



SYLVIAN

AND OTHER
POEMS

BY JOHN PHILIP VARLEY.

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
OF THE SAGE ENDOWMENT
FUND GIVEN IN 1891 BY
HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE

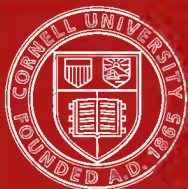
Cornell University Library
PS 2409.M4S9

Sylvian: a tragedy, and poems, by John Phi



3 1924 022 067 916

olin



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924022067916>

SYLVIAN

A TRAGEDY

AND

POEMS

BY

JOHN PHILIP VARLEY



NEW YORK:
BRENTANO BROTHERS
5 UNION SQUARE

1885

D. K. F.

Mitchell

Copyright, 1885

By BRENTANO BROTHERS

+976419
73
5

CONTENTS

	PAGE.
SYLVIAN; A TRAGEDY,	I
POEMS:	
ABSENCE,	107
TO ONE WHO HAVING A TALENT FOR MUSIC WOULD BY PERSUASION HAVE HID IT IN THE EARTH,	109
SELECTIONS FROM A POEM ENTITLED "THE FAWN,"	118
OPENING OF AN UNFINISHED POEM, -	123
ZIEK STEADFAST'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER AFTER THREE MONTHS IN NEW YORK,	126
ZIEK STEADFAST ON POETS IN GENERAL AND HIM- SELF IN PARTICULAR, - - -	129
CALLAS AND SATYRS, -	135
FROM "CORINTHIA, A COMEDY,"	138
BALLAD OF THE THREE WINDS,	140
SONNETS,	143
A PICTURE, -	145
THE INVOCATION,	145
THE FLOWER,	146
THE CLOUD,	147
LOVE UNSPOKEN, -	148
IN DELAY, NO PLENTY,	149
UPON SEEING A FUNERAL IN THE STREET,	150
OF MY LIFE, BY A PARABLE,	152
LOVE RETURNED, -	155

POEMS :

THE RIVER OF DREAMS,	157
THE FEAST,	158
BY THE SEA,	159
TO ONE BEING OLD,	160
MORNING AND EVENING,	160
THE SOUL'S MARRIAGE,	161
THE ASS-POET, - - -	162
THE WAYSIDE VIRGIN,	162
THE FARMER'S PRAYER,	163
WRITTEN AT THE END OF A BOOK,	164

SONGS:

LOVE'S DIRGE,	167
LOVE'S HOPES, -	167
FIRST LOVE, -	168
DESIRE,	168
THE GIFT OF LAUREL LEAVES, -	169
LOVE SLEEPLESS, -	170
GIPSY SONG IN THE WOOD,	170
HARVESTER'S SONG, -	171
COME, PRETTY MAID, COME MARRY,	172
I HAVE A LOVE HAS GOLDEN HAIR,	172
INSCRIPTION FOR A GLASS, -	173
ANOTHER,	173
HUNTER'S SONG, -	173
HER HEART IS A DOUBLE ROSE,	174
THE NATURE OF LOVE,	175
DORIS AND DAMON,	175
LATEST NEWS OF CORYDON AND PHYLLIDA,	176
THE DUSTMAN'S SONG,	178
FOREST LIFE THE BEST, - - -	179

SONGS :

LIFE IS A FLOWER, -	179
FROM "CORINTHIA, A COMEDY,"	180
MARY, THE MOTHER, SITS ON THE HILL,	181
SWEETS THAT DIE,	182
THE MAID OF KENT,	182
AUTUMN,	183
LOVE THE ONLY SPRING,	184
THE SOUL,	185
REMEDY, -	185
BEING,	185
PAN FLEEING BEFORE APOLLO,	186
THE LIME,	187
GOOD ADVICE,	187
FEAR,	188
WINGED LOVE, -	188
DIRGE, -	189
CORINTHIA,	189
WITCH'S SONG,	190
A FIG FOR CARE,	190

TRANSLATIONS:

FROM CATULLUS, " <i>Cæli, Lesbia nostra,</i> " -	195
FROM CATULLUS, " <i>Quinti si tibi,</i> "	195
FROM CATULLUS, " <i>Quæris, quot mihi,</i> "	195
HYMN, FROM THE GERMAN,	196
FROM THE GERMAN OF KAROLINE RUDOLPHI,	197
FROM THE GERMAN OF LENAU,	198
FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER,	198
FOLKS LIEDER, FROM THE GERMAN,	199-201
FROM THE PERSIAN, -	202, 203

NOTES, - - - -	205
----------------	-----

S Y L V I A N

A TRAGEDY

PERSONS

SYLVIAN	OLIVIA
CAMILLO	PERDITA
CRESENTO	
GIOVANNI	
PETER	

Mummers, gentlemen, actors and others.

Act 1.—In the neighborhood of Cordova.

Acts 2-3.—In Cordova.

Time, 16—.

“Greift nur hinein ins volle menschenleben.”—*Goethe*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Olivia's house, in the country near Cordova.

ENTER *Sylvian*.

Syl. 'Tis the place and the hour she bade me attend. Olivia! a sweet name. Compassion upon her! must she dwell in this Eden alone? These, it would seem, are her care—geraniums and daffodils, daffodils and geraniums. These she tends, waters, clips, cuts, sods and transplants; a very Eve, to be sure. But solitude without society—a palatable dish with neither sauce for its savor, nor spoon for its eating. Had there been no Adam in the garden, now,—i' faith then had there been no apple eaten neither, and your serpent had lost his occupation and been blessed among fowls to this day. Fair, fair, and so, mignonette—that is for memory indeed. How quick a change can the mere subtle odor of a flower breed in us! 'Twas mignonette Perdita gave me on parting, and I cannot smell it to-day but I must think of three years ago and new-weep a little an old woe. They say the tears of a friend will make the grass to grow over your grave though the spot were never so barren. Sure the moist sighs I have spent on my first love should turn it to a tropical jungle of luxuriance. Aye me, such a thing is Time to pluck the sting from grief, that we jest with bygone sorrows as a boy would bob an old man by the beard, or cock and snap at his own forehead his grandfather's rusty

pistols. And yet 'twas a grief so grave then, that I had sooner joked with Death, or laughed at Corruption, than jogged its gravity by an untimely mirth. Ah, we love but once, man or woman, and that over—why, then, there's nought to do but to love again, lest the mere memory of that fullness make all after-life seem a too-intolerable waste of vanity. But your second and your third are like strippings from cows, screenings from wheat, rakings from the hay field—little worth and much labored. No love but the first is natural, and all others like an aftermath, sprung from the stubble of a former harvest. Roses, pansies, violets, lilies and pear blossoms, and—mignonette, for a dead love. Marry, I wax maudlin—and yet, Perdita!

ENTER *Olivia*.

Oliv. And who was this pretty name, Sylvian?

Syl. Sweet joy be with thee! Oh, thou art over fair to-night! Why art thou so fair? Dost thou not know, sweet, that I love thee already to a distraction better suited to a mad ignorant than a wise scholar?

Oliv. Thou lovest me not; thou lovest—Perdita.

Syl. Hah! so do I—she was my sister.

Oliv. Thy sister, Sylvian?

Syl. Come, hand in hand we'll sit here—

Oliv. Nay, now am I jealous. Perdita was who? and who was Perdita? I will know all and everything.

Syl. She was my sister—in the spirit. Now let me laugh awhile at thy jealousy. Verily, I believe thou art a little jealous. Tell me now, sweet, what

is it to be jealous? I would diagnose jealousy as a doctor a disease. Sure 'tis a distemper in the flesh, and no spiritual trouble at all. There was one Doctor Shakespeare that importuned its character not a little, and if you will read him you shall hear all its symptoms discussed with more exactitude and natural learning than ever abode in Harvey or Paracelcus.

Oliv. Nay, hear me, Sylvian! I will know!—
Perdita was—

Syl. A fit subject for jealousy. But to our thesis: there was another Physician, that, canvassing the whole matter in two stanzas, declares it to be Love that hath lost itself in a mist (take note of thy bearings, sweet ship!) Love frightened out of its own knowledge of itself; Love with a fever and ague; Love that cannot sleep, yet when 'tis awake doth dream; Love that being too happy doth dote upon its downfall; Nay, Love, but worse and worse, this professor declares it to be the very god of love possessed with a devil. Now see'st thou what and where thou art?

Oliv. Aye, you mock me.

Syl. Mock thee! Could a devil mock thee?

Oliv. You do this in my spite.

Syl. Sooner would I cut off my finger in the spite my thumb, than either mock thee or spite thee.

Oliv. Who then was—

Syl. What, serious still, and on so small occasion? I am too lost in love of thee, sweetheart, to be aught than careless of thy suspicions; but had I known my folly so illsuited you—

Oliv. So, come, I am good again.

Syl. Dost thou know, Olivia, what a youth is? A thing, that yet wanting the graces of the man, hath lost the loveliness of childhood, and hovers in a mid-way atmosphere of uncertainty, of fever, pining fretfulness and melancholy absorption in himself—too old, in his own estimation, to play at ball, and too young, in the estimation of others, to do aught else. Well, when I was such a thing I did love Perdita.

Oliv. And then?

Syl. Why, then I forgot her. I loved her—there was a comedy; I left her—a right melodrama; I forgot her—you must count that as true tragic; and some day I shall see her again, which will force the matter to a most impotent, inartistic conclusion of pure farce. 'Tis ever thus in life, and out of a novel.

Oliv. You love her, Sylvian?

Syl. Love her! goodsooth, as the day after I was born, which, having no memory of, I am content to call myself younger by a day; I have forgot her.

Oliv. Why did'st thou not marry?

Syl. Marry! because to marry is a game that two must play at, and fate would otherwise. We were beyond youth young. [ASIDE] And beyond passion enamored.

Oliv. Perdita!

Syl. Now will I seal thy jealous breathing lips
With this and this. Why, you are rude to-day!
No kisses more? Then I'll go kiss a rose,
That thou, being jealous of our harmless sports,
May'st whip her green leaves from her for the crime,

And, rendered willing by a fretful fear,
Turn once again to kisses.

Oliv. Never! Hush! hark!

Syl. Nay, then I'll pay these angry mutineers,
These ruddy, treasonable lips of thine
With a full bounty of repentant kisses,
That shall persuade them to rebel and be
Against their first intention, modest servitors
To a forgiving bliss.

Oliv. 'St!—to the house! I see my cousin and
Camillo come. [EXEUNT.]

ENTER *Camillo* and *Cresento*.

Cres. Ye gods! do I hear aright? Did ye say
ye loved my cousin, the fair Olivia?

Cam. Love her, man! If love be another and
a better name for the flames that boil in the bosom of
Átna, a gross synonym and term technical for lava, a
blind, euphuistic bye-word for the fires of hell—

Cres. Ha, ha, ha!

Cam. Then do I love. I am gone wretchedly
mad for her. She is the sole object of my desires;
the target of my hopes; the devout star to which as-
cends the exhalation of my sighs; in fine and in fact,
sir, I love her.

Cres. Ha, ha, thou art a facetious lover! ha, ha!

Cam. 'St! She will hear thee!

Cres. Well, and you do love her! Ha, ha!
You do love her?

Cam. I tell thee, Cresento, she is my soul's—

Cres. Ha! say you so?

Cam. Tell me, good friend, thou didst say or make some intimation that she did love another—but 'tis impossible, a too fabulous misfortune!

Cres. Nay, I fancy 'tis so; she doth affect this Sylvian, thou knowest the man!

Cam. What, Sylvian the scholar, that black-cloaked grammarian! Good Cresento, speak again, and deny thyself for honesty's sake; 'tis not within range of possibility.

Cres. 'Twill soon be in range of thine eye-sight, though, for I think them now to be together.

Cam. What! Sylvian, that sour-faced sifter of Grecian particles! He that did once act in the provinces?

Cres. Aye, the very man. A good actor, a famous actor, but spoiled by pride—spoiled by pride—indeed a very Lucifer for pride!

Cam. A very devil for nought I'll warrant you!

Cres. He would leave the stage the rather to edit—what was it he did edit, Camillo?

Cam. A dictionary of fools, I think, in the which thy name commands a chapter!

Cres. A sharp tongue, an adder's tongue. I recall now a phase he had among many; 'twas of applause: That it was passing strange how so reasonable a creature as man should make the breath of another's mouth the bread of his own; and yet, said he, your actor will puff and grow fat upon't. Pah! a sour bread!—but a good actor—a good actor!

Cam. A good jackass! A good actor! Oh! a most wonderful comedian! I have seen him act Mac-

beth till the house roared ; and for his Hamlet—have you seen a saffron colored cur that would sneak, slide and suspiciously shiver down the sidewalk, his eyes anywhere but straight in his head, and his tail adroop like a pump-handle? Well, even so was his Hamlet!

Cres. I will swear 'twas no such thing!

Cam. But for his comedy, Cresento, the Lord deliver me from his comedy; his mirth was more melancholy than madness; and his laugh—oh, inhuman sound!—it would cut you like the razor-edge of an east wind; 'twas gullested in a toad's belly; the breath of it was a sudden death.

Cres. He was a liberal laugher—

Cam. I think he learned the discords that composed it of some saturnine devil now, who, being soured by sin, was in hell disappointed.

Cres. Nay, nay, now; 'twas not thus. Thou art jealous of his wit. But thou shalt have reason to be jealous of somewhat else than his wit—oh, I warrant you, he is far in her favor!

Cam. 'Tis most frankly impossible! What, man, he's not flesh and blood, as thou and I. He's a—why—pooh—he wears spectacles balanced across his nose like a suspension bridge over a water-fall, and but for his brains, which thou knowest to be but so much gray matter that every calf enjoys, but for his brains, I say, he would be cousin-germain to a jackass.

Cres. 'Tis true to the contrary of your understanding.

Cam. She loves him—humph!

Cres. 'St! Quick, behind the bushes. Have you

ears and eyes, so use them. It shall be seen to your own satisfaction. [THEY GO BEHIND.

RE-ENTER *Sylvian* AND *Olivia*.

Syl. And now, thou lovest me.

Oliv. Hush, are they gone indeed?

Syl. Far gone ere this; at night's most sober hour
Sobriety most suffers; those steadfast stars
Spin, reel and whip mad courses through high heaven
Long ere this lateness.

Oliv. Then, now indeed you'll tell me: What think you of Cresento?

Syl. I never thought on him,
Save as your cousin.

Oliv. Aye, but what think you now?

Syl. I have much admired him.

Oliv. Whereto?

Syl. To his nose!

The limit of his vision is fixed at his nose-end—

Six inches of eye-sight—a notable nose.

Oh, hark *Olivia*, hark, the brooding note

Of yonder bird i' the pines;

And see how very close you star

Rides to the crescent hollow of the moon.

Oliv. What say you, then, to *Camillo*?

Syl. What say I to *Camillo*?

I say naught. If aught I said 't should be a word of wonder

At Him who made *Camillo*—who, being made

Is so for better or worse.

Oliv. Read me no lesson in hard philosophies.

What say you to *Camillo*?

Syl. Why should I say 't?

Thou knowest all my thoughts. I think him a gay
gailliard

Who wears his cloak cross-wise i' the English fashion ;
A picker-up of new-coined phases ; in the debased
currency

Of common slang well used ; versed in club scandal ;
A clever cue ; and for the accomplished last,
A superfine drunkard. Oh, he's a good honest fellow.

Oliv. Like a stinging wasp —the sharpness of your
intention

Betrays itself only at the end—"good, honest fellow."

Syl. But your cousin is more harmful ; he murders
the common tongue.

Why, I have heard him say one little sentence
Seven different ways, and at each fresh saying
Dull yet a little the sharp edge of sense,
And further cloud his meaning ; yet believe me,
When all was finished, he did conceive seven proverbs
To have fallen from his lips. List, list, Olivia !
Canst hear how in the solemn forest depths
The new swoln brooks do murmur ? Come, let's away.
We squander time to note the indecent customs
Of beasts and dogs. Dogs, say I ? There's no dog
would bed

In such drunkards' ditches by daylight, his last night's
supper

Rank in his mouth. Pah ! and we call such men ?
Unsorted beasts ! Did he who made the stars,
And all the sweet celestial faculty
Of spheres invisible, and that crescent cup

Whiter than pearl, or ivory, or snow,
 And chased with gentle shadows—made he them too?
 Give me thy hand, Olivia, that's far more white
 Than the white moon at whitest; so let us walk
 Whither love's gentle spiritings shall lead us,
 Down forest glades forgetful, till the night
 Be spent and faded; Love is no slave to time. [EXEUNT.

[*Camillo* AND *Cresento* COME FROM THEIR HIDING.]

Cres. "A notable nose!" Think you, *Camillo*,
 this was some scholar's compliment? "Six inches of
 good eyesight!" 'Tis a phrase skillfully couched, and
 might, in the unraveling of its terms, exact both time
 and patience. Now as to six—for an example—'tis a
 number abhorred of the Chaldeans.

Cam. Art thou lunatic?

Cres. He did confess his admiration of me.
 Humph! a notable nose. 'Tis not within limits of
 reason nor sense he should have been of a sarcastic
 intention.

Cam. Insensible ass!—hast thou no sense of pro-
 portion? Limits of reason? What limit hath the tether
 that ties thee to thy folly, good master Donkey? Sure
 thou dost range the whole field. Ha, ha! my amiable
Cresento. Ha, ha! You—oh, the devil tears his en-
 trails; why held I back? Excellent manufacturer of
 proverbial philosophy—beloved Cousin, can't see to
 thy nose-end?

Cres. I will grant you the phrase; 'twas super-
 singular strange.

Cam. Excellent believer.

Cres. Nay, I will swear I am no such thing.

Cam. Devout Christian.

Cres. Now dost thou mean to insult me?

Cam. Sweet martyr in the Faith.

Cres. The devil, sir!

Cam. Cans't thou give ordinary credit to the organs of thy hearing? Pray, when rings the dinner bell dost argue thus with thy belly: calm thyself, Satan; there was the sound, and, as it were, tintinnabulation customary of a dinner bell, indeed, but till the angel of the Lord sanctify such seeming, 'tis but an illusion of the flesh, fabulous, a thing not; and therefore no dinner but a feast of hell, not to be eaten, and so good belly be thou void and sigh not: Oh, sweet content!

Cres. Well argued—and so—

Cam. So art thou thine own ass. Had he tweaked thine unbelieving nose 'twixt thumb and forefinger for the clearance of thy wits, thou hadst argued it thus, I'll warrant thee: Pain being but a delusion is nothing, nothing, nought, nought less than a unit, and so by the genius of Arabian Arithmetic am I not tweaked. Prithee is it not Q. E. D.?

Cres. Were there not a reasonable drift in the flow and torrent of thine unreason I had been angered—but remark me I did not so suddenly resent the fellows' words lest the over-haste of mine anger should have tripped more slow going discretion and left me a prey to an enraged jealousy of mine own renown; but I catch the current of your cogitations; notable nose! I'll seven proverb him for that.

Cam. Thou art an accomplished gentlemen;

I did but stir thy balking wisdom to a more rapid mutiny—[ASIDE]—ye gods, 'tis a gelding that hath the threefold spavin, staggers, the spring-halt, and seven times seven all other diseases in one—and mark me, my good friend, if I win not Olivia thy cousin, if I do not frustrate this Sylvian most unexpectedly, condemn me, I pray thee, to the dogs' ditch that he spake of. Oh, Sylvian, thou shalt pay scholarly for this.

Cres. Shall he so? You can not lay hold upon him.

Cam. Lay hold upon him? in what age live we? Has thou divined that I do harbor so superabundant an affection for the gallows, or the town jail? sweet sir, listen to the words of my folly, and translate them into the vocabulary of thy wisdom, which are these: this fellow—this tonguey lover—unsorted beasts! O Satan! thou rememberest we spake but yesterday of one Perdita, she that's now an actress in Cordova?

Cres. Aye, so!

Cam. Well, he hath loved her.

Cres. Hath, says't thou?

Cam. Hath and doth; they are but words indicative of time—and to yon brooding owl all's one—he knows no variety in times, nor no change of seasons; I promise thee he doth spend the full half of his hours in rooting up the decayed apples of last years' bearing, while the fruit of to-day hangs above his head for the plucking.

Cres. By my soul, I think he hath reached up and plucked whilst thou didst snooze at the foot.

Cam. Hear me! To-morrow at eve we will together call upon them; it shall serve to make me

better known to her ; and the rest leave to me. Thou hast but to observe his countenance, a very tell-tale one ; whilst I wave my red flag in the arena, fasten thy six-inch eye-sight to his bull's face, and though he look blood at thee, be his watchman still. Hears't thou ? "Superfine drunkard !" For, mark you, Cresento, he cares not a pin for thy cousin ! Nay, gape not ; thou shalt see all. I know these fancy pigeons, these scholars !

SCENE II.—The Interior of Olivia's house. Olivia.

ENTER Sylvian UNPERCEIVED.

Oliv. Oh, fair, sweet odor !

Syl. These dew dropping violets,
That grow in the forest in retired nooks,
I gathered on my way ; they have a price.

Oliv. Nay, I'll not pay it then.

Syl. 'Tis thus exacted ;
Methinks your lips are miserly of riches.

Oliv. Alas, the supply not equals the demand !

Syl. Why, then you must new-mint them.

Oliv. These kissing-coins,
When once they are in use, depreciate.

Syl. I'll buy them back at seven times their worth,
Paying thee seven to one.

Oliv. So shall you be
A miserable bankrupt.

Syl. Nay, there's no bankruptcy
In the blood of youth.

Oliv. Aye, but age comes, and then,
What a collapse is there !

Syl. Age is not nigh ;
Who loves doth never age.

Oliv. Then shall I be
Forever in thine arms, forever young ;
And every kiss thou giv'st shall add a fairness
Or wash away a wrinkle from my brow,
Cleansing my forehead of unsightly years.
O God, how I do love thee !

Syl. And I thee.

Oliv. I dreamed of thee last night.

Syl. So I of thee.

Oliv. Dream of me ever when I am not with you ;
I am jealous of your sleep even.

Syl. Canst thou be jealous ?

Oliv. Aye ! As the grave !

Syl. A kiss for jealousy !

You shall want all occasion ; absence shall be
Invisibly spent in kisses of the soul ;
I'll love the ground you walk on, rather than
A lesser thing.

Oliv. Alas ! You do not love me.

Syl. May I love madness, then, disease and death,
If I love thee not !

Oliv. And wilt love me ever ?

Syl. Oh, ever, ever till the crack o' doom
Rend the blue heaven asunder, and this earth
Melt visibly ! Love thee—

Oliv. Nay, chide me not—you men, you men !
Were faith as firm as oaths—

Syl. Then water were earth,
Earth rock, and rock an element more endurable

Than thought can frame. Then every lightest thing
 Would suddenly outweigh its natural substance
 Commensurate to that change. Oaths are but straws
 The winds of love bear lightly—

Oliv. Yet winds fail,
 Winds vary and winds veer and winds do die.
 I am not noisy with my love as you ;
 I will not swear by either sun or moon,
 Nor by this earth, nor aught that being unmoved
 Commends itself to loving perjury.
 Nay, I'll not register a protestation,
 Nor use one sweet familiar epithet,
 I will make no oath
 And break no vow—yet do I love thee Sylvian,
 Wilt thou not marry me ?

Syl. A bond, a bond !
 And yet, perchance—I know not. Kiss me to-night,
 Leave marriage till to-morrow. Are they not married
 Who thus conjoin to steal the stings of time,
 And leave care vantageless ? Sorrow wants power
 To chasten two.

Oliv. Alas !

ENTER *Servant.*

Servant. Madam, your cousin will see you.

Oliv. Tell him I am engaged ;
 I can not see him, nay, will not. Say that the hour
 Is out of season, suits me not, I have
 Some business or other ; I am not well—go please
 your fancy
 In the answer that you give him, so it be given
 With a politic, formal manner. Hear you ? Be gone !

[To *Sylvian*.] And you will swear—you said you would—to love me, as you ne'er loved another? What!—

ENTER *Camillo* AND *Cresento*.

Syl. Pardon him, lady; 'tis his drunkenness that sins, not he. [ASIDE.] Some devil hath switched him here—some devil new-frisked from hell; some inopportune devil; the one hour o' the year that most desired his absence.

Cam. Once i' the way of it, leave the matter to me. Mark you but his face; stick your eyes to him for leeches; indeed, if he see that you watch him, so much the better. Hist, but she wears a timely color, too!

Cres. How do you, cousin?

Oliv. Honorably.

Cam. Honorably!—[ASIDE.]

Oliv. Welcome to you, sir. Pray, gentlemen, make yourselves welcome.

Cres. Since indeed we are not. [ASIDE.]

Oliv. You do both know *Sylvian*?

Cam. I have often met you, sir, but ever in such good company that I wanted daring to force myself upon you.

Syl. I?

Cam. You were so conservant with your own fancies, sir, that I perhaps did you the wrong, seeing you thus enwrapped, and very apparently engaged, to judge by your countenance that you would not tolerate an interruption.

Syl. [ASIDE.] The fellow hath a courteous humor ; 'tis ominous.

Cres. Cousin, we are full of news ; 'tis indeed the plain, I may say, philosophic, reason of our coming ; can you bear hear it ? We have but come from Cordova, and you shall not find the four sides of a paper so crammed with marriages, births, deaths, accidents and rumors of war.

Oliv. In Cordovo ? Were you not here last evening ?

Cres. Here, forsooth ! we supped at Cordova at—

Cam. Two o' the morning, madame, leaving here at ten.

Cres. (Oh, did we ?) Aye, at two o' the morning—we—

Syl. Breakfasted. And at this birds' hour the news was—eh ?

Cres. The news was eh ?

Cam. Ill, very ill indeed.

Cres. Aye, so it was—atrocious, abominable, very ill indeed.

Cam. It is related that the English have declared war.

Syl. Ha !

Cam. 'Tis further accounted that there is a revolt in the barracks at Barcelona ; and that one being well set on fire by an armed band, the others were caught like a box of matches, the one lighting the other by proximity.

Syl. Ha, say you so ? My brother hath a command there ; but I had liefer misdoubt the story than show an interest to detain him.

Cres. And the marriages, cousin—sure you languish for the marriages?

Cam. The Señor Sirani, for one, hath, it is reported commonly, eloped with—

Oliv. Oh, no marriages, sir, I pray you; your modern marriage is but the first step and proceeding in a divorce suit; “for good or for evil, a mensâ et thoro”—I know the words of both services.

Cam. [ASIDE.] This is ripe bitterness; 'tis patent he hath made it no matter of marriage. Ha, ha! a fine humor. But then there was a birth. The wife of the minister—

Oliv. Oh, sir, spare us the indignity; I had sooner hear of wars and rebellions; marriages and births—madness and melancholy.

Cam. So! Well, the Señor Comparini, that was chief tenor at the opera, is dead.

Syl. Heigho!

Cam. [ASIDE.] I'll stir thee yet, thou sluggish pool.

Cres. What, no deaths neither?

Syl. A very master of caterwauling; he would sing a soft nothing of lunatic words with more mad airs and consummations of frenzy, more heart-beating passions, dilations of the chest, and swellings of the diaphragm, than ever a tom-cat at moon-rise with Venus in the ascendant. A very senseless fellow.

Cres. Now shall we hear learned praise in favor of German elephants, that trundle live rocking-horses across a pasteboard rainbow, and marry their grandmothers to the music of seven discords.

Syl. Come, come, sirs, your news leaks out at

your heels. You must rehearse more lively than this to startle us to interest.

Cam. [ASIDE.] "Us," mark you! Well, sir, how will a scandal suit you! Oh, 'tis hearable, madame, a dainty, sweet bit for any lady's mouth. Will ye have it? Oh, a very nothing, but indeed there was much stir—

Syl. My good Cresento, I see you have no ears for these follies. Right, quite right; what is a man, that he should affect the infirmities of his neighbor?

Cres. I do protest I would wish to hear how my cousin Olivia takes it.

Syl. Oh, nay, I know you; you are above these whimsicalities.

Cres. But, sir—

Syl. Yes, yes, I knew it. What is it to meet an honest fellow now and again, a man o' the world, too—you are a man o' the world? Oh, your blushings shall not hide it; it shines very formidably on your countenance.

Cres. I do protest, sir.

Syl. Protest not at all. Let all thy converse be yea, yea, and nay, nay; so shalt thou never have leave to say yes to a dun or no to the devil.

Cres. I pray your good leave, sir, I would hear!

Syl. Good, honest Cresento, I will not give thee my leave. Listen awhile. Scandal-mongers are like rag-pickers. Why? Oh, very simply in this, that they contract the diseases of the filth that they handle; and mark you how 'tis more execrable in the former, for he carries his dirt in his mouth. Pah! a foul trade.

Cres. Shall we not turn, sir.

Syl. Stop, I would sing you a song, good Cres-
ento; 'tis mine own—a glee, a catch, a what you
will. [TAKING AN INSTRUMENT OF MUSIC, TO WHICH HE
SINGS IN A LOW VOICE.] You shall tell me how it likes
you; I will hum it for you—so.

'Tis a long time since the earth—a
Was made, was made, began,
Since Adam delved in dearth—a,
And Eve in dolor span.

I see you digest it. But mark now it turns more sor-
rowful you must weep, man, aye, gush tears and
break sighs large as the Lisbon earthquake, and
heavy, oh, as heavy as though thou wert in attend-
ance on a rich aunt's funeral. It hath a sour ending.

With every man 'tis the same—a,
A child, a child, he burns;
His heart's a fiery flame—a,
Which soon to ashes turns.

Oliv. [To *Cam.*] And now say you she is on the
stage.

Syl. Aye, we are all on the stage to-night; but
we play our parts indifferent well.

His heart's a fiery flame—a,
Which soon to ashes turns.

Cres. Ha, ha! sweetly tuned; one could dance
to the tune, but that you leaden-weight the words so
i' the finish.

Oliv. So, so, news indeed, most uncommon.

Syl. [ASIDE.] News indeed. How this coxcomb
gallant sets my temper on edge. If he go not soon

there will be such word-fencing as shall dull the opinion he entertains of the excellent sharpness of his own wit. Hark ye now to the last touch. I must utter it low, sweet, chaste Cresento, lest I be loud to offend the ear of the scandal-traffic. Aye, stick tongue in jowl, wag wig, and roll eyeballs, for all your snivelling malodorous secrets I could plant a word in thee that would let out the bowels of thy complacency. So!

[SINGS.] 'Tis but a short time-a,

Since we fell—

Cam. Perdita, the play-actress. Hath it not a notable charm in the alliteration?

Syl. Perdita! heard I aright? Hah, so! pardon, sir.

[SINGS.] 'Tis but a short time-a

Since we fell from the womb

And the—

Oliv. And Perdita is,—well, well, who'd a thought it?

Cam. They say she plays well.

Syl. “Since we fell from—”

Cres. You miss the words, sir.

Syl. My fingers— my— that is—

Oliv. Perdita on the stage; but she was always a creature full of affectations.

Cam. Oh, a very scornful lady—but now—

Cam. and Oliv. Ha-ha, ha-ha-ha.

Syl. “Since we—”

Christ—God—what do I hear? Am I mad, that I hear again—oh, ah,—

[SINGS.] Since we fell from the womb—

Cam. To be sure, madam, quite inevitable,—she must become as her fellows, who speak, act—nay, I think, walk and sleep with the third gallery in their view!

Syl. And the space of half a rhyme—a
Shall swaddle us back in gloom.

Cam. Oh, she hath already her train of admirers; you shall hear it whispered—

Syl. [TURNS AND CROSSES OVER TO *Camillo* AND *Olivia*.] What shall you hear it whispered? Mark you sir, that's a part of the song; they whisper—you spake of a lady, did you not?

Cam. Not at all, sir—a girl—a new-risen star of the city theatre,—no lady.

Syl. Ah—her name was—?

Cam. Perdita, whom perchance you know?

Syl. You have fathomed me, sir. I did once know her slightly. She was a fair—girl?

Oliv. As fair as my cousin had he been born to petticoats—and for proportion—a mere chit.

Cam. 'Tis clear that you know her, madam, a very wizened face, much warped from correctness.

Syl. And she is become?—you were in the relation of it.

Cam. An actress. [To *Olivia*.] Madam doth he seem well to you?

Syl. An actress—that is, a player.

Cres. Aye, a player—that is, an actress.

Oliv. [To *Camillo*.] I pray you throw open the sash; he is as pale as my hand.

Syl. Actress, actress, Perdita an actress; what a sharp, vehement sting is in the word.

Had he thus touched me with a dagger's point
 Fresh-tipped with venom, active to undo
 Life's twisted strands—there had not been—oh, oh,
 More of a tempest here—more sudden loosening, —
 He hath let light in darkness—oh—and 'tis indeed thus!

Cam. Are you not well, sir?

Syl. Well, well, no—oh no.

I am ill-used by such slight fainting fits,
 Spring weaknesses.

Cres. And this the tenth of June.

Cam. Will you not sit, sir.

Syl. Who? I? No.

I must dissemble this ; how fair these flowers are,
 How very, very fair—pansies that live
 By the moist marge of rivers—star-cut daisies
 And tiger lilies that are striped—striped so—
 [To *Cresento.*] I pray you, sir, do you study eye-
 cures?

Have I the serpent's beady orbs to fix you?
 Flowers, flowers and flowers—damn thy fowl weazel
 eyes,

Think you to find a rat with so straight looking?
 Out on thy leer!

Cres. Have you, I pray, the itch, sir,
 That you so rub your hands?

Syl. Ah.

Cam. The hours fly on ;
 Lady, farewell.

Oliv. Farewell, sir.

Cam. I fear I have sown seed
 Shall blossom for a harvesting of devils

Syl. Why, 'tis impossible ; God knows that she—

Cres. God's nose ; sir, you may well swear by it ;
A very notable nose.

Cam. Sir, farewell,
When next we meet—

Syl. [ASIDE.] The devil sits cross-legged in 's eye.

Cam. These fainting falls will have—

Syl. I thank you, sir,
And you, sir, also—pray you be departed.
I would not for all worlds you should lose time
In physicing my poor hopes of better health ;
I thank you, sirs, again.

Cres. [AS THEY GO OUT.] The devil sits cross-legged
in your eye.

Ah-ha ; did'st hear that ? Like a cobbler at 's last.

Cam. Thou pale-faced lover—I've stitched thee a
pair of boots

Will make thy feet ache ; 'tis a leather ta'en
From the tanned back of a Hell-hiding fury,
Shall make thee sweat in torments ; come, come
away ;

How very happily I hit his weakness.

Cres. O sugar-sweet revenge ; a notable nose ; oh,
notable nose ; oh, sugar sweet revenge. [EXEUNT.]

Syl. My sweet Olivia—I, I cannot meet her eye.
I am not well to-night ; the evening moisture
Struck strange chills through me as I crossed the
bridge.

I am not well ; thou know'st I hate especially
These two brain-bankrupts. [OPENING A WINDOW.]
Hark, how shrilly clear,

And with how keen a treble the marsh frog
 Pipes to the moon—doth she not answer me?
 How fair yon moon is with that one fleece of cloud
 Thrown o'er her shining shoulder; see, love, your
 roses,

How Romeo-like they climb up to your window
 In crimson doublets, and still long to enter,
 Tapping the chaste-closed pane.

Oliv. Sylvian, thou lovest her,
 This woman, this—Perdita?

Syl. This Perdita?

How say'st thou? I love?—fy, fy, Camillo
 Hath filled you with strange legends.

Oliv. Thou dost love her?

Syl. By God I do!

Oliv. Are you mad, Sylvian?

Syl. Far more than mad. I have heard men tell
 How hate can sleep in stone for forty years
 And awake suddenly like a fire from ashes,
 White as an old man's beard, and then be
 More terrible ugly than in its prime conception;
 But love, when its sweet object has become
 The butt of tavern jests, the acknowledged target,
 Apt and allowed for every scandalous tongue
 To shoot envenomed shafts at, the help, the aid,
 The save-sense and make-fortune of dull wit,
 That lives its life but to leave smuts on virtue,
 Can love do thus? sure madness would not have it so.
 Hate is more close-grained, and blown on by rude
 winds

Of contrary fortune doth become more gnarled,

Self-inter-twist and knotty, like an oak
 That hugs itself for fear of overthrow,
 And in a century springs scarce an inch
 Out of its upright; but love can love, which is
 Fellow of youth, life's frail and fickle fire,
 Mortal to every puff of a veered fancy,
 Faint with a little coldness, and dead quite
 Before the damp and moisty hand of death,
 Can love do likewise? Why, a candle-cap
 Of a few years can quite extinguish it;
 Numb all its hopes, put out its very eyes,
 And cast it into darkness; yet now my soul sails
 The turbulent tide of this returning passion,
 Forgetting the base weakness of its ebb.
 Perdita.

Oliv. God!—Sylvian, see'st thou this rose?
 See'st thou this rose, I say. Thou gavest it to me,
 And if—nay love, but mark me—if this rose
 Were but thy heart, thy to me vowed heart,
 Therefore to me more dear than any rose
 That ever blushed against a summer sun—
 Thus would I tear it—thus, thus, thus, and thus;
 Thus trample it.

Syl. Olivia, thou did'st love me;
 I know not what I do.

Oliv. Thou hast done that
 No time shall ever undo.

Syl. I am in some whirlwind
 That blows and buffets me; indeed I am not fit
 For base concealments, what a swift rebellion
 Of natural blood hath swept the throne of reason.
 We are the play of passion; wil't thou forgive me?

Oliv. Forgive thee? Fool!

Syl. Farewell.

Oliv. If rage be blood

My veins are like to burst with too much fulness.

Why here's a very pleurisy of passion ;

Heart, heart, what dost thou?

Thy beats are like those bells of a doomed city

Jangling alarums out on the dull ear

Of unreverberant darkness. Sweet-swearing liar ;

Honey-tongued hypocrite ; sir, thou hast been

A very complete actor.

Syl. Actor, see you

How naturally doth anger use that word

In a reproach.

Oliv. I pray you now, seek some slut,
Some kitchen wench, an onion-odorous jade, to teach
Your pedant passion to. Oh, she will take
Desertion like a dove. Pah ! be thou gone.

[EXIT *Sylvian*.

But yesterday,

I was a soft, sweet child lying in his arms,

That knew no other pleasure than to feel

The tension of my heart-strings when he kissed me.

There was an angel,

A rosy angel in my bosom that burned

With love's illusive fire, which he could raise

With one soft word to a tempestuous glow

Of steady passion—now 'tis turned into

A laughing fiend that sits here in his cell

With eyes of flame, sucking my tears from me,

And will not cease to suck till natural kindness

Be quite dried up—oh, quite, quite, quite dried up.
To-day, if I could dip my tongue in poison
More swift and deadly than the colorless venom
Deathfully sleeping in the cobra's fangs,
Altho' that tongue were wounded, these lips chapped
Into most bloody fissures, how would I give him
A bridal kiss—my maidhood's forgiveness in it!

SCENE III.—Sylvian alone in a wood. He has an instrument of music.

Syl. Bah! I think I am crazed with too constant dwelling on the matter. I had not thought that my wits leaned so close to an overthrow—and yet, tring, tring, tring, tring—who that seeks relief in such contemptible folly as this can be anything less than exceedingly out of his right mind. I loved her once, I forgot her once; a story as old as the difference betwixt the sexes; and once again, and that's now, I—in sooth, yes—I love her. Was there ever a matter more infinitely humorous? Lord, if I were a novelist now, I would write it in a story, that some other diaphragm than mine might be tickled with the lamentable farce of it. What's this? a mole-hill. He tunnels nobly, and they say a blind architect. That are we all; not a man of us but in the building of his fortunes, places brick upon brick, or it may be marries marble to marble, with a very random, stone-blind geometry; and, when the edifice is complete what fine after wits are we then. Mark you, there's no boy in the village school but can make his neighbor's sum out better than his own; any fool can do away

with the doubts of Prince Hamlet, and solve as it were to a dance-tune such devil's conundrums as might bring gray hairs into the wise head of Solomon. Aye, who shall read me the riddle of my youth? who, indeed? when a word can so confuse to-day and yesterday that I must now conclude myself to be three years younger than I am; and that's right, too, and according to the philosophy of the proverb that says, fools never grow older; a wise philosophy, for what man is so well-fooled as he that is the fool of his own affection? But there's no comfort in wisdom, and no satisfaction in folly; for all that the former can do is in some passage or other of matchless eloquence to call the latter by her right name—after which she will dwell as contentedly your mistress as before. Lord, Lord, what a thing is life. More a matter for laughter than for fear; and yet, I will swear, fitter food for scorn than for either. [LOOKING DOWN] Dig, dig, dig, little one! Thou'lt die in thy grave some day, and save thine executor so much for the burying of thee. Blind bungler—whew, how thou dost work it, spade and shovel are nought to those sensible, sharp claws of thine. Sure, there is a spiritual as there is a natural blindness; and we all dig i' the dark, moles and men, and, save that this delver hath no Latin name for 's occupation, no knowledge of his nature, nor no consciousness of his end, why, there is little to choose between us. Do I dig, perchance to-day, bunglingly, my grave of to-morrow? The Father of moles and men knows—and the answer to that expectation is world-old—He will not tell. Oh, he keeps his

own secrets. Did I not hear some one—or was 't but a bough rattling in the wind?—I am a very miserable man. I did love this woman, not more vehemently than purely ; no inconsiderate and unreasonable passion, nor yet a cold and frosty affecting of the intellect that bars all the sweet desires of youths' blood, and showeth no gravitation towards its object—no, neither this, nor that--but a very spring-tide flood in freshet of pure and unadulterate passion. What a dark day 'twas when we parted. A very blackness rained through the sunshine. Had I trusted my senses the earth was swallowed in darkness, the heavens hung with crape, and not a green leaf but was sooty on its tree. Marry, say you, Madam Morality! what, pluck the violet from its bank and hang it on neck to wither at the invisible touch of time? Who but the slave of convention would bind himself to spend the spring-time of existence beneath the shadow of one only tree ; to eat one only fruit ; to refrain from all other delights but those within the forced compass of an outgrown promise. Would you bind the future with the chains of the present? Hath life, then, no spontaneity to be recognized nor love no naturalness, that one should so grossly outrage it? And yet we should not check the course of nature ; spring fulfils herself in summer, summer in autumn, and autumn even, that was fair and lustrous with all the fruits of pleasure, falls into a perishing winter that bears no babes but dry berries, that will crinkle your mouth up if you eat them. But indeed we were both but April-old, young in April,—fool young,—and so here

I sit at the end of three years, as wise a fool as ever fared in forest to cozen his affections by singing tunes with no sense, or lost his youth's mistress by the unripeness of his beard.—Actress, actress, the word sticks in my mind like some cursed hornet's sting ; sticks, festers, sticks, will not out. Player's a better word ; which your dictionarian will tell you is one that doth expose her general person to the public view ; in what antic postures, with what unseemly gestures this or that mannikin may categorically direct.

Oh God, oh God,—that she that I so loved
Should have become this thing,—I have no name
for 't.

The unblushing centre of ten thousand eyes ;
The gazing stock of the beast-multitude ;
The insatiable feeder on the gross vulgar's plaudits ;
The—why—actress, 'tis a term of reproach ;
She hath made herself the common coin of scandal,
Current in clubs ; she hath entered a profession
Where innocence doth pave the way to fortune,
And where the soul of modesty's the price .
Paid for success ; she's one who rests upon
The palm of approbation, dying quickly
At that withheld ; the laurel and the bays,
Her topmost crown and peak of expectation,
A blatant bubble, from the rabble's mouth
Blown rudely into air ; corruption weighted
With instant-perishing praise ! Oh, I wore once,
A jewel more fair than the most prized gem
That ever left a dark and virgin mine

To deck the cap of monarchs ; I lost it ; now
That diamond hath dropt into a gutter,
Where it shines like common glass ; shall I stoop to
it ?

Why, if I sat before her, and did hear her
With some word in her mouth,—some word,—some
word,—

If such could cross the threshold of mine ear
And that, my mind appalled, did not refuse
Admittance, or clear credence, but did believe
The sensual report,—then would it be
As if some moral poison had dripped through
These resonant galleries, and in a deadly mist
Spread strange confusion, and congealment inward,
As with a chemic action killing those cells
Where virtue doth inhabit.

ENTER *Olivia*.

Oliv. Sylvian, I have come—

Syl. Truly, it would seem so.

Oliv. I pray you, do not jest at my misfortune ;
Women are easily moved ; I spake some words,
Some bitter words when last I saw you, now
I would retract.

Syl. Do so ; I have forgot them ;
Words are but sound, sound air, and air a thing
That no man can retain in memory.

Oliv. Can'st thou forget so easily ?

Syl. Why—yes.

Oliv. I pray you be not too swift in 't ; gifts may be
given
With too great haste, off hand, too carelessly,

Which gifts so lacking in nice ceremony
Seem given from the hand, not from the heart,
And merit not their name.

Syl. Hath she turned Christian
In the interval? Madam, I forgive you.

Oliv. 'Tis a rich gift, sir; do I merit it?
I pray you weight not these too happy shoulders
With this glad burden; the dead load of hate
And treachery that are as twins still-born in one hour
I do not groan beneath; but for forgiveness—

Syl. Sure she is mad.

Oliv. As you have seen a pine
Black-seared and smitten to a dismal trunk,
Unleaved, bare, branchless, that the Heaven's light-
ning

Loved on a sudden and with a rosy mouth,
Kissed into ruin; oh, for such an one
Whose life's fresh leafage and sweet natural sap
Are both burnt out, turned into glistening chars,
Screaking and brittle,—oh, for such an one,
Forgiveness is a twice refined gold,
Wherein is no alloy; an act of beauty
Whose loveliness and worth are doubled twice,
Being twice unexpected; dost thou dare
To forgive me, Sylvian?

Syl. She spake not thus before;
Play, play, or earnest, madam?

Oliv. You will not then.
Oh, I have waked these two nights in my bed
With thinking of my wrong to you; I cannot sleep
But that I dream how love, like a sweet wine,

Being turned sour, ferments to a sharp vinegar
 Bitterer than death : Oh, I have sped ill
 Since last I saw you.

Syl. Either she acts or else
 My ears report her falsely.

Oliv. See you, I am
 In sorrow's keeping ; she is my maid that dresses
 My countenance in colors of her own ;
 Paints me with grief ; spreads ashes in my hair
 That tell of early age ; gives tears unto me
 To wash my blushes off ; and even now
 Undoes my pride, casting me at your feet
 To ask forgiveness.

Syl. Madam, I pray you rise ;
 You hurt me thus ; wherein I have sinned against
 - you,

The heart of youth sinned with me ; what I did
 I know well is the matter, not how, nor why,
 Nor with what urgings to the accomplishment.
 But time, Olivia, time and place are half
 Of every act we do ; when I first saw you
 It was the Heaven of spring to which my pulses
 Beat consonant movement ; blame the unkind hour
 When first I looked upon you, blame my youth,
 My intemperate blood, my admiration of you,
 My solitude that leaned to company,
 My hopes, my dreams, my anything but me.

Oliv. Dost thou forgive me ?

Syl. 'Tis I that crave forgiveness,
 Nor need no parable of you are me.
 Deeply I sinned and deeply now repent it.

Oliv. I pray you then in a sweet kiss distill
 Forgiveness on me, that I may feel 't no dream,
 Dreamed 'i the daylight with wide open eyes.

[*Olivia* DRAWS A DAGGER, WHICH *Sylvian* SEES ONLY
 AS HE KISSES HER.]

Syl. So take it thus ;
 Death seize thee—ho—God—

Oliv. [ASIDE.] Oh, my heart fails me ;
 Why did I not do 't ?
 What womanly weakness and sudden fluctuation
 Hath spirited my hate of him away. [TURNS TOWARD
Sylvian LAUGHING.]

[ASIDE] Now could I bruise and savagely cut my
 arm,
 To spite its female weakness ; but, 'twas my heart
 That a sudden palsy shook from its fierce purpose.

[TURNS AGAIN TOWARD *Sylvian* LAUGHING.]
 Good sir, how like you the matter of my joke ?
 Oh Lord, I shall die of laughter !
 Smells my forgiveness sweet ?

Syl. No more ; I shun you henceforth ; I have
 loved a serpent. [EXIT.]

Oliv. Shall sting you yet ; oh, what a weakness
 'tis
 To be a woman ; but a dagger's point
 Were a too quick and easy consummation ;
 Perchance 'twas happily failed ;—

ENTER *Camillo*.

Cam. A dagger and—the devil ! I never thought
 she should have taken it so hard. This cursed Syl-
 vian hath 'witched her with some charm—

Oliv. Sir, you have discovered me where I do not use to receive—will it please you, in short, to be gone.

Cam. Madam, I fear for you.

Oliv. A mere bodkin—an instrument to tease rabbits with—a goad for wild-asses—of which these woods are fearfully full.

Cam. Sylvan monsters, madam.

Oliv. Thou devil—ha, thy word-play is not to the occasion. I beseech you pardon me—you are unhappily a man, and the sex is strangely out of my graces to-day.

Cam. 'Twere ill indeed, for alas, I come to you as a man—

Oliv. And shall go away as an ass. [ASIDE.

Cam. Madam, I would not disclose on so sudden an inopportunity that which hath hitherto been the object of my hiding ; but in seasons of sorrow secrets will out ; and to say that I love you is to affirm no more than that I would with willingness help you.

Oliv. Enough, sir, I do not love you.

Cam. My lady, I will not take a first answer saddled so hot upon the minute.

Oliv. Will you take a second then, sir ; it rides, to allow your metaphor, bareback on a cold moment : I do not love you !

Cam. Love is persistent—a long sufferer.

Oliv. Aye, suffering all pains, and racking martyrdoms save only one : the crucifixion of laughter.

Cam. Fair lady, I am your slave ; where I love I am not backward to declare it ; and be sure that after declaration there is no labor which 'tis in your power

to require of me that I shall not, being a labor of love, more easily accomplish than discuss ; my heart is your slave ; and my hand is the servant of my heart.

Oliv. [ASIDE.] Hum ! so,—I did but assay the quality of your affection ; are you true metal ? Good Camillo, I believe it ; and if I am rude 'tis well to the part of a politic mercy to remember that an abused and bleeding heart makes a quick, irritable tongue. And you love me ?

Cam. Madam, as—

Oliv. Spare the similitude ; 'twas honest in you to offer your hand in advance of your heart. Will you do my bidding ?

Cam. If—

Oliv. Nay, with no “if”—nor no “perchance” ; there is no “haply” and “if so be” in my service, sir ; the hand doth what the heart saith—and makes no trouble as to why and wherefore. For such servitors as are dependent upon their own conditional wisdom, they may embrace the moon and her shadows ; I am not for you.

Cam. I will lose both wisdom and will, madam, consideration of circumstance and hesitancy in action, if so I may obtain—

Oliv. Enough, sir ; well-said, thou may'st spare me further declaration of passion ; and so to the point : An' thou hast love for me, thou hatest Sylvian.

Cam. I can do that madam with no aid nor assistance from any other affection.

Oliv. I will—

Cam. Humph—would you so ?

Oliv. I rest assured, sir, you have mistook my meaning.

Cam. Not I—you would be glad now if this fellow were to run down some hill of indiscretion and perish in the deep sea at the bottom to the tune of your laughter from the top.

Oliv. You wag a coarse tongue ; but for the outline of my conception, you have caught it entirely. To-morrow I go—following him—to Cordova. Oh, fear not ; we shall indeed find him there—the dog will return to his vomit. So, if you love me, follow me, and 'twere no ill thing that you brought my cousin Cresento. You shall see there—trust a woman's wisdom for 't—that he is quite irredeemably mad ; and will ere three days are out in some strange action which he will take to his rectification, placard himself and his afflictions before the whole town—and lose the object of his plot into the bargain.

Cam. I am with you. [EXEUNT CONVERSING.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Cordova, a room.

ENTER *Perdita* AND A *Lady*.

Perd. Oh, call me mournful, melancholy, sad,
World-worn and weary o't, call me *Perdita*
With such an accent on the name as presents me
March-mad, quite mindless, crooked as a mill-wheel
That groans its life out ; call me anything

If you but leave me liberty to be
The one thing that I will.

Lady. And what's that, madam ?

Perd. Myself,—there, take them ; I'll not read a
word of them

[HANDS HER LETTERS] till you recite the signatures.

Lady. So ; indeed

You are quite distraught ; what ! not read your
letters

O' the morning for fear to find among them some one
That praises you for beauty, or sweet accent,
Or calls you noble, with such sweet etceteras,
As,—well you are all folly.

Perd. An April wildness,
I grant you ; now on with them.

Lady. For the first then,
'Tis a bill from a boot-maker ; and here's another
From a bonnet-fashioner ; why, they are all bills—
Gloves and a riding-habit ; you've small need to fear.

Perd. Now this and this ?

Lady. Well, this : “ Most lovely madam—”

Perd. Nay, but the signature ?

Lady. 'T has none ; now listen :
“ Hear me I pray lest I do pale and die,
And dying sail to the extremest Hell
Of hopeless sorrow ; hear me that I may live.”
See you not, he says he will die ; now do I swear
He should not say 't to me twice. “ Divinest
maid,

I came, I saw, I loved ; far off your voice
Piercing my soul, did with compulsion rude
Compel me unto—”

Perd. Pah ! for Heaven's sake stop there,
I'll hear no more.

Lady. But, madam, it encloses a rondel :
“ My lady dear,
Could'st thou but swear,
To love thy love a little—”

Perd. Why there's no rhyme to 't but whittle !
What would he have me to whittle for him !
They say the ass is blind
To his own ears, but an you'll carve his ears
His blindness may pass unnoticed ; jack-knives to
jack-asses !
Could I chip this fellow's long eared complacency
To the likeness of a moderation—oh, 'twere whittling
To a most Christian, charitable purpose.
No more, no more ; I'll not hear 't.
Said you not Giovanni
Waited below to see me ?

Lady. As you will ; yes.

Perd. Well bring him here now—and please you,
Go not away !
He comes, I am sure, on business.

Lady. On business, madam—
Was your father sane in 's senses when he married
The lady dame your mother ?

Perd. Aye, as sure as thou art senseless
In thy no—senses.

Lady. On business to be sure ?
A very proper business ! He comes—God's pity on
him--
On no such errand.

Perd. What then ?

Lady. 'Tis to tell you

He hath lost his original wits, and is become
Even more clean-cracked than—he loves you, lady.

Perd. Which being translated into the mother-
tongue

Of common sense reads thus : he loves my shadow.

[*Exit Lady.*]

But let him come ; I am all sorrow for him,
Yet sure if I were a man I would not fall
In love with every woman ;

ENTER *Giovanni.*

What's in a woman
That a man should love her ?

Gio. Lady, everything,
All virtue and all beauty.

Perd. Sir, your entrance
Caught me quite unawares ; I was reciting ;
I pray your pardon.

Gio. I 'll not be pardoned, madam ;
You know my quest ; indeed I have not concealed
myself

Since that I played with you ; I know I am old ;
You are all youth and freshness.

Perd. I pray you, sir,—

Gio. Love knows no other language than his own.
I cannot tell you in a stint comparison
The beauty that I see you ; there is in nature
A somewhat, quite incapable of name,
A light of virtue, a transparent goodness,
That dwells outside all fair comparisons,
Itself its only measure.

Perd. Good sir, I would not
Uncourteously refuse you utterance,
But since I do not love, indeed I should not hear
This all from you.

Gio. My gray hairs, madam,
Are militant against me—but believe me,
There is a fire of faith beneath these snows
That cannot die.

Perd. I do believe you, sir,
And am the sorrier for it.

Gio. Oh, if truth, lady,
If love as long as life, if faith, if honor
That knows no bounds of seemly reverence,
Could change you aught, or melt you—

Perd. Sir, I feel
Truth could not speak to me with truer tongue,
I do believe you ; I do honor you,
As who could not? you have been to me all kind-
ness,
All care, since first we met upon the stage ;
I would not bid you to be dumb, and yet
I cannot bid you hope ; I cannot, sir !

Gio. Fair lady,
When love doth lay his hand on age's heart,
The music that it beats is more eternal
Than all the feverish trumpetings of youth
That would out-protest nature ; madam, believe me,
That is not love that vaunts itself for more
Than native to this earth ; nor that which brags
Its length of life and changelessness of blood
Against all antique saws ; easy to burden

Too tolerant air with such intemperate fancies,
 Oaths, plaints, sad swearings of perpetual faith,
 Fond protestations and perfumed vows
 That melt to heaven mid laughter of the gods.
 I have no heart to say that I do love you,
 No tongue to tell it with ; the audible concord
 Of most melodious words seem now harsh, rude,
 Ineloquent and feeble, to express
 The love I bear ; yet to this silence, madam,
 Pray you prove kindly ; perchance it doth hold more
 Of well-tried faith, true love, and serious honor
 Than braggart youth hath place for—

—What ! No word ! Why then—

Why then—I take your meaning ! I go Yet, find
 you my cause

Unfavorably plead ? Or hath fortune bound you
 To give a biased judgment ?— oh, madam, madam,
 I fain would breathe the kindly air of hope—
 And dare not construe your silence to the fashion
 Of my just fears ; Do you in ought not honor me ?
 Is age my obstacle ? I speak with foolishness ;
 I 've heard love ne'er spake wisely ; madam, is 't so ?

Perd. Credit me,

Good sir, I honor you, I do honor you
 As 'twere my father ; but I cannot love you.
 I cannot, oh, I cannot. Give me leave
 To call you friend ! Oh, sir, I am all sorrow.
 'Tis an ill-fortune ; take it for so much ;
 I would that I could spare it you ; but time,
 That is the cure of hearts, will mend this passion.
 You will forget me ; I pray you, believe a maid ;

I would that I could be—less anything
So not to have wronged you.

Gio. Madam, 'tis I must ask
For a forgiveness from you ; age is mad,
Or hath no eyes to see how spiteful time
Hath scratched it with deformities ; for a few days
We shall play together in the theatre ;
Thereafter I do part for Cypress, but say now,
Rather than then, farewell.

Perd. Farewell ; and oh, believe me, sir,
My heart bleeds for you. [EXIT *Giovanni*.

SCENE II.—*A Place on front of the theatre ; mummers, masquers, etc.*

ENTER *Peter*, THE SCENE-SHIFTER, *Sampson*, ONE ABOUT
THE THEATRE, AND A *Door-keeper*.

Peter. Hey-day and holiday. The Lord is good
to man.

Samp. Not so good neither.

D. K. And how then, Master Sampson ?

Samp. The Lord hath delivered us into the hands
of the Adversary ; see now how these followers of his
do wear Hell's ensigns of a week day—masques to
make believe that they are all devils and fools—when
that are they already.

Peter. Ho-ho, friend Sampson ! and what art
thou ?

Samp. I care not for your jibings ; my mother
was a Christian before me, and these be the panop-
lies of Hell that are spoken of by Daniel the prophet.

1st Mum. Sir, have a care to thy words, else thy mother will be a Christian after thee.

2d Mum. In much wisdom is much grief; the fool is known by the multitude of his words. Sir, have a drink?

Samp. Out upon thee, thou art clothed in a garment of lies.

1st Mum. Sir, I am clothed in humility and long-suffering—

Samp. Get thee gone, I'll none of thy blasphemies.

1st Mum. Ho-ho, ho-ho—I said unto Sampson, go to now; I will prove thee with mirth, and behold this also was vanity.

ENTER ONE AS *Mephistopheles* WITH SIX DEVILS IN BLACK AND FLAME COLOR. THEY BLOW A BLAST.

Peter. My ears, my ears, good gentry, have a care o' my ears.

Meph. Aye, friend Peter, that will we; thou shalt hear no calumny from the Devil.

Samp. Ah, ye are all ear-poisoners, sowers of false seed, I know ye, ye villainous—

Meph. Sampson, thou man of men, have a care to thy tongue, lest the Philistines be upon thee.

Samp. Ye are all worshipers of Belial—ye are all—

[SOME COME BEHIND AND BEAT HIM.]

[EXIT *Sampson*.]

Oh, oh, oh, a mercy of my wounds—oh—oh.

1st Mum. The church is discomfited.

2d Mum. Judah hath fled.

Meph. Vanity of vanities ; what profit hath a man of all the lip-labor that he taketh under the sun.

Peter. I see the Devil can quote scripture.

ENTER *Camillo* AND *Cresento*.

Cam. 'Tis some Festa-day.

Cres. I know it not ; why, 'tis mid-June—no man was e'er born in such hot weather, and none killed since the murder of Abel, which was before calendars, when time ran wild.

Cam. Seven devils, and Peter the scene-shifter ; we are among friends, indeed ; but to turn back to the furrow of our former meditation—thou thinkest to have seen him ; how stood he ?

Cres. On his 'legs, forsooth.

Cam. But, man, how ?—how ?

Cres. One foot so, and one foot so.

Cam. 'Tis perchance the man. We must seek Olivia.

Cres. Seek her ! you shall find her at your elbow when furthest from your thought.

[*Mephistopheles* WITH DEVILS SURROUND THEM FROM BEHIND.]

Cam. Odzooks ! Satan, how now ?

Cres. Pray you mercy, gentlemen.

Meph. Sirs, ye are the prisoners of Hell ; the sins of your youth have given you over into the hands of our chastisement.

Cres. Have a care, thou Bishop of Hell, I 'll not suffer hands laid on me.

Meph. Aye, but thou shalt suffer the laying on of hands.

Cres. Sirs, sirs—

Cam. Good Cresento, take it gentlier ; 'tis the custom of the day ; a mere form of mirth.

Meph. Evil communication—

Cres. Damned spirits—good gentlemen—oh, oh—tread not so heavily—pray, master devil, who is thy blacksmith?—angels of darkness, have ye no humanity?

Meph. Now in the honor of Peor shall ye dance a light round 'neath this tree. 'Ho, Mulciber, has't thou a fiddle?

Mul. Corrosive fires fret his entrails, sire, the sinner which is called Sampson hath done it to pieces in the fray.

Cres. Hold me, I pray you a little less so—I had liefer dance than stand in these stocks.

Mul. Sire, I have it ;

“ Oh, stick of wood,
An arm of blood,
And to be good—”

[*Mulciber* TAKES A STICK FOR FIDDLE-BOW—HIS ARM FOR FIDDLE.]

Up legs and out arms—let the prisoners fly.

[*Camillo* DANCES MERRILY, *Cresento* WITH EMBARRASSED DIGNITY.]

Heiza—heiza—heiza—heiza. Faster, thou brat of Hell.

1st Dev. Clap thy feet, slow-poke—hearst not the time.

2d Dev. Thou dancest like a snail—up sluggard—cast about thee.

3d Dev. Time, time—keep to the tune—hast no ears?

Cres. God's pity. Mercy, sweet gentles. I am out o' my natural health, and do profess I am no dancer.

Mul. Heiza—heiza—hey—so, at it, thou sinful soul—heiza, heiza.

Cres. Oh, good master of the ceremonies—

Mul. Heiza, heiza, hey.

Cres. Is it thus in Hell?

Mul. Heiza, heiza—watch thy master, fool—see how he doth caper.

3d Dev. Hast thou lost thine ears, sir? So mark the time—so—so—so—so.

2d Dev. Thus shalt thou dance in Hell, thou whirligig sinner.

Cres. Oh, oh, oh—'tis the Devils own waltz. Oh, my side, my side, my side—

ENTER MUMMERS RUNNING, ONE IN A WOMAN'S DRESS
BEFORE THEM. GENTLEMEN BEHIND LAUGHING.

Woman. Up skirts and away modesty! I flee for my more than life; protect me, good sir; my name is Virginia; I am a maid in jeopardy; love your reputation and protect a maid in jeopardy.

Cres. Hell with thee. I'll none of thee. Oh, oh, my breath is gone out at my boots.

1st Mum. Down with the devils.

2d Mum. Whose devils are these? [To *Camillo*.] Sir, were you possessed with all these devils? Good lack—a hard fortune.

Meph. Faith, I think he might possess a devil, himself, and lead him no godly life.

2d Mum. Sir, you are the soul of a swine, and your fate is the deep sea.

Cam. Thou hast it. Save thy wit, Satan; thou can'st not make this wooden masque blush at any discomfiture. Cresento, Cresento, I say—what doth the fellow do?

Cres. I will not—I will not—thou art an unblushing minx—hast no modesty?—go thy way now—nay, I will not—I say thou art a pert wench.

Mask. Take that then, thou booby. Ha-ha-ha.

Cres. Oh, damned wench—oh, thou art a very scullion-maid, thou hast broke my back.

Cam. Could'st thou not see?—'twas no female.

Cres. Female or none, my back is manfully broken.

ENTER *Olivia* DISGUISED AS A GYPSY, WHISPERING WITH
TWO GENTLEMEN.

Oliv. You, sir, apart.

1st Gent. I am a great general, mistress, and desire a soldier's fortune.

Cres. Good, then; I will go this way—thou that—and if either or neither find him—[SEEING *Olivia*.]—here's a right jade of a gypsy. Gentle Romany—oh, well enough you talk as earnestly with this fellow as though he were the first that had crossed your palm and kissed your cheek for a fair-weather fortune.

1st Gent. What, Cresento, thou here?

Cres. A most fortunate meeting, sir.

1st Gent. [To *Camillo*] Save you, sir, I had thought you to be in the country.

Cam. Saving my presence here, sir, your thought had done credit to the truth.

Oliv. [To *Cresento.*] Thy fortune, merry gentleman, is to be the most fortunate and smiled on rake in the whole world, the cousin of a fair lady, and to be called *Cresento*.

Cres. Good, good now—I have heard that this palmistry is an exact science.

Oliv. Further than this, thou art thy mother's own son, and within the limits of possibility, 't is said thy father's also.

Cres. Ha—thou art a very witch of truthfulness.

Oliv. Moreover, these lines say that thou art feared of all men, and befriended of all women—is 't not so?

Cres. So to the very T of truthfulness.

Oliv. But for thine eyes they betray thee to be an ass.

Cres. How now!

Oliv. Can'st see? [SHE THROWS BACK HER HOOD.] Know'st thou thy cousin—the jade of a gypſy.

Cam. Faith, she has cozened him with a vengeance.

Cres. Thou art an impossible she.

Oliv. You have not yet discovered him, sir? [To *Camillo.*]

Cam. We think that he cannot have entered the city, for having watched all comers, we found no likeness to him among them.

Oliv. None the less, I think I saw him—a figure in a silvery cloak and no mask.

Cam. Shall we wait here then, and watch for him? I have a very cat's eye to the matter.

1st Dev. Sweet gypsy, tell a poor devil his fortune?

Oliv. Sweet sprite, thou wert born of a piece of burnt cork and a cake of vermilion paint—thy father was a foul smoke, and thy mother a right spark.

Cres. Aye, and thou hast borrowed a gaberdine from some Hell-toasting Jew shall set thee itching for a twelve-month.

2d Dev. And mine, mistress?

Cres. Imps of darkness—

1st Dev. The dancing master has gone crazy.

2d Dev. Good brethren, he swears he can foot it to the Devil's hornpipe,—soho—sohey. [THE DEVILS WHISK *Cresento* OFF.]

Cres. The seven plagues of Egypt infest ye. Oh, oh.

Cam. Madam I do swear I am all fire—

Oliv. Nay, thou lovest me not; 't is but a false protestation to deceive still further the weakness of my faith in you, but—[THEY WHISPER]—an you will promise me—

Cam. Twenty times, and then—

Oliv. Nay, not so soon—you—

Cam. I will do all, and more than all, and then—

Oliv. Aye—then I promise you.

Cam. Thou knowest *Cresento* hath taken some fool's fancy to this *Perdita*.

Oliv. Oh, I have watched you both these two days.

Cam. [ASIDE.] The woman is the Devil.

Oliv. And he shall moreover accomplish his wishes, or I be not his cousin.

Cam. Say you so?—and yet—the lady—though I

ha' sworn vehemently the opposite, is the very pink of propriety ; will see no man, and hath so devouring a pride of all ordinary attention that were she figure-head to a round million, as she is to a round nought, there is ne'er a fortune hunter betwixt Cordova and Cadiz that would submit to the wantonness of her insolence.

Oliv. He shall none the less accomplish his wishes. I have seen her these two mornings running to the chapel of St. Agatha to confess. Doubtless to some young priest.

Cam. And there—there you 'd have him—I confess I am blind to you.

Oliv. To take the priest's part, and play it for the the furtherance of himself. Engage you the priest in conversation as he enters the church, tell him you 've a sick aunt that would leave money to the church, and is in *articulo mortis*—shalt see what religious haste he will make to seek her in some street that exists only in your fancy and his wishes.

Cam. Ha !

Oliv. And in the meantime my cousin shall enter the confessional.

Cam. An excellent joke—by the sweet St. Agatha, most rare, most rare ; and Sylvian ?

Oliv. Enter with him into conversation where, how, in what manner you will—but mark me, let your figure be muffled.

Cam. Aye, madam—I promise you it shall not be crosswise i' the English fashion.

Oliv. Go then by what path you please, so you

reach the goal and conclusion of your purpose ; which let be, to tell him that she doth here confess herself at such an hour and minute, a piece of information that you drop gratis upon him from the liberal Heaven of your town-knowledge.

Cam. It shall be most opportunely done—but shall we find him ?

Oliv. We shall, I think, find him in this new arrival. Did I not see a devil with a lute yonder, amongst them? an you borrow it of him we shall accomplish our purpose the sooner.

Cam. I dare even be in debt to Hell for you, madam, and would borrow from Beelzebub's grandam were it a mean to do Sylvian a wrong turn. [THEY CROSS OVER.]

ENTER *Sylvian* WITH ONE AS A *Fool* AND OTHERS.

Syl. This whisk and whirr were enough to drive a sane man out of his senses, but for a fool like thee, I marvel that thou stand'st the burden of it. Fool, what is the day ?

Fool. The day, sir, is Tuesday.

Syl. Aye, but the nature of the day ?

Fool. The nature of it, sir? Why, 't is a span of light encompassed at either end by a darkness: in the first the fool plays, in the second he sleeps.

Syl. It should be right Stygian darkness then now, for methinks thy wit is sleepy.

Fool. Not so sleepy as thine, master.

Syl. Why ?

Fool. Thou 'rt in love.

Syl. Say'st thou so ?

Fool. And when love is waking, sir, wit sleeps.

Syl. Humph, and this Tuesday, wittol, is what ?

Fool. Is nothing, your honor.

Syl. How now ?

Fool. Seems to be what it is not, doctorship ; a day of pleasure, a holiday, a day when drunkards do become sober to enjoy the spice of a little variety, and sobriety herself lies in the gutter with a nursing bottle for the same reason.

Syl. Thou art indeed very tiresome ; wil't thou not tell me what the day is ?

Fool. Truly, sir, it seems an all saints' day among the damned.

Meph. The tenth of June, *anno diabole*.

Fool. Cry you mercy, do they eat skunk-cabbage in Hell, that thy breath hath so rare an orient perfume ? [EXEUNT.]

Syl. This fellow doubtless is some dry-goods clerk to-morrow, and Satan, there, a vender of notions and what-nots—but to-day they are both wise for once, and call themselves by their right family names. I cannot see her, and though I lag about the theatre to-day, 't will not be possible to-morrow, as 't was not yesterday. [RE-ENTER THE *Fool.*] I would I could see her.

Fool. That shall you, master.

Syl. I 'll strangle thee and thy folly, eaves-dropper, if thou take not a care.

Fool. But loosen the fury of thy fingers and I 'll tell no folly ; the town worships her.

Syl. Her ! Who ?

Fool. Her? Who? Sir, am I a fool—well i' faith it would on the face of the matter appear so—sir, sir, go not away and thou shalt see her—Perdita, I would add for your clearer comprehension.

Syl. Ah, you mean the player?

Fool. Ay, sir—as you meant—she will pass here a little later, and by my bells, she is the idol of my folly; and to lay aside this face of indiscretion—

Syl. Divested the fellow hath an honest countenance.

Fool. There was never a fairer, sweeter, truer lady—there is none in the town but would cut off his little finger for her, and eat it, too, if need were—an he be not a gentleman like yourself, sir—you are all so fickle in your taste! pampered, pampered,—you prefer a salad and a foul joke to your own flesh eaten cleanly.

ENTER A WHIRL OF MUMMERS.

Oliv. St! hand me your lute; sit you still, gentlemen—I'll play it in the shadow, and mark that you keep the time well; I have heard him hum this tune to himself half a hundred times, and if it do not now fetch him forth of his covert I am no gypsy indeed.

[SINGS AND PLAYS.]

This life is but a shade, a shade,
A shadow without a body;
'The three things wise men's sons desire,
Are these, are these, are these;

[*Cresento* AND *Camillo* JOIN.]

A buxom and full-bosomed lass,
A-filled with heats and fire;

The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman ;
 Who would live with shadows thin and
 chaste ?

I would a rounded thigh, a willowy waist,
 Womanly sighings, burnings, tears and
 sobbings,
 Pressures, longings, cries and throbbings—

[*Sylvian* JOINS THEM WITH *Mephistopheles*.]

The Prince of Darkness is no ass !
 With these a cup, a cup, a can,
 With these a merry snatch,
 King Bacchus is a gentleman,
 No other is his match ;
 Joy 's a fruit that falls, that falls, that
 falls,
 So stand below and catch ;
 Then since this life's a shade, a shade,
 And full of fury and heat,
 Give me some earth and a spade, a
 spade,
 And I 'll be done with it.

Fool. [To *Mephistopheles*.] Sir, you are no ass—
 't is the most the song says for you.

Syl. A very sweet song, Satan ; of a pleasing, re-
 fined lewdness that the delicate ear of the age is much
 tickled with,—but I 'll warrant you no gypsy.

Oliv. Shall I tell your fortune, sir, to prove it—ha,
 thou 'st a short line of life.

Syl. May I live the faster for it.

Oliv. And here—here—now, by the stars, a most

strange conjunction—I dare not tell thee thy fortune—'t is too perilously near. I pray you, let me go.

Syl. Ho! I will hear it tho'—nay, not a pace, girl.

Oliv. Let me go in peace. I cannot tell you it—'t is here—now.

Syl. Say you so? The more reason I should hear it.

Oliv. Nay, I will not.

Syl. That methinks is more of a woman's word than "dar'st not." I swear now by mine unbelieving soul, I will hear all, or unhood thee to know thee again at next meeting.

Oliv. Hastily then, sir; you have loved two—thus one, and thus, both which are crossed—and there is some strange estrangement—and perplexity—I know not—by the stars! Your first—are you no coward, dare you do all—so may you succeed—but a care—a care; the matter runs hastily to a conclusion—to consider is death; fly to your purpose—fear no one; you are too slow; you ponder, you play with a purpose. Sir, these three days hang ripe—pluck—pluck—be not afraid.

Syl. Ha! unhood thyself, girl—I am not so strangely advised nor to such point, too—but I must see the adviser.

Oliv. So—our Lady of Grace!

ENTER *Perdita* WITH A *Lady*.

Meph. God help you, lady.

Fool. The Devil himself salutes you, and even the fool abases the topmost peak of his folly.

Meph. Hey, Peter—the door.

Ye are all of my profession to-day. Thanks, good—

[EXIT *Perdita*.

Master Devil,—bless you fool—good Peter!

Oliv. Poor soul. Pity on her to be an actress. I had liefer be a gypsy than a mere player, so as she—

Syl. By Heavens! 't was *Perdita*—thus all the world salutes her—

Oliv. As though she were the coster-monger's wife or an Italian organ-grinder's monkey. [EXIT *Olivia*.

Syl. With such a voice she once did speak to me ;
 With even such a voice ;—is she unchanged ?
 And if unchanged, how then so great a change
 In the calm current of her equable youth
 To this rash, first endeavor ?—my advent hither
 Seems now like madness, an insane freak of the mind.
 For whither more I ? and with what reasons urged
 Unto what end ?—'T is by such cloudy flaws
 And cracks o' the mind's metal fortune determines
 Our strength in opposition, measuring our weakness
 At its least point—This sudden jealousy 's
 A very fog i' the eyes of our discretion !
 Well, well ! so, then !—oh, could I exercise
 Such a preventive guardianship upon her
 As angels may invisibly o'er man !
 Perchance I may persuade her from herself,
 And in frustration of her best intentions
 Prevail against this flood of wronging ambition
 That hath in the operation of her life
 Confused the bounds of wisdom.—Is to be jealous.

So to regard her?—for my jealousy,
 Think not my jealousy is of that common stuff,
 Which is but a base penury of trust,
 And absence of faith ; nay, 't is not this, but this ;
 To be too fearful lest some whiteness may
 Receive a smutch, some innocent page be blotted,
 Some blush upon the cheek of maidenhood
 Become less burning through experience
 And oft-retuned occasion ; lest some virtue
 In the slow process of unfeeling time
 And by habitual still endured contact
 Become the shadow of a thought more near,
 To somewhat not itself ; oh, to dream this
 Is to be racked and pained in advance of cause
 By a bare "if." How? 'T is too terrible!—
 Make herself what she is not ; feign a modesty
 To this or that advance, blush at a word,
 And put on innocence and an affrighted look
 Where in the order of her mind there should be
 No palest recognition of a reason
 For a more warmer color.

ENTER *Fool*.

Fool. Sir, are you at your prayers?

Syl. That thou may'st begone, and that right
 hastily.

Fool. A gentle bade me give you this.

Syl. What gentle, fool?

Fool. I do not know, sir ; he seemed as honest as
 [ASIDE] I am not so.

Syl. Said he nought else—this gentleman?

Fool. Aye, sir, he bade me tell you he was trusty,
 and wished you well,—but read it, sir.

Syl. [READS.] “Pardon me the want of address since I do not know your name, and the lack of signature, since I care not to disclose mine own. Enough that I also have been where you now are, and new-suffer with your sufferings, though doubtless you fancy yourself the first and only. Believe me, sir, you whip yourself into a very vain-fury. Let not the blood of youth over-ride your nobler man, and turn you to some desperate and ill-considered act. She that—” What she, motley?

Fool. She, that is, being interpreted, her.

Syl. I know no her.

Fool. Then art thou wise in thine own ignorance.

Syl. “She that your heart would lay a claim to hath long since forfeited all—all—all—” I cannot decipher it,—Hell and fiends! forfeited—all—damnation! I’ll flay thee strip by strip with thy jack-knife if thou tell’st me not his name that writ this.

Fool. Good sir—I pray you—if you will but loosen a little your fingers, thus—oh, happy escape—I am not so dishonest but this fellow’s angry fingers would strangle me into speaking the truth that ’t was a gypsy girl gave me the letter and no gallant at all: but methinks the moment is propitious to a flight. [Exit.

Syl. Accursed blot, but here ’s more that will doubtless remedy the defect. ’Tis more execrably written than the above, but says that, if I will visit the balcony behind *her* house at sunset or after on the evening of to-morrow, I shall see—then a most curst, scandalous dash—with my own eyes. I do not like his not signing; it savors of some malice, or fear,

either of myself or his own possible falsehood ; “new-suffer with your sufferings” ; oh, pah, the fellow ’s a mountebank, that credits me with as liberal a stupidity as himself with refined cunning, and will put me to some asses’ play for the amusement of himself and his cronies. “She that my heart would lay a claim to”—how knew he that? There hath nought crossed my lips. Camillo and Cresento may both be at my heels, and this some dogs’ trick—who knows? but I am nobly disguised ; out of all fashion to my former resemblance ; and when Olivia herself have no finger in the pie, am safe enough from their regards. ’T is a man’s hand, and not Camillo’s—he writes new-fangled-wise, a running scrawl like the roots of a turnip. “Forfeited—all—all.” What devil from the lowest deep makes it his husbanding profession to sow such seeds of wronging suspicion in a man’s brain?—forfeited! What doth a woman? Fool—gone? oh, these words have bred a heat in me—One that is a man should not be so fertile to every loss of hope, every chance-sown misgiving, every accidental doubt. Sure ’t is in manhood to throw off the ungenial aspersions of an anonymous letter ; I was not ever thus easy to believe, nay to add credit upon credit in a too quick flash of apprehension to a masked messenger, and a nameless nothing of writing ; I would be cool, I would be resolute in disbelief ; I would be ice, cloud, snow, but am, oh ! a very furnace of distracted doubts and tortured suspicions. I fear I may commit some madness of indiscretion—but see her I must ; and then—if she have fallen a thought from herself, have

tarnished so much as the infinite least property of a color that I knew in her, have lost one blush of a thousand, cancelled one modesty in a million, or have become lessened in the finest perceptible difference of a degree which attached once to the fulness of her womanhood — then — why — oh heart — heart — what then ?

ENTER *Giovanni*.

Gio. How much more honorably wise to have guessed

My gray hairs could not suit her blushing fancy.

Yesterday I thought

That I was young ; to-day I find I 'm old,

A lean and withered heap of seedy years,

Dry in the sunshine like a last year's shock

Of overstanding corn ; sure age is folly's

Last refuge and resort ; how now, sir ?

Syl. Giovanni ;

My heart did welcome you before my tongue

Got the right speech of it.

Gio. Ho, Sylvian ! I took you

For a stranger i' the shadow — you are turned thoughtful ;

Do you muse thus oft ? you have a serious brow ;

Doth all go well ?

Syl. Oh, sir, the world is dull ;

I dull with it.

Gio. True, true, the times are rusty,

And we rust with them ; but you are new in Cordova.

Syl. An accomplished stranger to the city — I am come

In part to be your audience a little ;
Will you play for me ?

Gio. Not I—I 'd rather play with thee,
But that my days of jolly comradeship
Are past—past now—but you will come witness
This masque here in my hand—'t will be given next
Friday ;

And there 's a fruity fulness in the verse,
An absence of dry, unpleasing melody—
Marks it for quite unmodern ; you shall come see it.

Syl. So—so—I will come ; you all do play in it ?
[ASIDE] What a quick thought was that sung through
my brain,

Like a shot bullet ; yes ; Giovanni, lend it me,
I have a fancy to read ere I do view it—
It shall be well returned to you.

Gio. Take it and welcome.
I see you still the scholar—grave even in pleasures,
Laboriously pleased.

Syl. I thank you ! So !

Gio. Ha ! you are not the kind we love.
The night doth wax apace, and I see Sirius
Riding in his car high up ; I leave you.

Syl. Sir, will you not sup with me
On Friday at six o' the clock, at the town tavern ?
You will please me mightily.

Gio. I am for it gladly. [EXIT.
At six o' the clock—good night, and all sound sleep
to ye—

Sound sleep, sound sleep.

Syl. Now do I begin

To catch at hidden bodies in the darkness
 Of my own mind—that flash illumined all ;
 I grope no more, but knowing my direction
 Move only thither, though with bandaged eyes,
 And a blind purpose ;—thou most excellent roll !
 I have a figure of his height and proportion ;
 And for the piece—'t is but a shepherd's mask,
 The courtly pageant of a holiday, —
 With neither action nor difficult circumstance
 To be portrayed, and, if she play in it,
 If she do play in it—why, may not, I—
 Nay, but I will ; let fortune favor me !
 And Friday night sees me again an actor ;
 I'll see her at handsbreadth, and read her soul
 In her behavior ; if she be what 't is said, then,
 I'll not consider that ! For Giovanni,
 'T is an ill trick to play him, but—well, all 's one
 Some ten years hence—and if—if she—nay, I'll rest
 all
 With fate, with fortune, with that power that governs
 Our best-willed acts—call it what name you please.

[EXIT.]

SCENE III.—Interior of a church : a confessional.

ENTER *Camillo* AND *Cresento*.

Cres. Thou 'st sent him to thy aunt? 't is too good.
 And bade him run, eh?—and eased him of his cloak
 to not impede his swiftness—ha-ha-ha.

Cam. He swallowed the bait with such a whole-
 sale eagerness, I feared he w'd repent in an indiges-
 tion ere he turned the first corner.

Cres. Oh, Lord, have mercy on this, thy servant, who will be much deluded. Ha-ha.

Cam. He may hunt the street till doomsday.

Both. Ha-ha-ha.

Cam. Pah, how the garment smells.

Cres. I have little liking for it. Pfui! I think it moves. Oh, how damnable ragged and unmannerly ugly the Lord drapes his retainers. I had had more pride, now. So, do I look the priest?

Cam. Oh, elegant fit. Thou art as brave a doctor skilled in damnations and all such religious knick-knacks as e'er eye saw.

Cres. You laugh at me. How do I seem?

Cam. Seem, man! I tell thee thou seem'st as fruitful a specimen as ever dipt one hand in an Irish wench's placket and with the other threw his bread upon the waters of the See of Rome, to return to him in shape of a bishopric—after six weeks.

Both. Ha-ha-ha.

Cam. St!—she comes. In with you, and preserve good gravity. She will call herself hard names, and blush to think on 't—beseeching your pardon, give it her. Ha-ha-ha. I 'll wait you. [EXIT.]

[*Cresento* ENTERS THE CONFESSIONAL.]

ENTER *Sylvian*.

Syl. It is the place my coxcomb fine acquaintance Prated so tediously of.

It is the place ; oh, what a cloistered quiet
Reigns here forever ; these massive pillars seem
Upholding the ponderous roof profound, to bear
The burden of old religions on their shoulders :

These lower roofs that with with aspiring vaults
 Leap to the rainbow Heaven of those windows
 Beckon the chained soul upward ; the unfooted aisles
 And sleeping corridors all breathe a calm
 Made for sequestered spirits ; think, there 's no spot
 In all this wide circumference, but has been worn
 By the pious knees of prayer ; no marbled niche here
 But holds the ashes of a sainted soul ;
 Thus were we taught—and now—!
 It is the place ;
 Would I were not here if it is the place—
 Why now, methinks it is ill-done—hark !—ill-done.
 'T is she ! 'T is she !

ENTER *Perdita*; SHE GOES TO THE CONFESSIONAL AND KNEELS.

How out of kind, unlike the all I am,
 And mean in spirit to do this thus ; to watch a woman
 at prayer
 From the hiding of a pillar ! this is not well.
 But so the casual drift of circumstance
 Catches us in its eddy, and we are pulled
 Out of our well-willed bearing and intention.
 How wondrous fair she is—how all unchanged
 From her sweet, former self—hark ! did none enter ?
 Oh, there 's a light that clings to her, a radiance
 Whose duty 't is to shine from heavens gate
 On virgin faces at their sweet orisons,
 Lending a light more proper to their pureness
 Than the sun's coarse fire ; what a thing am I
 To stand here thus boldly, basely, shamefully ;
 Dear heaven-born soul—have I not woefully wronged
 thee ?

In thy prayers pardon me—the heaven thou prayest
to,

If such there be, vouchsafes me a chastisement
Too easy for my sins, that are of that nature
They blush, in the swift conception, at their own
Unnatural deformity.

She goes! Fair spirit! I 'll not believe henceforth
But that thou 'rt capable to exercise a traffic,
The meanest of the street, yet dignify it
To a respectful station; she did bear about her
A high disdain of all ignoble things;
Who 's this? Humph! Heaven's servant; the proxy
of the Lord.

To absolve the devil that hides himself in man—
All this to him? Nay, through him—but he 's old,
His age be his forgiveness.

Cres. By Heaven! 't is Sylvian.

Syl. Reverend signor, father. What—God—do
priest's wear swords?

Cres. Sir, pardon me—pray you depart in peace, I
cannot now absolve you.

Syl. Ne'er old man had so cock-sparrow a voice.
Favor me, good father.

Cres. I pray thee, son—

Syl. Doth the Devil sit on your eyebrows?

[*Sylvian* TRIES TO LIFT UP HIS HOOD.]

Are you toad-faced and warty, and will not show it?

Cres. I pray thee, son—the holy church—

[*Sylvian* TEARS HIS HOOD OFF.]

Syl. Now, God in Heaven! thou dog! thou vil-
lain!

Cres. Good, honest Sylvian—[DRAWS.]

Syl. [DRAWS.] Though this be but for beauty, it shall prick thee.

Thou blot on nature—oh, thou shalt minion
Hell for this same act! Have at thee—so!

Cres. So—take it then—s'God—ye have wounded me, Sylvian.

Syl. Up sword, or I'll murder thee; thou spirit from Hell,

Thou hast endowed me with a hate as deep
As thy damned treachery. So—so—so.

Cres. Help, help, I say;
I shall be stuck like a pig.

ENTER *Camillo* WITH A CLOAK, AND THROWS IT OVER
Sylvian's HEAD.

Cam. That for thy pains, eaves-dropper.
I'll muzzle thy rage, passion should have a garment
Lest it appear too nakedly immodest;
Curse, curse and scuffle—now away with thee!
'T was near to murder. [EXEUNT.]

[*Sylvian* UNCLOAKS HIMSELF AND RUSHES WITH DRAWN
SWORD WHICH WAY HE THINKS THEY HAVE GONE.]

Hell-hound—curst cowards—oh, had I thrust him
through—

Had I but spilled his soul here on the ground—
O blessed! had I but laid him a bleeding corpse there
Where he sinned; out on you, knaves! arrant cow-
ards!

ENTER *Priest*.

Priest. Sir, sir, in moderation—

Syl. Thou art of the same brood—

thou Godless image of Satan—I 'll spike thy guts
If I hang seven times for 't.

Priest. Hold your hand, sir, I am a priest.

Syl. A priest of Hell! Oh, had I spit him through
Thus, thus, like a lark on a toasting fork.
The damned coward—the base brute—you, sir—
What! know you ought of this? Dared you connive?
That is thy cloak, dog!

Priest. They told me—unhand me, as you 're a
Christian—

A lady lay dying—some aunt—

Syl. Some aunt! out on you
For a long-eared ass—oh, what a baseless fabric
Are hopes composed of. Faith in goodness, why 't is
Faith in a cob-web for the anchor-chain
Of a three-masted schooner that a weightless dew-
drop

Breaks, pulls to nothing ;

—Into thy scabbard !

Rust rot thee for thy fault! sweet blood, sweet blood!
Oh, sir, blood is a good natural drink when rage
Makes you effectual thirsty. I could swill gallons
on 't.

Now as you take it I am mad, most true ; go, sir,
And meditate kindly on—anything ; the whole world
Hangs full of morals—as every twig in a hedge
Is endowed with a thorn. [EXIT *Priest.*

Oh, what a sudden sting
Is pricked into me—and I see all—that letter
Is their concoction ; and he meets her here.
Surely not here! why a blind, deaf woman

Had been shocked out of her prayer by that locust
voice ;

It cannot be that there is aught between them,
And yet she sits there, sits, I thought it a praying-
stool,

No curst confessional ; this evening, by Heaven, I 'll
be there

To watch your sport, who think to cap this climax
With further folly—I must go disguise myself ;
I am all fire, fire, fire.

SCENE IV.

ENTER *Camillo* AND *Olivia*.

Cam. Madam, anger never wore so furious a countenance ; his gestures as he flung himself so and so would have suited a sculptor to model a madman on ; when I left him he was at daggers drawn with the pillars and tablets, venting his rage on the empty air, so, so, so.

Oliv. He did wound my cousin ?

Cam. A mere pin-prick. It had cost him dear, though, had I not blanketed his blinkers so, like a bull in the arena—ha ! 't was fine sport.

Oliv. I thank you for 't ; 't was nobly done ; though I should more to the purpose thank providence that brought him there than you, and, I think, will force him into some action that will in its consummation fill him with a poison of regret, that shall acknowledge no antidote.

Cam. You thank me, madam,—you would thank your hammer as warmly for driving dull tacks for you,

Oliv. Well, what would you have ?

Cam. I would have more than thanks, which are at best but expressions of gratitude, and gratitude good faith, the coldest thing next to a beggar on Christmas day that is entertained in the frosty circumference of the uncharitable world.

Oliv. You speak wonderful parables. I think you would make an excellent primer of geography and the Passion-play—how got you that triplet leashed into a sententious mouthful—gratitude, a beggar and a frosty circumference? You are beyond me.

Cam. Fear not but I will be one day even with thee—[ASIDE.] Oh, madam, I am tired enough, forsooth, of my life here to become a more sententious moralist and proverb maker than even the philosophic Sylvian himself; can you not guess why? No, by my troth—you are all innocent wonder and ignorant confusion.

Oliv. I do know the symptoms. [ASIDE.] He would shake loose from his service, but would hold me to a performance of mine. But a sharp tongue and a cold shoulder can fan a lagging passion such as this fellow harbors into a conflagration should devour cities—humph.

Cam. By my troth, she looks as if she bred devils—one-a-minute; I'll try her further. [ASIDE.] In fine, madam, I can follow you no longer.

Oliv. No?

Cam. I will not. I do not hate Sylvian so much but I must lose twelve hours out of every twenty-four in nosing him like a fox, against the wind of my desire; he may to earth; 't is all one to me.

Oliv. So!

Cam. Aye, so—(now doth she fall into a dejection); and furthermore, I smell blood in the air; i' faith, last night I dreamt I saw it—a great smoky cloud, that dropt red gouts and spouted contagions—from under which I ran, but not before my hands were on fire with this devil's rain. Horrible! How I did shudder.

Oliv. Oh—brave—brave—

Cam. Brave, madam?—but nay, I will no more be scorn-driven than promise-led.

Oliv. And this, sir, is to what point?

Cam. To the point, madam, that I will not run my nose into a noose, that my neck may have the less likelihood of following it.

Oliv. I had thought you cared for me. I see now you are as other men who fear danger far more vehemently than they love the reward of it. Oh, a right man.

Cam. Madam.

Oliv. Ha-ha-ha. Why, you smell blood, do you not? Ha-ha-ha.

Cam. Sooth I do—[ASIDE]. When an eagle such as thee, and a sea-osprey, a prey-where-he-will, like Sylvian, fall foul in mid-Heaven, ware feathers and a shower of blood drops below, say I.

Oliv. You are like a hare on a hill-side, that seeing his own shadow to move in the sun, down ears and up tail, he is off lest his shadow eat him alive. Bah!

Cam. Say what it pleases you—I will be no man's fool nor a woman's neither.

Oliv. Go, sir, will you not go?

Cam. Olivia, thou knowest I love thee.

Oliv. Dost thou still harp on this string? I pray you croak me another tune. 'T is wearisome exceedingly. I had sooner hear a bull-frog play Romeo to the moon than thy "I love thee; thou knowest I love thee."

Cam. Faith, madam, you drive me to a departure.

Oliv. Sir, I hate cowards—

Cam. By God.

Oliv. Aye, swear, there 's no danger in oaths; thou may'st swear thyself hoarse, and no fury catch thee.

Cam. Oh—oh.

Oliv. I hate a coward—and thou—humph, thou art as brave as a lion that hath lost all his teeth; thou roarest for very fright; and 't is only by the loudness of thy fear that thou art happily delivered from an inquest of jackals; but trust me—ha-ha-ha—some day the echo of thine own horrid bellowings will return to thee unexpectedly, and fright thee into an immediate dissolution.

Cam. Madam, I dare all—were there a Styx I would stem it in your service—thou knowest my valor is more approved—

Oliv. Once I loved thee for it—but now, oh—now!

Cam. Ha! enough—I dare all—I will handle the fires of Hell if 't is thy wish, and devour the smoke of it.

Oliv. 'T would ruin thy stomach—and there 's no such place; which is a more commendable reason.

Cam. Will you not believe me? There is naught—

Oliv. Naught—and you are not afraid? Why now, I credit you, and yet know not why. 'T was Sylvian told me you were a coward.

Cam. Hell light upon him.

Oliv. Good Camillo—I could not believe it. He swore you stood in a mortal horror at the sight of blood—and your dream approving him—

Cam. I will wade through his blood to his heart for that same saying.

Oliv. Now, indeed, thou art a man; but there is no such matter—you 've but to drop the poison—

Cam. The poison, hey?

Oliv. Not yet wound to that pitch, coward? [ASIDE.] Aye, the poison of jealousy into his cup—a drop, a nothing of suspicion, will, credit my woman's wisdom, which was not learned in a college of medicine, set all his system into a wild disorder. Oh, thou shalt see merry consequences.

Cam. And the issue will be?

Oliv. He will disgrace himself publicly.

Cam. Ha! But when will come the wage of my discretion, the prize of my valor in the undertaking, the reward of my wisdom and forbearance?

Oliv. You love me, Camillo?

Cam. Now, by those eyes—

Oliv. [ASIDE.] These yearling oaths. [*Olivia* PUTS HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK.] Thou art indeed a noble gentleman. 'T is for thy valor and thy virtues that I love thee.

Cam. Thou lovest me?

Oliv. [ASIDE.] I had sooner eat a toad than this—enough! nay; I will not, there is a time for all things—a time to love, and a time to hate—a wisely ordered saying, that prefers the former before the latter; [ASIDE] and, heart's-blood, there is a time to kill, and then thy time, thou jolly swearer; a time to cast away stones that we have trodden on in the going over a mire.—You will join me then before Perdita's house at eight, on the stroke; trust me for 't, we shall not fail of sport.

Cam. I am there. Adieu. [EXIT *Olivia.*] I have some sense of being cozened into this, but what then? she will yield i' the end, and since Sylvian hath called me openly a coward, I will not oppose myself to whatever fall she may lay for him.

SCENE V.—*Before Perdita's house; a balcony, Perdita singing at the window.*

ENTER *Camillo* AND *Olivia.*

Perd. “ Lovest thou me? then oh, I pray
 Though we be parted far,
 Let our days bound together be,
 Not as days of lovers are,
 That in different kingdoms cast,
 Dote upon one silver star,
 Or bid the flying sunbeams haste
 To carry messages afar.

“ For though from thee to me the day
 Flies tipped with golden fire;
 And blessed though the sunbeams be
 That light the eyes of my desire;

Not these alone our days shall bind,
 But hopes and faiths that lovelier are,
 With all in life that 's sweet and kind,
 And all in love that bids aspire."

[EXIT *Perdita*.]

Cam. 'T is a fair enough creature.

Oliv. You are sure she is gone ?

Cam. Certain, I saw her dress.

Oliv. Then up with you into the balcony—'t is already past the hour—Cresento will be upon us and all lost.

Cam. You are sure of Sylvian ?

Oliv. Fear not—the letter I writ him would have sent him to the Americas had there been a necessity—have a care that you do not appear to him, for so that my cousin be not mortally wounded in the scuffle 't is a small matter and of no consequence to you.

Cam. Kindly said ; thou art very cousinly to-day. But thou art sure of his advent ?

Oliv. Sure—did'st not indite the letter thyself—is he a man and will have a woman to waste paper kisses and all the coinage of Cupid's folly upon him nor come to closer quarters on request—haste ! haste !—I 'll warrant him inhumanly mad ere this. [ASIDE.] I have thee now by the forelock of thy weakness, thou traitor. I 'll bow thy head—trust me for the goodness of my intention—till it do reach the dust. If I do not alter in a few moments the natural complexion of thy soul—if I do not let fall a drop in thy blood shall turn that equable current to a flood of gall— [To *Camillo*.]

Up with you—time flies apace. [*Camillo* MOUNTS THE BALCONY.] Oh, that I held thee, not as with the glove of circumstance, but so nakedly. All 's well?

Cam. All 's well.

Oliv. I could claw thee with daggers, or had I those poisoned gauntlets that men used in Italy—sooth! I could knead thy flesh. Care that he see you not. [EXIT.]

ENTER *Cresento*.

Cres. 'T is the place and the hour that her letter—blessing be on her letter—told me to wait her. This is her dwelling, fair cynosure of all loveliness—now am I indeed at the very gates of Heaven, nor can a further promotion of happiness await me—unless—sweet unless!—it be to her dear arms. Oh, happy conquest—my voice as I confessed her did enravish her virgin soul. It was not my own voice neither, but a very squawk that I used in fear of discovery. How much, therefore, will she fall into an admiration without bounds when the true intonation greets her ears. How happy mother to have given birth to so happy a child! What a father was my father now to have gotten a fortune like me! But harkee—ah—how this will cut *Camillo* to the heart of jealous envy; and for *Sylvian* 't will slay him, 't will slay him! Well, I can do no more than go to his funeral. Poor *Sylvian*!

Cam. [ABOVE.] When will thy damned soliloquizing be finished? By Heaven, I'll douse thee with this chair for a wooden water-fall if thy folly can reach no point of departure.

Cres. Poor Sylvian! heigh! my heart groans for him. But I must get to the business. Let me wake the echoes with moans that shall excel the turtle—oh, I will call thee, sweet, from thy nest—such music as—

Cam. [ABOVE.] Oh, foul discord—Pan had played better with his toes.

Cres. [TUNES HIS INSTRUMENT.] Oh, what concealed passion is there in these wires. [TUNES IT AGAIN] The soul of melody sleeps here, and the soul of love here. Oh, heart, that art full even unto bursting! The sun of love hath, like a melon, mellowed thee, and now a ripe opportunity cuts thee open, and thy seeds—

Cam. [ABOVE.] Thou seedy villain.

Cres. Burst into blossoming joys—oh,
Sweetest fair, and fairest sweet,
I have a'most forgot the rest—but that 's the burden—doubtless now she listens; sweet soul, fair Perdita! I must keep to the music, though.

ENTER *Sylvian*.

Cam. [ABOVE.] Now have we both the devil and the fool.

Syl. Oh, God!

Cres. Sweetest fair, and fairest sweet,
Violets with purple feet.

I am out of tune conspicuously.

Syl. Why do I not run upon him? What hand restrains me?

Nay, stay; I'll see 't to the end, although these fleshy eyes

Burst with that seeing and grow blind forever.

Cres. Roses blushing to be plucked,
Woodbine willing to be sucked ;
Blossoms of the apple tree ;
Not so pink or white as thee ;

—Oh, unfortunate, I think I shall have the hiccups.

Syl. 'Tis he—I 'll not believe my sensual sight
If she come to him, or recognize him in aught ;
It is impossible.

Cres. Faint perfumed pear blossoms ;
Golden promises of plums ;
All things that delight—

Oh, unexpected they have seized me.

Syl. This she goes through ; to be a naked beggar
Barked at by currish scandal ; in the quick,
The veiled and maiden inward of her soul
Immediately stung ; fleshed by the arrows,
The salt and perçant barbs of loose allusion,
'Till the soft sensitive of youth and nature
Grow hard and callous, like a rose's leaf
That quite intolerant of frosty censure
And the harsh comments of all-wint'ry winds,
Withers upon its stalk, inadequate,
And stains the air with beauty—this were less losing
To a true womanhood. What—oh, my soul—

Cres. Oh, ravishment of roses—a sure sign.

[*Camillo* THROWS A ROSE AND THEN ANOTHER AND SO
ON, UNSEEN FROM THE BALCONY.]

Syl. Turn to a foul contagion, fill this body
With rank disease ; I would not live an hour.

Cres. All things that delight to'be
Plucked or pilfered from their tree

Or stem ; all call to thee :
 Fairest fair and sweetest sweet,
 Hide not thou thyself from me.

Syl. This is enough ; thou hast mumbled thy last
 mouthful ; thine own words choke thee. [DRAWS.]

Cres. More roses, oh, more roses. God 's a sign !

Syl. Of death, young man. I 'd not take thee un-
 awares.

[*Camillo* CLOSES THE WINDOW.]

Quick, to thy weapon, or I 'll slit thy throat
 Like any bristly hog. No squeaks of mercy—
 That for thy fiddle [BREAKS IT] by the grace of God !

Cres. Thou art a devil.

Syl. I 'll devil thee, and the grave
 Suck on thy bones till doomsday.

[THEY DRAW AND CLOSE.]

Cres. I shall get him—
 He 's all awide—foul, sir, foul.

Syl. Thou 'lt be foul soon—
 Body and spirit—oh, what a clashing music
 Is this and this, more manful than such singing
 Under a lady's window—

Cres. Ha ! thou hast me—stop—hold !

Syl. Up sword, or I 'll encourage thee—
 So—so—so. [STRIKES HIM.]

Cres. Oh, hast thou no bowels of mercy ? I 'm
 sore wounded, oh.

[*Camillo* LEAPS DOWN UNSEEN FROM BALCONY.]

Syl. Thou hast given me a wound, thou lecherous
 dog,
 That is more deadly deep than where my heart sits ;
 Take it, and would thy soul

Were penetrable matter, and could be made
Pervious to hate ; oh, coward !

[*Camillo* PUSHES HIM FORWARD, UNSEEN, AND TURNS,
GOING OUT, UNSEEN. *Sylvian* LOSES HIS SWORD.]

My sword is gone—

Oh—take thy revenge, sir—fate commissions you.

Cres. God's mercy—I had almost stuck thy ribs
through—

By a mere reflex action ; you are free, sir,
Your life is yours.

Syl. This is the last indignity.

Cres. A favoring fortune and a faithful steel
Have placed you twice at mercy ; sir, you are free,
But shun the third chance ; yonder white lantern
there

Will light you whence you came—I pray you begone.

Syl. Pray me begone ! hast done ? is all said ?
thou masterpiece

Of callow insolence, sure some fate doth mock thee !
Impudence, like a babe new-swaddled and washed,
Just born from a hot, fortunate occasion,
Sits like a coward fledgling on thy shoulder—
And blinks command ; ha-ha-ha. Ye gods, the man
is mad—

So, off with you—for though this fleshy substance
Thou see'st before thee is called Sylvian—
And being such, is stiff and powerless when honor
Bids it be so—oh, none the less be careful—
Lest being but the churning pot for passion
And overcome with rage it do forget
Both name and honor—lest I do seize thee so,
And clap thee neck and heels so hard together

That thou shalt burst asunder ; lest I do flay thee
 Thus with my poisonous nails, and cast thee forth
 For every crow to feed on !

Cres. The fellow 's quite mad !

Had I known your honor to be of so base a nature—

Syl. Thou had'st run me through,—

What a rare, honorable mulch now this man's body
 Being flayed, would turn to ; what a fine, exquisite
 music

His hide being tanned for a bass-drum ; 't would con-
 firm

Great Cæsar's most constant legions in cowardice—

[*EXIT Cresento.*

And squeaking break at the first tap of danger,

Shrinking to fearful shreds, ha-ha-ha.

Strange that a man who hath the natural phlegm

Which lets him face the sharp, ensteemed anger

Of a sword's point, should become fearful, tender

And flabby in 's purpose at a word, à gesture,

A face of passion ; God's ghost—I bear him no hate—

My rage is all run into air ; this fellow's rank blood

Must be his pardon ; the ape lives in him yet.

But oh, my soul, what an essential change

Is worked in thee, the diamond I dreamed

Flawless and clear, lies loosely in the mire ;

The flower that blew in the unfooted forest

Is grown into a weed, and with a face

Common to all shines in the dusty highway—

O certainty too certain ! with less assurance

Of eyes and ears, and almost loss of blood,

Doubt of my doubts suspect of my suspicions,

And the sweet, ready willingness to believe

Against most positive and persuading proof,
 Had not been lost—but now—since a pure flower
 May wax into poisonous weed—oh, God—
 Let's kill the weed. Thou fair, sweet diamond—
 Through the clear crystal of thy virgin soul
 Virtue once shone like light—but now—ah, now—
 The fire of wronged love shall melt thee back
 Into untouchable air and undesired
 Dead charry embers.

ENTER *Perdita* WITH A *Lady*; STOPS A MOMENT AT THE
 DOOR.

Perd. Sure I heard one speak.

Syl. She—she.

Perd. How fair the night is.

Syl. Oh, thou art but a mould,
 A shell, a garment; the spirit is flown from thee
 That made thee what thou wert; hence, hence
 away—

I could weep o'er thee—but that my tears are fire,
 Would melt the icy coldness of my purpose. [EXIT.]

SCENE VI.—A tavern. *Sylvian and Giovanni at a table. The one previously dressed as a Fool asleep on a bench.*

Syl. What, not drink, man? Where's thy good fellowship? Thou wert wont to be as thirsty as a water-spout—have the sparrows built in thee? Art thou choked by some villainous doctor? drink—drink and forget all.

Gio. Serve thine own throat, good Sylvian—nay, I will not.

Syl. Giovanni, the total abstainer. Ha-ha—hast

thou joined the church? Then dost thou drink indeed to thy damnation—age, sure, is a dry season?

Gio. Aye, a very winter!

Syl. The wine-cup to you then—let the spring-rain of this juice of Bacchus but slip between your cares and you—saints and sinners, sir—you will lose twenty years in twenty minutes, and your own griefs will not know you.

Gio. So.

Syl. Aye, so, and more so—fall as the leaves do and die in October; have with you!

Gio. Art thou mad, or drunk, or both, or in love, or all?

Syl. All—all twice over—mad with the sight of you—drunk with the hearing of you—in love—oh—love—love—ah.

Gio. Did e'er man act thus?

Syl. Act—oh, thou fearest thine acting?—trust me, Giovanni, fear it not at all—the more thou drinkest the merrier will thine acting be—what, act with no wine aboard?—as well for a ship to sail without cargo—who, prithee, is primest actor of all thy company? drink and I'll tell thee. Not drink?

Gio. Thou will force me to a rudeness—I am loath to tell thee,—

Syl. Then will I tell thee myself whether thou drinkest or no! (Damnation to his gray-haired discretion!) The Devil is the man. Why? he hath two parts—first, he plays the devil—but I'll promise thee 't is with a stupendous belly-full of Rhine wine—but that 's only his easy part—drink now and I'll tell thee the second—drink, drink, drink, hast no comradeship?

Gio. I'll not drink. Out on thee for a drunkard—
hast lost thine head?

Syl. Oh, but his second part is better—it includes
the whole theatre, and has been acted daily these mil-
lions of years over the circumference of the globe
—that 's when the Devil plays Hell.

Gio. He babbles like a chicken with his head off—
there 's a screw loose somewhere, or he would not
so squeak and rattle in his talk and gestures—faith, the
whole machine must be out of true balance.

Syl. Will you not drink, sir?

Gio. Drink—no, but I will go though. Hast thou
not the piece I gave thee.

Syl. Thou must drink. Give strong drink to him
that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of
heavy hearts. Let him drink—'t is the command of
Heaven. What, not obey the scripture. [ASIDE.] If
he go now I am undone—were 't not for that fellow
who sleeps like a cat i' the corner I would bind thine
age with thongs that should be more strong than the
persuasion of wine.

Gio. Come, come, I would go. Are you so sullen?
These sudden turns show him a sure madman.

[CLOCK STRIKES]

Syl. Mad—hum—that 's seven—he must be on the
stage at the quarter.

Gio. Time flies, sir.—pray you—

Syl. Giovanni—I—I am not well—ah—hast thou
not observed some strangeness in me? some—I know
not—pray you, pardon it—thou know'st 't is a merci-
ful God that will allow a bone i' the sole of the foot to
administer death to a man in a series of falling fits ;

He hath planted a worm i' the rabbit's cheek too, and poor beastie must live in an agony till he 's quiet in the dust again. I have something—a weight here—a sharp, pressing pain—can'st thou forgive me?

Gio. There 's no such word Thy hand.

Syl. So will you not drink a health with me then? Sit, sit, I am giddy still, but now you shall pardon me, you shall—[POURS FROM A VIAL INTO THE GLASS.]

Gio. No more—Sylvian—thou hast wrung my heart.

Syl. So—and thy hand on 't—this with all old affection renewed again to your better health and prosperity.

[DRINKS THE GLASS *Sylvian* HANDS HIM.]

Fool. Was there ever such a devil? But I 'll play thee a trick worth two of that, or I never wore motley and went to a theatre. God 'a mercy.

[*Giovanni* RISES AND SINKS, SWAYS, ETC.]

Gio. My head—my head—why—ah—I have drunk lead—I have drunk—why, Sylvian, am I mad too? Oh, heavy, heavy—oh, thou devil—thou masterpiece of Satan—ah, all the world 's a great wheel that turns and turns and thou sit'st on the hub and—oh—oh—oh—the spokes are all one flame—they are thine arms—to kill me—so old, too—'t was sure a sin—Sylvian—Perdita—oh, I sleep, sleep, sweet-jangling bells, heavy I sleep.

Syl. Aye, thou sleep'st sound—the knees of my
knit purpose
Are now made strong—nay—turned to petrefaction
And stony, impossible stiffness by this act
That knows no turning back;

Ha!—here 's the motley,
The scissor-legged apprentice; sweet fool; here 's a
cord, my fair youth, shall grip thee with an honest
tangible affection, as ever—so—thy wife will.

[BINDS HIM.]

Fool. Sir, sir—auch—by gad, sir, oh.

Syl. Kick thy fill, fool.

Fool. Oh—oh.

Syl. There 's a gag for thy mirth—be merry to
thyself; now to the theatre to robe for this mad festi-
val—this passion-play.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Night; place before the theatre.

ENTER *Olivia, Camillo* AND *Cresento.*

Cam. I tell thee no; the apothecary told me
The old man had been heavily drugged, but had not
Drunk the whole poison and might yet survive.
As for the apprentice-fellow, he was bound
Like a hide on a stretcher, and gagged as effectually
As a rabbit's hole with a fence-post.

Cres. Haha, this is rare, rare.

Oliv. Knock, quick, d' ye hear me. There 's no
time to lose.

[THEY KNOCK.]

Cres. Ho, Peter, ho.

Cam. Good Peter, good keeper of the key—honest
gate-man—let us in—

Cres. Aye, let us in.

Peter. [WITHIN.] Who are ye, ye vagabond vil-

lains?—'t is against, rhyme, rule and reason, and ye shall not be let in; ye are saucy knaves.

Cres. Saucy knaves, Camillo—mark that. Sir, we 'll break thy gates down with our sauce of knavery, and enter with no let us, if ye—

Oliv. Ass. Good Peter—the matter lies thus—I am aunt to Perdita and must see her on the instant for her mother is mortally sick—and so open to us hastily—the gentlemen are my friends.

Peter. Humph. Well she did say to let her aunt in. I 'll look for the key, lady, and rest you peacefully till I come again.

Oliv. Quiet! cousin ass, hear you?

Cres. Cousin ass—the times are altered since yesterday at noon, for then there was no adjective good enough to qualify me.

Oliv. Oh, fortune, thou hast leapt into mine arms
Like a long-absent friend; now do I hold thee,
Now hug thee tight; this hour 's more joyful to me,
The texture of this time is more inwrought,
With shining threads of bliss and pearly seeds
Of too too precious minutes, than that moment
When first he took me in his arms and sucked
My soul out from me; when his fingers thus
Ran wild-fire over me.

Oh, now each second,
Is an armed angel ready for revenge:
The time stands weapon to me; my woman's heart
Hate steels to horrid hardness; I am all rock,
More firmer than the adamantine root
Of the solid hills; needing no dagger,

No clumsy artifice to force my way
 Through fleshly walls and bony hindrances,
 Tough to my purpose ; my hate shall slide into him,
 With swift division 'twixt the soul and flesh,
 In a cool, temperate draught ; 't is joy too great
 To hold thy life thus like a fragile shell,
 In the palm of my purpose—then all effortless,
 To pinch it into dust ; O Sylvian,
 The honey of thy sweet instilled kisses
 Is turned to a black poison that infects
 Almost the seat of reason, leaving me light
 For any heavy deed, and destitute
 Of female pitying weakness ; my blood runs quick-
 silver,
 My heart beats giddy music in my breast,
 I am all air.

Peter. [WITHIN.] Here 's the key ; come you in gentlemen.

Cam. I have much fear for this ; see'st thou thy cousin ?

Oliv. God of revenge, thou hast sown thy purposes
 Here in this mortal substance ; may'st thou reap
 Timely and just thy harvest.

Cres. Indeed, I fear the outcome.

SCENE II.—*Back of stage, the reverse side of a scene being between them and the body of the stage.*

ENTER *Sylvian* IN STAGE DRESS OF *Giovanni*, A HOOD CONCEALING HIS FACE ; (AND *Peter*.)

[*Sylvian* PUTS DOWN A GLASS NEAR ANOTHER ON A TABLE, OR STAND, TO THE LEFT.]

Syl. Did'st say, good Peter, this was *Perdita's* glass.

Peter. That's it sir,—she doth moist her throat
with it.

Syl. I'll put my own beside it, but mark you,
friend,

See that you drink not from it; 't is a strong mixture
I use for my voice.

Peter. Faith—I thought your voice, sir,
A little touched with hoarseness.

Syl. Aye, so?—'T is a deed
More dark and deadly in the conception
Than in the doing; see how easy 't is
To place this glass thus, then when the time doth
come,

To change their posture; and, 't is a painless death
For a young maid.

Peter. You are just in the nick o' time, sir,
I hear them getting ready.

Syl. 'T is better she should die.
For having rent the garment of repute,
She hath given virtue over to derision,
And smutched the face of pure intention
O'er the shamed world.

There shall be hereafter
None that can wear sweet shamefast modesty
Or a blushing honor, but this horrid act
Shall put it in the pillory of scorn,
And make it strange and doubtful.

[THE SCENE IS ROLLED BACK, AND THE STAGE PARTLY
DISPLAYED, AS FROM BEHIND.]

Peter. There you shall see her, master.

Syl. Why, even in this, that she doth stand there
now,

Fronting a thousand eyes—a thousand devils !
 Would I were blind—or never had had eyes
 For the unmodest and contemptuous light
 Of such a sight to shine in ; this is enough,
 Without the damned and astounding fact,
 That she can cast the roses of her grace
 To every new-come gallant whose tongue may chide
 Eve's modest silence with too luscious lays.

ENTER TWO AS SHEPHERDS.

1st Sh. Shepherd ! on this day we bring
 Amaryllis to our king.

2d Sh. What wrong hath Amaryllis made ?

1st Sh. She a magic lute hath played
 Wherewith, so 't is said, hath she
 The king's son bewitched, that he
 Doats upon her, and will keep
 On the uplands silly sheep.

ENTER *Perdita* AS AMARYLLIS, ONE AS THE *King*, AND

OTHERS.

Peter. Ah, hear 'em now.

Syl. I do not hear a word ;

I am grown deaf with a strange giddiness.

Peter. Oh, sir, sir, take you a draught of water.

[HANDS HIM HIS OWN GLASS.]

Syl. Ha ! Not this—water—this seems more
 fresh ; I thank you.

1st Sh. Lo the king !

King. Unhappy maid,
 Now before ourselves be weighed
 Thine offence ; first let us hear
 This thy lute that charmed the ear

Of our son ; then shall we
Pass judgment on thine innocency.

Syl. Trash, trash ; when comes she ? I am this
same prince

Bewitched of her ; O falsety, O falsety
How fair thou art. Truth clad in maiden vestments
Ne'er shined so bright,—I cannot look upon her.

Perd. Sorrow, sir, hath made me mute !

King. Sing, shepherdess, and play thy lute,
Which, 't is said, enchants the moon ;
Which done shall 't be to pieces hewn.

Perd. Alas ! my lute ! It is an innocent lute !
Break you my lute and I myself will die.
Ah me ; poor prince !—now lute and voice
be one ;
Play true my lute, and play anon, anon,

If thou must die, die singing like a swan.
Charm, charm their ears in death, and so
anon.

Syl. Aye, 't is her voice, and with that voice she
speaks

Confessional sweet nothings to—an ape ;
A monk-clad ape—a loose dog o' the town !
A most religious pastime !

Peter. Now list you, sir.

'T is the lady's part next.

Syl. How like a malefactor do I feel
In the charmed circle of her voice and presence.
O frowardness ! that can advise a virtue
In a mere parroting, losel likeness of her
To esteem herself so slight.

ENTER *Olivia, Camillo* AND *Cresento* ON THE RIGHT ;
THEY STAND UNSEEN TO *Sylvian*.

Cam. Why there 's the knave !

Tricked for the stage too—s' death, but this is pas-
time.

[*Perdita* ON THE STAGE SINGS TO A MUSIC.]

Perd. Balms, odors, eases, soft delights,
Dreams, golden colors, all gay sights,
Compare not to these ever-dying flights ;
Sigh breath, sing lute amain—
Oh, play again, oh, play, again, again, again.

Oh, what voluptuous soft soothing air
Lies in a lute ;
How sweet an eloquence to banish care,
Yet but a reed, but a mute.
Surely a spirit doth inhabit there,
Ah, sleep my lute,
Ah, sleep, sleep, sleep, my lute.

Syl. How wondrous sweet a voice. Hark there
again.

Perd. Good, my lords ! pray you be kind ;
With such a voice, so sweet a wind
Of music I did witch the sense
Of the unbewitched prince !

[THE *King* AND OTHERS COUNSEL TOGETHER.]

Syl. Aye ! she sang to me ; her voice hath in 't
Each shade of all variety.
Variety !—O God ! she is so various
That she wears pureness as an outside dress
To cloak an inner nakedness ; she 's tainted !
Tainted ! O God !

A quick imagination is a curse—

I dare not think upon 't, I 'll call her innocent,

I 'll see her such ; yet kill her for her crime !

Oliv. How worn he looks and with how wan a
visage.

Cam. [To *Cres.*] Nay, nay, say nought ; she hath
sworn to me she will but break

In suddenly on him when he declares himself

Unto Perdita, and will then expose him,

To which we stand as witness.

Cres. I mislike her eyes, though.

Perd. I 've no art, no medicine used ;

Nor no prince have I abused.

Herbs I know not ; nor no root

That man's coldness can transmute.

But for flowers, of bud and berry

All I know—there 's blue-eyed Mary,

And Turk's Turban, Lover's Woe,

That doth in dark hollows grow ;

Pansies, Peppermint and Rue,

And autumn violets for you.

None are magic !

Syl. Oh, is it possible so sweet a voice,

So pure a presence, so much ravishment,

In the outward shape and hue of womanly virtue

Can all be but a garment for deception ?

What an accent was there.

How perfect in the action

And natural presentment of untarnished honor.

She is like an orator whose office 't is

Ever to cheat our natural disbeliefs

Into unfounded and backsliding faith.

Is 't all a show?—'t is this to be an actor.

King. Break ye the lute; this witchcraft is.

Perd. Alas, the prince my lute did kiss.

Oliv. Oh, minx, minx, minx! Thou 'lt dearly pay
for this!

My life upon it, thou shalt pay for this!

Peter. Doth she not ravish them, sir. 'T is better
than a sermon,

But I confess I am no churchman.

Syl. No churchman! no, oh!

Perd. Nay, no more; I 'm dumb, nor will
A word fall from Amaryll.

Syl. No word, no word! Why then thou shalt die
speechless;

That best befits the evil of thy conscience.

If thou be false then beauty 's but a blot

Upon the face of nature; a covert hiding

Where all things mortal to a human soul

Pen, pen and foully procreate—oh, what a palace
't is

Truth hath in thee forsaken!

Oliv. Now by my woman's soul,

He trembles like an aspen; there is that here

Shall make thee stagger the rather like a drunkard.

Peter. You are ready, sir, she doth wait your en-
trance.

Syl. My entrance?—oh!

Perd. Nay, good king, I will not be
A loud-mouthed innocency.

Syl. Loud-mouthed were better—I cannot look
upon her!

Than to be so gross-souled ; 't is indeed she ;
 Why, if 't is she ! Then—then ! What 's the conclu-
 sion ?

Nay, she but acts ; alas ! what are her acts ?
 O Perdita ! O Perdita ! Thou stand'st there
 And wrong'st us all ; thou makest womanhood
 Seem petty and contemptible ; foulness doth change
 Her inessential nature at thy word,
 Virtue 's become an exercise for boors,
 And truth 's grown competent to receive the blows
 Leveled at falsehood, wisdom must henceforth be
 Exorcised for a madness—the bright sun in Heaven
 Pours darkness down on us ; moons heat the earth ;
 Winter is warm, and every known, credible law
 Lies in its mouth !—thy standing there doth prove it.
 It is impossible, out of all reach
 And widest scope of base, earth-born suspicion
 That this be false.

Why I am mad now indeed.

Who am I or what am I that I stand
 Ignorant interpreter of thy pure actions ?

Peter. Now, sir, you must look to 't.

Syl. Her voice hath ravished all my purpose from
 me,

And turned the resolute bent of my intention
 Quite off ; there is no weapon in heaven or earth
 To slay so fair a seeming. What if it were
 Substantial, steadfast, real ! My resolution
 That was firm-based and founded as a bed
 Of flinty stone is melted, and slips away
 Out of all being like quicksilver.

Peter. Sir, sir, your cue, sir!

Syl. My cue?—not me?—oh—now I—

Peter. Quick, sir, they wait you, they do beckon you.

Syl. So—so—see you, good Peter—this, this here is the glass! let no one drink of it—

Peter. Sir, you'll ruin all—

Syl. See none do drink—[GOES UPON THE STAGE.]

Peter. Aye, aye!

Oliv. I see it all. This is more good than best.

[*Olivia* CROSSES OVER TO *Peter*.]

Oh, excellent attribute of deity, circumstance :
Good Peter—there is some one below—will you not go to him?

'T is the chamber by the door, give him this quickly
[EXIT *Peter*.]

Which being less than nothing and he not there—
Now all the coast of my intention clear,
To wait the issue.

[*Olivia* CHANGES UNSEEN THE POSITION OF THE TWO GLASSES ON THE TABLE, AND RETIRES BACK.]

Syl. All's slid from out my memory; yet must I compass it!

[AS THE PRINCE.] Good my Lord father; thus I bring
Myself an end of sorrowing.

All. Oh, happy day! Oh, happy, happy day!

Perd. Sure memory doth prejudice our ears;

[COMES FROM FRONT OF STAGE.]

I ne'er heard sound so like the voice of Sylvian,
And he doth hide his face—good Peter—

Peter. Madam.

Perd. Is Giovanni well to-night ?

Peter. Ailing with age, lady.

We have all the same complaint. [EXIT *Peter.*

Perd. 'Tis like his voice ; I dreamed of him last night ;

He came to me with an averted face,
And hands upraised, as one who would commend
A soul to Heaven !

Oh sure my ears dream still and will not wake.

Oliv. [To *Peter*, WHO ENTERS.] Good *Peter*, found you him ?

Peter. Madam, I could find no one.

[*Perdita* DRINKS HASTILY AND GOES ON THE STAGE, FROM WHICH *Sylvian* RETURNS. '*Sylvian* PICKS THE EMPTY GLASS UP.]

Sylvian. Thank God—oh, who hath drunk this ?
Fool—who hath drunk
This water?—Hath too much sorrow turned mine eyes

[SEEING *Olivia*.]

Inward that I do see thee like a shadow
Hover in darkness ? This glass is empty. *Peter*—
My brain is crazed sure—bodying forth illusions
On empty air.

Peter. Sir, sir—your place is there, sir !
Haste, haste, all 's done.

Syl. Nay, 't is too real—horrible semblance !

Cam. The fellow is grown distraught.

Cres. A fine fantastic.

[*Sylvian* GOES ON THE STAGE. *Perdita* AS IN THE MASQUE MEETS HIM, AND FALLS IN HIS ARMS.]

Syl. [TO THOSE ON THE STAGE.] Which of them
drank this death?

Perdita!

Perd. Oh, God help me—Sylvian—
Why Sylvian—you—oh, how heavy my head is,
I am weighed down—hold me, I pray you—I shall
fall.

I drank some stuff, and am become all earth
For heaviness.

Syl. Ho, there! let fall the curtain; there is foul
play here.

Cam. What 's this?—why now, damnation—
But here 's a devil's trap.

Cres. We cannot move
But to be seen.

All. Murder!—oh, horrible, horrible.

King. Why 't is not Giovanni.

Peter. O God o' mercy!

King. Villain, I say, thou villain!

Another. Ho! the guard without—the guard—
here 's a foul murder.

King. Hast thou done this, thou devil? Oh, for
leave
To kill thee.

Syl. St! man, thy prating is unkind.
Death speaks in whispers here

Perd. Why did'st thou do this, Sylvian?
Was there no other way to—oh—to let me know that
You loved me? Oh, how heavy I am, let me not
fall.

Syl. Sweet love, can'st thou forgive me?

Oh, it will fall like heavenly sprinkled dew
On a hot burning fire !

Perd. No more, my Sylvian,
Mine ever now—thou knewest that I loved thee.
Did'st thou not know ? Oh, what a choir of angels
Stoop hither to me—one kiss, Sylvian—
Nay, none ? then none !—ye armed seraphim,
Bright powers exultant, oh, not yet, not yet—
I would not die—what, Sylvian, no kiss, no kiss
For a dying woman's lips ?

Syl. Is this thy justice, thou avenging Power ?

Oliv. Nay, not so high, sir. Vengeance stands
nearer to thee.

Perd. What pipes I hear, what music, and what
bells,
All marriage mellow, what sweet odors come
Of orange blossoms. Is this the happy church ?
The wished bride am I—Sylvian—oh, ice, ice and
fire—

There 's not a star in the high heaven but dances
In twenty million jagged criss-cross ways ;
Oh how I sink, through endless, endless darkness,
Heavily down ; yes, yes, I love you. [DIES.]

Syl. All 's over.

Sweet body I did love thee ; thou being dead
My soul stands all divorced from my flesh ;
I am already earth and in the grave.
Olivia, thou hast killed her.

Oliv. Seeing thy purpose
Change color and grow pale, I did but guard you
Against your variable and uncertain spirit ;
I do acknowledge I had some part in it.

Cam. What, she?

Cres. I told thee so.

Cam. Now Heaven help us, if this be true.

Syl. Olivia, thou hast thrust
My soul to Hell ; 't were fitting thou should'st die.
Thou hast done to death, the fairest soul that ever
Was wronged by man ; should'st thou not die for
this?

Cres. What will he do ?

Syl. 'T were fitting thou should'st die.
I had some kindness once for thee, and now
I would not see this fair and rosy flesh
To weight the gallows ; but thou should'st die for
this.

Surely, thou would'st not live ?

Oliv. But to see thee
Waste and decay, becoming untimely fuel
To fires of ever-burning hot remorse,
I would not live ; but now I live, oh, now !
Thou hast killed her with a kiss, fair Sylvian !
Haha ! the kiss you gave me—poor dead body !

Syl. Turn thine eyes from that, woman !—Olivia !

Oliv. I do not fear you, my all-thirsty soul
Hath drunk more deep of this extremest bliss
Whose very dregs are sweet, than to be fearful
For any after matter.

Syl. Once, Olivia,
You hung upon me so—and swore you loved me.

Cres. By Heaven, I say, he will—

Cam. He hath no weapon to do 't with.

King. Here 's all a mystery.

Syl. And once I caught your hair, so ; you remember

I twisted these black coils about my wrists,
And thrusting back your head, on your warm throat
Imprinted thus a kiss. And you laughed then.

Oliv. As I do now—ha-ha-ha—do ye think to fright me

With a strange voice and a too loving eye ?

Syl. Now God have mercy on thy devil's soul—
I can have none—

[*Sylvian* STRANGLES HER WITH HER OWN HAIR.]

The play is over, gentlemen—

The actors in it wearied—will you go ?

[*To Olivia's* BODY] Faith thou hast fallen too near to
her—lie further.

[*Camillo* RUNS ACROSS THE STAGE, STABS HIM, AND EXIT.

Cam. So—so—and thou there—

King. This is astonishment crowning astonishment—

Have I my senses still ? Ho—there—the guard—
what ! ho !

[*Camillo*, IN RUNNING OUT, MEETS THE GUARD ; A SHOT IS
HEARD, AND HE IS THEN LED BACK.]

Syl. Thou dear, sweet body, I shall be like to thee.

Cam. Oh—oh—gentlemen you have me.

Your leaden messenger doth bid my soul
Bestir him on his journey. How I bleed—oh—oh—
There lies the prettiest chicken of the batch—
And there 's the philosopher—ha-ha !

King. Horror heaped on horror.

Peter. Dead—God—I shall not outlive her—the
poor soul.

King. Quick there—a doctor, you, hear you, a doctor!

ENTER *Fool* AND *Giovanni*.

Gio. Believe me, I am not drunk, sirs; but where 's Sylvian?

What, Sylvian!—do you not know him? ho—there—
Can you not answer?—do I dream still?

Syl. Giovanni—I was that Sylvian—
But in some paltry minutes this frail thing,
This cherished consciousness, that I called me,
Wanting a better name, will be—earth, air,
Or—what you will. Can'st thou forgive, Giovanni?
Nay, then I care not, truly.

Gio. Horrible—horrible.

Cam. [To *Sylvian*.] Sir, can you preach moralities i' the grave?—

The worms are a fine audience and school of philosophy.

Oh—damned pain—you 've given me such a stitch here

My soul leaks out of it in unwilling drops.

Thou fellow—thou gavest me it—I 'll toast thee in Hell
When thou dost get there. Oh—oh.

ENTER *Doctor*.

Syl. I 'm beyond doctoring, sir.

Nay, lift me not—I would be near to her;
Sweet golden hair. Oh, sirs—you kill me.

Cam. I 'm almost gone. What a foul thing 't is to die.

Cres. Can I not help thee?

Cam. Away, thou art a fool—

I would not carry thee for a last thought to Hell—
No—not for Heaven itself. Oh—oh—oh, Sylvian—
I do not hate you now—the reason, and 't was a fair
one—

Lies dead betwixt us. Oh—Sylvian—oh,
Is there a cause, I say for all that jargon—
Wot you my meaning?—my words fail me—quick—
Are we but dung—mere base, eventual matter?
Is there no hope in 't—shall we not carry ourselves
Into some other world and play the play over
With new scenery—new everything—love—hate?—
oh—oh—

Syl. Believe me, sir, there 's so much in 't as this:
If toads have souls, why then—there 's argument—
For all that 's preached—methinks I am very dizzy—

Cam. Nay, if that 's all—

Syl. Aye, reason—love—religion—
Lie in this crimson puddle ; the worm dies
And so do we.

Cam. So to 't then—I care not !
Earth 's a brave substance ! Oh ! [DIES.]

Syl. I am all cold. [DIES.]

King. The guard remove them. Gentlemen, I
pray you
Desert the place—I will to the governor
And tell him of this horror—see, sirs to him [POINTING
TO *Giovanni.*]

Peter. Stone dead, sir—not a motion and no word.

King. His age hath failed him in the extremity ;
So to the governor ; 't is most unparalleled.

CURTAIN.

POEMS

ABSENCE.

THE clouds are flown, the wind has died,
The storm-wind that the forest feared,
And soft and blue and tender-eyed
The morn with gladness hath upreared
Her face all joyous as a bride ;
But yesternight the thunders rolled
Reverberant among the hills :
Where now there sparkle happy rills
Beneath the eastern sunshine cold
The jagged lightning poured its flash of molten gold.

The night was loud with many a voice ;
The inconstant torrent of the rain,
The wash of rivulets, the noise
Of pines that murmur in their pain.
The floods in darkness cried rejoice ;
Mount stared at mount across the vale ;
And in each flash of lurid light
Like wind-swept ghosts that swiftly sail,
The columns of the rain were white ;
And loud the river roared fast-hurrying into night.

And in the cloudy zenith gleamed
A terror dull. A crimson light,
Like mists of blood where blood has streamed,
It soared and wavered up the height,
A dripping wound in the black night,
Horribly red ; on yonder crest

A lonely pine more lonely burned,
A glory that the vale distressed,
Whose bright flame spirals snake-like turned
And with their rosy tongues the rainy heaven spurned.

But now the morn is bright and clear,
And sky above, and earth below
A robe of deeper dye do wear ;
Yon cloud is purer than the snow
That Himalayan heights may know.
The air is sweet with rising dew,
The river rushes toward the sea ;
The eagle doth his wings renew
In yonder height all joyously ;
Ah, wherefore sad? am I not young, not strong as he?

Alas, with every gift of earth
We murmur, and we murmur must,
Tho' health be ours and youth and mirth
And all that fragrant makes this dust,
If stones instead of bread be thrust
Before us for the food of life ;
And loneliness itself must see
Cursed with the phantoms of vain strife—
Oh, would that thou wert here to be
Shelter and heart and hope and joy and love to me !

Would thou wert here ! the blue above
Is deep and calm and full of light ;
The mountain torrents seem to move
Afar, all tremulously bright,
And pause and hang in their delight ;

The sovereigns of the forest raise
 Their haughty crowns more haughtily ;
 With many voices of one praise
 All earth doth speak ; and nigh I see
 A shadowy half-moon pale—bright-rimmed she seems
 to be.

Would thou wert by ! for thou art bright,
 A glory like this stainless day,
 A too exceeding bliss, a light
 As lovely as a lunar ray,
 Or rainbow at the close of day ;
 A splendor, a solemnity,
 None can forget ; a light to cheer—
 Thou that art innocence to me,
 And joy and life, return thou here,
 Return, return, bright star, and shine upon me clear !

TO ONE WHO HAVING A TALENT FOR MUSIC WOULD BY
 PERSUASION HAVE HID IT IN THE EARTH.

“Man is his own star.”

FEELEST thou the power within thee? doth there
 stir

In the sweet calm and golden atmosphere
 Of thy pure soul a something, nameless quite,
 But yet unrestful ; a disturbing light ;
 A joy so deep it will not be put by
 Nor smothered into silence, that no sigh
 Of deep content and thankful can express ;
 A longing that no sight of loveliness

Can all extinguish, but doth the rather chide
To discontent, and leave dissatisfied.
Oh, feelest thou beneath thy heart's crystal dome,
Shadowless brilliance, light unstained with gloom,
And bright, perpetual day-dawn, far more fair
Than any radiance of this earthly air,
Because without the shadow and the pain,
Without the thought, this shall not be again,
Without the deadly and enduring mist
Of night, of winter; feelest thou there the oppressed
And the oppressing weight, the deep desire
To breathe in words, or music, or sweet fire
Of varied colors, all that doth appear
Reflected in that purer atmosphere,
That clime that knows no winter, that nightless day—
Oh, feelest thou this, yet dost thou turn away?

What man can live denying his own soul?
Hast thou not learned that noble uncontrol
Is virtue's right, the breath by which she lives?
Oh, sure if any angel ever grieves
'T is when the living soul hath learnt to chide
Its passionate indignations and to hide
The sudden flows of rapture, the quick birth
Of overwhelming loves that balance the worth
Of the wide world against one loving act
As less than a sped dream; shall the cataract
Stop, pause, and palter ere it plunge towards
The vale unseen!—our fate hath its own lords,
Which, if we follow truly, there can come
No harm unto us, though our course be gloom
Wrapt in a deeper darkness, and the blue dye

Of the noontide heaven be crowded from our sky,
Where rock meets rock with cold and icy lips
Above our course, which runs with sad eclipse
Of wonted light and heavenly rays of hope ;
Yet if we follow where our fate doth slope,
Keeping intention pure, tho' the rocks sleep
In darkness overhead, and darkness sweep
To further darkness and more deadly gloom
In sad degrees ; yet shall we burst therefrom,
And leaving every noisome, slimy weed
That waved in the passing waters its unsunned head
Like a dead body, and the bats that flew
Detached from darkness and back to darkness grew
Instant and easy, and all those chasms chill,
We through a twilight brief and beautiful
Shall rush ; and then, o'er some precipitate brow
Plunge with glad thunder and deep joy below,
With arrowy shoots of foam, and sailing mist,
And snowy rush and glassy amethyst,
And everlasting tumult of delight,
Solemn and deep, the voice of day and night !
For thus is fate fulfilled, deferred long,
Deferred long, and yet full oft fulfilled !

Oh, dear to me ! dost thou not know that wrong
Done to our sacred selves, tho' it be willed
By seeming virtue, is not evil less
Than any act of sinful wretchedness
Against another ?—our sacred selves ! have we
No charge to keep o'er this divinity
That lives in us ?—have we no power to abuse

The talent given, or entire to lose?
And if the Master throw a ray of light
Through thee upon the earth, hast thou the right
To hold the gift in darkness?—oh, beware
Lest conscience with a too excessive care,
Scrupulous for small things forget the great!

Let me a little teach thee; thine own mind
Is dual; thou hast two natures; like a wind
That bears upon its breath two several scents,
An interfusion sweet of different,
Doubling delight; or like two separate streams
Of amber and of amethyst whose beams
Brilliant apart, in meeting will not mingle,
But in their married flow still each remaineth single;
Or thou art like a dream within a dream,
A light within a darkness, a bright beam
Caught in a cloud, or an essential power
In the white milky bosom of a flower
Seated inactive and unseen; like ought
That being one to view is dual to the thought.

Both natures I do know: one gentler far
Than mellow radiance of eve's softest star,
Half-hidden among clouds, that wear a hue
Of kindred fire; as gentle as the blue
Of morning skies; as fair as the first bloom
That mists the cheek of morning; soft as the gloom
Of a vast wood whereunder fireflies glow,
Green transient lights, capricious as they go,
Like idle thoughts that in an idle dream
Wax, wane, and waste to nothing; thus did'st thou
seem.

A spirit

Thou wert, and art, not formed to inherit
The common joys of earth, earth's common woes,
To share the battle and to feel the blows,
To love and to be loved : rather did'st thou seem
The unabiding beauty of a dream,
A chance-discovered glory, changeful, bright,
A rainbow wrought betwixt the day and night,
A lunar beam intense, a starry power
That sheds its influence in a twilight hour—
A brightness on some errand hither sent ;
Beneath the sun casual inhabitant ;
Not to our manners born—as one who with no
Compulsion e'er could breathe an atmosphere of woe.
A being all too fragile for the rude
Unprofitable loves of earth, that would
Slip, like a flame divided, into death,
If breathed upon by any mortal breath.

Such gentleness and joyousness were thine ;
And so divine a presence, so divine
And heavenly a heedlessness of the night
Of custom and of form, that as a blight
Wraps us around, that, oh, how oft could I
Have fallen at thy feet and given thee
Worship and incense, as men did of yore
On the drear mount, or by the lonely shore
To powers revered ;—

Yet thou wert but a maid,
And with like passions stirred ; like fears afraid ;
With ruddy lips, and lovely cheeks, and eyes

That did not guess their own solemnities ;
With every unseen maiden loveliness
That innocence doth hide, and lover's fancy guess.

But in thee there abides a deeper soul,
That fate may chide, but fate may not control ;
A force unseen, a penetrative power
Unfelt by most ; a rich and precious dower
Of quiet insight ; a most blessed flood
Of opposition 'gainst all such as brood
On melancholy things ; an eye that gains
With all it sees ; a force that griebs and pains
But aggravate to action ; and this thy mind
Is with no chance intention thus designed,
That, like the air-borne eagle, thou dost find
Delight and joy to beat against the wind,
And health and hardihood ; in thine own soul
Thou dost find impulse both and reason for control.

This is thy deeper self ; the power in thee
That will not be ignored. Thou can'st not flee
Thy soul, though to the desert unconfined,
The weary waste and sad of human kind
Thou turn'st thy steps ; think'st thou with outward
 din
To fill the silence of the soul within !
Ah, vain indeed !—and see'st thou not this fact
That what we are we are ! if that be rack't
And wrought into confusions, pained and stung,
'T is by our proper acts ; we are only wrung
To these extremes when with denial rude

We trample on ourselves, ourselves still unsubdued,
But what we are, we are, for evil or for good !

Alas ! for thee,
If thou from thine own soul dost turn and flee,
And in the seats of sad frivolity
Takest thy place—return, return again !
Better the house and company of pain,
Better distress, and solitude, and all
That can the soul of genius befall ;
Better the stones of strife, the bread with tears,
Humiliations, and despairs, and fears,
All, all the heart can suffer, the soul know,
Rather than with the bestial train to go,
With base rejoicings, ignorant of woe.
Sure, sure thou can'st not waver !—the vain crew
Leave, leave forever ; take thy way with the few,
The few not proud, but humbly dedicate
To high and heavenly things—if to things great
Rest thou with Him who the lamp brightness gave.
Darest thou to blot that brightness in the grave,
Where in few years, thou liest overcome
With strange confusion, the music in thee dumb,
Thy lamp unlit, untested all its light,
Lost in death's unilluminable night !

Oh, sorrow, sorrow !—thou can'st not do this thing !
Unto the elm trees April in the spring
Doth lend a murmur ; and sweet music is
Wrought on the sands by those soft summer seas
Rippling their azure waters 'gainst a wall
Of daisied rock with languid rise and fall ;

Amongst the vapory masses of the sky,
Where cloud on cloud is piled, higher and still more
 high,
Storming the blue serene, the thunder breaks
Fierce, vehement and sharp, and thousand echoes
 wakes,
Voluminously rolling, shock on shock,
Repeated and sustained,—a fearful flock
Of wandering voices that might seem too loud
And terrible to be the birth of cloud
And uncompulsive vapor wide-diffused ;
And human hands a subtler music mused
In the silent brain transfer to the bright chord ;
And every passive power responds unto its Lord.
But thou art wind and elm—art both in one,
The thunder and the cloud in unison ;
Thou hast the passion to be struck, and thou
Strikest thyself—or strikest not as now,
An unused string o' the lyre—a rusted chord—
Yet art thou music and that music's lord.

Oh, wilt thou not surrender thine own soul
From chains of bondage and a false control
Unto its natural freedom !—Thou hast desire
Strenuous and deep, and that dissolving fire,
The intellectual flame that doth transmute
Earth into air, perchance thou hast, and yet art mute.
Oh, is there not enough of silence here,
Of joy unspoken, of unworded cheer ?
Silence and death around us ever reign ;
The earth, the air, the moons that wax and wane,

Stars, suns and seas are silent—the blue void
 Hangs speechless over ; hath the beast ought enjoyed
 Or suffered ought, in all his centuries
 What record of that woe, what echo of that bliss ?
 Shall man be silent too ?—alas, too soon,
 Sightless and silent both—'neath sun and moon
 No longer strange, a seeming alien,
 A wonder and a dream—no longer one,
 A glory and a shame, sole, separate and alone,
 But, oh, how fallen, and how darkened quite !
 Wrapt in corruption as with a veil of night
 No hand may lift—scarce even hope illumine :
 Deaf as despair and blind as primal gloom,
 Losing himself, and lost to all who know ;
 If soon upon the rounds of life to go
 An actor once again—strange errand sure
 From light to darkness, from impure to pure,—
 Still silent, silent ever !

—Now no more !

'T is noontide and the blue above is bright,
 A cloudless glory of exceeding light ;
 The forests all are green after the rain,
 Earth wears her robe of splendor once again.
 Tumultuous run the streams and bright they are ;
 The river like a burnished scimitar
 Swerves broadly round, a gleam among the hills,
 That wear their pines more haughtily ; the rills
 Sing to the forest, and the breezes blow
 A vernal gale once more, once more the grasses glow
 A green intense ; all lives ; all, all is life !
 More joyous it may seem through memories of strife.

Rejoice thou too with me!—I feel thee near!
 Thou art not far—oh, would that thou wert here!
 Yet, yet rejoice—the debt of gladness pay,
 Too soon to-morrow will be yesterday,
 And thou and I—?

Enough!—I see thee now
 With fairer mien and with still calmer brow,
 Bright as the morning, blissful as the day,
 With roses round thy brow on thy regretless way.

 SELECTIONS

FROM A POEM ENTITLED “THE FAWN.”

I.

Words.

THUS though I know no magic spell to make
 The ivory jacks subservient to my will,
 Nor tunefulness in river-reed can wake,
 Nor can the jagged, reluctant marble fill
 With any fire of purpose; nor hold a brush
 To spirit down the clouds or the lightning flush
 On the storm's cheek unto me—yet can I take
 The words men use in traffic on the street,
 Or here or there, and such a music make
 As you shall see those stubborn things grow sweet,
 Changing their rugged natures till they bear
 All that is sweet or lovely, good or fair
 Upon their wings unto you; and you shall say
 With a mouthful of rough pebbles I to-day
 Went out into the street, on the common round
 Dropping them as I talked, which one there found,

A vagrant fellow, but in whose magic hands
They are all turned to pearls and diamonds !

II.

The Lost Mænad.

And now afar
Scarce I saw one, that like an erring star
Strayed from its course, wandered among the trees
With a faint blushing torch that a gentle breeze
Blew ever downward, lighting her white limbs
Small in the distance ; and still further caught
The babel of those voices that she sought
Hither and thither. But at length the night
With shades forgetful closed about their flight ;
And silence like a stealthy stepping form
Scarce seen and muffled, followed on their storm,
Slow dying in the distance ; till the dark was
Of light and noise grown quite oblivious.
And through the boughs there shone, unseen before,
Or by those torches paled, the quiet evening star.

III.

Purity.

But lo ! the hollow shell and silver string
Have ravished me ; for I meant not to sing
Such sights as these. But let not gentle maid
That hitherto hath wandered unafraid
On the rough mountain, or at eve, filled full
The gurgling jugs with water fresh and cool,
That flows from 'neath some deep-browed, ancient
stone

Fear after this, to wander all alone
Upon her task ; for there's no spirit can
Harm a pure woman or an honest man.
And bent on duty, 't is a double guard,
For there are special ministers that ward
Harm from the dutiful—and, for that glade
The mænads haunt, since in a man or maid
A chaste mind is a thing so beautiful
It makes us look like the angels, raised above ill,
And in ourselves secure—so who doth hear
Sounds in the dark, or steps, or hath a fear
Of dreadful thing behind, may quiet rest ;
She carries a white angel in her breast,
That none can conquer ; and all falsities
Before those two bright seraphs in her eyes
Turn to their native dust ; a shame clad cheek
Is stronger than a sword to guard the weak.

IV.

Milking.

But now the sun on waving cornfields smiles
With yellow radiance ; and, in the meadows near
I hear the cow bells tinkle silver clear,
And mellow lowings of full uddered herds
That linger as they turn toward the yards,
Grassy and clean ; where soon the clink of cans,
And tinkling jets of milk in hollow pans,
Stript to the lilt of many a merry tune
We'll hear, and see slow rise the mild, red August
moon.

v.

Truth.

But ah ! since now no goddess comes to man
 To teach him strains, soft, sweet, Olympian,
 Lost, long-forgotten music ; since we see
 So seldom now the grouped wood gods flee
 Startled at swift approach ; nor hear the shell
 Of Triton far over the water swell ;
 Nor any sound of fairy melody
 Can catch, although we listen by the sea
 Aching to hear ; since we not favored are
 By the sad elder gods—my own fair star
 Shine bright upon my forehead, for I must
 Put all my hope in thee, and my sad trust ;
 Bereft of that support, be simple truth
 The measure of my song and my song's youth ;
 Since only those who have high truthful sung
 Can live forever in fame's temple young.

vi.

Love Immortal.

But oh, how shall I say
 The things that gods do in their amorous play !
 Or how of Fawn and mountain Oread
 Recount the nuptials ! What sweet rites they had,
 What full performed vows, what flying feet,
 What wild pursuit, what cries, what captures sweet,
 What sweet delays, mock fears, denials rude,
 And all the endless, soft vicissitude
 Of earthly loves ! or how shall I portray
 A love that knows no languor, no decay,

But stays forever at its rosy prime !
 Alas ! a shadow from the wings of time
 Is cast on mortal loves, the fragile thing,
 Heart's love on earth doth need a nourishing ;
 a n wax and wane like any yellow moon,
 Dawn like a star, like a melodious tune
 Fade to forgetfulness ; how then portray
 Immortal loves that ever hold their sway !
 Alas ! though I should tell ye all they wrought,
 There still would be a bliss beyond your utmost
 thought.

Theirs was the happy, human tenderness,
 Endearments sweet, and the sweet excess
 Of pained passion, theirs loves utmost might,
 Love's ravishment, love's lustre and love's light !
 'The darkness not, the weakness not, the pain—
 These, these are ours—ours too, the tears that rain,
 The absence and the heart break, the despairs,
 Love's languor, and death's shadow, and time's cares ;
 In age we love not, and age men say is truth !
 But they were ever young, and love doth live with
 youth.

VIII.

Fawn and Oread.

Quick he caught
 The graceful girl, and quicker than 'tis thought
 She sat upon his shoulder ; one strong arm
 Around her limbs he put ; in sweet alarm
 She sank together, and cowering in fear
 Clasps with both tiny hands amid his matted hair ;

Whereat he laughed, and hearing him she too
 'Gan laugh a little fearful laugh, and woo
 To be let down—but he toward that same place
 Where first appeared her eager, rosy face
 Full quickly sped, and e're I did guess,
 The gentle lady's white-limbed loveliness,
 The Fawn's broad back, the bearer and the borne,
 Grew in the wood all distant and forlorn,
 A wasting dream, a knell that hath been rung,
 Ah me ! the fairest pair that ever poet sung !

OPENING OF AN UNFINISHED POEM.

FAR from the city's smoke and uproar rude,
 Long ages since there smiled a solitude
 Wide, wide and green, where-though a giant river
 Ran with a tumult of white foam forever ;
 Over whose course a hundred high hills hung,
 Down whose green backs a thousand bright streams
 flung
 Their snowy jets ; but now, alas for them,
 A hundred mills their sacred courses hem,
 And soiled they issue forth from dungeons deep
 To slide into the river in a sleep.
 And he too sleeps ; the high hills see no more
 The flash of his glad waters ; on his shore
 Men live and move ; across his deeps are cast
 The chains of bondage ; not as in the past
 The rainy hills can hear his deep base brood
 Around their hidden feet ; alas ! subdued

Into a sullen silence, doth he flow
Sluggish, discolored, abject ; the hewers go
No more up to those hills—deserted, bare,
Dry, treeless, shaven of their glorious hair,
As in a deadly agony they lie
Beneath the sun, each one a lidless eye
Dull-staring toward a pallid blue—for even
Man casts contamination up to Heaven,
And soils with foul, dejected atmosphere,
And furnace fumes, the very heavens clear
That hold the sun. Alas ! where'er man is
He robs all nature of her loveliness ;
Disrobes, enslaves, and in blind scorn and rage
Doth devastate his soul's best heritage.
But ages since my song is ; long ere men
Squatted their toadstool cities in each glen,
And drank the self-same water they defiled.

For then there dwelt in this same valley wild
A gentle lady ; Isola was her name ;
And if not known to lovers or to fame,
Yet herein shall it so recounted be
That henceforth every lover's memory
Shall hold her high in honor ; she shall be one
With the jealous-loving Moor's fair Desdemon,
With Lamia, and Verona's Juliet too,
And Hero fair, Leander's love, with you ;
With you, bright roses of love's timeless story,
A violet counted, a sweet lesser glory !
With you I trust, and every gentle dame
Whom love doth make forgetful of sweet shame ;

With you, fair saints of too impassioned breath
Whom love, by rosy ways, led to the door of death !

And, Love, since thou can'st mightily inspire
A poet's soul, troubling his silent lyre
With sweet confusion, on the pained strings
Blissfully breathing, and love's sorrowings
Urgest from chords of joy—since thou art one
To whom all powers are subject 'neath the sun ;
And yet thy residence, oh, frail, man's heart !
Since that the purest of the gods thou art ;
Since unto thee four angels minister :
Glad Faith, and Hope, and Joy without a care,
And white, celestial Purity ; since thou
Wearest the fadeless roses on thy brow,
Wearest the fadeless blush upon thy cheek ;
Since thou art he whom all men ever seek,
Both calm and fury, drought, and the drought's rain,
The painer, and the pained, and the pain,
The prostrate thou, the fane, the god within the fane !
Since thou art these, god of the calm-arched brow
Descend upon me gently as a snow,
And fill my heart with thee ; for, oh, my lyre
Faints into music ravished by thy fire.
Breathe me the words—thine are these joyous sobs,
The tongue that quivers and the throat that throbs ;
Bright star ! oh, make melodious my pain,
That I may sing but once thy song again ;
But once again, bright star ; and, oh, delight
If love to whom I sing, the song requite,
And Isola henceforth forever be
Counted on every lover's sainted rosary.

ZIEK STEADFAST'S LETTER

TO HIS BROTHER IN THE COUNTRY AFTER THREE MONTHS
IN NEW YORK.

THE world down here seems purty mad,
Even the months seem muly ;
December 's now not to be had
'X'ept 'bout the tenth of July.

The poets are all dead—or worse,
Are turned to temp'rance preachers ;
Venus hez gone out to wet-nurse,
The Muses are school teachers.

Apollo grinds an organ, and
Cupid, they say, 's his monkey ;
Great Jove hez j'ined a German band,
And Saturn is a flunkey.

Ez to religion men are odd—
Some few surmise we 'll sup there
In heaven *tête-à-tête* with God—
But most believe that up there

There is a sort of Somethin', Which
May possibly be rulin'
Things down here in this ancient ditch—
If 't aint jest all damned foolin'.

And in the meantime we kin shape
Our course like onto Beecher ;
Whose doctrine is that man 's an ape,
And an ape 's an innercent creature !

And the shapin' that course does kind o'
 congeal,
 Heart-stiffen and soul-freeze us—
 The way virtue slips up on that orange peel
 Is a caution to cats, by Crœsus !

“ Know by these presents, ” say's man's soul,
 “ If I 'm a chimpanzee, sir,
 You 'd better bet your life on the fact,
 I'm a goin' to hunt my tree, sir !

And we 're goin' to hev, my body and me,
 The most God-awfulest, 'tarnal,
 Everlastin'est caper and spree
 That ever wuz cut in the carnal. ”

And this indenture's gist don't 'pear
 To be much after some folk's liken' ;
 But if I 'm an ape, the argement 's clear—
 Tho' I grant, the idee 's not striken'

If we 're religiously inclined ;
 Still, there aint no use in
 Bein' anythin' but resigned
 And takin' it ez amusin'.

And ez fur that, most men do seem
 Not to care two damns whether
 Things is, or is not what they seem—
 So long ez leather 's leather.

And so long ez the stocks aint stirred,
 And bulls and bears aint bilin',

There aint much round about here heard
To show that folks is spilin'

To larn about to-morrow more
Than what they know already ;
Which is, bears bite, and bulls 'll gore
If the market is onsteady.

For my part, things 'pear ez if
They were gettin' kind o' seedy ;
Ez tho' this grand old garden here
Wuz some'at waste and weedy.

And folks to me seem kind o' queer ;
The men-sex 'mazin' mulish—
The wimen ones ez if they were
Sort o' strenuously foolish !

And all o' 'em together seem
Like a lunatic that considers
That shadder-huntin' is the one thing—
All o' 'em 'x'ept the widders !

Waal, all in all, I reckon that
Happiness don't board in the city ;
And ez you ve heard, care 'll kill a cat,
Even if puss is witty !

ZIEK STEADFAST

ON POETS IN GENERAL, AND HIMSELF IN PARTICULAR.

THESE fellers who live in modern days
 Walk with a kind o' skew-round face
 From their own times ; they kind-a do
 Wish them back-centuries wuz true,
 And could come down all square to us,—
 Which in fact is jest the thing they does !
 Them times when Homer sung that muse,
 Waal, it don't do to sling abuse,
 He ware n't no slip-shod in his shoes !
 Them times, too, when Catullus put
 Down on his enemies' corns his foot.
 Crush 'em ? No ; but for some time after
 There wuz a good deal more 'nashin' o' teeth than
 laughter.

An' when that there mighty Marlowe made
 Old Grecian ghosts in their gizzards afraid
 For the buried bays they wore—what these be ?
 Come next church-time ask Parson Thisbe ;
 He 'll know ; then there 's that Dante chap !
 I guess the Devil's Grandam's pap
 Never ran such sour milk as he did
 When he wuz up on his boss ear ; read it !
 So you git to Goethee ; he 's the last limb—
 That is, that had much sproutin' vim—
 O' the consarned old Par'dise Tree ;
 Why Par'dise ? Waal, go out and see
 How that there bush from the garden o' Eden
 Seeds itself round—guess there wuz weedin'

To be done in the time o' Adam and Eve
 And a long time before they had to leave,
 If I aint fur wrong—waal—now, you see
 Poesy, that 's sacred, so 's the Par'dise tree :
 Poesy keeps springin' up here and there,
 Seedin' itself kind o' anywhere ;
 That 's the tree ag'in—damn it there aint no chink
 Nor cranny, nor hole where a weasel might wink,
 But that tree 's there—why, I aint afeard
 To guess that thing 'd seed in your beard,
 And—waal—now you fellows see,
 That 's the way 't is with poesy !
 And Goethee he writ a new Job in Uz ;
 Not so bad neither, 't aint all buzz !
 —But mind, feller-critics, don't pinch a man
 Jest to see how all-fired hard you can
 Grit flesh in your fingers ; char'ty 's a glove
 Makes pinchin' polite ; now, Goethee crew
 Purty darned loud and early, but ez you
 Doubtless hev read, he wuz a Dutchman, too !
 And—waal in fact, onto my mind
 The modern Peg'sis gits the bind
 On the ancient nag ; he kin trot faster
 Than a railroad train from here to Mount Shaster.
 He kin rack, pace, run—if you corn him well
 He 'll rattle his shadder—but they do tell
 Of some ez sticks a chestnut burr 'neath his tail—
 The idee strikes me 's hot from Hell !
 But look now, there 's Smith down on the street,
 Kin put in rhyme the price o' wheat
 Jest ez natty, and slick and neat

Ez you 'll see sardines in a barrel :
 And there 's Jim Jiggs kin set in verse
 All the store-clothes, the fun'ral apparel,
 Jest how the corpse seemed to like his hearse,
 Two cents a line, for the mornin' paper ;
 Extra, 'Ziek Tearful wuz the craper,
 And where the flowers come from ; and there 's Zed
 Jones,

What !—aint you heard him play his bones ?
 Why, there aint no help for it, dog-gone it
 He kin fetch music out o' stones !
 And fur me ; waal, when I 'm on it,
 You kin bet your life upon it,
 There aint no man in modern times
 Ez kin so cussedly sling his rhymes ?
 Why—when I write my deadly best
 The darned old lang'age—'t aint no jest !—
 Begins to shake, and creak, and shiver
 And grind out groans, until your liver
 Turns pale—and you begin to take Art
 Ser'ous down t'ward your stomach, like a man in a
 hay-cart

That he aint quite sure of, on a road
 Stonier nor Hell, where the ruts are sowed
 Jest so awk'ard, he begins to re'lize
 His father's hay-cart's grievin' sighs
 And om'nous groanin's o' the spirit
 That hail from the hind off wheel, or near it ;
 And wonder how much that tied-up spring
 Will stan' in the way of a jolt—waaal, when I sing,
 When I reelly sing, git the muse goin',

And that Pierian flood a flowin',
And the breeze blows from old Parnasus,
Till I begin to think, by blazes!
I kin see Pan and jiggin Satyrs,
All jumpin'-mad ez hares or hatters,
Ez drunk ez any Irish wakers,
And shifty with their feet ez Shakers
And hear the very tune they 're playin',
And but fur the deep, thunderin' brayin'
Of a big drum, a'most kin catch
The rhymes that meetin' seem to match
Like two nice twins—by gosh! and can
See winkin' at me old dad Pan!
And crusty-mouthed Silenus preachin'
How bad 't is to be over-reachin',
And how much better to be lechin'!
And most of all see them there wenches,
Nymphs, or what not, on nat'ral benches
Of roots and stumps, and not much more dresses
Than roses wear, or water-cresses.
And arms and legs, ez white ez milk,
And jest ez soft ez the suit o' silk
A spring mole gits; and hands, and feet,
Waal now, the daisies aint so sweet.
And eyes, and cheeks! boys, you kin talk,
But you could 'nt mark 'em with red chalk:
And look—waaal, you 've seen a star,
Look kind o' quiet, kind o' far,
Ez if he did n't care much how,
Things pitched about down here below,
But seemed ez if he did know, why

He 'd jest ez soon let the darned sky
 Go all to thunder, and come down
 And make things bright about the town,
 And cheer us up a bit--jest so !
 'That 's the way they looked ; and now you know.
 And when I see'd--no, you shan't know, it 's
 True, there 's some things does for poets
 Don't do for all men ; no, 't 's tellin' tales !
 Aint it milkin' time?—go wash them pails,
 And let the bars down ; now you 've heard
 How 't is yourself when I git stirred ;
 And ez I was sayin'. when I reelly sing.
 Like one o' these bob'links in the spring.
 That goes careerin' round like mad,
 Ez if he did n't know how to be sad :
 When I really git to work on it,
 Strip my pluck, and start to hit
 Right from the shoulder, and begin to swim
 Like a dry duck, and git in trim ;
 And the words begin to come right in,
 Like sheaves you feed in a thrashin' machine.
 When the chaff goes one way, and the wheat
 Comes out at t' other end all complete :
 Just likewise so when I begin
 Reelly to do it, the words go in
 Somewhere behind all jumbled—but, in time,
 One end spills chaff and t' other end rhyme.

And ez I was sayin', if you choose.
 Homer s no slip-shod in his shoes.
 And Marlowe when he 's awake and will

Grinds out poetics ez fast ez a mill
 Does warm corn-flour; and Dante, well,
 If you 're right cur'ous to spend a spe l
 There, where you may find it hotter,
 He 's the only humane squatter
 Near-about them parts seems to hev found,
 Th' exact, true sub-soil o' that ground !
 And Gothee, boys, I won't deny it,
 If he did talk Dutch, he wuz a poet !
 And if he stomached sauer-kraut,
 Why, like the measles, it did n't come out !
 Nor you would n't guess it, when you read him !
 And I reckon we modern do kind o' need him.

But—if you want the reel thing,
 Not bottled, nor barreled, but from the spring,
 The only true Bandusian liquid,
 That 'll make you feel more vertu'us-wicked
 Both in one jump, than hard cider that 'muses
 Its mortal soul 'mongst your gastric juices,
 And hops, and hiccups and hollers like fun,
 Jest to think it 's got itself inside of a man ;
 The only nat'ral, reel, reliable
 Water of faith, old undeniable,
 Why jest come out behind the shed
 When the rest o' the folks hez got to bed,
 About the time when the moon, in a fright
 For bein' so all-alone, gits white
 Above them poplars ; and I 'll sing
 If you 'll all come, every josh thing
 'Bout dwarves, and queeries, and fairies I 've counted ;

And how I know that old mill 's haunted ;
 And why white clover 's so good for heartache ;
 And what that gypsy told me, if a green snake,
 Breathe in your eye, you might ez well be dead,
 'Cause your eyes git started round in your head,
 And what 's goin' on inside 's all you see ;
 And I guess that 's what 's the matter with me !
 Waal, time 's up ; and here 's this mule,
 With three teats drippin', she 's so achin' full—
 Where in Moses' name 's my stool ?
 Darn the loose leg—soh, sooky, soh ! You fool !

SCENE.—*A river bank, a wood behind. Upon this side the bank two hidden in the reeds. A band of Satyrs advance from the wood. They have flute-reeds, etc., and are crowned with evergreens. CALLAS, an aged Satyr, they lead ; he is crowned with laurel in bloom and a flute in his hand.*

Callas. All night we lay upon the mossy bank,
 Curtained with green ; and with us Naiads lay
 Scattered like stars upon the mossy banks,
 And we beside them like dim shadows stretched,
 While the moon shone ; and in their fragrant laps
 Our eyes were overcome with heavy sleep,
 With heavy sleep and soft on mossy banks.

Satyrs Flute it, flute it, father Callas !
 That our limbs leap livelier,
 That our harsh hoofs stamp the earth ;
 Lusty livers, sunshiny mirth
 Is our food ; crowned with fir,

With holly, ivy, evergreen
 And pine sprigs to outshine Pallas—
 Flute it, flute it livelier !

Callas. I am tired ; I cannot flute ye,
 Cannot suit ye,
 Callas is not Pan !
 Go dance, sing, caper, rollic,
 My flute 's no longer frolic,
 Nor dance, nor sing, nor flute I can !

1st Band. Hey, hey, hey !
 Callas the liar ! Callas the liar !
 Illis, illis, alas, hollo, hollo !
 We shall anoint his lips with fire,
 With fire that frets into the soul of care.
 Heyo, heyo, fetch her, follow, follow !

2d Band. No, no, no !
 No, come, Satyrs, thus relieve him,
 With anise, dill, vervain weave him
 Chaplets ; give him bitter gold-thread
 To purge his blood ; bring berries,
 Apples, peaches, melons, cherries,
 To set before him ; and, oh, bring juice
 From purple vineyards sweet,
 To loose his tongue, his feet to loose,
 Since wine is wisdom to the feet !

Callas. The cool greenness of a glade ;
 Pansies that peep unafraid ;
 Dreams, sunshine sifting through
 Leaves, and hoary drops of dew ;
 A spring that rising 'neath a stone
 Bubbles cool, and tinkles down

A dim dell, where violets grow ;
 Afar a marsh wherein blow
 Golden lilies, and merry bells
 Ring all night, these—nothing else—
 Move me ; and on the grass about
 To list the song the Satyr rout.

[THE SATYRS MOVE SLOWLY AWAY, SINGING AND DANCING
 AS THEY GO.]

All. So then sing us, sing us, Callas,
 That one song you learned of Pan ;
 When he sat beside the stream,
 Crowned with laurels like a dream !
 And you lay beside him, while
 He just played and sang, a smile
 Of contentment on his lips ! oh, the melting
 Of those words you said he sung there
 While old Athos' height upon,
 The evening star just hung there
 To hear Pan !
 Go, and in a shady place,
 Where there is no sun,
 Hide thy dreaming face ;
 But, oh, sing us, sing us, Callas,
 That one song you learned of Pan !

The Two. Alas ! they dance adown the river's brink
 Into some greener bend, some shadier nook,
 And leave us here !—by Heaven, what a crew !
 If Pan, Apollo, and that voiceful Nine,
 With Bacchus' self, steeped to the lips in wine,
 And crusty-mouthed Silenus like a shadow
 Following their steps, had been here, they 'd not have
 made

One-half such merry music!—these earth-gods,
 Stark-naked, hairy, hoofed and with wild eyes,
 Had something woody in their looks ; their laughter
 Was a kind of madness.

But, ah, when shall we hear the song of Callas,
 The song that Callas learned from mighty Pan,
 When Pan beside the river sat, a Dream,
 And filled his flute with joy ; we strain in vain
 To catch one note ; although even now old Callas
 Sits in the moving shadow of some oak
 And hides his dreaming face, and sings and flutes,
 And sings anon, and flutes again, while all
 Around him lie the Satyrs on the grass,
 With a wild mirth upon their ruddy lips,
 And tears of joy within their happy eyes !

FROM "CORINTHIA, A COMEDY."

[CORINTHIA'S *father*, RODERIGO, *becoming suspicious of her, his fears are further aroused by her frequent wanderings in the wood. In order to discover whether she has been with her lover, he questions her on her return as to what she did and saw there.*]

Cor. —I wandered down a glade,
 Wreathing my head with laurel as I went,
 And laughing loud to scare the loneliness.
 The fir trees sighed reproof, I cared not for them.
 Yet stopt anon, and listening, heard a laughter
 How all unlike my own, so gentle-sweet,
 As though the purple distance had got voice
 And tongued its joy ; and so I danced along,

Alone and happy ; and there I found a spider
 Had caught a fly, and I set free the fly
 And blessed the spider, and went conscience-free.
 And so I tripped till noon came.

Rod. And what then ?

Cor. Why then, I found a grey and speechless
 toad

Lugubriously sitting in a cell,
 A kind of trap he 'd fallen in, and I
 Got two sticks cross-wise, thus you see, and moss,
 And hooked him out—and not one word of thanks
 I got for that !

Rod. And then you saw—?

Cor. A spring !

Cool, liquid, crystal, and all fringed about
 With fretted ferns, and moss six inches deep,
 A bed for angels—oh, a bed for angels !
 And then I did—

Rod. You did—?

Cor. I did delight

To drink from this same rosy cup, my hand,
 And then—

Rod. And then—?

Cor. Why as I drank it then

It slipped in diamonds through my fingers, and
 Fell a libation to the god o' the wood.

Rod. Did you nought else ?

Cor. I blessed the spot !

Rod. And then ?

Cor. I rose to go,

Rod. And then ?

Cor. Why then I went !

Rod. And saw no other there ?

Cor. Good sooth I did.

'T was as I rose again from the sweet draught,
 With yet un murmured thanks to the wood god,
 Grateful and glad—I saw that I had spilled
 Floods of deliverance to a dried water-witch
 Chance-stranded, stiff, and all agog with sand.
 I was so glad of it, and he—good lack !
 He did forget i' the twinkling of his legs
 To thank me for their use.

BALLAD OF THE THREE WINDS.

OH, dreary, dreary is the win'
 And dreary is the snaw,
 And a' the leaves come twiddlin' down
 Aboon my father's ha'.

The līn'en leaves, they windle down
 Frae aff the lin'en tree :
 So as my hopes hae lang fallen,
 Hae fallen lang frae me.

Oh, when will he come back, ye think,
 Or will he bide awa' ?—
 Alas, the win's are a' I hear,
 An' gruesome do they blaw.

What say ye win's, now speak and say,
 By the Crosses' every limb—
 Hae ye my true love stown awa' ?—
 Oh, what hae ye done wi' him ?

- Then up an' spak the first sea-win'
 And it spake wond'rous bonny ;
 " It 's lang sin' I your true-love saw,
 The fairest love o' ony.
- " It 's lang sin' I your true-love saw,—
 A-sailin' on the sea,
 His ships they were o' the hardy pine,
 And they swam merrily.
- " An' this is all I know, lady,
 I hae seen him nae more—"
 Then out and spak the second sea-win'
 And he spak it wi' a roar,—
- " I hae seen seven driving ships,
 Wi' nae' mast on their backs ;
 Nae man, nae boat, nae spar, nae float,
 Seven ghastly, grizzled wracks.
- " Like seven wild horses aye, they fled,
 Their timbers yawned amain ;
 And them I cracked, the seven wracked,
 Upo' the coast of Spain."
- Then up and spak the third sea-win' ;
 Its voice was weak and sma',
 It had come sae far frae Spanish lan',
 It had nae voice at a'.
- " Oh, lady, lady, dry thy tears,
 Thy lover lies sae deep,
 They maunna' move his body from
 The bed where he sall sleep.

- “ I saw as I passed hither here,
A white thing on the sea ;
And roun’ aboon it sea-mews screamed,
They screamed fu’ wistfully.
- “ And aye they screamed and aye they staw
What liked a link o’ hair ;
Wi’ these they fledged their stinkin’ nests,
And made them gowden-fair.
- “ And aye they screamed, and aye they swap
Atween the sea an’ air,
An’ aye they circled roun’ an’ roun’
Till it was seen nae mair.
- “ ‘Thou human chil’, now weep not sae,
Come, play alaft wi’ me—
Thy lover lad lies lae, lies lae—
A thousan’ fathoms o’ sea !”
- Oh, hae ye heard a gude bow-string
That is too tightly strang ?
Wi’ sic a sob, wi’ sic a soun’
Her heart in pieces sprang !

SONNETS.

I.

WHEN I do hear the changeful trumpet blow,
The gay, glad fife, or the repining lute ;
When I do see clear rivers smoothly flow
Reflecting heaven in this action mute ;
Or if across the green of evening skies
A sombre mass of scarlet leaves I see,
Or through her cloudy hair the golden eyes
Of evening gaze—straight do I think of thee !
Yea, straight art thou in all thy radiance brought
More visible before me than the scene ;
Yet of thee in my mind there was no thought,
No more than if thou hadst not ever been :
If thus, unseen, thy shadow doth me move,
Can I then vouch the very death of love !

II.

Could I, in Time's omission, find a grave !
That like unconscious dust I down did lie !
If I but once may sleep, small care I have
If being dead, I do forever die.
For, O my soul, it is a beauteous place,
A refuge and a rest from pain and fear,
A haven and a home, the goal o' the race,
The ebb of sorrow, drying of earth's tear.
There is no labor there ; the weary hands
Are folded for that journey ; there's no love,
No falsehood there, no master-fates commands,
No hope, and no despair when hopes remove !
And they who thither go like saints are clad
In lily garments with bright garlands glad !

III.

Lo, as sweet instruments of music play
 In diverse tones the self-same melody;
 Or as the earth's green and the clear blue of day
 Compose that heaven of colors that we see:
 Even thus when youth and love do celebrate
 On earth their natural nuptials, should it be,
 Two hearts being melted by the fire of fate
 Into a strangely sweet conformity;
 The priest superfluous, and precaution vain,
 A blushing joy hath married them with sighs,
 Their lips in meeting murmured an amen,
 And marriage contracts read they in their eyes;
 And if it is not thus, what then?—Love's lame
 Being bound to earth and being tied to shame!

IV.

Oh that I lay in bowery loneliness
 Upon some bank where violets ever blow,
 And by a stream that flowing seems to kiss
 The sweet-briar roots, yet does not cease to flow;
 And there the berries should be luscious sweet,
 In red and purple clusters round my head,
 And verdurous thick round my forgotten feet,
 Cool leaves and grasses be green-tangled.
 And I should sit beside that glassy stream,
 My parted lips empurpling with the press
 Of fruit enchanted, and I should dream and dream,
 About my brows a crown of quietness;
 Nor would my wife and children know me there,
 For the lost partner of life's sordid care.

A PICTURE.

SLOWLY along a muddy, mottled road,
 Half snow, half mire, there came one winter eve,
 An old, old man ; in his left hand a stick,
 Knotty and gnarled he bore, before him went
 Two meagre milkless cows; that lingered still,
 And seemed to seek for herbage on their way,
 Troubling the cold, white pools with smoky breath.
 He ever and anon did raise his stick
 In palsied menace, while behind him shone
 The wintry evenings undecided red.

 THE INVOCATION.

HITHER come my verses sweet,
 Hither come, with tripping feet.
 Wait not long; and bring with you
 Ruddy roses, dipped in dew,
 Spicy trefoil, and woodbine,
 And the gentle eglantine,
 Cowslips, daisies—all sweet things,
 Mother nature's comfortings.
 And a breath of purer air,
 A diviner atmosphere,
 Bring with you; and sudden gleams,
 Premonitions, golden dreams,
 That with flashes of delight,
 Thread the darkness of the night.
 And if ought ye wot that heals
 More than these a heart that feels

All too deeply—bring that too:
 Death-weed, sable sprigs of yew,
 All that is too real and true,
 All sad emblems, sorrowings,
 Darknesses, all hateful things
 Keep away!—when all's complete,

Let your voices mix and meet
 In a low sound and a sweet,
 While ye move with hands and feet!
 Now enough! no longer stay,
 Spirits sweet that me obey!
 All my cares are whiled away!
 Hie ye hence, ere dawn of day!

THE FLOWER.

R OSES I would not have, nor yet,
 Peach, or purple pomegranet;
 No, nor scented fern, that blows
 On a mountain where none knows;
 Nor dewberries with purple blood,
 That taste so rich of solitude;
 Nor fluted leaves of the sweet-briar,
 That being young do smell so rare;
 Nor a scarlet fan of fire
 That doth seem to inflame the air.
 None shall soothe me; no, nor ought
 That 's with earthly fragrance fraught;
 Altho' they be sweet in taste,
 And their bodies be as chaste
 As unburst grapes, from whom
 No touch hath brushed the virgin bloom,

I'll not own them ; no, nor yet
 If with the vale-violet
 Their colors vie, or with the rose,
 Or with ought that burns and glows
 Fiercely as a field of foes !
 For I have found a flower that grows
 'Mid grasses green and winter snows
 Yet, neither spring nor winter knows.
 'T is a flower that doth smell
 Sweeter than all flowers that dwell
 In sun or shade ; ah, not on earth
 Do its sacred roots have birth ;
 But in two hearts it grows apace,
 And it blossoms in the face !
 Joyous tears, these are its dew,
 And a blush its heavenly hue !
 Would'st thou know that blossom's name ?
 'T is a flower not known to fame ;
 Yet its petals fairer are
 Than the divisions of a star ;
 And men call it, oh, sweet sooth !
 Men do call it, Love in Youth !

THE CLOUD.

I SAW a silver cloud at even-tide,
 At even-tide a little silver cloud ;
 With outstretched, moveless wings, a paly dove,
 She sailed toward the west, and thus she said :

 “ Ah ! joy was mine ; he bathed me in his beams,
 He bathed me in his beams, and all day long

Over a thousand fields, a thousand groves,
My happy shadow floated like a dream.

“Kiss! kiss once more my lips, my pallid lips,
Bring me once more the blush I knew at morn;
Cast thou thine arms about me, ere I die,
Ere in a mist of tears I melt away.”

While yet she spake, her cloudy pallor changed,
And she became a wreath of flaming fire
That did to scorn the sober evening star;
But, ah! she darkened visibly as she went.

Slowly she darkened; slowly, till she was
Whiter than ashes, or the face of death.
Then came a cold, low wind and breathed on her;
She in a mist of tears did melt away.

LOVE UNSPOKEN.

Could I say in a song how I love thee, oh could I
declare
How precious thou art in mine eyes, how perfect,
how fair—
And yet tho' I cannot—I shall—one pressure of fire
From my lips to thy lips shall tell thee the whole of
desire.

Oh! perish the rose on its stem, for its odors are weak;
But leave me the rose that I love, the rose of thy
cheek!

I covet not Africa's jewels, the gems of the south,
But the lustre that breaks from that ruby, the smile of
thy mouth!

Oh! blot out the stars from the heaven, the sun from
 the skies;
 So thou leave in the darkness for me, the light of
 thine eyes;
 Let the clouds sow no more their pearl seed, that the
 dry desert sips;
 But leave me, oh leave for my thirst, the dew of thy
 lips.

Could I say in a song how I love thee, oh could I
 declare,—
 How perfect thou art in mine eyes, as a spirit how
 fair!
 Ah! never in impotent words—yet one pressure of
 fire
 From my lips to thy lips, shall tell thee the whole of
 desire!

IN DELAY, NO PLENTY.

COME, dear love, delay no longer, youth is but a
 sort of wine,
 Age will sadly sour:—then drink it, while the taste is
 yet divine.
 Hark! the cat-bird, how he sings for his sonnets,
 brisk and fine;
 In the distance list the mellow lowing of the sweet-
 breathed kine:
 Here where drop balsamic odors from the hemlock
 and the pine,
 Be our couch—for all around it do a thousand roses
 twine,
 Fire-full cups and fluted green leaves flashing in the
 sun's decline!

Say'st thou: see the waters on them, diamonds dissolved to wine,
 Sweetened with the breath of heaven—can I such a cup resign?
 Oh! ten thousand times I'd rather sip a dew that oft is mine,
 I would give the sun in heaven for those glowing lips of thine;
 Drunk beneath thy starry glances that's indeed a drink divine!

UPON SEEING A FUNERAL IN THE STREET.

WHEN I do die, enhearse
 My body not at all;
 Nor robe me not in black,
 Nor cut me out a pall.

I would not from this earth
 So perishably go;
 But, since I die a man,
 Let me be buried so:

Not like a beast that is
 Shut in a box; nor yet
 As one that hath lost all,
 And points it out with jet.

For nought of me ye have
 But soon unformed earth;
 Think ye, ye cast in ground
 My melody, my mirth?

My joy, my love, my wit?
The virtues that I won?
Ye have the frame of it,
The house—the host is gone.

Place this that did me hold
Up on a piny pyre,
And swing the censer sweet,
And set the oil on fire!

Let myrrh be wrapt around
Let me be swathed in sweet,
In aloes and in cassia bound,
And decked as is most meet

With fateful yokes of flowers
As in the further east;
Let me be clothed like one that goes
In glory to a feast!

And when the flames are bright,
And when the fire is hot,
Be all my virtues white,
Be all my bad forgot.

And as to nought I come,
And all in ashes lie,
Recite a song or two
For better memory!

And tho' your hearts do moan,
 Yet let your loves rehearse,
 How that I writ, and writ alone
 The loved lyric verse !

So shall I buried be,
 As tho' I came to birth ;
 And not as one whose hope did lie
 Bound up in slothful earth.

OF MY LIFE, BY A PARABLE.

ONCE when spring was in the full,
 And the thorn 'gan catch the wool
 From the sheep new-washed and clean,
 On a grassy plot of green,
 In an orchard, 'neath a tree,
 I did sit all things to see.

Brooks did gush, and flowers did grow,
 Grass did green, and trees did snow,
 Sun did shine, and cloud did trail
 Shadows over every dale ;
 In the woods the thrush did wail,
 Violets purpled every vale ;
 Dew did fall, and all alone,
 Doves did music out their moan,
 While the meadows sweet among,
 Larks did whistle, starlings sung.
 Nought on earth but it was glad ;
 I on earth was only sad.
 "'Las" ! I cried, "joy still doth fear me,
 Birds may chant, they cannot cheer me.

Sun may shine, and trees may grow,
 Unto me they do not so.
 Though the dead, dull earth do leap
 Like a sluggard from his sleep,
 Yet I cannot leap nor sing,
 Nor to me it is not spring.

“ For an evil fate hath said,
 I an evil life must wed,
 And long suffering live, unless
 I do catch a loveliness
 Of the spring, a flower, a song,
 Or a melody among
 Poplar leaves, or a cloud,
 Or the glitter of a crowd
 Of crystal drops that fall from
 A high hickories green dome
 In a forest ;—and must embosom
 This within a perfect prism
 Of bright rain-bow words, that are
 Cut like diamonds to dare
 Age ;—in such a crystal cell
 Prisoning fast the miracle !
 —And, alas, who can this do ? ”

Scarce had I said, when there flew
 A moth scarlet, orange, blue,
 To my lips and on them spent
 Drops of dew that through me went
 Like a kisses languishment.
 Straight my words became as sweet
 As the falling of time's feet
 When the lips of lovers meet ;

Or like crystal droplets clear,
Bubbling to the upper air
From a cold well; or like steams
Rising when a lily dreams
In pale moonlight; and my mouth
Chanted forth, while the warm south
Blew upon me, and I felt,
As I sang, a fire melt
Words that came in chained bands
Into molten diamonds,
And a little winged thought,
Like a thing enraptured caught
That loveliness, and in her cell,
A bright domey miracle
Prisoned her (while yet it grew
And changed from a warm-dropping dew
To a clear coldness); being wrought
By a twin invisible thought,
Columned, chambered, domed and done,
Ere I knew it was begun !

Then as spring was in the full,
And the thorn 'gan catch the wool
From the sheep new-washed and clean,
I did sit on grassy green,
And did wonder had I been
Lapped about with sleep and seen
All my hopes—but no !—ah ! no,
For while blossoms down did blow,
I did find the crystal cell ;
And its prisoner as well

Both beside me;—and so still
 Heavenly-hearted on my hill,
 I my pipe began to fill:

“'Las!” I cried: “now grief may fear me,
 Birds may chant, and they shall cheer me;
 Sun may shine and lambs may play,
 I can do it well as they!
 With the dead, dull earth I'll leap
 Like a sluggard from my sleep,
 And I'll sing for joy, and be
 Ruddy like an apple tree!”
 As I sung and as I said,
 Joy new blossomed that was dead:
 Brooks did gush, and flowers did grow,
 Grass did green, and trees did snow,
 Sun did shine, and clouds did trail
 Shadows over every dale,
 In the woods the thrush did wail,
 Violets purpled every vale,
 Dew did fall, and all alone
 Doves did music out their moan,
 While the meadows sweet among,
 Larks did whistle, starlings sung!

LOVE RETURNED.

HAVE you seen 'mid the green of the skies
 How oft' a clear gray light?
 When I felt them first, such were her eyes,
 Or like stars in the twilight.

Have you seen when 't was all unexpected,
Spring's flowers, heaps of blushes,
And snow-flakes together collected,
Where to look the heart hushes—
Such her face !—have you plucked the arbutus
Rosy-white on the winter's brown,
Prinked in spring's brightest to suit us—
Such when you looked down
Her white feet were ! but could you have seen
When I told her I loved,
How beneath her flesh's fine screen
The blood shot and moved !
You have watched in pale even a fire
Shoot flames through the west ?
So the blood to her face did aspire
And all-crimsoned her breast !

Have you seen the bell-bloom when the night
Has filled it with dew,
How she bends with excess of delight,
How she sways to and fro,
And drops on the grass and the ground
Her crystalline load,
How spendthrift she is, how abound
Her odors abroad !
Ah ! so is my heart since I kissed
Her bosom and her cheek,
I wonder have I ought missed
On the earth that men seek !

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

COME, Sleep, to soothe, my sorrow ! come, gentle
Sleep !

And bring with thee more gentle thoughts of her ;
Lead me down many a dangerous, dream-hung steep
By deep-down vales where never stir
The lazy mists, but motionless forever
O'erhang in golden silence a gleaming river
That slides through many a league of wide green
wilderness ;

Along whose shores of sleep those flowers do run,
Those palest flowers that never knew the sun,
That fabulous bright plant like woman's tress
Whose golden grace was ne'er by waking fingers won.

And there will be a place, a spot, a fountain
Beneath a cliff, hedged by a purple chasm
Where hangs in anger o'er a gloomy mountain,
From whose grim side bursts forth with many a
spasm
The River of Dreams, whose source of life, enchan-
ted,

None ever found—nor mortal ever knew
If it be come from Heaven's high gate and haunted
By angels of peace—or by a demon crew
That wail across its beauty undeparting
With sinful sorrow and loud separate moan ;
—But this we know, that with a thunder starting
Forth from the massy side of silent stone
It rushes like a Dream, tumultuous darting
A thousand fingers of white, living spray
Toward a sleep-bound sky ; then faint and far away

Like baffled thunders of an ebbing sea
In million-voiced wail, melodiously
Dies where that river joins the crystal fountain,
There where the purple chasm and gloomy mountain
Cast an enduring glory in the stream—
Precipitate rocks reversed, green trees and skyey
gleam !

There will I go ; there wander like a Sleep,
Slow as a cloud, o'er fell and fatal vales
Of wakefulness, a bright gleam in that deep
Whereunder the ocean of grief still faint and fitful
wails ;
Till morning's babe doth rise too young for grief,
And Joy in beams of light doth sit on every leaf!

THE FEAST.

SYRIAN spices mixed with cassia,
Baskets of wild-flowers and geraniums
Bring to our feast ; and bring
Sweet smiles and merry wit,
Since without these no table is well-set.

And forget not, boy, the roses
Virginal, and the yellow lily
In marish ponds that grows,
Sweetest at golden eve
By that slow-rising wonder of the moon.

Swinging censer, viol and viola,
 Sweetly-tongued cymbals, and flaming torches
 That shake their gleaming hair,
 Their wreathed locks, and cast
 Soft, restless shadows on the face below.

Glowing, sparkling, bring the sacred
 Soul of the grape, the blood of Bacchus,
 Golden and pure and sweet ;
 And those slim yellow reeds
 That are not broken till the day-star shine !

BY THE SEA.

NAY, leave this strife of tongues ; where nothing 's
 sought
 There nothing 's found ; if thou hast heart to hear
 Words spoken to no purpose save to be
 The sad occasion for insipid saws ;
 Or if thou lovest smiles that mock true mirth,
 Stay thou ; I have no sympathy with such.
 But rather let me see the pallid moon
 Ascending slowly in a pearly mist,
 While underneath her ever-mounting feet
 The ocean sparkles ; rather let me hear
 The billows boom within their hollow caves,
 The white foam clatter on the rocks, and smell
 The briny air ; while close beside me trills
 The midnight cricket's clear and constant flute !

TO ONE BEING OLD.

HER aged hands are worn with works of love ;
 Dear aged hands that oft on me are laid ;
 Her heart 's below, but, oh, her love 's above,
 As flowers do sunward turn though in the shade.

The set of sun is dear that lasts not long,
 And she is sweeter far than light that dies ;
 But if her aged body 's weak, she 's strong,
 Her folly, wisdom in a softer guise.

The very smile of love is hers, and she
 Hath him long known where others knew a shade ;
 Forget thine eyes, and learn herewith to see
 Within this timeworn sheath the snowy blade.

Upon her lovely cheek there still doth play
 A maiden's blush, for her heart grows not old ;
 Her silver locks go sweetly all astray,
 Though silver are her locks her heart is gold !

MORNING AND EVENING.

THIS morn the sky doth misty shine,
 The haze upon the hill doth stay,
 And a serenity is mine
 As deep as day !

But, oh, the sun at eve shall fire
 The cloudy coldness of the night,
 And I shall longingly aspire
 To follow where his feet are bright !

THE SOUL'S MARRIAGE.

CROWN me with laurel, bind my brows
With ivy that in winter glows
Dark-shining green ; sprinkle my house
With the sacred water of content,
And joy shall blossom like the rose,
In every heart that 's innocent.

For, oh, to-day hath sorrow fled
My house and me ; and 't is to-day
That I my heart with wisdom wed,
New-found and holy ; grey old grief
Hath gone, and 't is the mad month May,
When all men's hopes begin to leaf.

Bring lilies then, and wood-bine bring,
And marjoram for marriage meet,
And many a pretty woodland thing,
And be your smiles than flowers more bright,
And music make with happy feet ;
For wisdom lives in true delight.

The purple violet bring that blows
In May-time, and to bind my brows
Snow-born arbutus ; sprinkle my house
With the sacred waters of content,
And joy shall blossom like the rose,
In every heart that 's innocent.

THE ASS-POET.

BIND all my brows with hay, and fetch
 Fresh, lushy grass and clover sweet,
 Dill, anise, vervain and rare vetch,
 And pepper-corns of hidden heat ;
 But most, oh most, bring laurel boughs
 To shadow forth my shining praise,
 Apollo's plant, that poets browse,
 And myrtle bring, and sooth-sad bays :
 But, friend, forget not too the hay,
 For without that I 'll lose my bray !

THE WAYSIDE VIRGIN.

(*France.*)

I AM the virgin ; from this granite ledge
 A hundred weary winters have I watched
 The lonely road that wanders at my feet,
 And many days I 've sat here, in my lap
 A little heap of snow, and overheard
 The dry, dead voices of sere, rustling leaves ;
 While scarce a beggar creaked across the way.
 How very old I am ; I have forgot
 The day they fixed me here ; and whence I came,
 With crown of gold, and all my tarnished blue.

How green the grass is now, and all around
 Blossoms the May ; but it is cold in here,
 Sunless and cold.—Now comes a little maid
 To kneel among the asters at my feet ;

What a sweet noise she makes, like murmurings
 Of bees in June ; I wonder what they say,
 These rosy mortals when they look at me ?
 I wonder why
 They call me Mary and bow down to me ?
 Oh I am weary of my painted box,
 Come child,
 And lay thy warm face on my wooden cheek,
 That I may feel it glow as once of yore
 It glowed when I a cedar's happy heart,
 Felt the first sunshine of the early spring !

THE FARMER'S PRAYER.

THE winter-fearless crow, and all the tribe
 Of termagant jays, and epauletted starlings,
 That over-shriek your head in hot midsummer,
 Are nought to me ; the drab-dressed wren may seek
 Some other cornice than mine, and singing robins
 That gabble loudly in the sleepy dawn
 Mad-drunk with dew among my breezy poplars,
 May choose another home, and nought be said :
 So that the swallow when from the south he comes,
 May not forget to build within my barn,
 And twitter gently underneath my eaves.
 For where he breeds the new-mown, sweating hay
 Will not afire ; and every grain of wheat
 In any field o'er which his lucky flight
 Has skimmed, grows fat ; he brings prosperity ;
 And I, when I can hear him in the morn,
 Talking his swallow-tongue beneath the rafters,
 Do take it for a blessing to the field.

WRITTEN AT THE END OF A BOOK.

THIS is the end of the Book
Written by God.

I am the earth he took,

I am the sod,

The wood and iron which he struck
With his sounding rod.

I am the reed that he blew :

Once quietly,

By the riverside I grew,

Till one day he

Rooted me up and breathed a new;

Delirium in me.

Would he had left me there,

Where all is still ;

To lean on the heavy air,

Silent, at will

To be, and joy, yet not to share,

The avenging thrill.

I am the reed that he blew,

Which yet he blows,

(For this is his breath too,

And these like those,

Are his own words blown unto you,

—Harken if you choose !)

This is the end of the book ;

And, if you read

Ought that is evil, why, look,

I but obeyed,

—When deep his voice in my ear shook,

I blew as he said !

SONGS.

LOVE'S DIRGE.

LOVE hath no where to lay his head,
Spot none where he may rest,
Since she is gone who nourished
Him at her gentle breast.

For he that 's now so pale and wan
Had once a rosy glow;
His lips that now are dry and drawn
Did once like roses blow.

And lo, his cheeks are frosty cold,
His eyes are polar gleams,
Wherefrom such tears aforetime rolled
In pity-moving streams.

So now let 's bury him that 's dead;
Grow grass his grave all over;
And peace be to thy weary head
Thou chaste and gentle lover!

LOVE'S HOPES.

I'LL think no more thereon, but live and hope!
And whenas all my dreamy trees do blow
And blossoms bear;
And all my blossoms smell and glow,
And are most fair:
Then hope shall bodied be below,
And gay green wear,
And I shall live with joy and know
Her eyes and air!

No more I 'll think thereon; no more, no more!
And if my shadowy trees should fall or fail
In slow decay;
While all my ruddy blossoms pale
Like dreams away:
Then shall I sing down some deep dale
Far from the day:
I too was once a bough and greenly hale
That now am grey!

FIRST LOVE.

THERE dwelled a maid by yonder wood,
Was fair as maid might be;
Oh not the wildest flower that grows
Was half so fair as she.

And when the briar-rose was red,
She gave herself to me;
And I—I took her maiden love
And brake it across my knee!

DESIRE.

WOULD to God that this flesh were
Turned back to dust and air;
That these eyes no more should weep,
Nor see; but ever, ever sleep!

When shall grief be wholly gone?
 When shall sorrow be foredone?
 When thy heart is turned to stone,
 And thy head earth rests upon!

THE GIFT OF LAUREL LEAVES.

LOVE once nestled in my hair,
 On my neck, my bosom; where,
 Fear him every gentle maid!
 Was a lovely laurel shade.

My coral lips are full of sighs,
 That did use to kiss love's eyes;
 And these bosoms where love lay,
 Like fair snows do waste away.

So my gauds I lay aside,
 Girlish fangles go with pride:
 That's his ring; that I'll keep
 Lest my eyes forget to sleep!

So down I lay: these are not tears
 But the dew the moss-rose wears;
 Sweet sleep! close, close my eyes,
 That are tired of earth's skies.

Tell the robin to sing hymns
 Over my sad-resting limbs;
 And every little bird that grieves,
 Bring a gift of laurel leaves!

LOVE SLEEPLESS.

Come sweet sleep ! I would not see
 Nought on earth but only thee.
 Haste, lest the grey dawn appear,
 Washing the horizon clear.

My soft eyelids are like lead,
 Sleep by thee till visited ;
 Oh, oh, heavy is the heart,
 That doth bear love's bitter smart !

GIPSY SONG IN THE WOOD.

HARK ! I hear the boding owl,
 Hark and hear ! the wolves do howl ;
 Bird doth scare, and sky doth scowl,
 Haou, haou, the wild-cats growl.
 —Thou art dead, thy body foul,
 Ant and mermice, miller, mole,
 Bat nor buzzard find this hole !
 —Earth rest thy head, God rest thy soul !
 Hark ! The thunderbell doth toll :
 Hush ! I hear the boding owl ;
 Hark and hear,
 Whoo, whoo,
 Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo !
 Hark, now I fear !
 —Peace to thy departed soul !
 —Peace to thy departed soul !

HARVESTER'S SONG.

TO rise with day
 And milk the cow,
 To make the hay,
 To feed the sow ;
 And forth to fare
 From under tree,
 When sun doth stare,
 It is the lot of the harvester,
 If a harvester he be !

So whet and whet and whet away !
 And swing your scythe and sorrow slay !
 The labor of the harvester :
 Kill care and cut the hay !

To rise by dawn
 And cut the hay
 The hoar-dew on ;
 And nought to say
 If that the sun
 Like Joshaway
 In Ajalon
 Should back his team
 And start to run
 From the west to the east—the harvester
 Doth swing his scythe, doth down his swathe,
 And the moon doth never rise to rathe
 For the weary harvester.

So whet, and whet, and whet away !
 Swing your scythe, your sorrow slay !
 The labor of the harvester :
 Kill care and cut the hay !

SONG.

COME, pretty maid, come marry
 Eyebeams with mine ; come tarry
 Beside me here awhile ;
 And faintly, faintly smile.

Leave me not, but caress me
 With long, long looks, and bless me
 If with but one kiss, then
 I 'll to one kiss say Amen !

So it do measure
 A long moment's lingering pleasure,
 And followed after
 By a murmur of low laughter,
 And a blush—if but one, then,
 I to one such say, Amen !

SONG.

I HAVE a love has golden hair,
 And she is fair, and golden fair,
 And golden is she everywhere,
 And my love is my golden care !

For she is like the golden wheat,
 Or like the sunflower golden-sweet,
 Or like the sun in heaven that shines,
 Or like a thousand golden mines.

Nor would I change my golden sweet
 For golden mines, or golden wheat,
 Nor for the great and golden sun,
 No, not for ought he shines upon !

INSCRIPTION FOR A GLASS.

COME, drink with me
 And you shall see
 That wine 's a witty fountain !
 And only knees
 Unstable like these
 Ascend the Muses' mountain !

ANOTHER.

LET him not drink with me
 Who loves with drinking to be drunken :
 I drink that I may sober be !

HUNTER'S SONG.

HARK, hark, the huntsman hear !
 Whose horn doth sound so clear ;
 The bird on the thorn
 Doth sing to scorn
 October of the year !
 Oh, in the greenwood
 But life is good,
 But he doth life abuse,
 Who never froze
 His gouty toes,
 Nor early rose
 When hunters chose
 To scatter the morning dews !

Hey, hey, the huntsman hear !
 Hollo ! to give him cheer !
 When bare 's the bough
 We love to go
 A-hunting of the deer !
 When bare 's the bough,
 And ferns do grow
 Like flames about our feet,
 Do we carouse
 Below the boughs,
 And keep full house,
 While plenty flows,
 And venison is so sweet !

SONG.

HER heart is a double rose ;
 And one is white, and one is flame,
 And both grow on the self-same stem,
 And love 's the fragrance from them blows.

Her heart is a double rose,
 And one is red and one is white,
 And, oh, were I a snowflake light
 That a breeze too happy blows,

I would fly, and I would kiss
 Her mouth, her cheek that rosy is ;
 Then would I melt for joy away
 Like a dream before the day !

THE NATURE OF LOVE.

LOVE is a fire in air,
 Love is a rose in spring,
 Love is a crystal sphere,
 A melody, a mirroring,
 Love is a blossom, love a flower,
 Love is the gleaming of a shower
 Of dew-drops from an orange bower.

Love is a golden star,
 A fragrance of the night,
 A rainbow in the air,
 A cloud, a lost delight ;
 Love, 't is the sense of Heaven near,
 The memory of Heaven gone,
 The last leaf of the lingering year,
 The faint smell of the dawn.

DORIS AND DAMON.

ONCE a shepherd on a hill
 Played his tunes so mellow :
 “ Fol der rol der rol der ril,
 Ere the leaves be yellow,
 Doris shall be mine !

“ She is fair and she is sweet,
 Sweeter is not any,
 Tiri la la la, oh, sweet,
 Sweet as golden honey,
 Doris the divine ! ”

So he sang ; she in the vale
 Heard his music merry :
 “ La la la, not nightingale,
 No, nor upland fairy,
 Can so weep, so weep ! ”

And so Doris was a bride,
 And with Damon wedded ;
 Oh, the flock !—la la, betide !
 They were scanty bedded !
 Oh, alas, poor sheep !

LATEST NEWS OF CORYDON AND PHYLLIDA.

AS I did walk and wander,
 With pensive thought and sad,
 I heard a distant thunder,
 And sought a poplar wood ;
 And there I saw Dan Cupid stooping
 Behind the trees,
 And Phyllida, poor Phyllida, all drooping
 At Corydon, the silly shepherd's knees.

Oh Corydon ! oh Phyllida !
 Dan Cupid oh ! ah, ha, ha !

And she besought him sighing,
 “ Oh, Corydon, my own ; ”
 She kissed his hands still crying,
 “ Thy heart is turned to stone,

Thy heart to stone, but mine to weeping,
 To wailing sad,—
 Oh, art thou he that yesterday was keeping
 My snow-white sheep —my jolly shepherd lad,

Oh Corydon ?” “Nay, Phyllida !”
 Dan Cupid oh ! ah ! ha, ha !

And he denied her, saying :
 “Heigh-ho ! I love thee not !
 I ’ll go no more a-maying !
 I have my love forgot !”
 But she : “ be mine—a wreath of flowers
 I ’ll bind for thee ;
 Oh ! I will rock thy head a many hours
 In softest slumbers on my snow-white knee !

Oh ! Corydon !” “Nay, Phyllida !”
 Dan Cupid oh ! ah ! ha, ha !

But soon I heard the falling
 Of rain-drops on the trees ;
 The stock-dove ceased her calling,
 Her married harmonies ;
 The silly shepherds fled, and sought them
 A hollow tree,
 And haply there the blushing Phyllid taught him
 To slumber gently on her snow-white knee !

Oh Corydon ! oh Phyllida !
 Dan Cupid oh ! ah ! ha, ha !

For ere I went a wonder,
 I saw there with mine eyes ;
 The poplar's shadow under
 Dan Cupid laughing lies ;
 And as he laughed, his winglets fluttered
 As 't were for joy,
 And crystal droplets from the trees down-scattered
 Mixed with the gurgling laughter of the boy :
 " Oh Corydon ! oh Phyllida !
 Dan Cupid oh ! ah ! ha, ha ! "

THE DUSTMAN'S SONG.

HERE 's the Dustman ! oh, ho, ho !
 Any dust, any dust,
 In the cellar below !
 If you 'll believe me,
 I 'll not deceive ye ;
 My life is dusty,
 My wife is crusty,
 My fingers are fusty,
 And my soul, my soul, my soul, oh, ho, ho,
 Is rusty;—oh yo !

Dust, dust, dust,
 Here 's the Dustman !
 In a pail or a pan,
 Ashes or dung or dust ;

A crumb or a crust,
 Is better than dust !
 Oh, ho ! oh, ho, ho !

FOREST LIFE THE BEST.

FORTHRIGHT into the forest fare,
 And feed on laughter light as air ;
 Sad sorrow is but vinegar,
 Corroding that sweet heart you wear.

Sing hey nonny,
 Come live in the wood, grief thins the blood,
 The forest but is bonny !
 Hey nonny !
 Hey nonny, nonny, nonny,
 Hey nonny !

The forest is the place for me,
 To lean your back against a tree,
 And sigh for gladness that you be ;
 Sing merrily, then, sing merrily :

Hey nonny,
 Come live in the wood, grief thins the blood,
 The forest but is bonny !
 Hey nonny !
 Hey nonny, nonny, nonny,
 Hey nonny !

SONG.

LIFE is a flower ; 't was early born,
 Upon a sad, sweet, summery morn,
 When dew-drops tipped the thorn ;

In the morning prime, in the morning prime,
 'T was born, 't was born, and died betime !
 Hey-ho ! betime.

For on my flower there fell a frost,
 A doubt, a grief, a care that crossed;
 Her ruddyness turned to rust!

And she, poor flower, was wilted oh, was wilted oh!
 Red cheeks do change, do change to snow!
 Poor flower! Hey-ho!

Why sing, why sigh? heart hope amain!
 Death 's a sweet ease; life is a pain;
 If death 's a sleep—let 's sleep again!

Care-waking hearts no such a slumber find
 Cares be to death consigned!
 Hey-ho! consigned!

FROM "CORINTHIA, A COMEDY."

[CAMILLA, *the rich mistress of Comio, has forsaken him out of fear for his constancy, and love to study her art, music, at a distance. He, sitting at his window, one evening, hears in the street below a voice (Camilla's, returned in sudden poverty and grief, and still doubtful of his love), to which he replies without moving from his seat*].

Camilla. **T**HOUGH she be fair, though she be good,
 She will not come to thee;
 Grey is her scarf, and gold her hood,
 And fine, fine-a is she!

And once she loved thee, good lack !
 And once she loved none ;
 And now she has a-hunting gone
 For the man into the moon !

Comio. The apple-bough when it is white,
 Then all the little lambs do bleat ;
 The meadows green in their delight,
 Then smiles the meadow-sweet.

O apple-bough ere thou be brown,
 Or ere the wheat be gold,
 Or ere a cherry ripe be grown,
 Or meadow sweet unfold,

A little wilding plant will grow
 The frozen ground above,
 Green like the grass, white like the snow,
 Sing hey, sing ho, sweet love !

 SONG.

MARY, the mother, sits on the hill
 And cradles child Jesu, that lies so still ;
 She cradles child Jesu, that sleeps so sound,
 And the little wind blows the song around.

The little wind blows the mother's words,
 "Ei, Jesu, ei," like the song of birds ;
 "Ei, Jesu, ei," I heard it still
 As I lay asleep at the foot of the hill.

“Sleep, babe, sleep, mother watch doth keep,
 Ox shall not hurt thee, nor ass, nor sheep;
 Dew falls sweet from thy Father’s sky,
 Sleep, Jesu, sleep! ei, Jesu, ei!”

SWEETS THAT DIE.

HOW fades that native breath
 The rose exhales,
 Whenas her bloom is o’er;
 Altho’ her petals on the evening gales
 Are wafted by, a fleet of fairy sails,
 She, is alas! no more.

And love dies like the rose,
 And fills the air
 With many a deep-drawn sigh:
 Shall I not both embalm with sacred care
 That they may have, in sweetly-breathed air
 Their immortality!

THE MAID OF KENT.

THERE was a maid came out of Kent,
 Dainty love, dainty love!
 Fair and proper, small and gent
 As any dainty dove!

She had two little breasts so fair,
 Dainty sweet, dainty sweet!
 Brown eyes and brown hair,
 And little rosy feet.

Fair and proper though she be,
 Dainty dove, dainty dove!
 Not a pin she cares for me!
 —Fair befall my love!

AUTUMN.

HERE 's to the fall! when dull 's the clown,
 When furrow 's stiff and fields are bare,
 And crows do cry in wintry air,
 And hickory trees and nuts are brown;

Here 's to the fall, the merry, merry fall,
 When quail do call, and logs burn all,
 And merry tales are told in hall,
 The merry, merry fall!

A frosty morn and forth to fare
 While nuts drop down from old oak tree;
 Oh in the thrifty morning air
 A merry heart is best company!
 Here 's to the fall, etc.

Here 's to the fall, when hunters come
 All loaded down and laden home;
 When wintry red in yonder sky,
 Karock, karock, the ravens cry;

Chink, chink, chink, sings bobolink,
 When bitterns boom, and flapping fly.

Here 's to the fall, the merry, merry fall,
 When quail do call, and logs burn all,
 And merry tales are told in hall,
 The merry, merry fall!

LOVE THE ONLY SPRING.

ONCE I wandered on a way,
And yet followed none ;
All the leaves were golden gay,
Golden gay and brown ;
There I sang a silly lay :
“ Winter will come soon,
Fall is here, all men do say
Love doth last but one short noon ;
Ah, alack, alack a-day !
But one short noon ! ”

When I saw a maiden there
Like a golden mist ;
Like an apple hung in air
That the sun hath kissed ;
She was fair and twice as fair
As a scarlet bough,
And she sang : “ Come, sit thee here,
There 's no time but now ;
Youth doth ever roses wear
And no time but now ! ”

“ Ah since thee I met 't is May,
May for lovers meet ;
Oh, were I a tree, a tree,
I my green would get ;
All I think I can but say,
All I say is sweet ;
Love is in my heart for aye,
In my soul he hath his seat,
Oh, alack, alack a-day !
But love is sweet ! ”

THE SOUL.

THEY say the soul 's a blade
 Of steel, in a sheath
 Rusty and old;—come Death,
 Come Rust, corrupt the sheath,
 That the soul may shine
 A blade, of steel divine!

REMEDY.

EYES dry not,
 Hearts break not,
 Cares die not,
 The dead wake not.
 Here then 's the cure to kill the pain :
 Once dead we are not born again!

BEING.

O DEATH, indeed thou art not just
 To bring this Being back to dust,
 Which was so fair, which was so fair!
 Hey the world! see the world go round, the world go
 round,
 And all the men and women in it go under ground!
 This body is a dream; dreams turn to air!

PAN FLEEING BEFORE APOLLO.

HARK way! Hark away!
 Doth Pan play? Pan doth play!
 By swamp, cedar, willow,
 Fir-forest and fallow,
 Each oread bright
 Like a moon of the night
 Doth shoot the shining shallow.
 Ho, ho! ho halloo—pale in the blue
 There 's a sparkle of foam, a golden dew,
 And ho hallo! a crimson fire,
 Halloo! halloo!—a golden tire
 The earth around ;—now, now the ground
 Hoofs beat and feet do follow!
 But hark how clear!
 A bow, a spear,
 A tremulous sound, oh far, oh fair!
 Apollo! Apollo! Apollo!
 Ho halloo!
 Up to the mountains
 Where sparkle those fountains;
 Over the river
 That foameth forever
 Away, away, away, away
 Till the hills and the rills are all grey, all grey,
 And every fawn doth follow!
 Till the satyrs slow, all leap and blow
 Their horns and hollo, hollo!
 With a flash from the west,
 There 's a flame in the east,
 And Apollo, Apollo, Apollo!
 The music, the music hath ceased!

THE LIME.

IF you will kill old Father Time,
 Come lie beneath a golden lime ;
 Come sing, come sigh, come say a rhyme
 To clog the feet of Father Time !

So come, and come, and lie with me
 Beneath the lime that golden tree,
 Lest time and care kill thee and me,
 Both time and care shall killed be !

Sad hearts are care, and care 's a crime !
 And life doth last so little time ;
 But lovers' lips do make sweet rhyme
 To clog the feet of Father Time !

So come, and come, and live with me
 Beneath the lime that golden tree !
 Lest time and care kill thee and me,
 Both time and care shall killed be !

 GOOD ADVICE.

IF thou hast wings, so use them ;
 If thou hast legs, walk with them ;
 If thou hast foes abuse them ;
 If thou hast friends, talk with them.

An hast thou gifts, so bring them ;
 An hast thou debts, so pay them ;
 An hast thou songs, so sing them ;
 An hast thou sorrows, slay them !

FEAR.

THERE is a sound I would not hear,
 Although it music's self might be ;
 Lest in my breast a crystal sphere
 Might burst, might break for melody.

There is a face I would not see
 Tho' like the springtime it were fair;
 Lest love that was a barren tree
 Should burst in bloom—should blossoms bear.

 WINGED LOVE.

LADIES list not love too long,
 Tho' his accents fall as sweet
 As a Runnel's silver song
 Sliding thro' the noon-tide heat ;
 —Stay not, stay not ; to your sorrow
 Love hath wings, ah love is fleet,
 Ere there dawn a dark to-morrow,
 Bind him wings, and hands, and feet.

Bind him ; for the boy is quick,
 And will 'scape you ere you know ;
 Tease him, till he look as sick
 As stem-broken lilies show ;
 Ladies, loosen then your gleaming
 Bosoms, that their icy glow
 Love may melt ; there bind him beaming
 Like a flower on banks of snow.

DIRGE.

RAIN upon me all sweet dewes
 Under these five dismal yews !
 Fire flies light my way i' the air :
 Hesperus my torch shall bear.
 Here 's my bed—my bridal bed,
 Here I 'll lay my dizzy head.
 Whistling toads my couch shall share ;
 Midnight owlet on me stare ;
 While the heavy night along,
 Crickets rasp my bridal song.

My tale I to that sprite which grieves
 Hid in the solemn cypress leaves
 Do give ; whose every moan may be
 My melodious memory.
 Unto the little kindly mole,
 I consign my sacred soul.
 Friend ! I would be buried deep,
 That my sobs they may not fear,
 That when I wake, that when I weep,
 They may not pause above to hear.

CORINTHIA.

SHE lives where the mountains are
 A blue wave against the air :
 Where the amber fountains are,
 Things than crystal twice as fair.
 There, ah, there,
 She doth walk the skyey hills upon
 Like a far distant flashing of the dawn.

WITCH'S SONG.

MY cat is white, an' I am black,
 An' the twain of us be grey;
 I strike a spark from her back in the dark,
 And so—so—so—I soar away.
 Miaoo!

Oh I am old, my body's cold,
 I shall fall to pieces soon!
 Oh ho! for the air, that is so rare
 In the mountains of the moon.
 Miaoo!

 A FIG FOR CARE.

WILL you hear a song, lady?
 Will you hear a song, lady?
 Then seek a spot that's green, green-a,
 A green spot and a shady!

For who will kill dull care with me,
 Must live beneath a poplar tree,
 And laugh to think that he is he,
 Nor no one else on earth can be!

Tune, tune-a, heigh-ho! heigh-ho!
 Heigh-a-ho! so merrily!

For none do reap that do not sow !
And care 's a crop a fool can grow !
But the poplar and the lime below,
The grass is green, and so, and so,

Tune, tune-a, heigh-ho ! heigh-ho !
Heigh-a-ho ! so merrily !

A fig for time, a fig for care,
Both are but words, and words but air,
And air I from this reed do blow
In mirth and music, so, lady, so,

Beneath a tree with thee and me
Dull care and time are melody !

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM CATULLUS.

Caeli, Lesbia nostra—.

CÆLIUS, our Lesbia, Lesbia herself,
 O God! that Lesbia whom I once did love
 More than my soul, or my soul's innocence,
 Now in lanes, in byeways, and in alleys
 Trulls to the magnanimous sons of Remus.

FROM CATULLUS.

Quinti, si tibi—.

SHE is as dear to me as are my eyes,
 Nay, than my eyes she is more dear to me;
 Then play no villain here. my friend, if thou
 Would'st have me owe my dearest eyes to thee,
 Or that that 's dearer to me than mine eyes,
 Or dearer than that dearer—if such be!

FROM CATULLUS.

Quæris, quot mihi—.

TO assuage my thirst how many thousand kisses
 Dare I desire, my Lesbia? ah so many
 As, on Cyrenian shores
 Spicy, the grains of sand
 Glitter between Jove's burning Oracle
 And the Lybian Tomb of Battus old; so many
 As there are stars to see
 Our sweet and secret loves.

To assuage my thirst so many thousand kisses
 Were a full measure for thy mad Catullus ;
 Such heavenly multitudes
 As envy shall not count,
 Nor covetousness, nor malice of mortal men
 With evil eye reckon, and evil tongue.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Hymn.

ETERNITY, Eternity,
 How long art thou, Eternity?
 So long our time doth haste away,
 Like horse that rider cannot stay,
 Like ships that to the harbor go,
 Or arrow from a well-strung bow.

Eternity, Eternity,
 How long art thou, Eternity?
 Oh, if at every thousand year
 A single eye should weep a tear,
 What endless oceans would there be
 Ere thou wer't done, Eternity !

Eternity, Eternity,
 How long art thou, Eternity?
 Drops of the rain, sands of the sea,
 These are thy years, Eternity !
 No eye can count, no tongue can tell,
 The wonder of that miracle !

Eternity, Eternity,
 How long art thou Eternity?
 Thou mortal hear!—Eternally
 Will burn the hell's fierce agony;
 The joy of heaven as long will be,
 Long joy!—oh, long, long agony!

FROM THE GERMAN.

Karoline Rudolphi.

FAST, fast it flies this life that was so fair!
 Bind with roses sweet
 Time's still flying feet
 In roses bury care! In roses bury care!

Oh how swiftly fades our spirit's trace!
 Stone nor marble shall
 Life's too brief story tell!
 None here shall know this face! None here shall
 know this face!

Where we go we know not; let us live!
 Not a rose the warm rain
 Of April wakes—but dies again!
 Since we like roses die, let us like roses live!

Soon the grave shall know us; soon we go!
 Golden health and pleasures
 Have we here—we tread sweet measures;
 Life thou art sweet, art sweet!—Death a cure to woe!

' FROM THE GERMAN.

Lenau.

THIS rose, sweet child, I pluck for thee,
 Afar from thee, I pluck for thee :
 And ah could I but bring 't to thee,
 —What happiness were that to me.

But long, long ere I come to thee,
 And long, long ere thou seest me,
 My rose will fade, my rose will die,
 Since roses, they but flower be.

Henceforth I'll never further go,
 Than in my hand a rose will blow ;
 Nor further than the breeze doth blow
 The dove's sweet moan—I will not go.

The dove's sweet moan!—Oh, no, no, no!
 From love, love shall no further go
 Than breezes will blow back to me
 This kiss, sweet child, I waft to thee!

FROM THE GERMAN.

Schiller.

DEATH comes to every man below,
 Nor praise nor prayer avoid the day ;
 He strikes him with his rod, and lo!
 His body crumbleth back to clay !
 And unprepared his soul must rise
 To meet his Judge's burning eyes !

How swift he comes ! none shall declare
 The day, the hour ; nor ought we know
 Save that he strikes both foul and fair,
 And prince and peasant feel the blow !
 All unprepared their souls must rise
 To meet their Maker's burning eyes !

FROM THE GERMAN.

Folksong.

SWEET heart, sweet heaven, dearest to me,
 Let no other soul dearer to thee be ;
 If one come, if one come, fairer to see,
 Sweet heart, sweet heaven, remember me !

No rose so sweetly can blush and can smell
 As when true lovers in true love dwell ;
 No fire can burn, nor no heat can glow
 So warm as the love nobody shall know !

If all the heavens were paper bright,
 And the moon, and the little stars all should write,
 And they writ all night, as they move and move,
 They could write no end, I say, to love.

And true-love thou cans't cage, nor close,
 Nor grow in a cellar the mountain Rose ;
 But oh what is so sweet or so goodly-fair,
 As love in honor, the Rose in air !

FROM THE GERMAN.

Folksong.

HOW beauteous is this hour, fair Eve!
 Oh, who in such an hour can grieve,
 Save those whose cares, like shades of night
 Encompass round their earthly sight.

How calm fair Eve! how quiet all!
 Oh, see the faint effulgence fall
 From yonder blue, where shines above
 The star of light, the star of love.

The star of light, the star of love,
 For thee he shines, sweet dove, sweet dove!
 For thee he shines, and fair is he
 Sweet dove for thee, for thee, for thee!

Sweet star! sweet Eve! sweet clouds of light!
 Sweet clusters in a rosy height!
 To thee sweet Eve my song I give,
 My song to the sweet Eve, sweet Eve!

FROM THE GERMAN.

Folksong.

ANNIE of Tharaw, 't is she that I hold
 Sweeter than life, and far dearer than gold;
 Annie of Tharaw again to me 's given
 All that I hope for on earth or in heaven;
 Annie of Tharaw, my body, my wealth,
 My soul, and my sorrow, my pleasure, and health.

What tho' all joys from the world flee away,
 Well-minded are we by each other to stay ;
 Sickness and mourning and martyrdom-pain,
 These do but bind us still closer again.
 Annie of Tharaw, my light, and my sun,
 My life and thy life, are welded to one !

Afar in the desert the palm tree upgrows
 Nor ought but the sands and the simoom he knows ;
 And love shall upspring in the wilderness so,
 Tho' nought but the desert and sorrow he know.
 Annie of Tharaw my body my wealth,
 My soul, and my sorrow, my pleasure, my health !

Were't thou taken from me, and I left alone,
 Lived'st thou in a place where the sunlight 's scarce
 known ;
 I would thee follow tho' forest and sea,
 Chains, prisons and armies were playthings to me
 Annie of Tharaw, my light, and my sun,
 My life and thy life are welded to one !

FROM THE GERMAN.

Folksong.

'T WIXT de hill side en de udder side
 De hogs had der town ;
 Eat up all de green grass, all de green grass,
 Eat up all de green grass, all de green grass,
 Sheep-close to de groun'.

Now dat dey had eaten demselves crack-full,
 Dey sat down once mo';
 Sat down till dat huntin' darkey come,
 Sat down till dat huntin' darkey come,
 En let dat flintlock go !

Den dey 'gan to gadder up der duds
 En one say; 'Waal, fo' thunder !
 Am I raaly, raaly livin' yet?
 Am I raaly, raaly livin' yet?
 Brudder— we 'se rack frum under !

FROM THE PERSIAN.

THE form of the fir-tree, the eye of the dove,
 Are as nought to the form, and the eye that I
 love ;
 And orient odors freighting navies of ships
 These please me no more like the balm of thy lips.
 The songs of old Hafiz are falling away,
 For the words of thy mouth are far sweeter than they.
 Ah what is the rose that shines red in thy hair,
 But a torch sweetly-smelled that spends all its spice
 there.
 And the passion-plants flower, in its gorgeousness
 dressed
 But a purple to shadow the snows of thy breast.
 What sun, and what moon, what the universe fires,
 But gems for thy neck, and thy bosom attires ;

The heaven of stars that looks light on the sea,
 They glow and they sparkle, love, only for thee.
 They glow and they sparkle, till I pluck them down,
 To weave thee for one night a perishing crown.
 And I who so ravish the stars from their place,
 Searching heaven and earth to lend light to thy face,
 —Should one learn from my praises, what thou art,
 oh then say,
 He doth learn by the darkness the splendor of day !

FROM THE PERSIAN.

BUT Myrza Jussuf is
 A wonderous critic fellow !
 He loves the tulip not,
 Because the tulip 's yellow.

He likes not time, because
 It doth consist in fleetness.
 Peaches to him are vile ;
 For why? they are all sweetness.

He scarcely likes the day,
 Because the day too light is ;
 No more likes he the night,
 Because—the night the night is !

He hardly fancies roses
 Are worthy of their praises ;
 And men—why men have noses
 In the middle of their faces !

NOTES.

P. 56.—“The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.” I have not enclosed this proverbial line in quotation marks, as I think that manner of acknowledging a debt more disagreeable to the reader than any other. It distracts his attention at the very moment when the author would wish him to be all concentration. There are, further, one or two lines and some phrases whose origin the reader will recognize without aid. Among these are: “penetrable matter,” which, strictly speaking, should, I suppose, stand as a quotation; “the damp and moist hand of Death,” “to a most Christian, charitable purpose,” and the “comment of the wind”: the two last are perhaps Middleton—I do not know certainly.

The plot, in its general conception, I first read in a Western newspaper, where the matter was related with a bald directness that approached art. The motives of the characters were doubtless somewhat different; the catastrophe, at least, was happily averted—bringing the matter to a comic close, in which the police officiated.

POEMS.

P. 118.—The Fawn. This poem was too long to print entire.

P. 123.—For the completion of the poem next following, time has, unfortunately, failed me.

P. 126.—In “Ziek Steadfast” I had intended to shape out the course of life of a young man of poetic turn and talent, brought up in the remoter country (Steuben Co., N. Y.), but eventually sucked into the maelstrom of our great city. The subject, embracing, as it would, the self-portraiture of simple country folk, life on a farm, and the removal of a pure and sensitive, if hardy and rough nature into the whirl and conflict of a city life, with consequent loss of its finer characteristics, and moral disintegration, is a large and fertile one. The two pieces here would, if the plan

P. 200.—“Aennchen von Tharau is die mir gefaelt.” Folksong.

P. 201.—Zwischen Berg und tiefen, tiefen thal. Folksong. Erk's Deutscher Liederschatz. Perhaps best thus rendered. The tune most rollicking. Hogs—woodchucks.

P. 202.—“Was ist der Vuchs der Pinie, das Auge der Gazelle?” from Boddenstedt's “Myrza Shaffy,” as is also the following.

These translations of German songs have been made solely for the sake of the music.

