'S MIND.

I.

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit :
Vex not thou the poet's mind ;
For thou can'st not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river ;
Bright as light, and clear as wind :
Clear as summer mountainstreams,
Bright as the inwoven beams,

Which beneath their crisping sapphire
In the midday, floating o'er
The golden sands, make evermore
To a blossomstarréd shore.
Hence away, unhallowed laugher !

II.

Darkbrowed sophist, come not anear ;
The poet's mind is holy ground ;
Hollow smile and frozen sneer
Come not here.
Holy water will I pour
Into every spicy flower
Of the laurelshrubs that hedge it around.
The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer.
In your eye there is death,
There is frost in your breath
Which would blight the plants.
Where you stand you cannot hear
From the groves within
The wildbird's din.

In the heart of the garden the merry bird chants,
It would fall to the ground if you came in.
In the middle leaps a fountain
Like sheet lightning,
Ever brightening
With a low melodious thunder;
All day and all night it is ever drawn
From the brain of the purple mountain
Which stands in the distance yonder:
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,
And the mountain draws it from Heaven above,
And it sings a song of undying love;
And yet, though its voice be so clear and full
You would never hear it — your ears are so dull;
So keep where you are: you are foul with sin;
It would shrink to the earth if you came in.

NOTHING WILL DIE.

When will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye?
When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky?
When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting?
When will the heart be aweary of beating?
And nature die?
Never, oh! never, nothing will die;
The stream flows,
The wind blows,

The cloud fleets,
The heart beats,
Nothing will die.

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Through eternity.
'Tis the world's winter;
Autumn and summer
Are gone long ago.
Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring a new comer —
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Through and through,
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be filled with life anew.

The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade.
So let the wind range;
For even and morn
Ever will be
Through eternity.
Nothing was born;
Nothing will die;
All things will change.

ALL THINGS WILL DIE.

Clearly the blue river chimes in its flowing
Under my eye;
Warmly and broadly the southwinds are blowing
Over the sky.
One after another the white clouds are fleeting;
Every heart this Maymorning in joyance is beating
Full merrily;
Yet all things must die.
The stream will cease to flow;
The wind will cease to blow;

The clouds will cease to fleet;
The heart will cease to beat;
For all things must die.

All things must die.
Spring will come never more.
Oh! vanity!
Death waits at the door.
See! our friends are all forsaking
The wine and the merrymaking.
We are called — we must go.
Laid low, very low,
In the dark we must lie.
The merry glees are still;
The voice of the bird
Shall no more be heard,
Nor the wind on the hill.
Oh! misery!
Hark! death is calling
While I speak to ye,
The jaw is falling,

The red cheek paling,
The strong limbs failing;
Ice with the warm blood mixing;
The eyeballs fixing.
Nine times goes the passing bell:
Ye merry souls farewell.

The old earth
Had a birth,
As all men know
Long ago.
And the old earth must die.
So let the warm winds range,
And the blue wave beat the shore;
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Through eternity.
All things were born.
Ye will come never more,
For all things must die.

HERO TO LEANDER.

Oh go not yet, my love,
The night is dark and vast;
The white moon is hid in her heaven above,
And the waves climb high and fast.
Oh! kiss me, kiss me, once again,
Lest thy kiss should be the last.
Oh kiss me ere we part;
Grow closer to my heart.
My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of the main.

O joy! O bliss of blisses!
My heart of hearts art thou.
Come bathe me with thy kisses,
My eyelids and my brow.
Hark how the wild rain hisses,
And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,
So gladly doth it stir;
Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.
I have bathed thee with the pleasant myrrh;
Thy locks are dripping balm;
Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,
I'll stay thee with my kisses.
To-night the roaring brine
Will rend thy golden tresses;
The ocean with the morrow light
Will be both blue and calm;
And the billow will embrace thee with a kiss as soft
as mine.

No western odours wander
  On the black and moaning sea,
And when thou art dead, Leander,
  My soul must follow thee!
Oh go not yet, my love,
  Thy voice is sweet and low;
The deep salt wave breaks in above
  Those marble steps below.
The turretstairs are wet
  That lead into the sea.
Leander! go not yet.
The pleasant stars have set:
Oh! go not, go not yet,
  Or I will follow thee.

THE MYSTIC.

Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones:
Ye knew him not: he was not one of ye,
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn:
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still serene abstraction: he hath felt
The vanities of after and before;
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
The stern experiences of converse lives,
The linkéd woes of many a fiery change
Had purified, and chastened, and made free.

Always there stood before him, night and day,
Of wayward varycolored circumstance
The imperishable presences serene
Colossal, without form, or sense, or sound,
Dim shadows but unwaning presences
Fourfacéd to four corners of the sky:
And yet again, three shadows, fronting one,
One forward, one respectant, three but one;
And yet again, again and evermore,
For the two first were not, but only seemed,
One shadow in the midst of a great light,
One reflex from eternity on time,
One mighty countenance of perfect calm,
Awful with most invariable eyes.
For him the silent congregated hours,
Daughters of time, divinely tall, beneath
Severe and youthful brows, with shining eyes
Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent light
Of earliest youth pierced through and through with all
Keen knowledges of low-embowéd eld)
Upheld, and ever hold aloft the cloud

Which droops lowhung on either gate of life,
Both birth and death: he in the centre fixt,
Saw far on each side through the grated gates
Most pale and clear and lovely distances.
He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.
How could ye know him? Ye were yet within
The narrower circle; he had welinigh reached
The last, which with a region of white flame,
Pure without heat, into a larger air
Upburning, and an ether of black blue,
Investeth and ingirds all other lives.

THE DYING SWAN.

The plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
  An underroof of doleful grey.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
    Which loudly did lament.
  It was the middle of the day,
      Ever the weary wind went on,
    And took the reedtops as it went.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh ;
Above in the wind sung the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far through the marish green and still
The tangled watercourses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The wild swan's deathhymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow : at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear ;
And floating about the undersky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear ;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,

Flowed forth on a carol free and bold :
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is rolled
Through the ope.. gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willowbranches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the waveworn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marishflowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

A DIRGE.

I.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

II.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave —
Let them rave.

III.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave —
Let them rave.

IV.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.
Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave —
Let them rave.

V.

Round thee blow, selfpleachéd deep,
Brambleroses, faint and pale,
And 'long purples' of the dale —
Let them rave.
These in every shower creep
Through the green that folds thy grave —
Let them rave.

VI.

The goldeyéd kingcups fine;
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broidry of the purple clover —
Let them rave.
Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave —
Let them rave.

VII.

Wild words wander here and there;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused —
But let them rave.
The balmcricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave —
Let them rave.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

I.

Voice of the summerwind,
Joy of the summerplain,
Life of the summerhours,
Carol clearly, bound along.
No Tithon thou as poets feign
(Shame fall 'em they are deaf and blind)
But an insect lithe and strong,
Bowing the seeded summerflowers.

Prove their falsehood and thy quarrel,
Vaulting on thine airy feet.
Clap thy shielded sides and carol,
Carol clearly, chirrup sweet.
Thou art a mailéd warrior in youth and strength complete;
Armed cap-a-pie,
Full fair to see;
Unknowing fear,
Undreading loss,
A gallant cavalier,
Sans peur et sans reproche,
In sunlight and in shadow,
The Bayard of the meadow.

II.

I would dwell with thee,
Merry grasshopper,
Thou art so glad and free,
And as light as air;
Thou hast no sorrow or tears,
Thou hast no compt of years,

No withered immortality,
But a short youth sunny and free.
Carol clearly, bound along,
  Soon thy joy is over,
A summer of loud song,
  And slumbers in the clover.
What hast thou to do with evil
In thine hour of love and revel,
  In thy heat of summerpride,
  Pushing the thick roots aside
  Of the singing floweréd grasses,
  That brush thee with their silken tresses?
  What hast thou to do with evil,
  Shooting, singing, ever springing
    In and out the emerald glooms,
  Ever leaping, ever singing,
    Lighting on the golden blooms?

LOVE, PRIDE, AND FORGETFULNESS.

Ere yet my heart was sweet Love's tomb,
Love laboured honey busily.
I was the hive, and Love the bee,
My heart the honeycomb.
One very dark and chilly night
Pride came beneath and held a light.

The cruel vapours went through all,
Sweet Love was withered in his cell;
Pride took Love's sweets, and by a spell
Did change them into gall;

And Memory though fed by Pride
Did wax so thin on gall,
Awhile she scarcely lived at all.
What marvel that she died ?

CHORUS,

IN AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA, WRITTEN VERY EARLY.

THE varied earth, the moving heaven,
  The rapid waste of roving sea,
The fountainpregnant mountains riven
  To shapes of wildest anarchy,
By secret fire and midnight storms
  That wander round their windy cones,
The subtle life, the countless forms
  Of living things, the wondrous tones
    Of man and beast are full of strange
    Astonishment and boundless change.

The day, the diamonded night,
  The echo, feeble child of sound,
The heavy thunder's griding might,
  The herald lightning's starry bound,
The vocal spring of bursting bloom,
  The naked summer's glowing birth,
The troublous autumn's sallow gloom,
  The hoarhead winter paving earth
    With sheeny white, are full of strange
    Astonishment and boundless change.

Each sun which from the centre flings
  Grand music and redundant fire,
The burning belts, the mighty rings,
  The murmurous planets' rolling choir,
The globefilled arch that, cleaving air,
  Lost in its own effulgence sleeps,
The lawless comets as they glare,
  And thunder through the sapphire deeps
    In wayward strength, are full of strange
    Astonishment and boundless change.

LOST HOPE.

You cast to ground the hope which once was mine.
But did the while your harsh decree deplore,
Embalming with sweet tears the vacant shrine,
My heart, where Hope had been and was no more.

So on an oaken sprout
A goodly acorn grew;
But winds from heaven shook the acorn out,
And filled the cup with dew.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
  Side by side,
  Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

  All within is dark as night:
  In the windows is no light;
  And no murmur at the door,
  So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
  Or through the windows we shall see
  The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
  Is here or merrymaking sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
  And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
  Here no longer dwell;
    But in a city glorious —
A great and distant city — have bought
  A mansion incorruptible.
    Would they could have stayed with us!

THE TEARS OF HEAVEN.

HEAVEN weeps above the earth all night till morn,
In darkness weeps as all ashamed to weep,
Because the earth hath made her state forlorn
With selfwrought evils of unnumbered years,
And doth the fruit of her dishonour reap.
And all the day heaven gathers back her tears
Into her own blue eyes so clear and deep,
And showering down the glory of lightsome day,
Smiles on the earth's worn brow to win her if she may.

LOVE AND SORROW.

O MAIDEN, fresher than the first green leaf
With which the fearful springtide flecks the lea,
Weep not, Almeida, that I said to thee
That thou hast half my heart, for bitter grief
Doth hold the other half in sovranty.
Thou art my heart's sun in love's crystalline :
Yet on both sides at once thou canst not shine :
Thine is the bright side of my heart, and thine

My heart's day, but the shadow of my heart,
Issue of its own substance, my heart's night
Thou can'st not lighten even with *thy* light,
All powerful in beauty as thou art.
Almeida, if my heart were substanceless,
Then might thy rays pass through to the other side,
So swiftly, that they nowhere would abide,
But lose themselves in utter emptiness.
Half-light, half-shadow, let my spirit sleep;
They never learned to love who never knew to weep.

TO A LADY SLEEPING.

O THOU whose fringéd lids I gaze upon,
Through whose dim brain the wingéd dreams are borne,
Unroof the shrines of clearest vision,
In honour of the silverfleckéd morn :
Long hath the white wave of the virgin light
Driven back the billow of the dreamful dark.
Thou all unwittingly prolongest night,
Though long ago listening the poiséd lark,
With eyes dropt downward through the blue serene,
Over heaven's parapets the angels lean.

SONNET.

Could I outwear my present state of woe
With one brief winter, and indue i' the spring
Hues of fresh youth, and mightily outgrow
The wan dark coil of faded suffering—
Forth in the pride of beauty issuing
A sheeny snake, the light of vernal bowers,
Moving his crest to all sweet plots of flowers
And watered vallies where the young birds sing;
Could I thus hope my lost delight's renewing,
I straightly would command the tears to creep
From my charged lids; but inwardly I weep:
Some vital heat as yet my heart is wooing:
This to itself hath drawn the frozen rain
From my cold eyes and melted it again.

SONNET.

THOUGH Night hath climbed her peak of highest noon,
And bitter blasts the screaming autumn whirl,
All night through archways of the bridgéd pearl,
And portals of pure silver walks the moon.
Walk on, my soul, nor crouch to agony,
Turn cloud to light, and bitterness to joy,
And dross to gold with glorious alchemy,
Basing thy throne above the world's annoy.
Reign thou above the storms of sorrow and ruth
That roar beneath ; unshaken peace hath won thee ;
So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms of truth ;
So shall the blessing of the meek be on thee ;
So in thine hour of dawn, the body's youth,
An honourable eld shall come upon thee.

SONNET.

SHALL the hag Evil die with child of Good,
Or propagate again her loathéd kind,
Thronging the cells of the diseaséd mind,
Hateful with hanging cheeks, a withered brood,
Though hourly pastured on the salient blood?
Oh! that the wind which bloweth cold or heat
Would shatter and o'erbear the brazen beat
Of their broad vans, and in the solitude
Of middle space confound them, and blow back
Their wild cries down their cavernthroats, and slake
With points of blastborne hail their heated eyne!
So their wan limbs no more might come between
The moon and the moon's reflex in the night,
Nor blot with floating shades the solar light.

SONNET.

The pallid thunderstricken sigh for gain,
Down an ideal stream they ever float,
And sailing on Pactolus in a boat,
Drown soul and sense, while wistfully they strain
Weak eyes upon the glistering sands that robe
The understream. The wise, could he behold
Cathedralled caverns of thickribbéd gold
And branching silvers of the central globe,
Would marvel from so beautiful a sight
How scorn and ruin, pain and hate could flow :
But Hatred in a gold cave sits below ;
Pleached with her hair, in mail of argent light
Shot into gold, a snake her forehead clips,
And skins the colour from her trembling lips.

LOVE.

I.

Thou, from the first, unborn, undying love,
Albeit we gaze not on thy glories near,
Before the face of God did'st breathe and move,
Though night and pain and ruin and death reign here.
Thou foldest, like a golden atmosphere,
The very throne of the eternal God :
Passing through thee the edicts of his fear
Are mellowed into music, borne abroad
By the loud winds, though they uprend the sea,
Even from its central deeps : thine empery

Is over all: thou wilt not brook eclipse;
Thou goest and returnest to His lips
Like lightning: thou dost ever brood above
The silence of all hearts, unutterable Love.

II.

To know thee is all wisdom, and old age
Is but to know thee: dimly we behold thee
Athwart the veils of evil which infold thee.
We beat upon our aching hearts in rage;
We cry for thee; we deem the world thy tomb.
As dwellers in lone planets look upon
The mighty disk of their majestic sun,
Hollowed in awful chasms of wheeling gloom,
Making their day dim, so we gaze on thee.
Come, thou of many crowns, whiterobéd love,
Oh! rend the veil in twain: all men adore thee;
Heaven crieth after thee; earth waiteth for thee:
Breathe on thy wingéd throne, and it shall move
In music and in light o'er land and sea.

III.

And now — methinks I gaze upon thee now,
As on a serpent in his agonies
Awestricken Indians; what time laid low
And crushing the thick fragrant reeds he lies,
When the new year warmbreathéd on the earth,
Waiting to light him with her purple skies,
Calls to him by the fountain to uprise.
Already with the pangs of a new birth
Strain the hot spheres of his convulséd eyes,
And in his writhings awful hues begin
To wander down his sable-sheeny sides,
Like light on troubled waters: from within
Anon he rusheth forth with merry din,
And in him light and joy and strength abides;
And from his brows a crown of living light
Looks through the thickstemmed woods by day and night.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him rolled 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."

THE KRAKEN.

Below the thunders of the upper deep;
Far far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His antient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep,
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides: above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell
Unnumbered and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant fins the slumbering green.
There hath he lain for ages and will lie
Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
Then once by men and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribbed with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana :
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana ;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yewwood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By starshine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana:
She watched my crest among them all,
Oriana:
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stepped a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The damnéd arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana!
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana!

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana.
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
Oriana.
Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepened in its place,
Oriana;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabbed me where I lay,
Oriana!
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana?
How could I look upon the day,
They should have stabbed me where I lay,
Oriana —
They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

Oh! breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana,
Oh! pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana,
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana:
What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana?

I cry aloud: none hear my cries,
Oriana.
Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.
I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana.
Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

Oh cursed hand! oh cursed blow!
Oriana!
Oh happy thou that liest low,
Oriana!
All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana.
A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.
Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana.
I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchardwall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grassgreen beside a gray churchtower,
Washed with still rains and daisyblossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred,
Fill up the round of life from hour to hour.

ENGLISH WARSONG.

WHO fears to die? Who fears to die?
Is there any here who fears to die?
He shall find what he fears; and none shall grieve
For the man who fears to die;
But the withering scorn of the many shall cleave
To the man who fears to die.

CHORUS.—Shout for England!
Ho! for England!
George for England!
Merry England!
England for aye!

The hollow at heart shall crouch forlorn,
He shall eat the bread of common scorn;
It shall be steeped in the salt, salt tear,
Shall be steeped in his own salt tear:
Far better, far better he never were born
Than to shame merry England here.

CHORUS.—Shout for England! &c.

There standeth our ancient enemy;
Hark! he shouteth — the ancient enemy!
On the ridge of the hill his banners rise:
They stream like fire in the skies;
Hold up the Lion of England on high
Till it dazzle and blind his eyes.

CHORUS.—Shout for England! &c.

Come along! we alone of the earth are free;
The child in our cradles is bolder than he;
For where is the heart and strength of slaves;
Oh! where is the strength of slaves?
He is weak! we are strong; he a slave, we are free;
Come along! we will dig their graves.

CHORUS.—Shout for England! &c.

There standeth our ancient enemy;
Will he dare to battle with the free?
Spur along! spur amain! charge to the fight:
Charge! charge to the fight!
Hold up the Lion of England on high!
Shout for God and our right!

CHORUS —Shout for England! &c.

NATIONAL SONG.

THERE is no land like England
  Where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts,
  Such hearts of oak as they be.
There is no land like England
  Where'er the light of day be;
There are no men like Englishmen,
  So tall and bold as they be.

CHORUS.— For the French the pope may shrive 'em,
For the devil a whit we heed 'em :
As for the French, God speed 'em
Unto their heart's desire,
And the merry devil drive 'em
Through the water and the fire.

FULL CH.—Our glory is our freedom,
We lord it o'er the sea ;
We are the sons of freedom,
We are free.

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be ;
There are no wives like English wives,
So fair and chaste as they be.
There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be ;
There are no maids like English maids,
So beautiful as they be.

CHORUS —For the French, &c.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

I.

YEAR after year unto her feet,
  The while she slumbereth alone,
Over the purpled coverlet
  The maiden's jetblack hair hath grown,
On either side her trancéd form
  Forthstreaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumbrous light is rich and warm,
  And moves not on the rounded curl.

II.

The silk starbraided coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever, and amid
Her full black ringlets downward rolled
Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm,
With bracelets of the diamond bright;
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love and day with light.

III.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
In palacechambers far apart;
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charméd heart.
She sleeps; on either side upswells
The goldfringed pillow lightly prest;
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

DUALISMS.

Two bees within a chrystal flowerbell rockéd
Hum a lovelay to the westwind at noontide.
Both alike, they buzz together,
Both alike, they hum together
Through and through the flowered heather.
Where in a creeping cove the wave unshocked
Lays itself calm and wide,
Over a stream two birds of glancing feather
Do woo each other, carolling together.
Both alike, they glide together.
Side by side;
Both alike, they sing together,
Arching blueglosséd necks beneath the purple weather.

Two children lovelier than Love adown the lea are singing,
As they gambol, lilygarlands ever stringing:
Both in blosmwhite silk are frockéd:
Like, unlike, they roam together
Under a summervault of golden weather;
Like, unlike, they sing together
Side by side,
MidMay's darling goldenlockéd,
Summer's tanling diamondeyed.

WE ARE FREE.

THE winds, as at their hour of birth,
  Leaning upon the ridgéd sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
  With mellow preludes, 'We are free.
The streams through many a lilied row
  Down-carolling to the crispéd sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
  Atween the blossoms, 'We are free.'

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

Slow sailed the weary mariners, and saw
Between the green brink and the running foam
White limbs unrobéd in a chrystal air,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold: and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reached them on the middle sea.

SONG.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? Fly no more:
Whither away wi' the singing sail? whither away wi' the
oar?
Whither away from the high green field and the happy
blossoming shore?
Weary mariners, hither away,
One and all, one and all,
Weary mariners come and play;
We will sing to you all the day;
Furl the sail and the foam will fall
From the prow! One and all
Furl the sail! drop the oar!
Leap ashore!
Know danger and trouble and toil no more.
Whither away wi' the sail and the oar?

Drop the oar,
Leap ashore,
Fly no more!
Whither away wi' the sail? whither away wi' the oar?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls :
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea;
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the cloverhill swells
High over the fulltoned sea.
Merrily carol the revelling gales
Over the islands free :
From the green seabanks the rose downtrails
To the happy brimméd sea.
Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we :
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words.
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and revelry;
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten,
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridgéd sea.
Ye will not find so happy a shore
Weary mariners! all the world o'er;
Oh! fly no more!

Harken ye, harken ye, sorrow shall darken ye,
Danger and trouble and toil no more;
Whither away?
Drop the oar;
Hither away,
Leap ashore;
Oh fly no more — no more.
Whither away, whither away, whither away with the
sail and the oar?

SONNET TO J. M. K.

My hope and heart is with thee — thou wilt be
A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest
To scare church-harpies from the master's feast :
Our dusted velvets have much need of thee ;
Thou art no sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distilled from some wormcankered homily ;
But spurred at heart with fieriest energy
To embattail and to wall about thy cause
With ironworded proof, hating to hark
The humming of the drowsy pulpitdrone
Half God's good sabbath, while the worn-out clerk
Browbeats his desk below. Thou from a throne
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark.

οἱ ῥέοντες.

I.

All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams are true,
All visions wild and strange;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change:
All men do walk in sleep, and all
Have faith in that they dream:
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.

II.

There is no rest, no calm, no pause,
Nor good nor ill, nor light nor shade,
Nor essence nor eternal laws:
For nothing is, but all is made.
But if I dream that all these are,
They are to me for that I dream;
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.

Argal — this very opinion is only true relatively to the flowing philosophers.

THE END.

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