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P O E M S

BY

L. B. G.

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1884

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# P O E M S

BY

L. B. G.

COMPOSED FOR THE MOST PART AT CLEVEDON COURT,  
SOMERSET.

“Somewhat back from the village street,  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.”

*Longfellow.*

1883.

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PR  
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TO LADY ELTON.

---

TO THEE, who in my childhood nurtured me  
With never-failing anxious care,  
Who guarded all my youth so tenderly,  
And crowned it with love's blossoms fair,  
These girlish thoughts, born amidst trees and flowers,  
Are offered, MOTHER dear, by me,  
In glad remembrance of past summer hours,  
With reverence and love to thee.

L. B. G.

JUNE 28, 1866.



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# POEMS.

## *THE FIRE SPIRITS.*

1

A LADY sat in her lonely room,  
    Dreaming over the Past :  
In the silent hours of twilight gloom  
Her thoughts and tears came fast :  
As she sat thinking, with saddened gaze  
Bent on the dying flame,  
It leaped up red with a sudden blaze,  
And a soft voice called her name :

11

“ We are Spirits, unseen by day,  
    In the bright fire we dance and play,  
And men's dull cares we chase away  
    With merry laugh and cheering ray !”

## III

*Lady*— “Then, kindly Spirits, tell to me,  
Say, what my fate in life shall be?”

*Spirits*—“Mortal! we can read the Future,  
But it is dark to thee!  
Thou knowest thy days are numbered;  
That is enough for thee!”

## IV

*Lady*— “Tell me Spirits, kindly Spirits,  
Will not the lapse of years  
Ease my troubled aching heart,  
And dry these bitter tears?”

*Spirits*—“Be comforted, oh! mortal:  
The lapse of many years  
Shall ease your troubled aching heart  
And time shall dry your tears!”

## V

*Lady*— “Tell me Spirits, kindly Spirits,—  
The twilight falls around,—  
Tell me, shall my future years  
With joy and peace be crowned?”  
But the Spirits never answered,  
And a silence reigned profound.

---

*Lady*— “ Oh Spirits, ease my breaking heart :  
Tell me, shall I conquer yet ? ”

*Spirits*—“ Mortal, thou shalt strive and conquer,  
Thy sun has not yet set.”

*Lady*— “ Oh Spirits, yet one moment stay :  
Shall I forget the Past ? Oh ! say.”

*Spirits*—“ Be comforted, oh mortal :  
The Past shall fade away ;  
Only be strong, and Faith’s soft light  
Shall crown thy latter day ! ”

1855.

*R E G R E T .*

## I

THE time is past, the happy time,  
When in our childhood's days,  
We might have tried to please Thee, Lord,  
And followed in Thy ways.

## II

We weep ; tears are of no avail ;  
Those hours we still regret,  
Occasions vanished from our sight,  
Our sun of youth has set !

## III

We might have eased the aching heart,  
And poverty so drear ;  
We might have softened with our love,  
And caught the falling tear.

## IV

We might by kindness and by care  
Have stopped the growth of sin,  
And souls still open to His Grace  
We might have tried to win.



v

'Tis useless to sit down and weep ;  
The tears of youth are dry ;  
The stars that brightly shone for us,  
Are blotted from the sky.

1854.

*FRAGMENT.*

OH Stars! Mysterious, silent,  
So coldly gazing down  
On earth's strange coloured pictures,  
Weaving your endless crown!

Are the stories of sin and sorrow  
Inscribed on Heaven's dome?  
The prayers of to-day for to-morrow,  
Are they gathered and taken home?

Are the burning tears of the lonely  
Noted in fields of light?  
Or are smiles of the joyful only  
Seen in your mirror bright?

Great watchers at God's great altar!  
Before which the suffering lie,  
You see their tears and their struggles,  
You hear their anguished cry.

You are clothed with an endless Pity,  
And with an unfailing Love,  
But your beams are but pale reflections  
Of the Infinite Light above !

1862.

---

*GERANIUM LEAVES :**A RECOLLECTION.*

1855.

I

SCENTS of Violets? No, not those :  
The perfume of the damask Rose?  
No, not that ; nor the sweet flowers  
Of Jasmin in the fairy bowers :  
No, far back in a distant scene  
There dawns on memory's faint sky  
A memory that cannot die !  
Faint scents of red Geranium leaves,  
A crowning joy that ever weaves  
Glorious garlands edged with gold  
Of buds which never can unfold !

II

So these Geraniums, red and bright,  
Lead me far back this wintry night,  
To thoughts of fountains, marble floors,  
And pictures rare, with glittering stores  
Of ornaments, and, better far,  
The Evening's pride—the one fair Star !

## III

The hand that trembled on my arm,  
Shyly, yet safe from all alarm,  
Could not be mine. No, never mine.  
Oh light ! that dies and will not shine—  
That dies and leaves but dust and smoke—  
The wretched remnants of a Hope !  
Yes, they may fade, the leaves may fade—  
All that my happiness once made—  
Only the memory of joys that shone  
Will linger when those joys are gone !  
Let the leaves fade, give earth to earth !  
It did not satisfy, nor will ;  
What are its fleeting pleasures worth ?  
Why should we blindly chase them still ?  
Give me the dead Geranium leaves :  
How very grey they are and old !  
A charnel dust that to them cleaves  
Greets my sad eyes when they unfold.

## IV

The gay attire, the earring bright  
That shone amid her silken hair,  
The dark eyes full of laughing light—  
All showed her to be wondrous fair.  
The shadow of the coming Night  
Fell like a shroud around her there.

Love could not save her, when Death's hand  
Bore her fair form thro' his dark door ;  
He took her to the distant land,  
And sealed her lips for evermore.

## v

Not so ! Like springing fountains bright  
Her spirit rose to its abode :  
Her pure eyes met the dazzling light,  
An Angel bore her to her God :  
An Angel—not the awful King  
Imaged by faithless ones below :  
Triumphal Hymns thro' Heaven ring,  
And all the clouds in crimson glow.

## vi

Flowers are shining in her hair  
That like her spirit cannot die :  
I watch her in her gladness there,  
And she is blest, why am not I ?—  
I have been dreaming long to-night :  
The room is cold—and what are these ?  
How wonderfully does the light  
Bring colour to the plants and trees !  
These faded leaves ! take them away.  
What are they worth ? A little dust.  
Perhaps some day a brighter May  
Will make them bloom again I trust.

VII

No, prating fool ! thine idle tongue  
Can not bring Spring when June has fled !  
A weary requiem hast thou sung,  
A weary requiem o'er the dead !  
There is no *second* fountain clear  
When thou hast taken once thy fill :  
So lay aside all hope and fear,  
And let thy tired heart be still.  
Life's pleasures are but colours bright—  
Colours that youth's illusion weaves,  
Thou canst not stay them in their flight,  
They are but dead Geranium leaves !

*THE CLEVEDON VOLUNTEERS.**September 27, 1861.*

1

THE grey mists float round Clevedon Hill,  
Near to the sighing, restless sea ;  
The sheep lie in the meadows still,  
And all things are in harmony :  
The cottages secluded lie  
With clust'ring apple trees around ;  
There is no brightness in the sky,  
In the dull air there is no sound.

11

But thro' the clouds of silver grey  
There flashes suddenly a light,  
It glimmers red as dawn of day,  
And crashing downwards from the height,  
There comes the cannon's sulky roar,  
Which breaks the stillness of the air,  
Reverberates along the shore,  
And hides in smoke the landscape fair :



## III

Upon the green hill's verdant slope,  
They stand in strength, a little band,  
Their honest faces bright with hope,  
And eager for the next command ;  
They gather round the First, the Best,  
To do him service with good will ;  
A grateful heart is in each breast,  
They will his every wish fulfil.

## IV

The Captain of the Volunteers,  
He looks across the stormy waves,  
Where through the foam the shot appears,  
And where perchance may be their graves !  
They fear not ; with a steady eye  
The gunner points the rightful aim :  
On him, their Captain, they rely,  
And they will win a lasting fame.

## V

All honour to thee, earnest soul !  
All honour to the Clevedon men !  
Long may the booming cannon roll  
And echo downwards thro' the glen :

The working hand and rugged arm  
Some day (may Heaven grant far hence !)  
Will be our refuge and defence,  
And save our children from all harm.

## VI

And if the shot and shell be found  
By other younger hands than ours,  
Imbedded in the miry ground,  
Memorials of past, stirring hours,  
May they their souls alike inspire  
With ardour and with zeal like these !  
So not in vain our soldiers fire,  
And not in vain they strive to please !

## VII

And not in vain they fill our hall  
To celebrate their feats to-day,  
And tell us that their Captain's call  
Has not been wholly thrown away :  
Together firm we'll stand and wait  
For danger with its dreadful signs,  
For neither bloodshed, war, nor hate  
Can move those souls whom duty binds.

VIII

Go forth, then, hand in hand to fight,  
If foreign guns should rend our sky,  
Warm hearts and strong in England's might,  
Go forth to conquer or to die !  
Come danger, safety, war or peace,  
We'll let our hearts be calm and still,  
For He who makes the storm to cease,  
Will surely guard our Battery Hill !

---

*THE SONG OF HOPE.*

I

I AM thine from Day to Even !  
Thine with the rosy Dawn,  
When the sun's glory in Heaven  
Tinges the radiant Morn ;  
Thine when the Earth is glowing,  
Fragrant in early spring,  
When with delight o'erflowing  
The birds their praises sing !

II

Thine ! when the Day declining  
Breathes her last prayer to Night,  
And Venus faintly shining  
Shows her bewitching light.  
Thine ! when the Flowers drooping  
Bend to the Evening dew,  
And the proud lily stooping  
Wears a pale sickly hue !

III

Thine ! when in gorgeous summer  
All nature smiling lies,  
The lake with tender shimmer  
Reflects the azure skies ;

---

When fairy hands are flinging  
Roses around thy ways,  
And all alike are singing  
Their glorious song of praise !

IV

I am thine in these bright hours,  
But when they pass away,  
Like the swiftly fading Flowers  
I must no longer stay !  
The swallow still may hover  
Where no more sun can shine,  
But my reign will be over,  
I shall no more be thine !

---

*DIES PRÆTERITUS.*

## I

TAKE off the robe of silk and lace,  
    Throw hence the glittering pearl,  
Tell me no more of beauty's grace,  
    Undo the plait and curl !  
Remove the circlet from my brow,  
    The jewels from my ear,  
Tempt me no more with baubles now,  
    Bring no bright follies here !

## II

Let down my hair to shield my cheek,  
    Talk to me not of fears,  
I go, the loved and lost to seek,  
    With penitential tears !  
Give me the cloak so rough to feel,  
    Give me the wooden stave,  
Careless alike of woe or weal  
    I go forth strong and brave !

## III

The thorns may pierce my tender feet  
    Until the blood runs red,  
I count them dear as roses sweet  
    And they shall make my bed :

For once I loved a noble heart  
And yet my pride was strong,  
I suffered him in grief to part,  
I played and trifled long.

## IV

I loved the world, and he was poor ;  
It pampered up my pride ;  
It gave me all I asked, and more ;  
It flattered and it lied !  
And so I hated it and wrung  
My hands in anguish vain,  
The songs of triumph that I sung  
Were changed to sobs of pain !

## V

I go thro' stormy rain and hail,  
'Thro' driving wind and snow,  
But yet my courage shall not fail,  
Defenceless forth I go :  
'Thro' fields lit by the harvest moon,  
Amid the waving grass,  
O'er sun-scorched plains at hottest noon,  
My weary feet shall pass.

## VI

Seek me no more ! Good bye, Good bye !  
Mine eyes turn towards the goal !  
Although my lips are parched and dry,  
And anguish tears my soul :

I throw away my crown of pride,  
I clasp the sackcloth to my breast,  
And wander lonely, far and wide,  
To find a rest, to find a rest!

1862.



*HILDEGARDE.**IMITATION OF THE OLD BALLADS.*

## I

SHE stands upon the threshold of the hall,  
She stands erect and proud,  
Her golden tresses thickly round her fall  
In one great sunny cloud :  
Her large blue eyes flash with a cruel pride,  
Her red lips curl in scorn ;  
Fair Hildegard will be no gentle bride  
On this cold winter's morn !

## II

The snow lies deep all round the Castle moat,  
And sparkles on the leaves,  
The air is still, no bird trills forth his note,  
Nor flutters round the eaves :  
The Baron sits beside the great hall fire,  
The guests crowd round him chill ;  
The red fierce flames mount high and higher,  
The Baron sits there, still.

## III

It is her wedding morn—his only child,  
Stately is she and fair—  
But proud is she, untamed and fierce and wild,  
And strong to do and dare.  
She will not wed the wealthy Earl whose power  
Is owned by all men near,  
She stands in wrath to wait the dreaded hour  
In rage and anguished fear.  
The angry blood flushes her cheek and brow,  
As from the deep-voiced bell  
Peals forth his welcome : quickly comes he now ;  
Alas, she hears too well !

## IV

He comes at last—the Earl rides fast and hard—  
And on the step alights ;  
There clatter in the hall, the men-at-arms and guard,  
Retainers, priests, and knights :  
Upon the threshold of the door she stands—  
The Baron calls aloud :  
She cries “ I care not for his gold or lands—  
This robe shall be my shroud ! ”

## V

The morning sun shines on her gleaming curls,  
A fierce blue light burns in her eye,  
She loosens from her neck the costly pearls—  
“ They are the Earl's, there let them lie ! ”

Her long white robe sweeps o'er the oaken floor,  
Her fair hands tighten on her breast,—  
“ I will die first, or pass the Convent door—  
Oh ! let me be at rest ! ”

## VI

“ Not so,”—the Baron cries—“ by all the Fates—  
Or shall my beard turn brown !  
She shall not fly, bar all the gates !  
Let the portcullis down ! ”  
She hears,—an ashen hue o'erspreads her face ;  
Her curling lips grow white—  
Towards the casement moves with stately grace,  
Drawn up to her full height :  
One moment there—the lady list'ning stands,  
Silent and pale as death :  
Cold dews are on her marble brow and hands,  
And faintly comes her breath.

## VII

They mount the stair. They hear one wild shrill cry—  
The hunted fawn has flown !  
The Baron comes to see his daughter die,  
With piteous cry and moan :  
Wildly she springs from off the window frame,  
Her gold hair gleaming far,  
Like the last quivering brilliant flame  
Of some bright falling star :

The white dress flutters to the ground :  
The Baron sobs aloud :  
Lifeless she lies and breathes no sound—  
Her bridal dress, her shroud !  
The snow lies deep all round the Castle wall,  
The winter wind blows chill,  
The fire leaps up within the Castle hall,  
The Baron sits there, still.

1863.

NOW AND THEN.

(Suggested by a passage in "ALPHONSE KARR.")

I

VERY gay were we then,—  
 'Tis a good while ago—  
 Gay enough in a way  
 For mortals below !  
 Well, certainly now  
 It is dreary and slow !

II

I remember the time  
 When the mirrors were clear,  
 Of superior make—  
 Don't you think so, my dear ?  
 For they do not reflect  
 My features so well  
 As they did in my youth,  
 When they called me a belle !  
 But now they are misty  
 And covered with dust !  
 There's no pleasure in looking—  
 Well, what *must* be, *must* !

## III

And also the shoes—  
They are horribly small,  
And don't fit me so well  
As at Lady P.'s ball!  
The shoemakers now  
Are not what they were;  
*That* boot might as well  
Fit a grizzly old bear!

## IV

And what do the brushes mean?  
They tear out one's hair!  
Well, surely the times  
Are very much changed;  
I once thought my hair  
Was sweetly arranged!  
And with all this care  
I feel quite deranged!

## V

And then really you know  
(It makes me quite sad,  
The meat is *so* tough!  
Our butcher *is* bad!

And yet we have tried  
The best to procure,  
But the meat that he sends  
I cannot endure !

VI

And as to our tea,  
I could weep all day long,  
'Tis *so* poor to drink,—  
And yet it's Souchong !  
And my rest is disturbed,  
And at night I can't read !  
It *is so indeed !*  
Why don't you console me ?  
You sit there and frown,  
You give me no pleasure—  
*No, not one new gown !*

VII

Alas ! my dear wife,  
How *can* I console ?  
The billows of time  
O'er every one roll !  
You complain of the food,  
When your teeth are the cause ;  
How *can* I reverse  
All Nature's great laws ?

## VIII

You complain of the glass,  
    When your beauty is gone ;  
But you have still a heart,  
    Though your features are wan !  
In short, my dear wife,  
    The truth must be told ;  
Time treats *all* alike,  
    And you *are* growing old !

1861.



*ON A PICTURE.*

I

THE horror of a sudden dream  
 Drives the poor victim from her rest,  
 To pray in anguish for one gleam,  
 One gleam of hope to soothe her breast !  
 In stillness of the wintry night  
 Her heart complaining sadly cries—  
 Give me one glimmering of light !  
 One glimmering from the frowning skies !

II

With faltering words and burning tears—  
 “ Have mercy on me ” now she cries ;  
 And as she listens cold with fears,  
 The moaning wind repeats her sighs ;  
 Till conscious of an unseen foe,  
 She fights the powers of the air,  
 And as they thicker round her grow  
 She wrings her hands in her despair.

III

A thousand memories with their sting  
 Come crowding o'er her haunted brain,

Follies that to her heart will cling  
And leave their never dying stain :—  
The fervour of an ancient love  
Blighted long since by bitter wrong,  
That by a mercy from above  
Had slumbered in its grave for long,  
Springs into life with vigour now,  
And tears her heart with cruel might,  
As with the cold dews on her brow  
She prays in terror for the light ;

## IV

And whilst in crouching fear she kneels,  
And gazes at the darksome skies,  
With swift returning warmth she feels  
The old sensation in her rise :  
But like a Spirit, gentle, calm,  
The young Moon from the cloud appears ;  
The rays fall on her head like balm,  
And peacefully dispel her fears !

## V

Oh yearning heart ! struggle no more  
To chase the Dreams of Night away !  
The moonbeams tremble on the floor,  
The Phantoms can no longer stay,

And, lingering near the frozen pane,  
Her softened eyes with tears o'erfill ;  
The moonlight soothes her heated brain,  
And seems to murmur, " Peace, be still ! "

*THE PARTING SONG.*

'TIS the last night—pass round the wine,  
    And drain the blood-red fountain bright !  
'Tis the last night—Oh ! Comrades mine,  
We meet no more—'tis the last night !  
'Tis the last night—Let music swell,  
    And shake the vaulted roof with song,  
But let not it's enchanting spell  
    Weaken our pulse—no, we are strong !

'Tis the last night—we drink to all,  
The rich, the poor, the gay, the sad,  
To all the shades that throng this hall,  
The spirits of the young and glad.  
To him—the earnest working soul  
Who, homeward bound, has done the best,  
Who passes on, as rivers roll,  
Serenely to his place of rest !

To her, the beautiful, who passed  
    Away as lilies fade at eve,  
Crowned with a sweetness unsurpassed,  
    Without a tear to make us grieve !

To him, the joyous, golden haired,  
Who left us for a long campaign,  
Whose joys and smiles and jests are shared  
By us who shared his parting pain !

'Tis the last night—but pain and sorrow  
Shall have no place : we will be gay !  
We shall not meet to say good morrow ;  
Ere that we shall be under weigh !  
To all our friends—to all most dear—  
We fill the goblet to the brim :  
For all we leave, one long last cheer,  
Then falls the veil, our eyes are dim !

Oh ! not for ever forth we pass !  
Here have we no abiding place :  
Now, see we “ darkly, thro’ a glass,”  
But, “ there ” *each other* “ face to face ! ”

*OH DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?**A DIALOGUE.*

A.

A LIFE beyond! Thro' all the heat and strife,  
 The storms and struggles of our restless life,  
 Three words flow gently like a summer rain  
 Amid the throbs of joy, the smarts of pain,  
 A life beyond! Thro' sleepless weary nights,  
 Thro' sin and sorrow and all sickening sights,  
 These words arrest the hopeless cry of woe,  
 Hope is there still above, though lost below!

B.—A life beyond? Are not the flowers dead  
 That brightened crimson o'er the grassy sward?  
 Does thou not kiss in vain the golden head  
 Of her whom Death has bound with iron cord?  
 And dost thou think that these will bloom as fair  
 To give thee all the joy they gave last year?  
 Yes, thou mayst smile: I know thou wilt not care  
 To see them more, they will not be so dear:

And does thou think, presumptuous hoping fool,  
 That this fair head will shine on thee above?  
 Oh! poor the wisdom gathered in thy school,  
 To dream that thou canst conquer all by love!

A life beyond ! What ! art thou waiting still  
To see a thing that all have failed to see ?  
And thinkest thou that Reason can fulfil  
The promises that Faith has made to thee ?

A life beyond ! Sunk in eternal sleep,  
Or living in the twilight of Decay,  
For those thou lost on earth, thou wilt not weep ;  
*There* will be Night, for thou hast had thy Day,  
Where are the lovely ? Where the good and brave ?  
Have they for thee a voice, deep in the grave ?  
They did their work, they tasted joy and grief,  
Can dust be flesh again in thy belief ?

And seest thou yonder aged man and blind ?  
With failing step, and feeble vacant mind,  
Dost thou presume to think that from his frame  
Will spring a glorious angel robed in flame ?  
Oh ! idle tale ! The dust is dust indeed.  
Philosophy can smile upon thy creed.  
The world is thine, learn every hour to live  
The endless feast of joy my laws of freedom give !

A.—“ Yes, I have faith beyond this earth to see :  
Yes, I believe that Time shall cease to be :  
That not in vain the human heart has bled  
For hopeless ages, mourning for the dead :

That not in vain tears fall from suffering eyes ;  
The light we pray for, shines beyond the skies ;  
The longings of each breast are Heaven born,  
And shall be stilled when gleams the endless morn.

A life beyond ! when from our dying view  
The world shall fade in darksome twilight hue ;  
While far above us peals the Angels' Hymn,  
And sun and moon shall tremble and grow dim :  
Then bursting from her bonds the happy soul  
Shall speed her way thro' planets waxing old,  
Beyond the spheres where worlds gigantic roll,  
To regions which no human eyes behold.

It is for this, oh Sceptic, that we live :  
This glorious freedom is not thine to give :  
It is for *this* we suffer pain and loss :  
Faith holds our hand while bent beneath the Cross.  
You say the world is yours ; but *Heaven* is mine,  
Thro' Him who made the sun and moon to shine :  
All things are ours, and we are His in Death,  
The dust shall live when quickened by His breath !

Oh wretched man ! the things that you call joys  
An illness or a fleeting pain destroys ;  
We look for more. Our life is hid above,  
And shall be fully ours thro' His great love.



So rest we now beside this churchyard wall :  
There pass along sad mourners with a pall—  
But look not down where earth and dry bones lie,  
Look up and hope beyond the azure sky.

Why gaze you so upon that fragile weed,  
Philosopher ! the dust is dust indeed.  
Surely it is a snowdrop blooming there  
Upon that grave, so bright and pure and fair ?  
Strange if the Hand that made this snowdrop bloom  
Should have no power to raise us from the tomb.  
Can dust be only dust ? Do we not see  
How near we are to great Eternity ?”

*HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?*

## I

HAVE you forgotten how you passed that night,  
When near the open window, fresh and fair,  
You sat with me and gathered roses white,  
To twine them in the tresses of my hair?  
Have you forgotten how the sweet air blew,  
And waved the branches of the lilac near,  
And how we watched the sunset's fading hue,  
And saw the swan float on the waters clear?

## II

Have you forgotten how you lingered long,  
And read to me that ancient touching tale  
Of blighted love, and cruel bitter wrong,  
Until my cheek with anguished fear grew pale?  
Have you forgotten how you took the rose  
I gave you, half in earnest, half in play,  
And said, that near your heart it should repose,  
And that you'd prize it always far away?

## III

Have you forgotten all the words you said?  
Or how you told me that your love would last,  
Though years should bring their sadness o'er my head,  
And trouble o'er my beauty shadows cast?

And how, still holding firm my trembling hand,  
You swore a solemn oath that I alone  
Should fly with you to some bright Southern land,  
And give you lasting joy and be your own ?

IV

You need not answer for my proof is there—  
The window and the roses in their bloom ;  
There wave the branches near the water clear,  
And there the sunset hues fade into gloom—  
You need not answer for I know the truth—  
You now recall the long forgotten scene :  
The warm devotion and the love of youth :  
They live no longer ; they have only *been* !

V

A woman's heart forgets not with such ease,  
She clings to all the mem'ries of the Past ;  
The man for one short hour delights to please,  
But her devotion like the rocks shall last.  
You *have* forgotten ; well, so let it be !  
The Peace that follows Pain at last is mine ;  
May Heaven in mercy grant that peace to thee,  
And may the rest that soothes my heart be thine !

*GERTRUDE AND RUDOLF VON DER WART.*

## I

LOOK forward thro' the mist and rain,  
Look forward with a hopeful smile ;  
Look upward, trusting all the while  
The sun shall gladden thee again.  
Mine still, and yet no longer mine,  
For Death has claimed thee for his own,  
And I must wait here all alone,  
Near the pale form that once was thine !

## II

Oh glorious Death ! the martyr's call,  
The martyr's sceptre of renown,  
The martyr's flaming blood-red crown,  
These, these are thine, thou hast them all !  
Mine eyes are straining towards the sky,  
I fain would see one ray of light,  
Glancing upon us soft and bright,  
To gladden thy last failing sigh.

## III

I smooth the fair hair from thy brow,  
That brow with fearful anguish wrung,  
I hold thee far more precious now  
Than when among the vines we sung.

Thy lips are white, thy pulses fail,  
Thy life-blood stains the waving grass,  
Cold, silent spirits near us pass,  
They touch thee with their fingers pale.  
The mist fades from the vine-clad hills,  
And sunshine floods the wooded plain ;  
God takes thee to Himself again,  
And in my heart thy place He fills ! \*

\* "Gertrude, this is fidelity till death !" Last words of Rudolf, just before he expired. See *Gertrude's letter to Margaret Freienstern*.

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*IN MEMORY OF THEE.*

## I

**B**EST loved and last to be rendered,  
Last thought of and remembered,  
So near though far away,  
I have no tears to give thee,  
All my heart's love I leave thee,  
Love that no change can slay!

## II

Thine image loved is lying  
Deep in my heart undying,  
Radiant and pure as yore,  
Thy spirit eyes enchain me,  
I struggle wildly, vainly,  
To clasp thee evermore.

## III

When came the parting hour,  
Helpless beneath thy power  
I lingered near to thee—  
No words of love were spoken—  
I gave no sign or token  
How dear thou wert to me.

IV

Mine eyes are veiled with sorrow—  
To me comes no to-morrow—  
    No sunshine as before !  
The night fell o'er me wholly,  
    As from my presence slowly  
Thou passedst—evermore !

---

*AN ALLEGORY.*

*“AND AT MIDNIGHT THERE WAS A CRY HEARD.”*

“**T**O-NIGHT, to-night we own the spell ;  
Great Joy ! we worship at thy shrine !  
Pass round the cup and fill it well  
With fountains of the blood-red wine !  
Our pulses quickened with thy flame  
Shall beat with fierce and proud delight,  
The crimson flowers of Love and Fame  
Shall crown our hair this happy night !”

The music swells, with fairy sound  
Still faster, faster fly our feet,  
Like waves beneath us sway the ground,  
Our veins dance with electric heat :  
Time is no more,—we reign alone,  
Supreme in bright triumphant bliss ;  
Dark mem'ries and regrets have flown,  
We care for nought save joy like this !

Still faster, faster, breathlessly,  
Our footsteps tread the magic ring,  
With smiles of rapture recklessly,  
The great Enchanter's song we sing.



A.—“ Hush ! didst thou not hear a distant cry,  
A cry distinct yet low and sad ? ”

B.—“ I hear the music swelling high,  
The music glorious and glad. ”

A.—“ Hark ! hear'st thou not a tramp afar  
Echoing down the oaken stair ? ”

B.—“ What fancy hast thou, Evening Star ?  
No tramp I hear, no sound is there !

Come raise once more the cup of youth  
And fill it foaming to the brim ;  
The night is waning fast : in sooth,  
The lights are turning pale and dim ! ”

A.—“ Oh list again ! a footstep slow  
Vibrates along the oaken floor ! ”

B.—“ It is the night wind murmur'ing low  
Through arches of the corridor. ”

A.—“ Nearer it comes, and nearer still !  
Fear pales my cheek and chills my heart :  
Life's brittle cup we sought to fill,  
And let it fall with shuddering start !  
Yes nearer,—nearer still. Oh ! seek not now  
To drown the sound in reckless mirth !  
The dews of death are on my brow,  
My soul is stained with thoughts of Earth ! ”

“ Bar not the doors, all, all is vain !  
Pray not for time—it is *too late!*  
The night is passed nor comes again—  
They have no mercy, Death and Fate !  
They will come in,—the doors give way :  
They turn on us relentless eyes,  
The flowers around us change to clay  
Before the fair and sunlit skies !”

Oh, World ! thou hast no more than these !  
No more than pleasures turned to dust !  
Yet well for him who prays and sees  
Their tinsel, worthlessness, and rust :  
Oh ! well for him who steels his soul  
To fight with sin a noble strife,  
Serene with stately, calm control,  
Victor in death as in his life !

*THE PRISONERS.**IN THE TIME OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

## I

ALL through the night, the dreadful night,  
Hung o'er the captives shades of doom,  
And thundering voices from the tomb  
Shook all their pulses with affright :  
They knew the morn would bring no peace,  
And yet they prayed for light of day ;  
They prayed the night might pass away ;  
Perchance those fearful dreams would cease.

## II

And when the grey dawn came at last,  
How wan their faces looked and pale !  
They sighed,—“ No lips will tell our tale,  
Nor say what hours of pain we passed ! ”  
Cold glances from their vacant eyes  
They cast upon their prison ground ;  
Their parted lips could breathe no sound  
Save weary moans and tearless sighs :

## III

Their lives in colours strangely clear  
Seemed painted on the prison walls,  
Like one who drowns, and who recalls  
The sins of youth, and dies with fear ;  
So they, while cruel hours went by,  
Saw once again the gladsome days,  
Bright with a flood of summer rays,  
And azure with a summer sky.

## IV

The doors swung slowly. One by one  
The victims of a dreadful doom  
Passed slowly out ; their course was done ;  
The rest were left in deathlike gloom.  
There lingered yet the Poet's love,  
The dark-haired maiden, stern and brave,\*  
Who waited near the cruel grave,  
With eyes turned prayerfully above !

## V

And anguish-stricken near her pressed  
Chénier the Poet. Song inspired  
His noble spirit, nobly fired  
By thoughts that fill the Poet's breast !

\* Mdlle. de Coigny. *Vide* Stello par le Comte de Vigny.

They did not weep—no word was given  
To show how terrible the strife,  
The struggle between death and life.  
By which their fainting souls were riven.

## VI

She passed out first, without a sigh :  
All lips were sealed—all eyes were dim :  
She turned back once and looked at him :  
He smiled—to-morrow he would die.  
They came again. He calmly rose,  
And gave his hand to all his friends,  
“So my long prison suffering ends,  
And I may see her yet, who knows?”

## VII

“Yet there was something hidden here”—\*  
The Poet murmured at the last,  
As o'er his brow his hand he passed—  
“Something that lives though Death is near!”  
—Yes! there was something in that brain!  
All pure things blossomed gladly there ;  
They faded in the sultry air,  
But yet in Love shall bloom again !

\* Andre Chénier was executed during the Reign of Terror. Just before he died, he touched his forehead with his hand, murmuring—  
“Et pourtant il y avait quelque chose là !”

*GÉNEFRÉDE.\**

THRO' shadows of night in summer  
She wanders in dreams ;  
The Indian moon, with red shimmer  
O'er her gently beams ;  
The odorous breezes of even  
Cool her fair brow ;  
But visions of angry Heaven  
Are near her now.  
Lips parted in praying ever,  
Eyes radiant with tears,  
She wanders—reposing never—  
And no comfort hears.  
The flowers are to her sighing,  
Rest on our breast !  
Thy beautiful limbs are dying—  
Dying for rest !  
Our petals with perfume laden  
Are fit place for thee ;  
Come to us, fairest maiden,  
Come to us, silently !  
All the moonlit air is freighted  
With fairy-like forms,  
The emerald glades are lighted  
By golden swarms :

\* See Miss Martineau's "The Hour and the Man."

The snowy-white proud *Datura*  
Over her bends,  
And vainly tries to allure her,  
As her way she wends  
Through the winding paths all tangled  
With creepers wild,  
Through greenest mazes all spangled  
Where nymphs once smiled :  
Where gorgeous sun-loving flowers  
Scent the warm air,  
And the tropical crimson hours  
Leave no trace there.  
In the trees the parrots above her  
Laugh and scream ;  
The burnished flies seem to love her,  
As near her they gleam :  
Humming birds flit by her glistening  
In colours bright,  
But she seems to be ever listening,  
In the calm night.  
Great changes her home are now shaking—  
Changes of life—  
All her countrymen rashly staking  
Their hopes in strife :  
She cares not—her life was another's—  
And it is gone !  
But her wish for vengeance she smothers,  
And only can mourn :

Daughter of burning climes, full of fire  
Once that of love,  
She prays ever in burning desire  
For rest from above !  
Wherever the white man's step lingers  
The avengers wait,  
And even her slight fairy fingers  
Are his dread hate.  
Where the aloes their blossoms scatter,  
And all is fair,  
Does the white man his spirit flatter  
That death is not there ?  
Thus wanders she ever still longing  
For future peace,  
While dark maddening thoughts are thronging  
And will not cease :  
Where her countrymen's homes are lying  
Near the green palm,  
The father or brother is dying—  
And can she be calm ?  
She loved once, with soul proud and fearless,  
And loves no more ;  
And dark is the path, dark and cheerless,  
Which lies before.  
When the cactus its red leaves entwining  
Greets her eyes,  
She sees only the bright sabre shining—  
The white man dies !



The blood of her race is still claiming  
Redress and light,  
And the great wrath of Heaven is flaming  
Through the dark night !

*THE GENTLE SHADE.*

A VOICELESS home, a lonely room,  
With faces pictured on the walls ;  
A shadow passing thro' the gloom,  
A shade which o'er my pillow falls ;  
Come near me, let me fold my arms  
Around thee, sad and gentle shade !  
I feel no more earth's woes and harms—  
I love the place where thou art laid—  
I tremble not, when, silent, cold,  
Thy Ghost comes gliding slowly by !

It changes not, nor will grow old ;  
And it shall live—it cannot die !  
It comes to its accustomed place,  
Close to the fire burning low ;  
I do not gaze upon its face—  
It may be changed—I cannot know.  
It loves the song we used to sing  
In brightly lighted halls of mirth ;  
I sometimes think the song might bring  
The wandering spirit back to earth !

*A LITTLE TOO LATE.*

## I

LET me still look upon thy face,  
And gaze into thy violet eyes,  
And feel with all their soothing grace  
How much of falseness in them lies !  
Let me still hold thy hand in mine,  
And press it vainly to my heart ;  
I know the callousness of thine,  
And yet I cannot from thee part !

## II

Let me thy features more impress  
And more upon my shattered mind ;  
I do not wish to gain redress—  
Revenge, I cannot, dare not find !  
Thy brow is calm ; how could a Lie  
Have come in triumph there to reign ?  
The grief which made my spirit die  
Shall cling to thee, a blacker stain !

## III

Let me still feel thy silky hair  
That with an angel brightness shines ;  
Alas ! A Devil brooding there  
His subtle chains around thee twines.

I do not hope to move thy soul,  
For granite rocks are not so hard ;  
However lovely is the whole,  
God's highest gifts by sin are marred !

## IV

I stand alone upon the shore  
Of life's broad stretching dreary sea ;  
I hear the tempest's sullen roar,  
And know that peace is gone from me :  
Go hence, and take with thee the shade  
That blackened all my happy youth,  
And know that sun and moon shall fade  
Before a Lie can conquer Truth !

*SUNSET.*

*“AND IT SHALL COME TO PASS THAT AT EVENTIDE  
IT SHALL BE LIGHT.”*

OH for one hour with days of old !  
—The waves are breaking on the shore,  
They ripple back in links of gold,  
And rippling murmur—“ Nevermore ! ”  
The dark trees cluster on the hill ;  
The brown rocks redden to the light ;  
The night breeze sighs around me chill,  
And heralds in the coming night :

The sun is slanting towards the West,  
It crimsons all the yellow sand,  
Gleams bright upon the mountain crest,  
And lights up all the fading land :  
One parting beam it gives, and sinks  
Blood-red and gorgeous in the sea,  
Like some old god who bathes and drinks  
In waters of Infinity !

Oh for one hour to be again  
Joyous and free as birds on wing,  
Laughing at time and grief and pain,  
Living to love and smile and sing !

To twine rich tinted dewy flowers  
Around my brow and golden hair ;  
To sleep away the noontide hours  
Fanned by the perfumed languid air !

To clasp the best loved hand in mine  
While Love holds back the wings of time,  
And watch the drowsy sunbeams shine  
Through scented branches of the lime !  
—Oh chase away the dream, the spell !  
And wake to look upon the truth ;  
It is not bitter, my farewell  
To all the visions of my youth.

Would I return thro' trodden ways,  
With bleeding feet and wounded heart,  
To catch one glimpse of brighter days ?  
—Suffer the same deep grief and smart ?  
No ! praise be given—it is past !  
The strife in which I fought so long—  
The tears shed for the loved, the lost—  
The struggle to forgive the wrong !

Heaven's mercy led me back again  
From fairy haunts and dreamy glade,  
Thro' thorny ways of fear and pain,  
Back to the path from which I strayed :

The stream of life, unruffled now  
Flows toward the sea, deep, still, and wide ;  
A light shines softly on my brow,  
The hallowed light of Eventide.

---

*DEATH IS THE GREAT LEVELLER.*

I

MY tired eyes are watching thine  
Where shadows quivering fall,  
Where life or love can no more shine,  
And Death's dark signs appal :  
Thy features in their cold repose  
Show neither fear nor pain,  
Thy lips in frigid firmness close,  
And will not part again.

II

No, neither harsh words, nor untrue  
Can fall from those lips now,  
The dying light, the pallid hue,  
Is on thy haughty brow.  
Oh, Justice ! thou art come to me,  
Revenge is mine at last !  
All wrongs had I forgiven thee—  
Wrongs that with years had passed !

III

Poor sufferer ; on thy dying bed  
Thou could'st not do more harm ;  
Thy evil deeds with thee are dead,  
Thy stormy heart is calm !



A thousand wrongs were mine ; for years  
I wore thy iron chain,  
And never anguish, threats, nor tears  
Could make thy power wane.

## IV

The only conqueror was Death !  
Who else could lay thee low ?  
Thy spirit sank before his breath,  
And it has gone—my woe.  
I loved thee with a daring love ;  
I kissed thy very feet ;  
One Judge shall hear my cause above  
When in that world we meet !

## V

The life-blood from my heart I gave ;  
I wore a cruel weight ;  
I took the payment of a slave,  
That thou might'st sit in state.  
A black shade crept across my life,  
A dull load on my brain ;  
Thy hand played with the shining knife  
That would have eased my pain :

## VI

But no ! the measure was not filled :  
Thou wert not satisfied,  
Until great Heaven's mercy willed  
To slay thee in thy pride.

I leave thee in thy lonely tomb,  
And will not shed one tear ;  
Perchance, thy soul may one day come  
And ask my pardon here !

*MISERERE DOMINE.**SUGGESTED BY A SONG OF CAMPANA.*

## I

THE day is breaking in the East,  
A day for us how sad and cold !  
The day is breaking in the East,  
It brings us pain and grief untold.  
The wave of life ebbs mournfully,  
Thy head droops ever wearily—  
Miserere Domine !

## II

Our life blood once so warm in spring  
Is frozen in our languid veins,  
And yet to a last hope we cling,  
A hope that slowly wanes and wanes ;  
I hold thee still and pray for thee,  
And thou art shuddering near me—  
Miserere Domine !

## III

I kiss thee on thy pallid brow,  
I cannot clasp thee in the strife ;  
The shadow of thy dreary life  
Falls o'er me sad and chilling now :

Have we not sung triumphantly  
The chaunt of love's great mystery?  
Have we not drunk the wine of bliss,  
And sealed our love in one long kiss,  
The sacred kiss of love and truth?  
And now 'tis dead, the joy of youth—  
Miserere Domine!

## IV

Stifle the throbbings of thy heart,  
Its chords like mine are rent in twain;  
Bid the dark shade from thee depart,  
And men will smile on thee again.  
But think not that the world will come  
With flattering lips to cheer thy woe,  
Or step within thy lonely home  
To dry the tears that vainly flow—  
Miserere Domine!

## V

Come near and let our life's joy run  
In one long current of hot tears,  
Though rent asunder we are one,  
Bound by the bliss of happier years!  
The day breaks sadly through the gloom:  
Time, long-forgotten, cold and stern,  
Like some dread spectre from the tomb  
That ever nightly will return,

Comes with inevitable speed  
To warn us of the parting hour !  
Even in this our utmost need  
Our prayers are nothing in his power ;  
For the *last* time, the *last*, I hold thee,  
Close to my heart so chilled I fold thee—  
Miserere Domine !

*“WATCH, THEREFORE, FOR YE KNOW NOT  
WHAT HOUR THY LORD DOTH COME.”*

A.

HOW goes the night, lone Watcher on the hill?  
B.—Slowly meseems; yet far away  
The light breaks o'er the valley still.

A.—Oh! lonely Watcher, come and rest  
With me on cushions soft and fine,  
Weary thou art, with care opprest,  
I see not yet the daylight shine.

B.—The night is passing. Very soon  
Thy prayers and struggles will be vain:  
Come watch with me, the setting moon  
Tells me the night is on the wane.

A.—Oh! Watcher come, thy hair is grey,  
Thy tired eyes are strained and dim!  
Come join the revellers, be gay!  
Thy Lord may come not till the day;  
Oh! do not watch and wait for him!

B.—The night is passing, watch and wait !  
Thy festive robe is stained with red ;  
In one short hour it is too late,  
When earth and sea give up the dead.  
There is yet time.—Come watch with me !  
Thy feast has lasted half the night ;  
Ere long the sun in majesty  
Will flood the field and wood with light.

A.—Not yet, oh Watcher, mirth and song  
Enchain me with a golden cord ;  
I must rejoin the laughing throng ;  
It is a dream : He will not come, thy Lord !  
Before he comes, shall we not hear the swell  
Of trumpets and the rolling drum ?  
I shall not stay : oh fare thee well !  
There is no sound ; He is not come !

B.—No sounds will rouse thee from thy sleep,  
While here my lonely watch I keep :  
One gentle footstep I shall hear,  
Four gentle words—“ Thy Lord is near ! ”

A.—Farewell, they call me, I must go ;  
One last sweet song, one dance, the last !  
One goblet bright with ruddy glow,  
Then youth's fair revel will be past !

B.—The red light dawns. It is too late.  
I hear no music swell, no sound of drum!  
Oh would that thou hadst learned to watch and wait!  
One gentle step I hear—"Thy Lord is come!"



## TO AGNES.

*"THY LOVE FOR ME IS WONDERFUL."*

## I

WHERE the green larches fresh and fair  
Glisten with dews of early morn ;  
Where Maytrees scented snow-wreaths wear,  
And blue-bells all the wood adorn ;  
Where crimson roses on the old grey walls  
Spread fragrant petals to the noontide heat,  
And where the sunbeam on the window falls,  
And clust'ring myrtles scatter blossoms sweet :  
On classic ground, where gentle Hallam walked,  
And the great Novelist sketched us many a scene,  
While all around them listened while they talked  
Of books and men, in sunlit glades and green ;

## II

There have I sung and danced and played  
With thee in happy golden days,  
And, now in sunshine, now in shade,  
With thee I followed pleasant ways :  
Thy soft hair floated on the breeze,  
Thy clear eyes beamed with mirth and fun,  
As in among the stately trees  
We lingered till our game was done.

## III

With thee I watched the sunset light  
Gleam red upon the fir-clad hill,  
With thee, the balmy summer night  
Come floating o'er the valley still ;  
With thee I trod the waving fern,  
While mountain breezes fanned our brows,  
With thee I watched the spring return  
Among the heavy chesnut boughs.

## IV

Pure soul and truthful as the day,  
Yet tender as the shady eve,  
May love strew roses on thy way,  
And joy for thee fair chaplets weave !  
For when my heart with doubt depressed  
Returned upon itself to brood,  
Thy braver spirit soothed my breast,  
And brought me to a happier mood !

## V

Thy ready wit and joyous fun  
Have brightened many a twilight hour,  
And many a neat appropriate pun  
Has made grave faces own thy power !  
Though now as rivulets run on  
We live apart and meet in dreams,  
Into one sea when life is done  
Shall flow the happy sister-streams !

VI

This is our Creed, a mystery,  
That Christ has told us not in vain,  
That all we love, one family,  
Shall be our own in Heaven again.  
Oh ! linger yet beloved to be,  
The sunshine of the ancient place ;  
And may God's blessing rest on thee  
In love and peace and joy and grace !

“We took sweet counsel together and walked in the House of  
God as friends.”

1864.

## THEKLA.

*Translation from 'WALLENSTEIN'S TOD'—Schiller.*

HIS spirit 'tis that calls me. It is the train  
Of dear ones who sacrificed themselves for him,  
They blamed me for unworthy vain delay,  
They would not e'en in death forsake him  
Their once devoted leader. Thus felt  
These rough brave hearts, and *I* must live!  
No—for me also was yonder laurel wreath  
That crowns his bier, entwined,  
What is life now without the light of love?  
I cast it hence, now that his form has vanished.  
When I first met thee, loved one, then did life  
Assume a grander aspect. Before me lay  
A path of golden sunshine,  
I dreamed of two supremely happy hours,  
Thou stood'st upon the threshold of the world,  
That I with timid glances contemplated,  
It was illumined by a thousand suns.  
Thou camest to me as a better angel,  
To lead me from the dreamy haunts of childhood,  
Far up life's glorious summit.  
My first experience was a heavenly bliss,  
Thy soul's wealth lay revealed to me.

---

Then came Destiny,—ruthless and cold.  
She seized the loved one's noble form  
And threw him low beneath her horses' hoofs,—  
Such is the fate of the beautiful upon earth!

## SONG.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF 'EVENING.')

*Translation from Schiller.*

## I

FADE then, oh, bright sun! the floods thirst  
For refreshing dew,—Man is tired,  
The Hours are weary,  
Let thy chariot sink!

## II

See! who smiles at thee brightly  
From the crystal waves—doth  
Thy heart know her?  
The horses speed quicker,  
Thetis, the goddess, beckons.

## III

With haste from the chariot,  
Springs the driver, Cupid seizes the bridle,  
Quietly stands the horses  
Drinking the cool water.

## IV

From the heavens, with soft, low footstep,  
Comes the fragrant night; near her steps  
Gently Love,—rest sweetly now,  
Phœbus peacefully sleeps.

Translation from the German of Leopold Schefer—1872.

**B**E active with thy children ; have them  
Day and night around thee, love them well  
And let them love thee for a few bright years,  
For only thro' the fleeting dream of Childhood are they thine.  
Not longer ! For in youth  
Their minds are full of thoughts—not *thine*—  
And many things charm them, that *thou* hast not.  
The old world's teaching *then* will lead them on,  
Their minds will glow with fancy, and the future  
Will unfold before them. *Then* will the Present  
Fade away. With bundle and with knapsack  
With store of clothes, the boy goes bravely forth,  
Thou wilt gaze after, weeping, till he disappears,  
And he will never more be thine ! He will return  
And love and choose a maiden for his bride,  
They wed, and others will grow up around them,  
Then thou wilt see him as a man, a friend,  
A being loved ; but never more a child.  
Thy daughter also, brings her children fair,  
In love and joy beneath thy welcome roof  
Thou wilt see *her* beloved,—a happy mother,—but thy child  
Never more !—Oh ! play and work with thy dear little ones,  
Keep them around thee day and night  
And let them love thee for a few bright years !

*Translation from the German.*

“Behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves, be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.”

## I

I SEND you forth!—go then, my chosen few,  
And lead mankind to me.  
I send you—lambs into the midst of wolves,  
Unarmed! o'er land and sea.  
So nerve your hearts, your lonely path to ply,  
With sacred banner bravely raised on high,  
And Satan's host before your sword shall fly—  
I send you forth!

## II

I send you forth! the world will not receive you;  
But be as serpents, wise,  
And pure as spotless wings of dove,  
Abhorring craft and lies.  
Let all men see the race from which you spring,  
And let them learn the nature of your King,  
Oh, children! be not of this world.  
Be pure in everything.



III

I send you forth into the schools of wisdom—  
    There let your lamp be bright.  
I send you forth—to stand before Earth's princes,  
    And read my Word aright.  
Those whom I send must dauntless be,  
To no false god must bend the knee,  
But conquer evil fearlessly,  
    I send you forth !

IV

I send you forth, they will despise and hate you ;  
    I send you into flames and war,  
Fear not ! though all men should condemn you,  
    For I have gone before.  
And if they pierce you with the sword,  
And scourge you with the cruel cord,  
Think on *my* pain ; your dying Lord—  
    I send you forth.

V

I send you forth ! and one day shall reclaim you  
    Back to my sabbath peace.  
Then shall you stand before me,—your Redeemer,  
    Then shall your sufferings cease.

So great the King and Lord whom you obey,  
So fair the crown prepared for you alway,  
*Here* is the Cross, and *there* Eternal Day—  
I send you forth !

---

*Autumn Memories—No. 1.*

*“ALLTY-FERIN.”*

I

ONCE more the hues of autumn tint the trees,  
The mountain ash gleams red on high,  
The yellow leaves flutter upon the breeze,  
And happy swallows southward fly.

II

The sportsman's cheery gun is heard afar  
On Allty-ferin's wooded side,  
And as we homeward turn, a falling star  
Lights up the heaven, calm and wide.

III

The gleaming river rushes foaming by,  
Midst thorny brake and waving fern,  
And limpid streamlets ripple merrily  
Among the old rocks, grey and stern.

IV

Kind faces smile a welcome to us here,  
Kind friends are waiting at the door,  
The wood fire blazes on the spacious hearth  
And greets us with a genial roar.

## V

Oh, friends! 'tis but a year to-day we met,  
And two loved ones were with us then,  
Yonder with us they watched the red sun set,  
With us they strolled thro' leafy glen.

## VI

One cometh not again. His Master's call  
Summoned him hence ere yet his work was done,  
Ere care could shade, or sin his soul enthrall,  
He passed in peace, his short-lived battle won.

## VII

And one dear friend—how missed his cheering face,  
His welcome tone, his genial smile!  
No one there is to fill his vacant place,  
For him we watch and wait awhile.

## VIII

Warm heart and true,—old ocean's crested wave  
Like thunder roars 'twixt you and home,  
May heaven safely guide your footsteps brave  
Back o'er the white Atlantic foam.

## IX

We cannot stay the fleeting wings of time,  
The blue Welsh hills far distant lie,  
Only a tribute this, in feeble rhyme  
To frame them in our memory.

x

And when oppressed by anxious work and care,  
We will our steps in thought retrace  
To Allty-ferin, and its pine woods fair,  
A peaceful homelike resting place.

---

*Autumn Memories—No. 2.*

*SPEAN LODGE.*

I

BY the shady, peaceful garden,  
Where the air is filled with song,  
By graceful birch and drooping alder  
Flows the Spean, broad and strong.

II

Beech and pine, and rhododendron,  
Fill the air with glowing shades,  
And the lilies, pure and fragrant,  
Scent the leafy emerald glades.

III

In the distance purple mountains  
Stand like rugged giants, crowned  
With the snow wreaths of the winter  
Keeping solemn watch around.

IV

Joyful days and golden hours,  
Spent in green Lochaber's vale,  
Come to us again and charm us,  
Like some wondrous fairy tale!

v

Cloudless mornings, full of sunshine,  
Spent upon the mountain side,  
Dreamy walks through ferns and myrtle,  
By the river clear and wide.

vi

Here a genial welcome meets us  
Warmer than the peatfire's blaze,  
Loving kindness, overflowing,  
Waits us ever in the "braes."

vii

See! the silver salmon dashes  
Through the water deep and clear!  
And at night the Rhine wine flashes  
On the board of festive cheer.

viii

Come and cheer us, sunny visions!  
As we wend our homeward way,  
Come and shed a roseate glamour  
Round the toils of everyday.

ix

So when weary of the troubles  
That on earth can never cease,  
Memories of fair Lochaber,  
Shall bring sweetest thoughts of peace.

*June 30th, 1879.*

*“To bear is to conquer our fate.”—CAMPBELL.*

## I

SAY not that English hearts are weak,  
That all their vaunted strength has gone ;  
See, here, ye have not far to seek,  
A dauntless courage, English-born.

## II

The boy who in his sunny life  
Wept at a word, or angry tone,  
Now bears the surgeon's piercing knife  
Without a tear, without a groan.

## III

His soul is steeled to bear the pain,  
Although the drops are on his brow ;  
Say not such childish “pluck” is vain,  
It speaks of victory even now !

## IV

The English heart beats proudly high,  
As fiercely valiant as of yore,  
As when, beneath a burning sky,  
Great Havelock marched to free Cawnpore.



## V

Then let not coward cries have weight,  
To drag our England to the ground ;  
Our sons are nerved for any fate,  
Before they see her captive bound.

## VI

Oh ! England, raise thy strong right hand,  
Bring forth thy sword as keen and bright  
As when, held by a glorious band,  
It smote thy foes on Alma's height.

## VII

Then rally round our standard old,  
Nor let our war cry sluggish be ;  
Fight for the birthrights of the bold,  
Fight as a people brave and free.

*January, 1878.*

---

A FRAGMENT.

*“Sweet childish days that were as long  
As twenty days are now.”—WORDSWORTH.*

## I

A LITTLE boy with dreamy, hazel eyes,  
Stands gazing at the pallid wintry skies ;  
“ Birds, take a kiss to Harold,” murmurs he,  
“ Tell him to come back very soon to me.”

## II

Then turns he from the window with a sigh,  
“ Birds, fly to darling Harold, swiftly fly ”;  
And with a dawning smile of sweet content,  
To lessons meekly sits with mind intent.

## III

Oh, childlike trust and love ! ye live and grow  
In childhood’s realm, where wondrous flowers blow ;  
Where fairy visions tread a magic dance,  
And sweetest songs the raptured ear entrance.

## IV

Like birds that fleet across a summer sky,  
Ye shine and pass—we wonder where, and why ?  
A gleam from purer worlds—like childhood’s kiss ;  
Can Heaven give more than love and faith like this ?

*Christmas, 1878.*

*FOUND OUT.*

Vide *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 10th, 1879.

## I

THROUGH driving sleet, o'er plains of endless snow,  
The weary, heavy-fettered prisoners go ;  
Henceforth for them God's sun shall shine in vain,  
Siberia's blackest night falls on their heart and brain.

## II

Among them are there men of gentle blood,  
By Cossacks dragged through swamp and icy flood ;  
And tender women, on whose aching breast,  
The clinging child no more is hushed to rest.

## III

Their fate?—to toil unceasing night and day,  
No rest, no change, no time to weep or pray ;  
Only to bear the strokes, to eat the food of slaves,  
Only to shiver slowly into forgotten graves.

## IV

Oh, nation, stained with deeds of darkest night,  
Raise not Christ's cross in token of thy might ;  
His ways are ways of justice, truth, and love,  
Thy children's groans are heard by Him above.

## v

Heard and avenged ! for see, with unsheathed sword,  
The nations ready stand, with one accord,  
To stay thy greedy hand and iron sway,  
And in the dust thy haughty banner lay.

## vi

Go, read thy doom, as once in lighted halls,  
The Eastern King traced his upon the walls ;  
Nor wait till thundering cannon at thy gate  
Arouse thy slumbering soul with dread—too late.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

WRITTEN DURING HIS LAST ILLNESS.

“The traditions of England still live ; they are not quite dead ; they live in the heart of a Woman, and of an aged Statesman.”—  
“*Journal des Débats*,” 1879.

I

AND one is fading from us, slowly, day by day,  
Leaving us weary, storm-tossed and distressed,  
Oh, faithful servant of our Queen and country, pass away  
From this heart-saddening scene, and be at rest !

II

While old traditions lived, dear to all English hearts,  
And victory's lustre shone upon our shield,  
Thy word was power ; the calm that patient strength imparts  
Upheld thy soul, where weaker spirits yield.

III

The storms of party strife swept o'er thy head in vain,  
And vilest slander failed to work thee harm,  
Thy wiser mind cared not for bitter words that pain.  
Philosopher ! what was thy secret, potent charm ?

## IV

Thy reign is o'er, and in the dust the Boers trail  
The ragged blood-stained colours of the brave,  
'Tis well, thou hearest not the dark and dreadful tale,  
It will not break the stillness of thy grave.

## V

Oh! England! in two loyal steadfast souls yet lives  
The glowing memory of thy former fame,  
Be true to these; let not the lesson of their lives  
Have been in vain, be true to thy great name!

*ST. ANDREW'S, LOCHABER.*

## I

ON a lonely Northern shore, and wild,  
    Stands a temple meet for praise and prayer,  
And old and young and little child,  
    Enraptured, gaze on its beauty rare.

## II

The marble cross, as white as the spray,  
    The Mosaics brought from Southern lands ;  
The painted glass, with its glowing ray,  
    The sculpture wrought by devoted hands,  
All tell the tale of a loving heart,  
    Yielding treasure as sent by Heaven ;  
Laying the best and the fairest part  
    At His feet, who hath richly all things given.

## III

And as I hear the sweet organ's tone  
    Swelling the notes of the solemn hymn,  
Altar and choir and carven stone  
    Fade from me, and the church grows dim ;

For I live again in a bygone year,  
 And I see the preacher's earnest face ;  
 And his thrilling, warning voice I hear,  
 Speaking of Christ and His saving grace.

## IV

Words breathing health and strength and life,  
 Like the cooling breeze thro' a wood of pine  
 Bracing the weak for their mortal strife,  
 Telling the sinful of love divine.  
 Words that comfort, yet burn like fire,  
 Rousing the soul from its deadly sleep ;  
 Leading the struggling spirit higher,  
 Making the strong man bend and weep.

## V

He spoke of a priceless gift to come,—  
 A temple reared in reverent love,  
 Where the weary and sad should find a home,  
 And their prayers should ascend to God above.

\* \* \* \* \*

The preacher to other scenes has passed,  
 But where the blue waters wash the shore ;  
 The church in fair beauty unsurpassed,  
 Stands pointing heavenwards evermore.



## S. I. G.

*"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."*—WORDSWORTH.

## I

THE summer rain falls softly on the roof,  
The roses rustle in the sweet warm air,  
I see him stand so near, and yet aloof,  
The shadow in his eyes ; the light upon his hair.

## II

In meadow, wood, and in the grassy dell,  
I see him run and play in boyish glee,  
A "Sabbath child" he is, a magic spell  
From evil guards his footsteps tenderly.

## III

And when the fragrant summer day is o'er,  
And fairy rings are circled on the lawn,  
The friendly elves steal thro' the nursery door,  
And waft him wondrous dreams till rosy dawn.

## IV

But Time is passing on, and he has gone  
To bear the "heat and burden of the day,"  
To learn, to strive, to take his part alone,  
To brace his heart to keep the one true way.

## v

And still I see him with his book in hand,  
And tender earnest look,—a guileless soul,  
So pure and steadfast evil to withstand,  
Gentle, yet with a power of self control.

## vi

Oh, Child! whose path midst sunny spots has lain,  
To whom the gift of Innocence is given,  
What thou hast taught us, was not taught in vain,  
Thy slender hand points ever up to Heaven.

## vii

The summer rain is falling on the roof,  
The rose leaves flutter in the sweet warm air,  
I see him stand so near, and yet aloof,  
The shadow in his eyes ; the light upon his hair !

*M A B E L.*

*“ But all things else about her drawn,  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.”*

—WORDSWORTH.

I

CHILD, heaven-sent, to cheer our earthly way,  
Whose pure and joyous spirit knows no guile ;  
Twilight is night without thee, and the day  
Misses the sunshine of thy tender smile.

II

The gladness and the calm that thou hast brought  
To us who tread the dusty road of care ;  
The playful charm, tempered by earnest thought,  
These brace us like the fragrant morning air.

III

And when the shadows lengthen, and thy Spring  
To glowing Summer changes, rich with flowers,  
God in His wisdom guide thee ; may He bring  
Strength for the fight, and Faith for darker hours !

---

*IN MEMORIAM.*

ADVENT, 1881.

*"Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts."*

## I

THE fire burns low ; the dull November day  
Creeps sadly on to its appointed end ;  
Thy voice is hushed ; thy form has passed away ;  
'Tis but a year we mourned thee—best loved friend.  
Oh ! toiling Servant of our Lord ! thy years  
Were spent in work for others, and they reap  
The fruits of that which thou didst sow in tears ;  
I would not rouse thee from thy slumbers deep.

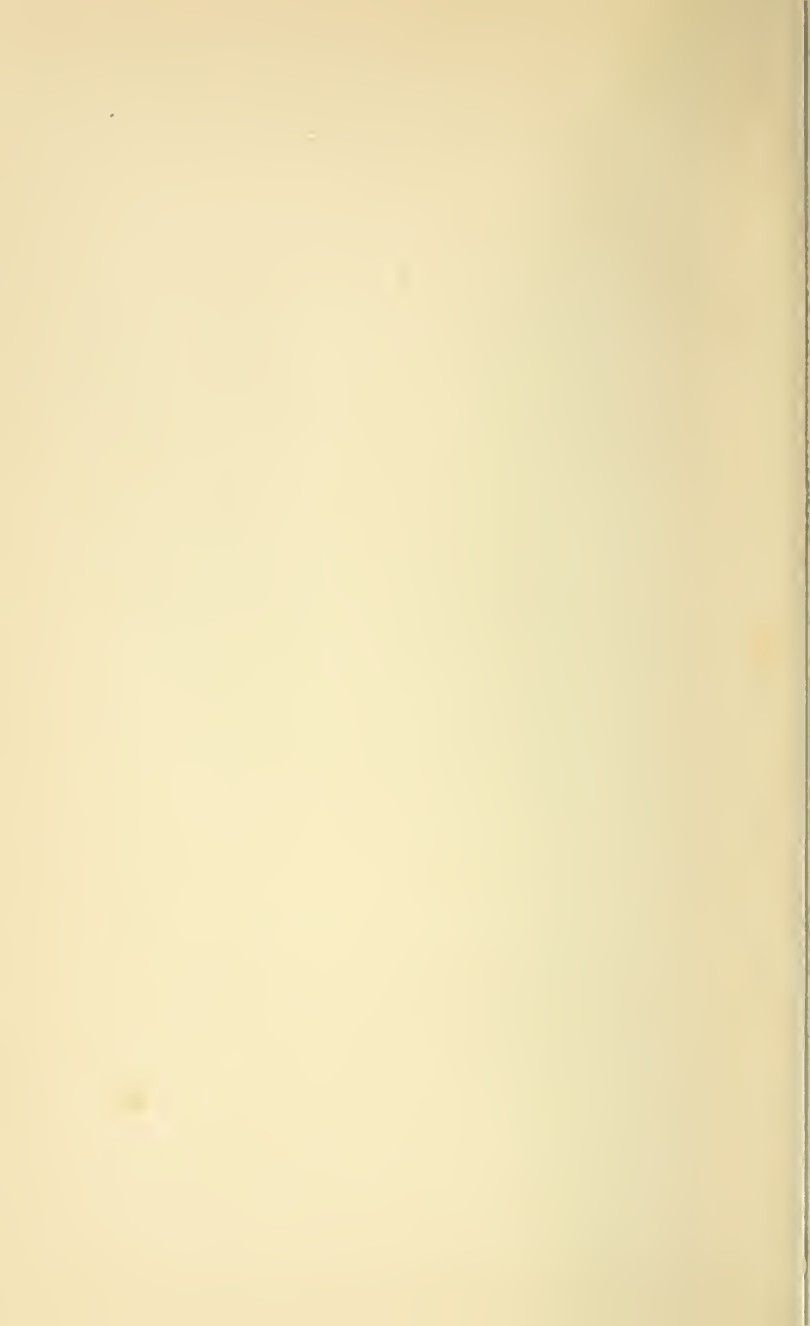
## II

All they who needed thee may weep in vain,  
Thy genial presence brightens not their room ;  
Thy smile cheers not ; thy hand soothes not their pain,  
Yet even now stray sunbeams pierce the gloom—  
For sacred memories of thy noble life  
Throng round me as I sit and muse on thee,  
Thy firm endurance amid toil and strife—  
Thy generous love—thy high-souled courtesy.

## III

In Life's fierce fray, when brave hearts fought and fell,  
Thy courage cheered them, and thy wisdom led.  
Calm, steadfast soul ! Ah ! who but I could tell  
What wounds beneath thine armour ached and bled ?  
Past is thy conflict, and from sorrows free,  
I dream thou hast a higher work above ;  
And holding fast thy hallowed memory,  
I tread life's thorny path, blest by thy love !

1882.











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