















1

411  
1495-

# G E M S

FROM

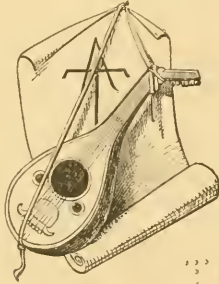
*Alfred Tennyson*

# T E N N Y S O N .

"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

W. J. HENNESSY, J. F. KENSSETT, S. EYTINGE, JR., F. O. C. DARLEY, S. COLMAN, JR.,  
W. T. RICHARDS, WINSLOW HOMER, WILLIAM HART, C. A. BARRY,  
J. E. MILLAIS, D. MACLISE, W. H. HUNT, D. G. ROSSETTI,  
C. STANFIELD, AND W. MULREADY.



TICKNOR AND FIELDS  
PUBLISHERS

BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.  
1866.

TR 5551  
1866

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

MASSACHUSETTS  
DISTRICT COURT  
RECORDS

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO.,  
CAMBRIDGE.

## CONTENTS.

---

	Page
LOCKSLEY HALL . . . . .	1
LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE . . . . .	14
MARIANA . . . . .	18
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK . . . . .	22
DORA . . . . .	23
THE EAGLE . . . . .	30
MORTE D'ARTHUR . . . . .	31
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS . . . . .	42
THE TALKING OAK . . . . .	48
LADY CLARE . . . . .	62
THE MAY QUEEN . . . . .	67
NEW-YEAR'S EVE . . . . .	70
CONCLUSION . . . . .	73
ST. AGNES . . . . .	76
THE LADY OF SHALOTT . . . . .	78
THE DAY-DREAM . . . . .	86
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD . . . . .	99
GO NOT, HAPPY DAY . . . . .	103
SIR GALAHAD . . . . .	105
ULYSSES . . . . .	109
AS THRO' THE LAND . . . . .	112



SWEET AND LOW . . . . .	113
THE SPLENDOR FALLS . . . . .	114
TEARS, IDLE TEARS . . . . .	116
O SWALLOW . . . . .	118
HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD. . . . .	120
ASK ME NO MORE . . . . .	122
NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL . . . . .	123
COME DOWN, O MAID . . . . .	124
GODIVA . . . . .	126
THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO' ROLLING DRUMS. . . . .	130
HOME THEY BROUGHT HIM SLAIN WITH SPEARS . . . . .	131
THE DESERTED HOUSE . . . . .	132
THE BEGGAR MAID . . . . .	134
ENID'S SONG . . . . .	136
VIVIEN'S SONG . . . . .	137
ELAINE'S SONG . . . . .	138
THE NOVICE'S SONG . . . . .	139
THE LOTOS-EATERS . . . . .	140
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. . . . .	148
THE BROOK . . . . .	151

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Artists.	Engravers.	Page
LOCKSLEY HALL . . . . .	W. J. HENNESSY . . . . .	<i>N. Orr &amp; Co.</i> . . . . .	1
Do. . . . .	Do. . . . .	<i>C. D. Kingdon</i> . . . . .	4
Do. . . . .	Do. . . . .	<i>John Andrew</i> . . . . .	7
Do. . . . .	Do. . . . .	<i>P. F. Annin</i> . . . . .	13
LADY CLARA VEREDEVERE . . . . .	SOL. EYTINGE, JR. . . . .	<i>A. V. S. Anthony</i> . . . . .	14
MARIANA . . . . .	J. E. MILLAIS . . . . .	<i>Dalziel Brothers</i> . . . . .	18
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK. . . . .	J. F. KENSSETT . . . . .	<i>J. A. Bogert</i> . . . . .	22
DORA . . . . .	J. E. MILLAIS . . . . .	<i>J. Thompson</i> . . . . .	28
MORTE D'ARTHUR . . . . .	D. MACLISE . . . . .	<i>Do.</i> . . . .	32
Do. . . . .	Do. . . . .	<i>Dalziel Brothers</i> . . . . .	39
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS . . . . .	W. HOLMAN HUNT . . . . .	<i>T. Williams</i> . . . . .	42
THE TALKING OAK . . . . .	C. A. BARRY . . . . .	<i>A. V. S. Anthony</i> . . . . .	55
LADY CLARE . . . . .	F. O. C. DARLEY . . . . .	<i>H. Marsh</i> . . . . .	62
THE MAY QUEEN . . . . .	SOL. EYTINGE, JR. . . . .	<i>John Andrew</i> . . . . .	67
NEW-YEAR'S EVE . . . . .	Do. . . . .	<i>H. Marsh</i> . . . . .	70
CONCLUSION . . . . .	Do. . . . .	<i>A. V. S. Anthony</i> . . . . .	75
ST. AGNES . . . . .	J. E. MILLAIS . . . . .	<i>Dalziel Brothers</i> . . . . .	76
THE LADY OF SHALOTT . . . . .	W. HOLMAN HUNT . . . . .	<i>J. Thompson</i> . . . . .	78
THE DAY-DREAM . . . . .	J. E. MILLAIS . . . . .	<i>C. T. Thompson</i> . . . . .	92
SIR GALAHAD . . . . .	D. G. ROSSETTI . . . . .	<i>W. J. Linton</i> . . . . .	105
ULYSSES . . . . .	C. STANFIELD . . . . .	<i>W. T. Green</i> . . . . .	109
THE SPLENDOR FALLS . . . . .	S. COLMAN, JR. . . . .	<i>A. V. S. Anthony</i> . . . . .	114
TEARS, IDLE TEARS . . . . .	W. J. HENNESSY . . . . .	<i>J. P. Davis</i> . . . . .	116

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD	}	SOL. EYTINGE, JR.	<i>H. Marsh</i>	120
COME DOWN, O MAID		W. T. RICHARDS	<i>Do.</i>	124
GODIVA		W. HOLMAN HUNT	<i>Dalziel Brothers</i>	126
THE DESERTED HOUSE		W. MULREADY	<i>J. Thompson</i>	132
THE BEGGAR MAID		W. HOLMAN HUNT	<i>T. Williams</i>	134
THE LOTOS-EATERS		C. STANFIELD	<i>W. J. Linton</i>	140
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE	}	WINSLOW HOMER	<i>A. V. S. Anthony</i>	148
THE BROOK		WILLIAM HART	<i>H. Marsh</i>	152
Do.		Do.	<i>Bobbett &amp; Hooper</i>	158



## LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn :  
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-  
horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,  
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,  
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime  
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time ;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed ;  
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed ;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see ;  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;  
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;  
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of  
love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so  
young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, " My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,  
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,  
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.



And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs —  
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me  
wrong";

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved  
thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing  
hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with  
might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of  
sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,  
And her whisper throug'd my pulses with the fulness of the  
Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,  
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!  
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falsar than all fancy fathoms, falsar than all songs have sung,  
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me — to decline  
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!



Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day,  
 What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated with a clown,  
 And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee  
 down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel  
 force,  
 Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed  
with wine.

Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter  
thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—  
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,  
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of  
youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!  
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well—'t is well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less un-  
worthy proved—

Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was  
loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter  
fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come  
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?  
 Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move;  
 Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?  
 No — she never loved me truly: love is love forevermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,  
 That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to  
     proof,  
 In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,  
 Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and  
     fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken  
     sleep,  
 To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt  
     weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the phantom  
     years,  
 And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.  
 Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.



Nay, but Nature brings thee solace ; for a tender voice will cry.  
 'T is a purer life than thine ; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down : my latest rival brings thee rest.  
 Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.  
 Half is thine and half is his : it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,  
 With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.



“They were dangerous guides the feelings — she herself was not  
exempt —

Truly, she herself had suffer'd” — Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I care?  
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like  
these?

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.  
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,  
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the winds are laid with  
sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,  
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-  
Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,  
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would  
yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn ;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men ;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something  
new :

That which they have done but earnest of the things that they  
shall do :

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly  
dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing  
warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-  
storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were  
furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd, ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,  
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced  
eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint,  
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to  
point :

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the  
suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,  
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's ?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,  
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden  
breast,  
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,  
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn :

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string ?  
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a  
thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure,  
woman's pain —

Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain :

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,  
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some  
retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat ;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd ; —  
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,  
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the  
crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited  
tree —

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of  
mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake  
mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and  
breathing-space ;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the  
sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,  
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my words are wild,  
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains !

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or clime ?  
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in  
Ajalon !

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us  
range.

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of  
change.

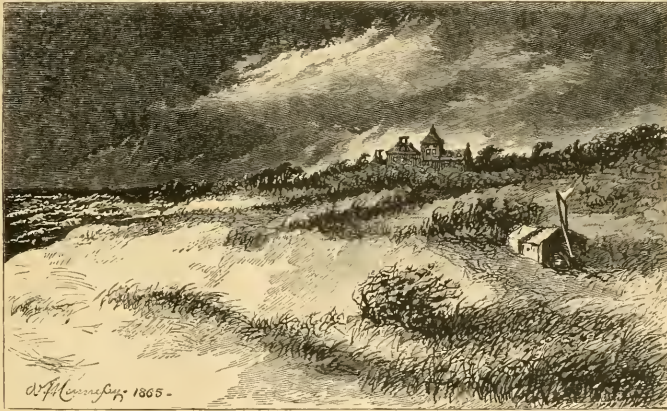
Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.



Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun :  
 Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the  
 Sun —

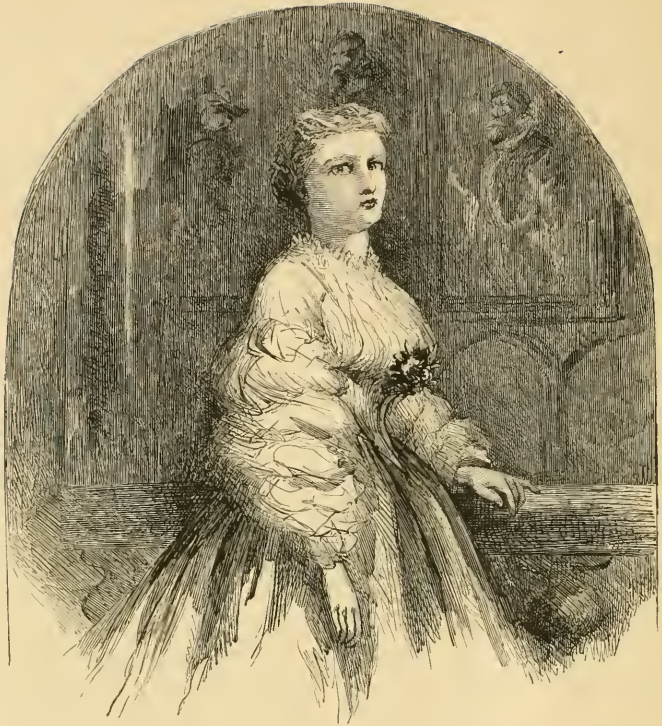
O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.  
 Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!  
 Now for me the woods may wither now for me the roof-tree fall.



Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath andholt,  
 Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow ;  
 For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.



LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

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

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

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

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

Some meeker pupil you must find,  
For were you queen of all that is,  
I could not stoop to such a mind.  
You sought to prove how I could love,  
And my disdain is my reply.  
The lion on your old stone gates  
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

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

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

When thus he met his mother's view,  
She had the passions of her kind,  
She spake some certain truths of you.

Indeed, I heard one bitter word  
 That scarce is fit for you to hear ;  
 Her manners had not that repose  
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

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

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
 From yon blue heavens above us bent  
 The grand old gardener and his wife  
 Smile at the claims of long descent.  
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
 'T is only noble to be good.  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

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

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



## M A R I A N A .

“Mariana in the moated grange.”

*Measure for Measure.*

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots  
Were thickly crusted, one and all :  
The rusted nails fell from the knots  
That held the peach to the garden-wall.  
The broken sheds look'd 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 !"

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 casement-curtain 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 !"

Upon the middle of the night,

Waking she heard the night-fowl 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 seem'd to walk forlorn,

Till cold winds woke the gray-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 !"

About a stone-cast from the wall

A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,  
And o'er it many, round and small,

The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.  
Hard by a poplar shook alway,

All silver-green with gnarled bark :  
For leagues no other tree did mark  
The level waste, the rounding gray.

She only said, " My life is dreary,

He cometh not," she said ;

She said, " I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead ! "

And ever when the moon was low,

And the shrill winds were up and 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 ! "

All day, within the dreamy house,

The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;

The blue fly sung in the pane ; the mouse

Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,  
Or from the crevice peer'd about.

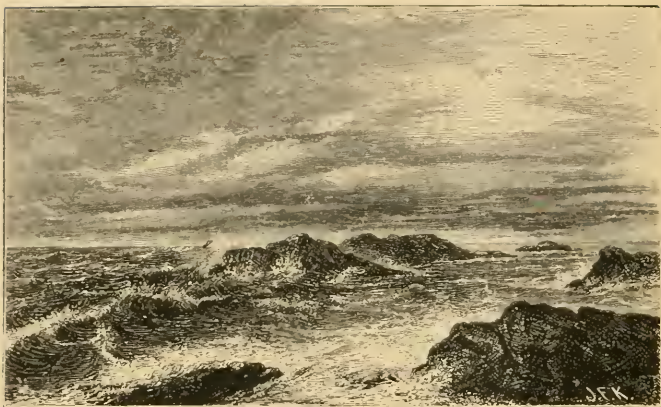


Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices called her from without.

She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead !"

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 thick-moted sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping toward his western bower.

Then, said she, "I am very dreary,  
He will not come," she said ;  
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,  
O God, that I were dead !"



---

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

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

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

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

## D O R A .

WITH Farmer Allan at the farm abode  
William and Dora. William was his son,  
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,  
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."  
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
And yearn'd towards William ; but the youth, because  
He had been always with her in the house,  
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day

When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son :  
I married late, but I would wish to see  
My grandchild on my knees before I die :  
And I have set my heart upon a match.  
Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well  
To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.  
She is my brother's daughter : he and I  
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died  
In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred  
His daughter Dora : take her for your wife ;  
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,  
For many years." But William answer'd short :  
"I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,  
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man

Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :  
 " You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !  
 But in my time a father's word was law,  
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ;  
 Consider, William : take a month to think,  
 And let me have an answer to my wish ;  
 Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,  
 And never more darken my doors again."  
 But William answer'd madly ; bit his lips,  
 And broke away. The more he look'd at her  
 The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;  
 But Dora bore them meekly. Then before  
 The month was out he left his father's house,  
 And hired himself to work within the fields ;  
 And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed  
 A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd  
 His niece and said : " My girl, I love you well ;  
 But if you speak with him that was my son,  
 Or change a word with her he calls his wife,  
 My home is none of yours. My will is law."  
 And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,  
 " It cannot be : my uncle's mind will change !"

And days went on, and there was born a boy  
 To William ; then distresses came on him ;  
 And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,  
 Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.  
 But Dora stored what little she could save,  
 And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
 Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized  
 On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat  
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought  
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :

“ I have obey'd my uncle until now,  
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me  
This evil came on William at the first.  
But, Mary, for the sake of him that 's gone,  
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,  
And for this orphan, I am come to you :  
You know there has not been for these five years  
So full a harvest : let me take the boy,  
And I will set him in my uncle's eye  
Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad  
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,  
And bless him for the sake of him that 's gone.”

And Dora took the child, and went her way  
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound  
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.  
Far off the farmer came into the field  
And spied her not ; for none of all his men  
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;  
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,  
But her heart fail'd her ; and the reapers reap'd,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took  
The child once more, and sat upon the mound ;  
And made a little wreath of all the flowers  
That grew about, and tied it round his hat  
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.  
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field  
He spied her, and he left his men at work,

And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?  
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,  
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"  
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not  
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,  
"Do with me as you will, but take the child  
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"  
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick  
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.

I must be taught my duty, and by you!  
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared  
To slight it. Well — for I will take the boy;  
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud  
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell  
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,  
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,  
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,  
Remembering the day when first she came,  
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down  
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood  
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy  
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise  
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.  
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;  
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:  
He says that he will never see me more."  
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,

That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :  
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,  
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
 His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,  
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;  
 And I will beg of him to take thee back ;  
 But if he will not take thee back again,  
 Then thou and I will live within one house,  
 And work for William's child, until he grows  
 Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd  
 Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.  
 The door was off the latch : they peep'd, and saw  
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,  
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,  
 Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretch'd out  
 And babbled for the golden seal, that hung  
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.  
 Then they came in : but when the boy beheld  
 His mother, he cried out to come to her :  
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said :  
 " O Father ! — if you let me call you so —  
 I never came a-begging for myself,  
 Or William, or this child ; but now I come  
 For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.  
 O Sir, when William died, he died at peace  
 With all men ; for I ask'd him, and he said,  
 He could not ever rue his marrying me —  
 I had been a patient wife : but, Sir, he said  
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus :



‘God bless him!’ he said, ‘and may he never know  
 The troubles I have gone thro’!’ Then he turn’d  
 His face and pass’d — unhappy that I am!  
 But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you  
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight  
 His father’s memory; and take Dora back,  
 And let all this be as it was before.”



So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
 By Mary. There was silence in the room;  
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs: —

“I have been to blame — to blame. I have kill’d my son.  
 I have kill’d him — but I loved him — my dear son.



May God forgive me! — I have been to blame.  
Kiss me, my children.”

Then they clung about  
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.  
And all the man was broken with remorse ;  
And all his love came back a hundredfold ;  
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,  
Thinking of William.

So those four abode  
Within one house together ; and as years  
Went forward, Mary took another mate ;  
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

## THE EAGLE.

### FRAGMENT.

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands ;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

## MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;  
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
Had fall'n in Lyonness about their Lord,  
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
“ The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish by this people which I made, —  
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again

To rule once more — but let what will be, be,  
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn.



Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword — and how I row'd across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :  
And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
In aftertime, this also shall be known :  
But now delay not : take Excalibur,  
And fling him far into the middle mere :  
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :  
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.  
A little thing may harm a wounded man.  
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept  
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :  
For all the haft twinkled with diamond studs,  
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long  
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,  
This way and that dividing the swift mind,

In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd  
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
There in the many-knotted waterflags,  
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
“ Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?  
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? ”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
“ I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
And the wild water lapping on the crag. ”

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :  
“ Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
Thy féalty, nor like a noble knight :  
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,  
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.  
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word. ”

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;  
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
His palms together, and he cried aloud.

“ And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,  
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.

What good should follow this, if this were done ?  
 What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,  
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
 An act unprofitable, against himself ?  
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.  
 What record, or what relic of my lord  
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
 And rumors of a doubt ? but were this kept,  
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
 Saying, ' King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
 To all the people, winning reverence.  
 But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
 And hid Excalibur the second time,  
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :  
 "What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :  
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !  
 Authority forgets a dying king,  
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,  
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
In whom should meet the offices of all,  
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;  
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :  
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :  
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :  
" Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
" Sir King, I close mine eyelids, lest the gems  
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,



Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;  
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt and brandished him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :  
"My end draws nigh ; 't is time that I were gone.  
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear  
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
Then took with care, and, kneeling on one knee,  
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,  
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,  
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick !  
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."  
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,  
Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry

Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.  
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —  
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
Beneath them; and descending they were ware  
That all the decks were dense with stately forms  
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these  
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose  
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony  
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"  
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens  
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.  
But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,  
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,  
And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white  
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon  
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;  
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops



Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls —  
 That made his forehead like a rising sun  
 High from the dais-throne — were parch'd with dust ;  
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.  
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;

Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,  
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
 For now I see the true old times are dead,  
 When every morning brought a noble chance,  
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
 Such times have been not since the light hath led  
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved,  
 Which was an image of the mighty world;  
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
 And the days darken round me, and the years,  
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:  
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
 Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?  
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
 May He within himself make pure! but thou,  
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
But now farewell. I am going a long way  
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
To the island-valley of Avilion ;  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan —  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away.





## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free  
    In the silken sail of infancy,  
The tide of time flow'd back with me,  
    The forward-flowing tide of time ;  
And many a sheeny summer-morn,  
Adown the Tigris I was borne,  
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,  
High-walled gardens green and old ;  
True Mussulman was I and sworn,  
    For it was in the golden prime  
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'  
The low and bloomed foliage, drove  
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove  
The citron-shadows in the blue :  
By garden porches on the brim,  
The costly doors flung open wide,  
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,  
And broider'd sofas on each side :  
    In sooth it was a goodly time,  
    For it was in the golden prime  
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard  
The outlet, did I turn away  
The boat-head down a broad canal  
From the main river sluiced, where all  
The sloping of the moon-lit sward  
Was damask-work, and deep inlay  
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept  
Adown to where the water slept.  
    A goodly place, a goodly time,  
    For it was in the golden prime  
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won  
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on  
My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,  
Until another night in night  
I enter'd, from the clearer light,  
Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,  
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb

Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome  
 Of hollow boughs. — A goodly time,  
 For it was in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward ; and the clear canal  
 Is rounded to as clear a lake.  
 From the green rivage many a fall  
 Of diamond rillets musical,  
 Thro' little crystal arches low  
 Down from the central fountain's flow  
 Fall'n silver-chiming, seem'd 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.

Above thro' many a bowery turn  
 A walk with vary-color'd shells  
 Wander'd engrain'd. 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 odor in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon-grove  
 In closest coverture upsprung,



The living airs of middle night  
Died round the bulbul as he sung ;  
Not he : but something which possess'd  
The darkness of the world, delight,  
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,  
Ceasing not, mingled, unpress'd,  
    Apart from place, withholding time,  
    But flattering the golden prime  
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots  
Slumber'd : the solemn palms were ranged  
Above, unwoo'd of summer wind :  
A sudden splendor from behind  
Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,  
And, flowing rapidly between  
Their interspaces, counterchanged  
The level lake with diamond-plots  
    Of dark and bright. A lovely time,  
    For it was in the golden prime  
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,  
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid,  
Grew darker from that under-flame :  
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,  
    Entranced with that place and time,  
    So worthy of the golden prime  
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn —  
 A realm of pleasance, many a mound,  
 And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn  
 Full of the city's stilly sound,  
 And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round  
 The stately cedar, tamarisks,  
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,  
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks  
     Graven with emblems of the time,  
     In honor of the golden prime  
     Of good Haroun Alraschid.

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

The fourscore windows all alight  
 As with the quintessence of flame,  
 A million tapers flaring bright  
 From twisted silvers look'd to shame  
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd  
 Upon the mooned domes aloof  
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd

Hundreds of crescents on the roof  
Of night new-risen, that marvellous time,  
To celebrate the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

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

Six columns, three on either side,  
Pure silver, underpropt a rich  
Throne of the massive ore, from which  
Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,  
Engarlanded and diaper'd  
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.  
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd  
With merriment of kingly pride,  
Sole star of all that place and time,  
I saw him — in his golden prime,  
THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID !

## THE TALKING OAK.

ONCE more the gate behind me falls ;  
Once more before my face  
I see the moulder'd Abbey-walls,  
That stand within the chace.

Beyond the lodge the city lies,  
Beneath its drift of smoke ;  
And ah ! with what delighted eyes  
I turn to yonder oak.

For when my passion first began,  
Ere that which in me burn'd,  
The love that makes me thrice a man,  
Could hope itself return'd ;

To yonder oak within the field  
I spoke without restraint,  
And with a larger faith appeal'd  
Than Papist unto Saint.

For oft I talk'd with him apart,  
And told him of my choice,  
Until he plagiarized a heart,  
And answer'd with a voice.

Tho' what he whisper'd, under Heaven  
None else could understand ;  
I found him garrulously given,  
A babbler in the land.

But since I heard him make reply  
Is many a weary hour ;  
'T were well to question him, and try  
If yet he keeps the power.

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,  
Broad Oak of Sumner-chace,  
Whose topmost branches can discern  
The roofs of Sumner-place !

Say thou, whereon I carved her name,  
If ever maid or spouse,  
As fair as my Olivia, came  
To rest beneath thy boughs. —

“ O Walter, I have shelter'd here  
Whatever maiden grace  
The good old Summers, year by year,  
Made ripe in Sumner-chace :

Old Summers, when the monk was fat,  
And, issuing shorn and sleek,  
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat  
The girls upon the cheek,

“ Ere yet, in scorn of Peter’s-pence,  
And number’d bead, and shrift,  
Bluff Harry broke into the spence,  
And turn’d the cowls adrift :

“ And I have seen some score of those  
Fresh faces, that would thrive  
When his man-minded offset rose  
To chase the deer at five ;

“ And all that from the town would stroll,  
Till that wild wind made work  
In which the gloomy brewer’s soul  
Went by me like a stork :

“ The slight she-slips of loyal blood,  
And others, passing praise,  
Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud  
For puritanic stays :

“ And I have shadow’d many a group  
Of beauties, that were born  
In teacup-times of hood and hoop,  
Or while the patch was worn ;

“ And, leg and arm with love-knots gay,  
About me leap’d and laugh’d  
The modish Cupid of the day,  
And shrill’d his tinsel shaft.

“ I swear (and else may insects prick  
Each leaf into a gall)  
This girl, for whom your heart is sick,  
Is three times worth them all ;

“ For those and theirs, by Nature's law,  
Have faded long ago ;  
But in these latter springs I saw  
Your own Olivia blow,

“ From when she gamboll'd on the greens,  
A baby-germ, to when  
The maiden blossoms of her teens  
Could number five from ten.

“ I swear, by leaf, and wind, and rain,  
(And hear me with thine ears,)  
That, tho' I circle in the grain  
Five hundred rings of years —

“ Yet, since I first could cast a shade,  
Did never creature pass  
So slightly, musically made,  
So light upon the grass :

“ For as to fairies, that will flit  
To make the greensward fresh,  
I hold them exquisitely knit,  
But far too spare of flesh.”



O, hide thy knotted knees in fern,  
And overlook the chace ;  
And from thy topmost branch discern  
The roofs of Sumner-place.

But thou, whereon I carved her name,  
That oft hast heard my vows,  
Declare when last Olivia came  
To sport beneath thy boughs.

“ O yesterday, you know, the fair  
Was holden at the town ;  
Her father left his good arm-chair,  
And rode his hunter down.

“ And with him Albert came on his.  
I look'd at him with joy :  
As cowslip unto oxlip is,  
So seems she to the boy.

“ An hour had past — and, sitting straight  
Within the low-wheel'd chaise,  
Her mother trundled to the gate  
Behind the dappled grays.

“ But, as for her, she stay'd at home,  
And on the roof she went,  
And down the way you use to come,  
She look'd with discontent.

“ She left the novel half-uncut  
    Upon the rosewood shelf ;  
She left the new piano shut :  
    She could not please herself.

“ Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,  
    And livelier than a lark  
She sent her voice thro’ all the holt  
    Before her, and the park.

“ A light wind chased her on the wing,  
    And in the chase grew wild,  
As close as might be would he cling  
    About the darling child :

“ But light as any wind that blows  
    So fleetly did she stir,  
The flower, she touch’d on, dipt and rose,  
    And turn’d to look at her.

“ And here she came, and round me play’d,  
    And sang to me the whole  
Of those three stanzas that you made  
    About my ‘giant bole’ ;

“ And in a fit of frolic mirth  
    She strove to span my waist :  
Alas, I was so broad of girth,  
    I could not be embraced.

“I wish'd myself the fair young beech  
That here beside me stands,  
That round me, clasping each in each,  
She might have lock'd her hands.

“Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as sweet  
As woodbine's fragile hold,  
Or when I feel about my feet  
The berried briony fold.”

O muffle round thy knees with fern,  
And shadow Sumner-chace !  
Long may thy topmost branch discern  
The roofs of Sumner-place !

But tell me, did she read the name  
I carved with many vows  
When last with throbbing heart I came  
To rest beneath thy boughs ?

“O yes, she wander'd round and round  
These knotted knees of mine,  
And found, and kiss'd the name she found,  
And sweetly murmur'd thine.

“A teardrop trembled from its source,  
And down my surface crept.  
My sense of touch is something coarse,  
But I believe she wept.

“ Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,  
She glanced across the plain ;  
But not a creature was in sight :  
She kiss'd me once again.



“ Her kisses were so close and kind,  
That, trust me on my word,  
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,  
But yet my sap was stirr'd :

“ And even into my inmost ring  
A pleasure I discern'd,  
Like those blind motions of the Spring,  
That show the year is turn'd.

“ Thrice-happy he that may caress  
The ringlet's waving balm —  
The cushions of whose touch may press  
The maiden's tender palm.

“ I, rooted here among the groves,  
But languidly adjust  
My vapid vegetable loves  
With anthers and with dust :

“ For ah ! my friend, the days were brief  
Whereof the poets talk,  
When that, which breathes within the leaf,  
Could slip its bark and walk.

“ But could I, as in times foregone,  
From spray, and branch, and stem,  
Have suck'd and gather'd into one  
The life that spreads in them,

“ She had not found me so remiss ;  
But lightly issuing thro',  
I would have paid her kiss for kiss  
With usury thereto.”

O flourish high, with leafy towers,  
And overlook the lea,  
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,  
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish, hidden deep in fern,  
Old oak, I love thee well ;  
A thousand thanks for what I learn  
And what remains to tell.

“’T is little more : the day was warm ;  
At last, tired out with play,  
She sank her head upon her arm,  
And at my feet she lay.

“Her eyelids dropp’d their silken eaves.  
I breathed upon her eyes  
Thro’ all the summer of my leaves  
A welcome mix’d with sighs.

“I took the swarming sound of life —  
The music from the town —  
The murmurs of the drum and fife  
And lull’d them in my own.

“Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip,  
To light her shaded eye ;  
A second flutter’d round her lip  
Like a golden butterfly ;

“A third would glimmer on her neck  
To make the necklace shine ;  
Another slid, a sunny fleck,  
From head to ankle fine.

“Then close and dark my arms I spread,  
And shadow'd all her rest —  
Dropt dews upon her golden head,  
An acorn in her breast.

“But in a pet she started up,  
And pluck'd it out, and drew  
My little oakling from the cup,  
And flung him in the dew.

“And yet it was a graceful gift —  
I felt a pang within  
As when I see the woodman lift  
His axe to slay my kin.

“I shook him down because he was  
The finest on the tree.  
He lies beside thee on the grass.  
O kiss him once for me.

“O kiss him twice and thrice for me,  
That have no lips to kiss,  
For never yet was oak on lea  
Shall grow so fair as this.”



Step deeper yet in herb and fern,  
Look further thro' the chace,  
Spread upward till thy boughs discern  
The front of Sumner-place.

This fruit of thine by Love is blest,  
That but a moment lay  
Where fairer fruit of Love may rest  
Some happy future day.

I kiss it twice, I kiss it thrice,  
The warmth it thence shall win  
To riper life may magnetize  
The baby-oak within.

But thou, while kingdoms overset,  
Or lapse from hand to hand,  
Thy leaf shall never fail, nor yet  
Thine acorn in the land.

May never saw dismember thee,  
Nor wielded axe disjoint,  
That art the fairest-spoken tree  
From here to Lizard-point.

O rock upon thy towery top  
All throats that gurgle sweet !  
All starry culmination drop  
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet !

All grass of silky feather grow —  
And while he sinks or swells  
The full south-breeze around thee blow  
The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,  
That under deeply strikes !  
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,  
High up, in silver spikes !

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,  
But, rolling as in sleep,  
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,  
That makes thee broad and deep !

And hear me swear a solemn oath,  
That only by thy side  
Will I to Olive plight my troth,  
And gain her for my bride.

And when my marriage morn may fall,  
She, Dryad-like, shall wear  
Alternate leaf and acorn-ball  
In wreath about her hair.

And I will work in prose and rhyme,  
And praise thee more in both  
Than bard has honor'd beech or lime,  
Or that Thessalian growth,

In which the swarthy ringdove sat,  
And mystic sentence spoke ;  
And more than England honors that,  
Thy famous brother-oak,

Wherein the younger Charles abode  
Till all the paths were dim,  
And far below the Roundhead rode,  
And humm'd a surly hymn.



## LADY CLARE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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



## THE MAY QUEEN.

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

There 's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as  
mine ;

There 's Margaret and Mary, there 's Kate and Caroline :  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,  
So I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the  
May.

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

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

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

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

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

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,  
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hol-  
lows gray,  
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the  
May.

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

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

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



## NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.  
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,  
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;  
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see  
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;  
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.



There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high :  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,  
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,  
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light  
You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,  
And you 'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.  
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you 'll forgive me now ;  
You 'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;  
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I 'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;  
Tho' you 'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;  
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,  
And be often, often with you when you think I 'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night for evermore,  
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green :  
She 'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She 'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor :  
Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never garden more :  
But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set  
About the parlor-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother : call me before the day is born.  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,  
So, if you 're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.



## CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;  
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.  
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !  
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet 's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,  
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,  
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done !  
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;  
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !  
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there !  
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !  
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.  
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there 's One will let me in :  
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,  
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,  
 There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet :  
 But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,  
 And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call ;  
 It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;  
 The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,  
 And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear ; .  
 I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;  
 With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,  
 And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,  
 And then did something speak to me — I know not what was said ;  
 For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,  
 And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, " It's not for them : it's mine."  
 And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.  
 And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,  
 Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know  
 The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.  
 And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.  
 But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret ;  
 There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.  
 If I had lived — I cannot tell — I might have been his wife ;  
 But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow ;  
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.  
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine —  
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done  
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun —  
Forever and forever with those just souls and true —  
And what is life, that we should moan ? why make we such ado ?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home —  
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come —  
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast —  
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.





## ST. A G N E S.

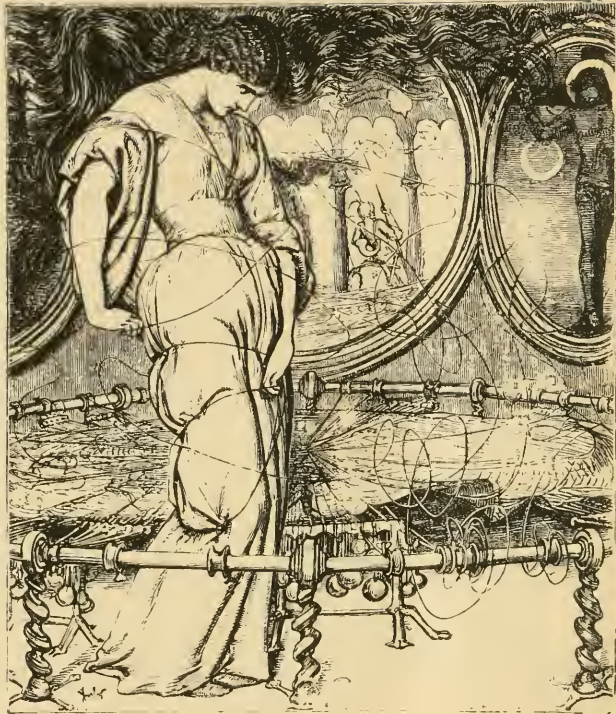
DEEP on the convent-roof the snows  
Are sparkling to the moon :  
My breath to heaven like vapor goes :  
May my soul follow soon !  
The shadows of the convent-towers  
Slant down the snowy sward,  
Still creeping with the creeping hours  
That lead me to my Lord :

Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
As are the frosty skies,  
Or this first snowdrop of the year  
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,  
To yonder shining ground ;  
As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
To yonder argent round ;  
So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
My spirit before Thee ;  
So in mine earthly house I am,  
To that I hope to be.  
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,  
Thro' all yon starlight keen,  
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;  
The flashes come and go ;  
All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
And strows her lights below,  
And deepens on and up ! the gates  
Roll back, and far within  
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
To make me pure of sin.  
The sabbaths of Eternity,  
One sabbath deep and wide —  
A light upon the shining sea —  
The Bridegroom with his bride !





## THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

### PART I.

ON either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
To many-tower'd Camelot ;

And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
    The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs forever  
By the island in the river  
    Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers  
    The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,  
Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
By slow horses ; and unhail'd  
The shallop fitteth silken-sail'd  
    Skimming down to Camelot :  
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?  
Or at the casement seen her stand ?  
Or is she known in all the land,  
    The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
    Down to tower'd Camelot :

And by the moon the reaper weary,  
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
 Listening, whispers, "T is the fairy  
 Lady of Shalott."

## PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day  
 A magic web with colors gay.  
 She has heard a whisper say,  
 A curse is on her if she stay  
     To look down to Camelot.  
 She knows not what the curse may be,  
 And so she weaveth steadily,  
 And little other care hath she,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
 That hangs before her all the year,  
 Shadows of the world appear.  
 There she sees the highway near  
     Winding down to Camelot :  
 There the river eddy whirls,  
 And there the surly village-churls,  
 And the red cloaks of market girls,  
     Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
 An abbot on an ambling pad,



Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
    Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two :  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights,  
    And music, went to Camelot :  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed ;  
"I am half-sick of shadows," said  
    The Lady of Shalott.

## PART III.

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
    Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
A redcross knight forever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
    Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
 Like to some branch of stars we see  
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
 The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot :

And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
 A mighty silver bugle hung,  
 And as he rode his armor rung,  
       Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,  
 The helmet and the helmet-feather  
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
       As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night,  
 Below the starry clusters bright,  
 Some bearded metcor, trailing light,  
       Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;  
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;  
 From underneath his helmet flow'd  
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
       As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river  
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
 "Tirra lirra," by the river  
       Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
 She made three paces thro' the room,

She saw the water-lily bloom,  
 She saw the helmet and the plume,  
       She look'd down to Camelot.  
 Out flew the web and floated wide ;  
 The mirror crack'd from side to side ;  
 "The curse is come upon me," cried  
       The Lady of Shalott.

## PART IV.

IN the stormy east-wind straining,  
 The pale yellow woods were waning,  
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
 Heavily the low sky raining  
       Over tower'd Camelot ;  
 Down she came and found a boat  
 Beneath a willow left afloat,  
 And round about the prow she wrote  
       *The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse —  
 Like some bold seër in a trance,  
 Seeing all his own mischance —  
 With a glassy countenance  
       Did she look to Camelot.  
 And at the closing of the day  
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;  
 The broad stream bore her far away,  
       The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot :  
And as the boat-head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,  
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;  
For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
A corse between the houses high,  
Silent into Camelot.  
Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near

Died the sound of royal cheer ;  
And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
    All the knights at Camelot :  
But Lancelot mused a little space ;  
He said, " She has a lovely face ;  
God in his mercy lend her grace,  
    The Lady of Shalott."

## THE DAY-DREAM.

### PROLOGUE.

O LADY FLORA, let me speak :  
A pleasant hour has past away  
While, dreaming on your damask cheek,  
The dewy sister-eyelids lay.  
As by the lattice you reclined,  
I went thro' many wayward moods  
To see you dreaming — and, behind,  
A summer crisp with shining woods.  
And I too dream'd, until at last  
Across my fancy, brooding warm,  
The reflex of a legend past,  
And loosely settled into form.  
And would you have the thought I had,  
And see the vision that I saw,  
Then take the broidery-frame, and add  
A crimson to the quaint Macaw,  
And I will tell it. Turn your face,  
Nor look with that too-earnest eye —  
The rhymes are dazzled from their place,  
And order'd words asunder fly.

## THE SLEEPING PALACE.

## I.

THE varying year with blade and sheaf  
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains ;  
Here rests the sap within the leaf,  
Here stays the blood along the veins.  
Faint shadows, vapors lightly curl'd,  
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,  
Like hints and echoes of the world  
To spirits folded in the womb.

## 2.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns  
On every slanting terrace-lawn.  
The fountain to his place returns  
Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.  
Here droops the banner on the tower,  
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,  
The peacock in his laurel bower,  
The parrot in his gilded wires.

## 3.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs :  
In these, in those the life is stay'd.  
The mantles from the golden pegs  
Droop sleepily : no sound is made,

Not even of a gnat that sings.  
 More like a picture seemeth all  
 Than those old portraits of old kings,  
 That watch the sleepers from the wall.

## 4.

Here sits the Butler with a flask  
 Between his knees, half-drain'd ; and there  
 The wrinkled steward at his task,  
 The maid-of-honor blooming fair :  
 The page has caught her hand in his :  
 Her lips are sever'd as to speak :  
 His own are pouted to a kiss :  
 The blush is fix'd upon her check.

## 5.

Till all the hundred summers pass,  
 The beams, that thro' the Oriel shine,  
 Make prisms in every carven glass,  
 And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.  
 Each baron at the banquet sleeps,  
 Grave faces gather'd in a ring.  
 His state the king reposing keeps.  
 He must have been a jovial king.

## 6.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows  
 At distance like a little wood ;  
 Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,  
 And grapes with bunches red as blood ;



All creeping plants, a wall of green  
 Close-matted, bur and brake and brier,  
 And glimpsing over these, just seen,  
 High up, the topmost palace-spire.

## 7.

When will the hundred summers die,  
 And thought and time be born again,  
 And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,  
 Bring truth that sways the soul of men ?  
 Here all things in their place remain,  
 As all were order'd, ages since.  
 Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,  
 And bring the fated fairy Prince.

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

## I.

YEAR after year unto her feet,  
 She lying on her couch alone,  
 Across the purpled coverlet,  
 The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,  
 On either side her tranced form  
 Forth streaming from a braid of pearl :  
 The slumbrous light is rich and warm,  
 And moves not on the rounded curl.

## 2.

The silk star-broider'd coverlid  
 Unto her limbs itself doth mould

Languidly ever ; and, amid  
 Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,  
 Glows forth each softly-shadow'd arm  
 With bracelets of the diamond bright :  
 Her constant beauty doth inform  
 Stillness with love, and day with light.

## 3.

She sleeps : her breathings are not heard  
 In palace chambers far apart.  
 The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd  
 That lie upon her charmed heart.  
 She sleeps : on either hand upswells  
 The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest :  
 She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
 A perfect form in perfect rest.

## THE ARRIVAL.

## 1.

ALL precious things, discover'd late,  
 To those that seek them issue forth ;  
 For love in sequel works with fate,  
 And draws the veil from hidden worth.  
 He travels far from other skies —  
 His mantle glitters on the rocks —  
 A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,  
 And lighter-footed than the fox.

## 2.

The bodies and the bones of those  
 That strove in other days to pass,  
 Are wither'd in the thorny close,  
 Or scatter'd blanching on the grass.  
 He gazes on the silent dead :  
 "They perish'd in their daring deeds."  
 This proverb flashes thro' his head,  
 "The many fail : the one succeeds."

## 3.

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks :  
 He breaks the hedge : he enters there :  
 The color flies into his cheeks :  
 He trusts to light on something fair ;  
 For all his life the charm did talk  
 About his path, and hover near  
 With words of promise in his walk,  
 And whisper'd voices at his ear.

## 4.

More close and close his footsteps wind ;  
 The Magic Music in his heart  
 Beats quick and quicker, till he find  
 The quiet chamber far apart.  
 His spirit flutters like a lark,  
 He stoops — to kiss her — on his knee.  
 "Love, if thy tresses be so dark,  
 How dark those hidden eyes must be !"



## THE REVIVAL.

## I.

A TOUCH, a kiss ! the charm was snapt.  
 There rose a noise of striking clocks,  
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,  
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks ;  
 A fuller light illumined all,  
 A breeze thro' all the garden swept,  
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall,  
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

## 2.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
 The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,  
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
 The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,  
 The maid and page renew'd their strife,  
 The palace bang'd, and buzz'd and clackt,  
 And all the long-pent stream of life  
 Dash'd downward in a cataract.

## 3.

And last with these the king awoke,  
 And in his chair himself uprear'd,  
 And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke,  
 "By holy rood, a royal beard!  
 How say you? we have slept, my lords.  
 My beard has grown into my lap."  
 The barons swore, with many words,  
 'T was but an after-dinner's nap.

## 4.

"Pardy," return'd the king, "but still  
 My joints are something stiff or so.  
 My lord, and shall we pass the bill  
 I mention'd half an hour ago?"  
 The chancellor, sedate and vain,  
 In courteous words return'd reply:  
 But dallied with his golden chain,  
 And, smiling, put the question by.

## THE DEPARTURE.

## I.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,  
 And round her waist she felt it fold,  
 And far across the hills they went  
 In that new world which is the old :  
 Across the hills, and far away  
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
 And deep into the dying day  
 The happy princess follow'd him.

## 2.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,  
 O love, for such another kiss";  
 "O wake forever, love," she hears,  
 "O love, 't was such as this and this."  
 And o'er them many a sliding star,  
 And many a merry wind was borne,  
 And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,  
 The twilight melted into morn.

## 3.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"  
 "O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"  
 "O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"  
 "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"

And o'er them many a flowing range  
 Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-bark,  
 And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,  
 The twilight died into the dark.

## 4.

"A hundred summers! can it be?  
 And whither goest thou, tell me where?"  
 "O seek my father's court with me,  
 For there are greater wonders there."  
 And o'er the hills, and far away  
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
 Beyond the night, across the day,  
 Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

## M O R A L.

## I.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,  
 And if you find no moral there,  
 Go, look in any glass and say,  
 What moral is in being fair.  
 O, to what uses shall we put  
 The wildweed-flower that simply blows?  
 And is there any moral shut  
 Within the bosom of the rose?

## 2.

But any man that walks the mead,  
 In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,

According as his humors lead,  
 A meaning suited to his mind.  
 And liberal applications lie  
 In Art like Nature, dearest friend ;  
 So 't were to cramp its use, if I  
 Should hook it to some useful end.

## L' E N V O I.

## I.

You shake your head. A random string  
 Your finer female sense offends.  
 Well — were it not a pleasant thing  
 To fall asleep with all one's friends ;  
 To pass with all our social ties  
 To silence from the paths of men ;  
 And every hundred years to rise  
 And learn the world, and sleep again ;  
 To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars,  
 And wake on science grown to more,  
 On secrets of the brain, the stars,  
 As wild as aught of fairy lore ;  
 And all that else the years will show,  
 The Poet-forms of stronger hours,  
 The vast Republics that may grow,  
 The Federations and the Powers ;  
 Titanic forces taking birth  
 In divers seasons, divers climes ;  
 For we are Ancients of the earth,  
 And in the morning of the times.



## 2.

So sleeping, so aroused from sleep  
 Thro' sunny decads new and strange,  
 Or gay quinqueniads would we reap  
 The flower and quintessence of change.

## 3.

Ah, yet would I — and would I might !  
 So much your eyes my fancy take —  
 Be still the first to leap to light  
 That I might kiss those eyes awake !  
 For, am I right or am I wrong,  
 To choose your own you did not care ;  
 You 'd have *my* moral from the song,  
 And I will take my pleasure there :  
 And, am I right or am I wrong,  
 My fancy, ranging thro' and thro',  
 To search a meaning for the song,  
 Perforce will still revert to you ;  
 Nor finds a closer truth than this  
 All-graceful head, so richly curl'd,  
 And evermore a costly kiss  
 The prelude to some brighter world.

## 4.

For since the time when Adam first  
 Embraced his Eve in happy hour,  
 And every bird of Eden burst  
 In carol, every bud to flower,  
 What eyes, like thine, have waken'd hopes ?  
 What lips, like thine, so sweetly join'd ?

Where on the double rosebud droops  
 The fulness of the pensive mind ;  
 Which all too dearly self-involved,  
 Yet sleeps a dreamless sleep to me ;  
 A sleep by kisses undissolved,  
 That lets thee neither hear nor see :  
 But break it. In the name of wife,  
 And in the rights that name may give,  
 Are clasp'd the moral of thy life,  
 And that for which I care to live.

## EPILOGUE.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,  
 And, if you find a meaning there,  
 O whisper to your glass, and say,  
 "What wonder, if he thinks me fair?"  
 What wonder I was all unwise,  
 To shape the song for your delight  
 Like long-tail'd birds of Paradise,  
 That float thro' Heaven, and cannot light?  
 Or old-world trains, upheld at court  
 By Cupid-boys of blooming hue —  
 But take it — earnest wed with sport,  
 And either sacred unto you.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

I.

COME into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown ;  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone ;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown.

2.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die.

3.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon ;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
To the dancers dancing in tune ;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

## 4.

I said to the lily, "There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay.  
When will the dancers leave her along?  
She is weary of dance and play."  
Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

## 5.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
For one that will never be thine?  
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,  
"For ever and ever, mine."

## 6.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music clash'd in the hall;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

## 7.

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
That whenever a March-wind sighs  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,

To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

## 8.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;  
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me ;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

## 9.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one ;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

## 10.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;  
She is coming, my life, my fate ;  
The red rose cries, " She is near, she is near " ;  
And the white rose weeps, " She is late " ;  
The larkspur listens, " I hear, I hear " ;  
And the lily whispers, " I wait."

## I I.

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead ;  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

GO NOT, HAPPY DAY.

Go not, happy day,  
    From the shining fields,  
Go not, happy day,  
    Till the maiden yields.  
Rosy is the West,  
    Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
    And a rose her mouth.  
When the happy Yes  
    Falters from her lips,  
Pass and blush the news  
    O'er the blowing ships.  
Over blowing seas,  
    Over seas at rest,  
Pass the happy news,  
    Blush it thro' the West ;  
Till the red man dance  
    By his red cedar-tree,  
And the red man's babe  
    Leap, beyond the sea.  
Blush from West to East,  
    Blush from East to West,



Till the West is East,  
Blush it thro' the West.  
Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth.



## SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel :

They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall !  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall :  
But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns :  
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;  
I hear a voice, but none are there ;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
I find a magic bark ;  
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :  
I float till all is dark.  
A gentle sound, an awful light !  
Three angels bear the holy Grail :  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides the glory slides,  
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
Thro' dreaming towns I go,  
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
The streets are dumb with snow.  
The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail ;  
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
And gilds the driving hail.  
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;  
But blessed forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear ;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams ;  
And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armor that I wear,  
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And thro' the mountain-walls  
A rolling organ-harmony  
Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear :  
"O just and faithful knight of God!  
Ride on! the prize is near."  
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;  
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,  
Until I find the holy Grail.



## ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd  
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when

Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;  
 For always roaming with a hungry heart  
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men  
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
 Myself not least, but honor'd of them all ;  
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
 I am a part of all that I have met ;  
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades  
 Forever and forever when I move.  
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !  
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
 Were all too little, and of one to me  
 Little remains : but every hour is saved  
 From that eternal silence, something more,  
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were  
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,  
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —  
 Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
 This labor, by slow prudence to make mild  
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
 Of common duties, decent not to fail



In offices of tenderness, and pay  
Meet adoration to my household gods,  
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail :  
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me —  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old ;  
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil ;  
Death closes all : but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :  
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.



AS THRO' THE LAND.

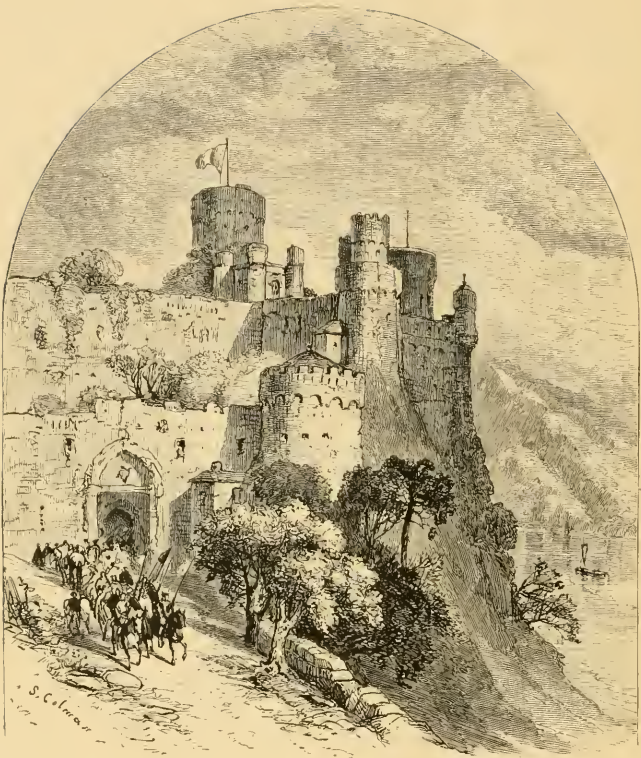
As thro' the land at eve we went,  
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O we fell out, I know not why,  
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O, there above the little grave,  
We kiss'd again with tears.

## SWEET AND LOW.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
    Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
    Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
    Blow him again to me ;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
    Father will come to thee soon ;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
    Father will come to thee soon ;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west  
    Under the silver moon :  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.



## THE SPLENDOR FALLS.

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

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

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



### TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

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

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

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

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

O SWALLOW.

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,  
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,  
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,  
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green ?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown :  
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South  
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,  
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.





HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead :  
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Call'd him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe ;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face ;  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee —  
Like summer tempest came her tears —  
“ Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,  
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;  
But O too fond, when I have answer'd thee ?  
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?  
I love not hollow check or faded eye :  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !  
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;  
Ask me more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd :  
I strove against the stream and all in vain :  
Let the great river take me to the main :  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;  
Ask me no more.

NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font :  
The fire-fly wakens : waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,  
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake :  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.



## COME DOWN, O MAID.

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height :  
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)  
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills ?  
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease  
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,  
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire ;  
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
For Love is of the valley, come thou down  
And find him ; by the happy threshold, he,  
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,

Or red with spirted purple of the vats,  
Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk  
With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,  
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,  
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls  
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :  
But follow ; let the torrent dance thee down  
To find him in the valley ; let the wild  
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave  
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill  
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,  
That like a broken purpose waste in air :  
So waste not thou ; but come ; for all the vales  
Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth  
Arise to thee ; the children call, and I  
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;  
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees.





## GODIVA.

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

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,

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

So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
Made war upon each other for an hour,  
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all  
The hard condition : but that she would loose  
The people : therefore, as they loved her well,  
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,



No eye look down, she passing ; but that all  
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

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

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

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

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

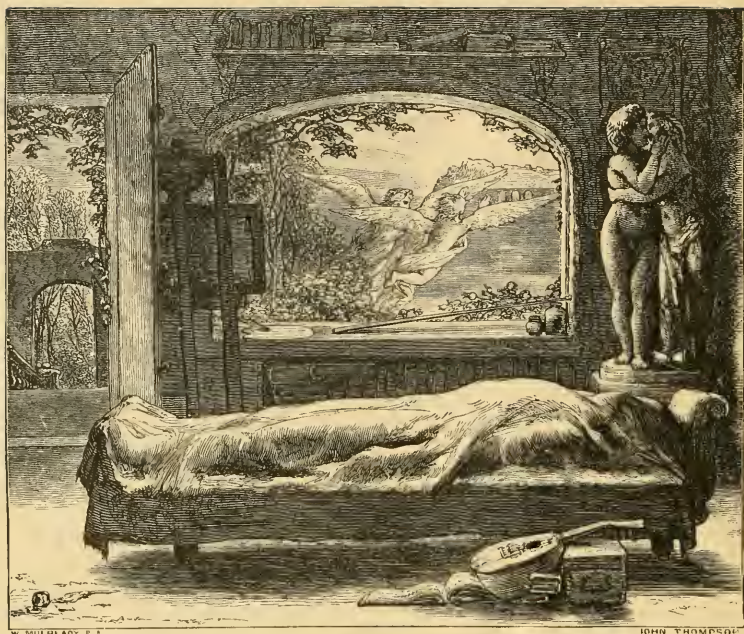
THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO' ROLLING DRUMS.

THY voice is heard thro' rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands ;  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands :  
A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood about thy knee ;  
The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HIM SLAIN WITH  
SPEARS.

HOME they brought him slain with spears,  
They brought him home at even-fall :  
All alone she sits and hears  
Echoes in his empty hall,  
Sounding on the morrow.

The Sun peep'd in from open field,  
The boy began to leap and prance,  
Rode upon his father's lance,  
Beat upon his father's shield, —  
“O hush, my joy, my sorrow.”



## THE DESERTED HOUSE.

I.

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

2.

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

## 3.

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

## 4.

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

## 5.

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 BEGGAR MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid ;  
She was more fair than words can say :  
Barefooted came the beggar maid  
Before the king Cophetua.  
In robe and crown the king stepped down,  
To meet and greet her on her way ;  
“ It is no wonder,” said the lords,  
“ She is more beautiful than day.”

As shines the moon in clouded skies,  
She in her poor attire was seen :  
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,  
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.  
So sweet a face, such angel grace,  
In all that land had never been :  
Cophetua sware a royal oath :  
“ This beggar maid shall be my queen ! ”



## ENID'S SONG.

TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ;  
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

## VIVIEN'S SONG.

IN Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers :  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,  
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping : let it go :  
But shall it ? answer, darling, answer, no.  
And trust me not at all or all in all.

## ELAINE'S SONG.

SWEET is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain ;  
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain :  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be :  
Love, thou art bitter ; sweet is death to me .  
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet Love, that seems not made to fade away,  
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

I fain would follow love, if that could be ;  
I needs must follow death, who calls for me ;  
Call and I follow, I follow ! let me die.

## THE NOVICE'S SONG.

LATE, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!  
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.  
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;  
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.  
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!  
O let us in, that we may find the light!  
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?  
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!  
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.



### THE LOTOS-EATERS.

“COURAGE!” he said, and pointed toward the land,  
“This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.”  
In the afternoon they came unto a land,  
In which it seemed always afternoon.  
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;  
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,  
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;  
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,  
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.  
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
From the inner land : far off, three mountain-tops,  
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
Stood sunset-flush'd : and, dew'd with showery drops,  
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown  
In the red West : thro' mountain clefts the dale  
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down  
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale  
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;  
A land where all things always seem'd the same !  
And round about the keel with faces pale,  
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave  
On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,  
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;

And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,  
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;  
And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,  
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore  
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
Then some one said, " We will return no more " ;  
And all at once they sang, " Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam."

#### CHORIC SONG.

##### I.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;  
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,  
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;  
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.  
Here are cool mosses deep,  
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

## 2.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,  
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
While all things else have rest from weariness?  
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,  
We only toil, who are the first of things,  
And make perpetual moan,  
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:  
Nor ever fold our wings,  
And cease from wanderings,  
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;  
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,  
"There is no joy but calm!"  
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

## 3.

Lo! in the middle of the wood,  
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon  
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow  
Falls, and floats adown the air.  
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,  
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night.  
All its allotted length of days,  
The flower ripens in its place,  
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.



## 4.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.  
Death is the end of life ; ah, why  
Should life all labor be ?  
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.  
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil ? Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?  
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :  
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

## 5.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream !  
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;  
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;  
Eating the Lotos day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;  
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;  
To muse and brood and live again in memory,

With those old faces of our infancy  
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

## 6.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
 And dear the last embraces of our wives  
 And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change ;  
 For surely now our household hearths are cold :  
 Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :  
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.  
 Or else the island princes over-bold  
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
 Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,  
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?  
 Let what is broken so remain.  
 The Gods are hard to reconcile :  
 'T is hard to settle order once again.  
 There *is* confusion worse than death,  
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
 Long labor unto aged breath,  
 Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars  
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

## 7.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)  
 With half-dropt eyelids still,  
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly

His waters from the purple hill —  
 To hear the dewy echoes calling  
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine —  
 To watch the emerald-color'd water falling  
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !  
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

## 8.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :  
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek :  
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :  
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.  
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was  
       seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the  
       sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.  
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd  
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd  
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :  
 Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and  
       fiery sands,  
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and pray-  
       ing hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,  
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;  
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,  
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;  
Till they perish and they suffer — some, 't is whisper'd — down  
    in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.  
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;  
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.



## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

### I.

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

## 2.

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

## 3.

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

## 4.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
    Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
    All the world wonder'd:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian

Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
 Then they rode back, but not  
 Not the six hundred.

## 5.

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

## 6.

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

## THE BROOK.

### AN IDYL.

“HERE, by this brook, we parted ; I to the East  
And he for Italy — too late — too late :  
One whom the strong sons of the world despise ;  
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,  
And mellow metres more than cent for cent ;  
Nor could he understand how money breeds,  
Thought it a dead thing ; yet himself could make  
The thing that is not as the thing that is.  
O had he lived ! In our school-books we say,  
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,  
They flourish’d then or then ; but life in him  
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch’d  
On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,  
And nothing perfect : yet the brook he loved,  
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,  
Or ev’n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air,  
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,  
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,  
To me that loved him ; for ‘O brook,’ he says,



‘O babbling brook,’ says Edmund in his rhyme,  
‘Whence come you?’ and the brook, why not? replies.



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

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

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

“Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,  
 Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,  
 It has more ivy; there the river; and there  
 Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,  
 In little sharps and trebles,  
 I bubble into eddying bays,  
 I babble on the pebbles.

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

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

“But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird;  
 Old Philip! all about the fields you caught  
 His weary daylong chirping, like the dry  
 High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

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

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

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

O darling Katie Willows, his one child !  
A maiden of our century, yet most meek ;  
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse ;  
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand ;  
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

“ Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,  
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,  
James Willows, of one name and heart with her.  
For here I came, twenty years back, — the week  
Before I parted with poor Edmund ; crost  
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,  
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam  
Beyond it, where the waters marry — crost,  
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,  
And push’d at Philip’s garden-gate. The gate,  
Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,  
Stuck ; and he clamor’d from a casement, “ run ”  
To Katie somewhere in the walks below,  
“ Run, Katie ! ” Katie never ran : she moved

To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,  
 A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,  
 Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

“What was it? less of sentiment than sense  
 Had Katie; not illiterate; neither one  
 Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,  
 And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,  
 Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

“She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why?  
 What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;  
 James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,  
 I learnt that James had flickering jealousies  
 Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I said.  
 But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,  
 And sketching with her slender pointed foot  
 Some figure like a wizard's pentagram  
 On garden gravel, let my query pass  
 Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd  
 If James were coming. ‘Coming every day,’  
 She answer'd, ‘ever longing to explain,  
 But evermore her father came across  
 With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;  
 And James departed vext with him and her.”  
 How could I help her? “Would I — was it wrong?”  
 (Claspt hands and that petitionary grace  
 Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)  
 ‘O would I take her father for one hour,  
 For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!’  
 And even while she spoke, I saw where James

Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,  
Beyond the brook, waist-deép in meadow-sweet.

“ O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake !  
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out  
To show the farm : full willingly he rose :  
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes  
Of his wheat suburb, babbling as he went.  
He praised his land, his horses, his machines ;  
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs ;  
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens ;  
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs  
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts :  
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took  
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,  
And naming those, his friends, for whom they were :  
Then crost the common into Darnley chase  
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern  
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.  
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,  
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said :  
' That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'  
And there he told a long, long-winded tale  
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,  
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,  
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm  
To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,  
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,  
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;  
He gave them line : and five days after that  
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,

Who then and there had offer'd something more,  
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;  
He knew the man ; the colt would fetch its price ;  
He gave them line : and how by chance at last  
(It might be May or April, he forgot,  
The last of April or the first of May)  
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,  
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,  
And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,  
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

“ Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,  
Poor fellow, could he help it ? recommenced,  
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,  
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,  
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,  
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,  
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,  
And with me Philip, talking still ; and so  
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,  
And following our own shadows thrice as long  
As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,  
Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content  
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

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

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows ;





I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

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

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

Yes, men may come and go ; and these are gone,  
All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,

Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,  
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome  
 Of Brunelleschi ; sleeps in peace : and he,  
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words  
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb :  
 I scraped the lichen from it ; Katie walks  
 By the long wash of Australasian seas  
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars,  
 And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile  
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind  
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook  
 A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,  
 Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath  
 Of tender air made tremble in the hedge  
 The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings ;  
 And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,  
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared  
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair  
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within :  
 Then, wondering, ask'd her, "Are you from the farm ?"  
 "Yes," answer'd she. "Pray stay a little : pardon me ;  
 What do they call you ?" "Katie." "That were strange.  
 What surname ?" "Willows." "No !" "That is my name."  
 "Indeed !" and here he look'd so self-perplext,  
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he  
 Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,  
 Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.  
 Then looking at her ; "Too happy, fresh and fair,



Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,  
To be the ghost of one who bore your name  
About these meadows, twenty years ago."

"Have you not heard?" said Katie, "we came back.  
We bought the farm we tenanted before.  
Am I so like her? so they said on board.  
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,  
My mother, as it seems you did, the days  
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.  
My brother James is in the harvest-field:  
But she — you will be welcome — O, come in!"

THE END.









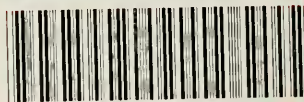
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: May 2009

**PreservationTechnologies**  
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 525 530 2

