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“On the arch where olives overhead  
Print the blue sky with  
twig and leaf  
(That sharp curled leaf which  
they never shed.)”

—*Old Pictures in Florence.*

# Olive Prints

Selections  
from Robert Browning's Poems  
for every day in the year

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Compiled by J. Pauline Smith  
Detroit, Michigan

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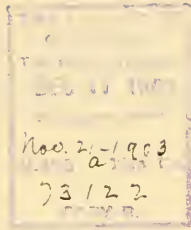
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Detroit

FT 1203

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Recat. 71/122. 23 Jan. 1173

# January



# OLIVE PRINTS.

## January

1. Here comes gay New Year with a gift, no doubt  
Look up and let in light that longs to shine,  
One stroke of light and where will darkness hide?  
—*Red Cotton Night-Cap Country.*
2. "I profess no other share  
In the selection of my lot, than this  
My ready answer to the will of God  
Who summons me to be his organ."  
—*Paracelsus.*
3. Be sure that God  
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns  
impart!  
—*Paracelsus.*
4. There's many a crown for who can reach.  
—*The Last Ride Together.*
5. Aspire, break bounds! I say,  
Endeavor to be good, and better still,  
And best! Success is naught, endeavor's all.  
—*Red Cotton Night-Cap Country.*
6. Knowing ourselves, our world, our task so great,  
Our time so brief, 'tis clear if we refuse  
The means so limited, the tools so rude  
To execute our purpose—life will fleet,  
And we shall fade and leave our task undone.  
—*Paracelsus.*

7. Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!  
—*The Statue and the Bust.*
8. And what is our failure here but a triumph's  
evidence  
For the fulness of the days?  
—*Abt Vogler.*
9. A man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for?  
—*Andrea del Sarto.*
10. Oh, never star  
Was lost here, but it rose afar! —*Waring.*
11. This world's no blot for us  
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:  
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.  
—*Fra Lippo Lippi.*
12. Why stay we on the earth unless to grow?  
—*Cleon.*
13. —'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but  
what man Would do. —*Saul.*
14. Best be yourself, imperial, plain, and true!  
—*Bishop Blougram's Apology.*
15. Is not God now i' the world His power first made?  
Is not His love at issue still with sin,  
Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?  
—*A Death in the Desert.*

16. How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit  
to employ  
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever  
in joy! —*Saul.*
17. If I live yet, it is for good, more love  
Through me to men.  
—*A Death in the Desert.*
18. Man is not God but hath God's end to serve,  
A master to obey, a course to take,  
Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become?  
—*A Death in the Desert.*
19. Never fear but there's provision  
Of the Devil's to quench knowledge, lest we walk  
the earth in rapture!  
Making those who catch God's secret, just so  
much more prize their capture!  
—*Christina.*
20. Live and learn, though life's short, learning hard.  
—*Paracelsus.*
21. What I ask, I gain. —*In a Balcony.*
22. Do your endeavor like a man, and leave  
The rest to fortune who assists the bold—  
—*Red Cotton Night-Cap Country.*
23. Would you have your songs endure?  
Build on the human heart! —*Sordello.*
24. Youth once gone is gone;  
Deeds let escape are never to be done.  
—*Sordello.*

25. Love bids touch truth, endure truth, and embrace  
Truth, though, embracing truth, love crush itself.  
—*Red Cotton Night-Cap Country.*
26. I say that man was made to grow, not stop;  
That help, he needed once, and needs no more,  
Having grown but an inch by, is withdrawn:  
For he hath new deeds, and new helps to these.  
—*A Death in the Desert.*
27. For life with all it yields of joy and woe,  
And hope and fear,—  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,  
.....  
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost  
Such prize despite the envy of the world.  
—*A Death in the Desert.*
28. Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!  
—*Paracelsus.*
29. 'Tis man's to explore  
Up and down, inch by inch, with the taper his  
reason:  
No torch, it suffices—held deftly and straight.  
—*Apollo and the Fates.*
30. 'Tis a life long toil till our lump be leaven—  
The better! What's come to perfection perishes.  
—*Old Pictures in Florence.*
31. Rejoice that man is hurled  
From change to change unceasingly,  
His soul's wings never furled!  
—*James Lee's Wife.*

February







8. What I aspired to be,  
 And was not comforts me:  
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink  
 i' the scale. —*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*
9. The aim if reached or not makes great the life.  
 —*Bishop Blougram's Apology.*
10. In every man's career are certain points  
 Whereon he dares not be indifferent;  
 The world detects him clearly, if he dare,  
 As baffled at the game, and losing life.  
 —*Bishop Blougram's Apology.*
11. My business is not to remake myself,  
 But make the absolute best of what God made.  
 —*Ibid.*
12. When the fight begins within himself,  
 A man's worth something. —*Ibid.*
13. I go to prove my soul!  
 I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
 I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,  
 I ask not; but unless God send his hail,  
 Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,  
 In sometime, his good time, I shall arrive:  
 He guides me and the bird. In his good time.  
 —*Paracelsus.*
14. Air, air, fresh life-blood, thin and searching air,  
 The clear dear breath of God that loveth us,  
 Where small birds reel and winds take their  
 delight! —*Pauline.*



23. Be God the rewarder, since  
 God pays debts seven for one: who squanders on  
 Him shows thrift. —*Muléykeh.*
24. Straight on I shall go  
 Truth helping; win with it or die with it.  
 —*King Victor and King Charles.*
25. Weakness never needs be falseness: truth is truth  
 in each degree  
 Thunder-pealed by God to Nature, whispered by  
 my soul to me. —*La Saisiaz.*
26. 'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,  
 And matter enough to save one's own.  
 —*A Light Woman.*
27. God's finger marks distinctions, all so fine,  
 We would confound.  
 —*King Victor and King Charles.*
28. Far better commit a fault and have done—  
 . . . . .And choose the pure,  
 And look where the healing waters run,  
 And strive and strain to be good again,  
 And a place in the other world insure,  
 All glass and gold, with God for its sun.  
 —*The Worst of It.*
29. "My whole life long I learned to love.  
 This hour my utmost art I prove  
 And speak my passion."  
 —*One Way of Love.*

March



## March

QUOTATIONS FROM "THE RING AND THE BOOK."\*

1. Oh, what a dawn of day!  
How the March sun feels like May!  
All is blue again  
After last night's rain,  
And the South dries the hawthorn spray.
2. Why comes temptation but for man to meet  
And maſter and make crouch beneath his foot,  
And so be pedestaled in triumph?
3. The moral sense grows but by exercise.
4. Man is born nowise to content himself,  
But please God.
5. For I am aware it is the seed of act,  
God holds appraising in His hollow palm,  
Not act grown great thence on the world below,  
Leafage and branchage, vulgar eyes admire.
6. This life is brief and troubles die with it:  
Where were the prick to soar up homeward else?
7. Healthy minds let bygones be,  
Leave old crimes to grow young and virtuous-like  
I' the sun and air; so time treats ugly deeds:  
They take the natural blessing of all change.

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\*Except the first, from "A Lovers' Quarrel."

8.                   A worm must turn  
If it would have its wrong observed by God.
9. Trust's politic, suspicion does the harm,  
There's but one way to brow-beat this world,  
Dumb-founder doubt and repay scorn in kind,—  
To go on trusting, namely, till faith move  
Mountains.
10. He fears God, why then needs he fear the world?
11. But human promise, oh, how short of shine!  
How topple down the piles of hope we rear!
12. Have hope now, and one day expect content!
13. Blame I can bear though not blame worthiness.
14.           Let us leave God alone!  
Why should I doubt He will explain in time  
What I feel now but fail to find the words?
15.           I thirst for truth  
But shall not drink it till I reach the source.
16. To live—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
To have to do with nothing but the true,  
The good, the eternal—and these, not alone  
In the main current of the general life,  
But small experiences of every day,  
Concerns of the particular hearth and home:  
To learn not only by a comet's rush  
But a rose's birth,—not by the grandeur, God—  
But the comfort, Christ.



17. There's nothing in nor out of the world  
Good except truth.
18. 'Twas a thief said the last kind word to Christ,  
Christ took the kindness and forgave the theft.
19. You must know that a man gets drunk with truth  
Stagnant inside him!
20. God takes his own part in each thing He made;  
Made for a reason, He conserves his work,  
Gives each its proper instinct of defence.
21. Causeless rage breeds,—rageful cause,  
Tyranny wakes rebellion from its sleep.
22.       Duty is still  
Wisdom.
23.       All day, I sent prayer like incense up  
To God the strong, God the beneficent,  
God ever mindful in all stress and strait,  
Who, for our own good, makes the need extreme,  
Till at the last He puts forth might and saves.
24.                               I trust  
In the compensating great God.
25.       Honor is a gift of God to man  
Precious beyond compare.
26. A good thing, done unhandsomely, turns ill.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Right, promptly done, is twice right; right delayed  
Turns wrong.

27.           Since all flesh is weak,  
 Bind weakness together, we get strength:  
 The individual weighed, found wanting, try  
 Some institution, honest artifice  
 Whereby the units grow compact and firm!
28.                           March assured,  
 Learning anew the use of soldiership,  
 Self-abnegation, freedom from all fear,  
 Loyalty to the life's end!
29.   Man should be humble:—  
 And God dethroned has dreadful plagues for such!  
 He warns me not to dread a quick repulse,  
 Nor slow defeat, but a complete success!
30.   You never know what life means till you die:  
 Even throughout life, 'tis death that makes life  
           live,  
 Gives it whatever the significance.
31.           It is the glory and good of Art,  
 That Art remains the one way possible  
 Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Art,—wherein man nowise speaks to men,  
 But to mankind,—Art may tell a truth  
 Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,  
 Nor wrong the thought; missing the mediate word.

April





7. God is the perfect poet,  
Who in his person acts his own creations.  
—*Paracelsus.*
8. I trust in God—the right shall be the right  
And other than the wrong, while he endures:  
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive  
The outward and the inward, nature's good  
And God's. —*A Soul's Tragedy.*
9. What if the rose streak of morning  
Pale and depart in a passion of tears?  
Once to have hoped is no matter for scorning!  
Love once—e'en love's disappointment endears!  
A minute's success pays the failure of years.  
—*Apollo and the Fates.*
10. In God's eye, the earth's firm stuff  
Was, neither more nor less, enough  
To house man's soul, man's need fulfil.  
—*Easter-Day.*
11. Oh world, where all things pass and naught abides,  
Oh life, the long mutation—is it so?  
Is it with life as with the body's change?  
—Where, e'en though better follow, good must  
pass,  
Nor manhood's strength can mate with boyhood's  
grace,  
Nor age's wisdom, in its turn, find strength,  
But silently the first gift dies away,  
And though the new stays, never both at once.  
—*Luria.*

12. The leaf-buds on the vines are woolly  
 I noticed that today;  
 One day more bursts them open fully:  
 You know the red turns gray.  
 —*The Lost Mistress.*
13. Day!  
 Faster and more fast,  
 O'er night's brim, day boils at last;  
 Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloudcup's brim  
 Where spurting and suppressed it lay,  
 For not a froth-flake touched the rim  
 Of yonder's gap in the solid gray  
 Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;  
 But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,  
 Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,  
 Rose, reddened, and its seething breast  
 Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed  
 the world. —*Pippa Passes.*
14. An exquisite touch  
 Bides in the birth of things: no after-time can  
 much  
 Enhance that fine, that faint fugitive first of all.  
 —*Fifine at the Fair.*
15. For, aye this breeds youth in the old,—“to learn  
 well.”  
 —*From The Agamemnon of Aeschylus.*
16. —Few of men this faculty is born with—  
 To honor, without grudge, their friend, successful.  
 —*Ibid.*
17. When the eve has its last streak  
 The night has its first star. —*Strafford.*

18. Youth is the only time  
To think and to decide on a great course.  
—*Ibid.*
19. Take what is, trust what may be!  
—*Prologue to Ferishtah's Fancies.*
20. Belief or unbelief  
Bears upon life, determines its whole course,  
Begins at its beginning.  
—*Bishop Blougram's Apology.*
21. What matters happiness?  
Duty! There's man's one moment.  
—*Flight of the Duchess.*
22. Oh! we are sunk enough here, God knows! but  
not quite so sunk that moments,  
Sure, though seldom, are denied us, when the  
spirit's true endowments  
Stand out plainly from its false ones, and apprise  
us if pursuing  
Or the right way or the wrong way to its triumph  
or undoing.  
—*Christina.*
23. Dare first  
The chief emprise; dispel yon cloud between  
The sun and us; nor fear that, though our heads  
Find earlier warmth and comfort from his ray,  
What lies about our feet, the multitude  
Will fail of benefaction presently.  
—*Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau.*
24. Dance, yellows and whites and reds,—  
Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads  
Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds!  
—*Song from Parleyings: With Gerard de Lairese.*



25. Ever with best desert goes diffidence.  
     —*Blot on the 'Scutcheon.*
26.       In life's exceptional,  
 When old things terminate and new commence,  
 A solitary great man's worth the world.  
     —*Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau.*
27. Is your choice made? Why, then, act up to choice!  
     —*Ibid.*
28.       Care thou for thyself alone  
 I' the conduct of the mind God made thee with!  
 Think, as if man had never thought before!  
 Act, as if all creation hung attent  
 On the acting of such faculty as thine  
 To take prime pattern from thy masterpiece!  
     —*Ibid.*
29.       Hear the truth and bear the truth,  
 And bring the truth to bear on all you are  
 And do, assured that only good comes thence  
 Whate'er the shape good take!       —*Ibid.*
30. 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 dewdrops—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!  
     —*Home Thoughts from Abroad.*



May



## May

"AND, HERE'S MAY-MONTH, ALL BLOOM, ALL BOUNTY."

1. My own month came,  
'Twas a sunrise of blossoming and May.  
—*Sordello*.
  
2. Such a starved bank of moss  
Till, that May-morn,  
Blue ran the flash across:  
Violets were born!  
—*Prologue to The Two Poets of Croisic*.
  
3. Thou wilt remember one warm morn when winter  
Crept aged from the earth, and spring's first  
breath  
Blew soft from the moist hills; the blackthorn  
boughs,  
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening  
In the sunshine were white with coming buds,  
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks  
Had violets opening from sleep like eyes.  
—*Pauline*.
  
4. How should externals satisfy my soul?  
—*Sordello*.
  
5. Each shall love in me the love that leads  
His soul to power's perfection. —*Ibid*.
  
6. Thought is the soul of act. —*Ibid*.

7. (Robert Browning, Born May 7, 1812.)  
 Man's thoughts and loves and hates!  
 Earth is my vineyard, these grew there:  
 From grape of the ground, I made or marred  
 My vintage; easy the task or hard,  
 Who set it—his praise be my reward!  
—*Epilogue.*
8. On! Give yourself, excluding aught beside,  
 To the day's task; compel your slave provide  
 Its utmost at the soonest; turn the leaf  
 Thoroughly conned. —*Sordello.*
9. Quench thirst at this, then seek next well-spring:  
 wear  
 Home-lilies ere strange lotus in my hair!  
—*Sordello.*
10. "But the soul is not the body:" and the breath is  
 not the flute;  
 Both together make the music: either marred and  
 all is mute. —*La Saisiaz.*
11. Oh life, life-breath,  
 Life-blood,—ere sleep, come travail, life ere death!  
 This life-stream on my path, direct, oblique,  
 But always streaming! Hindrances? They pique:  
 Helps? Such. . ., but why repeat, my soul o'er tops  
 Each height, then every depth profoundlier drops?  
 Enough that I can live, and would live!  
—*Sordello.*



16. Does the day break, is the hour imminent  
 When one deed, when my whole life's deed, my  
 deed  
 Must be accomplished?  
*—The Return of the Druses.*
17. To know is something, and to prove  
 How all this beauty might be enjoyed, is more:  
 But, knowing naught, to enjoy is something too.  
*—Cleon.*
18. Thank God, no paradise stands barred  
 To entry, and I find it hard to be a Christian.  
*—Easter-Day.*
19. First give us knowledge, then appoint its use!  
*—Parleyings: Christopher Smart.*
20. Safety induces culture: culture seeks  
 To institute, extend and multiply  
 The difference between safe man and man,  
 Able to live alone; progress means  
 What but abandonment of fellowship?  
*—The Inn Album.*
21. We are made so that we love  
 First when we see them painted, things we have  
 passed  
 Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;  
 And so they are better, painted—better to us,  
 Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;  
 God uses us to help each other so,  
 Lending our minds out. *—Fra Lippo Lippi.*



22. Overhead the tree-tops meet,  
 Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;  
 There was naught above me, naught below,  
 My childhood had not learned to know:  
 For what are the voices of birds  
 —Aye, and of beasts,—but words, our words,  
 Only so much more sweet?  
 —*Pippa Passes.*
23. One may do whatever one likes  
 In Art: the only thing is, to make sure  
 That one does like it—which takes pains to know.  
 —*Ibid.*
24. Never was so plain a truth  
 As that God drops his seed of heavenly flame  
 Just where he wills on earth.  
 —*Fifine at the Fair.*
25. So absolutely good is truth, truth never hurts  
 The teller, whose worst crime gets somehow grace,  
 avowed. —*Ibid.*
26. The great deed ne'er grows small.  
 —*Echetlos.*
27. All service ranks the same with God:  
 If now, as formerly he trod  
 Paradise, his presence fills  
 Our earth, each only as God wills  
 Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,  
 Are we; there is no last nor first.  
 —*Pippa Passes.*

28. Say not "a small event!" Why "small?"  
 Costs it more pain than this, ye call  
 A "great event," should come to pass,  
 Than that? Untwine me from the mass  
 Which make up life, one deed  
 Power shall fall short in or exceed!  
—*Ibid.*
29. Make what is absolutely new—I can't,  
 Mar what is already made well enough—  
 I won't: but turn to best account the thing  
 That's half-made—that I can.  
—*Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau.*
30. 'Tis in the advance of individual minds  
 That the slow crowd should ground their expect-  
 tation  
 Eventually to follow. —*Paracelsus.*
31. May's warm slow yellow moonlit summer nights—  
 Gone are they, but I have them in my soul!  
—*Pippa Passes.*

June



## June

JUNE'S TWICE JUNE SINCE SHE BREATHED IT WITH ME.

1. Well for those who live through June!  
Great noontides, thunder storms, all glaring pomps  
That triumph at the heels of June the god  
Leading his revel through our leafy world.

—*Pippa Passes.*

2. There is no good of life but love—but love!  
What else looks good is some shade flung from  
love;  
Love gilds it, gives it worth.

—*In a Balcony.*

3. How soon a smile of God can change the world!  
How we are made for happiness—how work  
Grows play, adversity a winning fight!

—*In a Balcony.*

4. Let me slake  
Thirst at your presence!

—*Too Late.*

5. But the soul  
Whence the love comes, all ravage leaves that  
whole;  
Vainly the flesh fades; soul makes all things new.

—*Any Wife to any Husband.*

6. See how I come, unchanged, unworn!  
See, where my life broke off from thine  
How fresh the splinters keep and fine,—  
Only a touch and we combine!

—*In Three Days.*

7. You'll love me yet!—and I can tarry  
 Your love's protracted growing:  
 June reared that bunch of flowers you carry  
 From seeds of April's sowing.  
 —*Song from Pippa Passes.*
8. But give them me, the mouth, the eyes, the brow!  
 Let them once more absorb me! one look now  
 Will lap me round forever, not to pass  
 Out of its light, though darkness lie beyond:  
 Hold me but safe again within the bond  
 Of one immortal look! All woe that was,  
 Forgotten, and all terror that may be,  
 Defied,—no past is mine, no future; look at me!  
 —*Eurydice to Orpheus.*
9. The moth's kiss, first!  
 Kiss me as if you made believe  
 You were not sure, this eve,  
 How my face, your flower, had pursed  
 Its petals up; so, here and there  
 You brush it, till I grow aware  
 Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.  
 —*In a Gondola.*
10. The bee's kiss, now!  
 Kiss me as if you entered gay  
 My heart at some noonday,  
 A bud that dares not disallow  
 The claim, so all is rendered up,  
 And passively its shattered cup  
 Over your head to sleep I bow. —*Ibid.*

11. He looked at her, as a lover can  
 She looked at him, as one who awakes:  
 The past was a sleep, and her life began.  
*—The Statue and the Bust.*
12. When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,  
 Either hand  
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace  
 Of my face,  
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech  
 Each on each.  
*—Love Among the Ruins.*
13. Love is all and Death is naught!  
*—The Householder.*
14. If you loved only what were worth your love,  
 Love were clear gain and wholly well for you.  
*—Song from "James Lee's Wife."*
15. All the breath and the bloom of the year in the  
 bag of one bee:  
 All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the  
 heart of one gem:  
 In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine  
 of the sea:  
 Breath and bloom, shade and shine,—wonder,  
 wealth, and—how far above them—  
 Truth that's brighter than gem,  
 Trust that's purer than pearl,—  
 Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all  
 were for me  
 In the kiss of one girl.  
*—Summum Bonum.*

16. If you get simple beauty and naught else,  
 You get about the best thing God invents:  
 That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul you  
 have missed,  
 Within yourself, when you return him thanks.  
 —*Fra Lippo Lippi.*

17. Words of praise were all to seek!  
 Face of you and form of you,  
 Did they find the praise so weak  
 When my lip just touched your cheek—  
 Touch which let my soul come through?

18.       Wanting is—what?  
           Summer redundant,  
           Blueness abundant,  
           —Where is the blot?  
 Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,  
 —Framework which waits for a picture to frame;  
 What of the leafage, what of the flower?  
 Roses embowering with naught they embower!  
 Come then, complete incompleteness, O comer,  
 Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!  
           Breathe but one breath  
           Rose-beauty above  
 And all that was death  
           Grows life, grows love,  
           Grows love!                   —*Jocoseria.*

19. The good stars met in your horoscope  
 Made you of spirit, fire and dew—  
                                   —*Evelyn Hope.*



20. Love is incompatible with falsehood—purifies,  
assimilates  
All other passions to itself.  
*—Colombe's Birthday.*
21. Love, if you knew the light  
That your soul casts in my sight,  
How I look to you  
For the pure and true,  
And the beauteous and the right,—  
Bear with a moment's spite  
When a mere mote threatens the white!  
*—A Lover's Quarrel.*
22. I follow wherever I am led,  
Knowing so well the leader's hand:  
O woman-country, wooed not wed,  
Loved all the more by earth's male lands,  
Laid to their hearts instead!—  
*—By the Fireside.*
23. "I loved her: love's track lay  
O'er sand and pebbles, as all travelers know."  
*—Bifurcation.*
24. "I love once as I live once." *—In a Balcony.*
25. With this day's heat  
We shall go on through years of cold.  
*—In a Balcony.*

26. I choose to wear you stamped all over me,  
 Your name upon my forehead and my breast,  
 You, from the sword's blade to the ribbon's edge,  
 That men may see, all over, you in me—  
 That pale loves may die out of their pretence  
 In face of mine. shames thrown on love fall off.  
 —*In a Balcony.*
27. My own, see where the years conduct !  
 At first, 'twas something our two souls  
 Should mix as mists do ; each is sucked  
 In each now : on, the new stream rolls,  
 Whatever rocks obstruct. —*By the Fireside.*
28. Think, when our one soul understands  
 The great Word which makes all things new,  
 When earth breaks up and heaven expands,  
 How will the change strike me and you  
 In the house not made with hands?  
 —*Ibid.*
29. (Death of Mrs. Browning, June 29, 1861.)  
 Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,  
 Your heart anticipate my heart,  
 You must be just before, in fine,  
 See and make me see, for your part,  
 New depths of the divine! —*Ibid.*
30. Life's inadequate to joy,  
 As the soul sees joy, tempting life to take.  
 —*Clcon.*

July





7. Crowns are from God, you in his name hold yours.  
—*King Victor and King Charles.*
8. All mirth triumphs, sadness means defeat.  
—*Sordello.*
9. Thy long blue solemn hours serenely flowing,  
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and good—  
Thy fitful sunshine minutes, coming, going,  
As if earth turned from work in gamesome mood—  
All shall be mine! —*Pippa Passes.*
10. Each soul of every grade  
Was meant to be itself, prove in itself complete,  
And, in completion, good.  
—*Balaustion's Adventure.*
11. He did too many grandnesses, to note  
Much in the meaner things about his path ;  
And stepping there with face towards the sun,  
Stopped seldom to pluck weeds or to ask their  
names. —*Ibid.*
12. Who knows but the favor done  
May fall into its place as duty too? —*Ibid.*
13. Love is the only good in the world.  
—*Flight of the Duchess.*
14. "Raise soul, sink sense!"  
—*Aristophanes' Apology.*
15. Are there not  
Two points in the adventure of a diver,  
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,  
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?  
—*Paracelsus.*

16. Where is the use of the lip's red charm,  
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,  
And the blood that blues the inside arm—  
Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,  
The earthly gift to an end divine?  
—*The Statue and the Bust.*
17. Truth's a weighty matter,  
And, truth at issue, we can't flatter!  
—*Waring.*
18. What I love best in all the world  
Is a castle precipice-encurled,  
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.  
—*"De Gustibus."*
19. O prodigality of life, blind waste  
I' the world, of power profuse without the will  
To make life do its work, deserve its day!  
—*Balaustion's Adventure.*
20. What's a man's age? He must hurry more, that's  
all;  
Cram in a day what his youth took a year to hold:  
When we mind labor, then only, we're too old.  
—*Flight of the Duchess.*
21. A people is but the attempt of many  
To rise to the completer life of one;  
And those who live as models for the mass  
Are singly of more value than they.  
—*Luria.*





29. I take the trial! it is meet,  
The little I can do, be done; that faith,  
All I can offer, want no perfecting  
Which my own act may compass.  
—*The Return of the Druses.*
30. A sphere is but a sphere;  
Small, Great, are merely terms we bandy here;  
Since to the spirit's absoluteness all  
Are like. —*Sordello.*
31. What rises is myself,  
Not me the shame and suffering; but they sink,  
Are left, I rise above them.  
—*Pippa Passes.*



August



## August

1. The sea, which somehow tempts the life in us  
To come trip o'er its white waste of waves,  
And try escape from earth, and fleet as free.  
—*Balaustion's Adventure.*
  
2. Why should despair be? Since, distinct above  
Man's wickedness and folly, flies the wind  
And floats the cloud, free transport for our soul  
Out of its fleshly durance dim and low,—  
.....  
Greed and strife,  
Hatred and cark and care, what place have they  
In yon blue liberality of heaven?  
—*Aristophanes' Apology.*
  
3. If we have souls, know how to see and use,  
One place performs, like any other place,  
The proper service every place on earth  
Was framed to furnish man with: serves alike  
To give him note that, through the place he sees,  
A place is signified he never saw,  
But, if he lack not soul, may learn to know.  
—*Sordello.*
  
4. May not looks be told,  
Gesture made speak, and speech so amplified  
That words find blood-warmth which, cold-writ,  
they lose? —*Aristophanes' Apology.*
  
5. "As he willed he worked;  
And, as he worked, he wanted not, be sure,  
Triumph his whole life through, submitting work  
To work's right judges, never to the wrong—  
To competency, not ineptitude."  
—*Of Euripides in "Aristophanes' Apology."*

6. Truth, for all beauty! Beauty, in all truth—  
That's certain somehow! Must the eagle lilt  
Lark-like, needs fir-tree blossom rose-like? No!  
Strength and utility charm more than grace,  
And what's most ugly proves most beautiful.  
—*Ibid.*
7. — Morning's laugh sets all the crags alight  
Above the baffled tempest; tree and tree  
Stir themselves from the stupor of the night,  
And every strangled branch resumes its right  
To breathe, shakes loose dark's clinging dregs,  
waves free  
In dripping glory.  
—*Parleyings: Gerard de Lairese.*
8. Noon is the conqueror,—not a spray, nor leaf,  
Nor herb, nor blossom but has rendered up  
Its morning dew. —*Ibid.*
9. Abrupt  
The sun that seemed, in stooping sure to melt  
Our mountain-ridge, is mastered; black the belt  
Of westward crags, his gold could not corrupt.  
Barriers again the valley, lets the flow  
Of lavish glory waste itself away  
—Whither? For new climes, fresh eyes breaks  
the day! —*Ibid.*
10. What were life  
Did soul stand still therein, forego her strife  
Through the ambiguous Present to the goal  
Of some all-reconciling Future?  
—*Parleyings: Gerard de Lairese.*
11. Let things be—not seem,  
..... Do, and nowise dream! —*Ibid.*

12. There is no truer truth obtainable  
By Man than comes of music.  
—*Parleyings: Charles Avison.*
13. Man's the prerogative—knowledge once gained—  
To ignore,—find new knowledge to press for, to  
swerve  
In pursuit of, no, not for a moment: attained—  
Why, onward, through ignorance! Dare and de-  
serve!  
—*Parleyings: Fust and His Friends.*
14. As still to its asymptote speedeth the curve,  
So approximates Man—Thee, who reachable not,  
Hast formed him to yearningly follow Thy whole  
Sole and single omniscience!  
—*Fust and His Friends.*
15. Who employs me requires the plain truth.  
—*The Bean-Feast.*
16. Ruling men is vulgar, easy and ignoble:  
Rid yourself of conscience, quick you have at  
beck and call the fond herd.  
—*Pietro of Abano.*
17. Would we move the world, not earth but heaven  
must be our fulcrum—*pou sto!*  
—*Pietro of Abano.*
18. "Bounteous God,  
Deviser and dispenser of all gifts  
To soul through sense,—In Art the soul uplifts  
Man's best of thanks!"  
—*Parleyings: Francis Furini.*

19. The sum and seal of being's progress.  
—*Ibid.*
20. Made to know on, know ever, I must know  
All to be known at any halting-stage  
Of my soul's progress, such as earth, where wage  
War, just for soul's instruction, pain with joy,  
Folly with wisdom, all that works annoy  
With all that quiets and contents,—in brief,  
Good strives with evil.  
—*Parleyings: Francis Furini.*
21. Type needs anti-tiype:  
As night needs day, as shine needs shade, so good  
Needs evil: How were pity understood  
Unless by pain?  
—*Parleyings: Francis Furini.*
22. —There's no bulwark in man's wealth to him  
Who, through a surfeit, kicks—into the dim  
And disappearing—Right's great altar.  
—*The Agamemnon of Aeschylus.*
23. Zeus, who leads onward mortals to be wise,  
Appoints that suffering masterfully teach.  
—*Ibid.*
24. The license of age has its limit; thou diest at last;  
As the lion when age dims his eyeball, the rose at  
her height,  
So with man—so his power and his beauty forever  
take flight.  
—*Saul.*
25. Each deed thou hast done  
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world.  
—*Saul.*



26. "A peep through my window, if folk prefer;  
But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine."  
—*House.*
27. Is this apparent, when thou turn'st to muse  
Upon the scheme of earth and man in chief,  
That admiration grows as knowledge grows?  
That imperfection means perfection hid,  
Reserved in part, to grace the after-time?  
—*Cleon.*
28. In man there's failure only since he left  
The lower and unconscious forms of life.  
—*Cleon.*
29. All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;  
Clouds overcome it;  
.....  
Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights.  
—*A Grammarian's Funeral.*
30. That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
Seeks it and does it:  
This high man with a great thing to pursue,  
Dies ere he knows it.  
—*A Grammarian's Funeral.*
31. For note when evening shuts,  
A certain moment cuts  
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:  
A whisper from the west  
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,  
Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."  
—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*



September



## September

1. Duty be mine to tread in that high sphere  
Where love from duty ne'er disparts.  
—*Bifurcation.*
2. "With God a day endures always,  
A thousand years are but a day."  
—*The Boy and the Angel.*
3. Next life relieves the soul of body, yields  
Pure spiritual enjoyment.  
—*Bishop Blougram's Apology.*
4. For us ——  
Failure; but, when God fails, despair.  
—*Dis Aliter Visum.*
5. —What's whole, can increase no more,  
Is dwarfed and dies, since here's its sphere.  
—*Ibid.*
6. 'Tis thou, God, who givest, 'tis I who receive  
In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to  
believe. —*Saul.*
7. As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be  
proved  
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being  
beloved! —*Saul.*
8. He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest  
shall bear the most weak  
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my  
flesh, that I seek  
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. —*Saul.*

9. That one Face far from vanish, rather grows,  
Or decomposes but to recompose,  
Become my universe that feels and knows!  
—*Epilogue.*
10. "The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,  
And again in his border see Israel set."  
—*Holy-Cross Day.*
11. "God's justice, tardy though it prove perchance,  
Rests never on the track until it reach  
Delinquency."  
—*Cenciaja.*
12. (Married Sept. 12, 1846.)
- All that I know  
Of a certain star  
Is, it can throw  
(Like the angled spar)  
Now a dart of red  
Now a dart of blue;  
Till my friends have said  
They would fain see, too,  
My star that dartles the red and the blue!  
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs  
furl'd:  
They must solace themselves with the Saturn  
above it.  
What matter to me if their star is a world?  
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I  
love it.  
—*My Star.*

13. —What, my soul? see thus far and no farther?  
when doors great and small,  
Nine and ninety flew ope at our touch, should the  
hundredth appal?  
In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the  
greatest of all? —*Saul.*
14. All love assimilates the soul  
To what it loves— —*Paracelsus.*
15. “I am singled out by God,  
No sin must touch me.” —*Pauline.*
16. God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that.  
—*Paracelsus.*
17. Man, once descried, imprints forever  
His presence on all lifeless things; the winds  
Are henceforth voices, wailing or a shout,  
A querulous mutter, or a quick gay laugh—  
Never a senseless gust now man is born!  
—*Paracelsus.*
18. Aye, God remains,  
Even did men forsake you.
19. Were't not for God,—what hope of truth—  
Speaking truth, hearing truth, would stay with  
man?
20. Naught makes me think some love is true,  
But the delight of the contented lowness  
With which I gaze on him I keep forever  
Above me; I to rise and rival him?  
Feed his fame rather from my heart's best blood,  
Wither unseen that he may flourish still.  
—*Pauline.*

21. —Justice shines in smoke-grimed habitations,  
And honors the well-omened life.  
—*The Agamemnon of Aeschylus.*
22. Heap cassia, sandal-buds and stripes  
Of labdanum, and aloe-balls,  
Smear'd with dull nards an Indian wipes  
From out her hair: such balsam falls  
Down sea-side mountain pedestals,  
From tree-tops where tired winds are fain,  
Spent with the vast howling main,  
To treasure half their island-gain.  
—*Song from Paracelsus.*
23. And strew faint sweetness from some old  
Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud  
Which breaks to dust when once unrolled;  
Or shredded perfume, like a cloud  
From closet long to quiet vowed,  
With moth'd and dropping arras hung,  
Mouldering her lute and books among,  
As when a queen, long dead, was young.  
—*Song from Paracelsus.*
24. —In youth I looked to these very skies,  
And probing their immensities,  
I found God there, His visible power;  
Yet felt in my heart, amid all its sense  
Of that power, an equal evidence  
That His love, there too, was the nobler dower.  
—*Christmas-Eve.*



25. Gladness be with thee, Helper of our world!  
 I think this is the authentic sign and seal  
 Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,  
 And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts  
 Into a rage to suffer for mankind,  
 And recommence at sorrow; drops like seed  
 After the blossom, ultimate of all.  
*—Balaustion's Adventure.*
26. The level wind carried above the firs  
 Clouds, the irrevocable travelers  
 Onward. *—Sordello.*
27. Thus the Mayne glideth  
 Where my Love abideth  
 Sleep's no softer: it proceeds  
 On through lawns, on through meads,  
 On and on, whate'er befall,  
 Meandering and musical,  
 Though the niggard pasturage  
 Bears not on its shaven ledge  
 Aught but weeds and waving grasses  
 To view the river as it passes,  
 Save here and there a scanty patch  
 Of primroses too faint to catch  
 A weary bee. *—Song from Paracelsus.*
28. God! Thou art mind! Unto the Master-mind  
 Mind should be precious. *—Ibid.*
29. God's service is established here  
 As He determines fit, and not your way,  
 And this you cannot brook. *—Ibid.*

30.       It must oft fall out  
That one whose labor perfects any work,  
Shall rise from it with eye so worn that he  
Of all men least can measure the extent  
Of what he has accomplished.       —*Ibid.*

October



## October

1. Autumn has come like spring returned to us,  
Won from her girlishness; like one returned  
A friend that was a lover, nor forgets  
The first warm love, but full of sober thoughts  
Of fading years; whose soft mouth quivers yet  
With the old smile, but yet so changed and still!  
—*Pauline.*
2. 'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels  
Reveal themselves to you, they sit all day  
Beside you, and lie down at night by you  
Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep,  
And all at once they leave you, and you know  
them!  
—*Paracelsus.*
3. No fruit man's life can bear will fade.  
—*Balaustion's Adventure.*
4. The best men ever prove the wisest too:  
Something instinctive guides them still aright.  
—*Ibid.*
5. This trouble must not hinder any more  
A true heart from good-will and pleasant ways.  
—*Ibid.*
6. To shoot a beam into the dark assists,  
To make that beam do fuller service, spread  
And utilize such bounty to the height,  
That assists also, and that work is mine.  
—*Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau.*

7. Evil or good may be better or worse  
In the human heart, but the mixture of each  
Is a marvel and a curse. —*Gold Hair.*
8. All great works in this world spring from the ruins  
Of greater projects—ever, on our earth,  
Babels men block out, Babylons they build.  
—*The Return of the Druses.*
9. Love should be absolute love, faith is in fulness  
or naught. —*Ixion.*
10. Our best is bad, nor bears thy test;  
Still, it should be our very best.  
—*Christmas-Eve.*
11. Can the soul, the will, die out of a man  
Ere his body finds the grave that gapes?  
—*The Statue and the Bust.*
12. For, more relaxed grows every one who fares  
well. —*The Agamemnon of Aeschylus.*
13. "I can always leave off talking when I hear a  
master play!" —*A Toccato of Galuppi's.*
14. Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth  
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones  
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet  
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;  
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones  
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.  
—*James Lee's Wife.*

15. Watch and pray!  
 Saints tumble to earth with so slight a tilt!  
 —*Gold Hair.*
16. Earn the means first—God surely will contrive  
 Use for our earning.  
 —*A Grammarian's Funeral.*
17. "O heart I made, a heart beats here!  
 Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!  
 Thou hast no power nor mayest conceive of mine:  
 But love I gave thee, with myself to love,  
 And thou must love me who have died for thee!"  
 —*An Epistle.*
18. Walking slow to beating bosom surest solace  
 soonest gives,  
 Liberates the brain o'erloaded—best of all restor-  
 atives.  
 —*La Saisiaz.*
19. What a thing friendship is, world without end!  
 —*Flight of the Duchess.*
20. Progress means contention, to my mind.  
 —*Aristophanes' Apology.*
21. —Men vastly differ: and we need  
 Some strange exceptional benevolence  
 Of nature's sunshine to develop seed  
 So well, in the less favored clime, that hence  
 We may discern how shrub means tree indeed  
 Though dwarfed till scarcely shrub in evidence.  
 —*The Two Poets of Croisic.*

22. How the world is made for each of us!  
 How all we perceive and know in it  
 Tends to some moment's product thus,  
 When a soul declares itself—to wit,  
 By its fruit, the thing it does!  
*—By the Fireside.*
23. The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,  
 Is—not to fancy what were fair in life  
 Provided it could be,—but finding first  
 What may be, then find how to make it fair  
 Up to our means: a very different thing!  
*—Bishop Blougram's Apology.*
24. Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things.  
*—Ibid.*
25. God is, and the soul is, and, as certain after death  
 shall be. *—La Saisiaz.*
26. All is as God over-rules.  
*—Andrea del Sarto.*
27. Life means—learning to abhor  
 The false, and love the true, truth treasured  
 snatch by snatch,  
 Waifs counted at their worth.  
*—Fifine at the Fair.*
28. A poet never dreams:  
 We prose-folk always do: we miss the proper duct  
 For thoughts on things unseen, which stagnate  
 and obstruct  
 The system, therefore; mind, sound in a body  
 sane,



Keeps thoughts apart from facts, and to one flow-  
ing vein  
Confines its sense of that which is not, but might  
be,  
And leaves the rest alone.

—*Fifine at the Fair.*

29.                   Who's the martyred man?  
Let him bear one stroke more, for be sure he can!  
He that strove thus evil's lump with good to  
leaven,  
Let him give his blood at last and get his heaven!  
—*Before.*

30. All or nothing, stake it! Trusts he God or no?  
Thus far and no farther? farther? be it so!  
—*Ibid.*

31.           While God's champion lives,  
Wrong shall be resisted.                   —*Ibid.*



November



## November

1. How well I know what I mean to do  
When the long dark autumn evenings come;  
And where, my soul, is thy pleasant hue?  
With the music of all thy voices dumb  
In life's November too!

—*By the Fireside.*

2. Ah, Love, but a day,  
And the world has changed!  
The sun's away,  
And the bird estranged;  
The wind has dropped,  
And the sky's deranged;  
Summer has stopped.

—*James Lee's Wife.*

3. But why must cold spread? but wherefore bring  
change  
To the spirit,  
God meant should mate his with an infinite range  
And inherit  
His power to put life in the darkness and cold?

—*James Lee's Wife.*

4. So must we die ourselves,  
And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.  
Life, how and what is it?

.....  
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:  
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?

—*The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's  
Church.*

5. We are in God's hand,  
How strange now, looks the life he makes us lead;  
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!  
—*Andrea del Sarto.*
6. Oh the sense of the yellow mountain flowers,  
And the thorny balls, each three in one,  
The chestnuts throw on your path in showers!  
For the drop of the woodland fruit's begun,  
These early November hours.—  
—*By the Fireside.*
7. Over the waters in the vaporous west  
The sun goes down as in a sphere of gold  
Behind the arm of the city, which between,  
With all that length of domes and minarets,  
Athwart the splendor, black and crooked runs  
Like a Turk verse along a scimitar.  
—*Paracelsus.*
8. Truth is truth,  
And justifies itself by undreamed ways.  
—*Bishop Blougram's Apology.*
9. Faith is my waking life:  
One sleeps, indeed, and dreams at intervals,  
We know, but waking's the main point with us  
And my provision's for life's waking part.  
—*Ibid.*
10. My doubt is great,  
My faith's still greater, then my faith's enough.  
—*Ibid.*

11. "For I say, this is death and the sole death,  
 "When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,  
 "Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,  
 "And lack of love from love made manifest;  
 "A Lamp's death when, replete with oil, it chokes;  
 "A stomach's when, surcharged with food, it  
 starves." —*A Death in the Desert.*
12. "God's gift was just that man conceive of truth  
 "And yearn to gain it, catching at mistake,  
 "As midway help till he reach fact indeed."  
 —*Ibid.*
13. "The pattern on the Mount subsists no more,  
 "Seemed awhile, then returned to nothingness;  
 "But copies, Moses strove to make thereby,  
 "Serve still and are replaced as time requires:  
 "By these, make newest vessels, reach the type!  
 "If ye demur, this judgment on your head,  
 "Never to reach the ultimate angels' law,  
 "Indulging every instinct of the soul  
 "There where law, life, joy, impulse are one  
 thing!" —*Ibid.*
14. "How of the field's fortune? That concerned our  
 Leader!  
 Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings  
 left and right:  
 Each as on his sole head, failer or succeder,  
 Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care for cow-  
 ards: fight!"  
 —*Epilogue to "Ferishtah's Fancies."*

15. You live, and rightly sympathize with life,  
With action, power, success.  
—*In a Balcony.*
16. My heart had a touch of the woodland time,  
Wanting to sleep now over its best.  
Shake the whole tree in the summer-prime,  
But bring to the last leaf no such test!  
“Hold the last fast!” runs the rhyme.  
—*By the Fireside.*
17. Hark, the wind with its wants and its infinite wail!  
.....  
Still ailing wind? Wilt be appeased or no?  
Which needs the other’s office, thou or I?  
Dost want to be disburthened of a woe,  
And can in truth, my voice untie  
Its links, and let it go?  
.....I know not any tone  
So fit as thine to falter forth a sorrow:  
Dost think men would go mad without a moan,  
If they knew any way to borrow  
A pathos like thy own? —*James Lee’s Wife.*
18. “About  
As much as helps life last the proper term,  
The appointed Fourscore,—that I crave, and scout  
A too-prolonged existence. Let the worm  
Change at fit season to the butterfly!”  
—*Jochanan Hakkadosh.*
19. Day’s the song time for the lark,  
Night for her music boasts but owls and bats.  
—*Ibid.*





26. Here, work enough to watch  
 The Master work, and catch  
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true  
 play. —*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*
27. Because a man has shop to mind  
 In time and place, since flesh must live,  
 Needs spirit lack all life behind,  
 All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,  
 All loves except what trade can give?  
—*Shop.*
28. I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ  
 Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee  
 All questions in the earth and out of it,  
 And has so far advanced thee to be wise.  
—*A Death in the Desert.*
29. God is seen God  
 In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul  
 and the clod. —*Saul.*
30. Rather learn and love  
 Each facet-flash of the revolving year!  
 Red, green and blue that whirl into a white,  
 The variance now, the eventual unity,  
 Which make the miracle.  
—*The Ring and the Book.*

December



## December

1. Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life for which the first was made:  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith, "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half: trust God—  
See all, nor be afraid!" —*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*
  
2. Good to forgive;  
Best to forget!  
Living, we fret;  
Dying, we live.  
Fretless and free,  
Soul, clap thy pinion!  
Earth have dominion,  
Body, over thee!  
*—Pisgah-Sights. 3.*
  
3. Have you found your life distasteful?  
My life did and does smack sweet.  
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?  
Mine I saved and hold complete.  
Do your joys with age diminish?  
When mine fail me, I'll complain.  
Must in death your daylight finish?  
My sun sets to rise again.  
*—At the "Mermaid."*
  
4. God who registers the cup  
Of mere cold water, for his sake  
To a disciple rendered up,  
Disdains not his own thirst to slake  
At the poorest love was ever offered.  
*—Christmas-Eve.*

5. Each faculty tasked,  
To perceive Him, has gained an abyss, where a  
dewdrop was asked. —*Saul.*
6. What's life to me?  
Where'er I look is fire, where'er I listen  
Music, and where I tend bliss evermore.  
—*Paracelsus.*
7. Then life is—to wake, not sleep,  
Rise and not rest, but press  
From earth's level where blindly creep  
Things perfected more or less  
To the heaven's height far and steep.  
—*Reverie.*
8. Let drift the helm,  
Let drive the sail, dare unconfined  
Embark for the vastitude, O Mind,  
Of an absolute bliss! Leave earth behind!  
—*Rephan.*
9. Let one more attest  
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime,  
and all was for best. —*Saul.*
10. I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and  
forebore,  
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. —*Prospice.*

11. Most progress is most failure. —*Cleon.*
12. (Died Dec. 12, 1889.)  
So, take and use Thy work  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the  
aim!  
My times be in Thy hand!  
Perfect the cup as planned!  
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the  
same! —*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*
13. One who never turned his back, but marched  
breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong  
would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
sleep to wake. —*Asolando.*
14. As life wanes, all its care and strife and toil  
Seem strangely valueless, while the old trees  
Which grew by our youth's home, the waving  
mass  
Of climbing plants, heavy with bloom and dew,  
The morning swallows with their songs like words,  
All these seem clear and only worth our thoughts.  
—*Pauline.*
15. I count life just a stuff  
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man.  
—*In a Balcony.*

16. But who are we, to spurn  
 For peace's sake, duty's pointing?  
 Up, then,—earn  
 Albeit no prize we may but martyrdom!  
*—Parleyings: George Bubb Dodington.*
17. Life  
 And song should away from heart to heart!  
 I—prison-bird, with a ready strife  
 At breast, and a lip whence storm-notes start—  
 —Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing  
 That's spirit: though cloistered fast, soar free.  
*—A Wall.*
18. Man might live at first  
 The animal life; but is there nothing more?  
 In due time, let him critically learn  
 How he lives; and the more he gets to know  
 Of his own life's adaptabilities  
 The more joy-giving will his life become.  
*—Clcon.*
19. All is best believe,  
 And we best as no other than we are.  
*—In a Balcony.*
20. "What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes!  
 Man has Forever!  
*—A Grammarian's Funeral.*
21. There shall never be one lost good! What was,  
 shall live as before;  
 The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying  
 sound;  
 What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so  
 much good more;  
 On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a  
 perfect round.  
*—Abt Vogler.*



22. All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good,  
 shall exist;  
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor  
 good, nor power  
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for  
 the melodist.  
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.  
*—Abt Vogler.*
23. Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord  
 again,  
 Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,  
 And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien  
 ground,  
 Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into  
 the deep;  
 Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my rest-  
 ing-place is found,  
 The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to  
 sleep.  
*—Abt Vogler.*
24. The truth in God's breast  
 Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed,  
 Though He is so bright, and we are so dim,  
 We are made in His image to witness Him.  
*—Christmas-Eve.*
25. Festive bells—everywhere the Feast o' the Babe,  
 Joy upon earth, peace and good will to man!  
 I am baptized. *—The Ring and the Book.*
26. As the power, expect performance! God's be  
 God's as mine is mine! *—La Saisiaz.*

27. Only grant my soul may carry high through death  
 her cup unspilled,  
 Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's loss  
 drop by drop distilled,  
 I shall boast it mine—the balsam, bless each kindly  
 wrench that wrung  
 From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the root  
 whence pleasure sprung,  
 Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and bruised  
 the berry, left all grace  
 Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir in its  
 place!  
 —*La Saisiaz.*
28. God's task to make the heavenly period  
 Perfect the earthen?  
 —*A Grammarian's Funeral.*
29. Man's work is to labor and leaven—  
 As best he may—earth here with heaven;  
 'Tis work for work's sake that he's needing:  
 Let him work on and on as if speeding  
 Work's end, but not dream of succeeding!  
 Because if success were intended,  
 Why, heaven would begin ere earth ended.  
 —*Of Pacchiarotto.*
30. Well, I care—intimately care to have  
 Experience how a human creature felt  
 In after-life, who bore the burden grave  
 Of certainly believing God had dealt  
 For once directly with him:.....  
 .....  
 How many problems that one fact would solve!  
 An ordinary soul, no more, no less,

About whose life earth's common sights revolve,  
On whom is brought to bear, by thunder-stress,  
This fact—God tasks him, and will not absolve  
Task's negligent performer!

—*The Two Poets of Croisic.*

31. (Buried—Westminster Abbey, Dec. 31, 1889.)  
No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time  
Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should  
be,  
Strive and thrive! cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever  
—*Epilogue.*









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