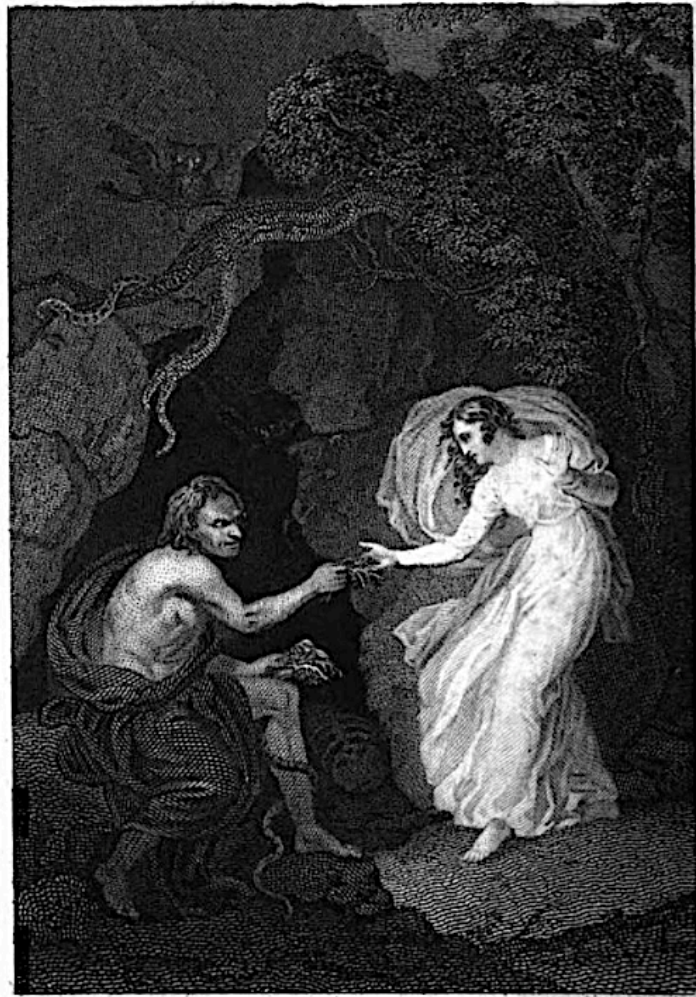


**THE IMPROVISATRICE;**

**AND**

**OTHER POEMS.**

**LONDON:**  
**PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET.**



Drawn by T.M.Wright.

Engraved by Cha<sup>s</sup>. Heath

### THE IMPROVISATRICE.

*He heard her prayer with withering look;  
Then from unholy herbs he took  
A drug, and said it would recover  
The lost heart of her faithless lover.*

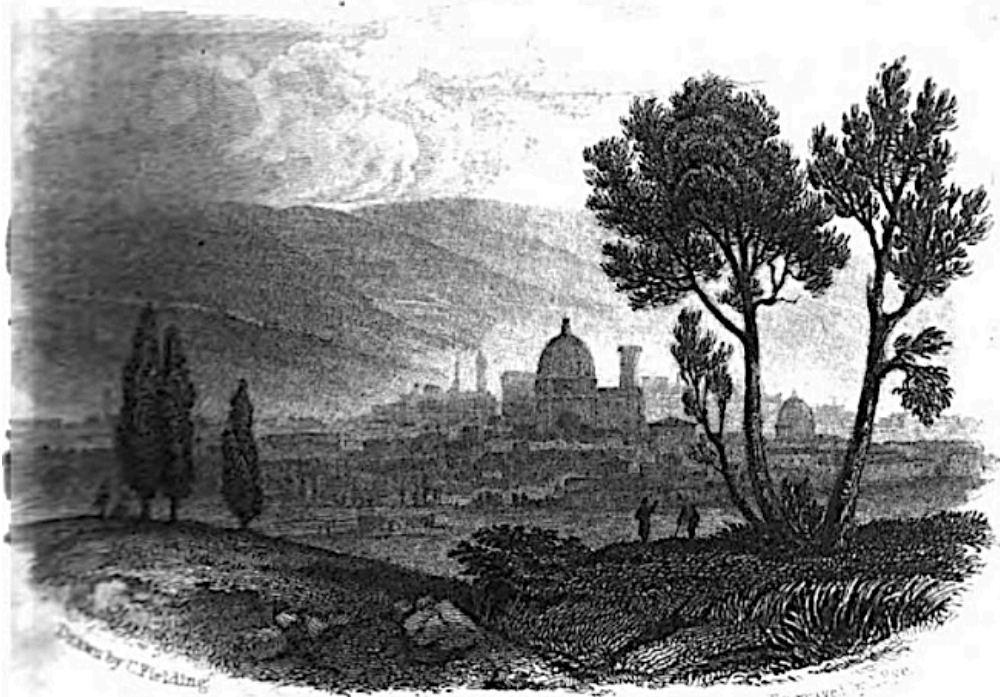
*Published by Hurst, Robinson, & Co. London, 1824.*

The  
IMPROVISATRICE;

and  
OTHER POEMS.

BY

L. E. L.



*FLORENCE! Fair city of that land  
Where the Poets lip & the Painter's hand  
Are most divine. —*

L O N D O N.

PUBLISHED BY HURST, ROBINSON & CO. 20, CHEAPSIDE & 8, PALL MALL.  
1824.



**THE IMPROVISATRICE;**

**AND**

**OTHER POEMS.**

**BY L. E. L.**

**WITH EMBELLISHMENTS.**

It lies not in our power to love or hate,  
For will in us is overruled by Fate.

*Marlowe.*

**LONDON:**

**PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON AND CO.**

**90, CHEAPSIDE, AND 8, PALL-MALL; AND**

**ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.**

---

**1824.**

## ADVERTISEMENT.

POETRY needs no Preface: if it do not speak for itself, no comment can render it explicit. I have only, therefore, to state that *The Improvisatrice* is an attempt to illustrate that species of inspiration common in Italy, where the mind is warmed from earliest childhood by all that is beautiful in Nature and glorious in Art. The character depicted is entirely Italian,—a young female with all the loveliness, vivid feeling, and genius of her own impassioned land. She is supposed to relate her own history; with which are intermixed the tales and episodes which various circumstances call forth.

Some of the minor poems have appeared in *The Literary Gazette*.

L. E. L.

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## THE IMPROVISATRICE.

---

I AM a daughter of that land,  
Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand  
Are most divine,—where earth and sky  
Are picture both and poetry—  
I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill  
Of hope and feeling, oh! I still  
Am proud to think to where I owe  
My birth, though but the dawn of woe!

My childhood passed 'mid radiant things,  
Glorious as Hope's imaginings;  
Statues but known from shapes of the earth,  
By being too lovely for mortal birth;  
Paintings whose colours of life were caught  
From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought;  
Music whose sighs had a spell like those  
That float on the sea at the evening's close;  
Language so silvery, that every word  
Was like the lute's awakening chord;  
Skies half sunshine, and half starlight;  
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight;  
Leaves whose green pomp knew no withering;  
Fountains bright as the skies of our Spring;  
And songs whose wild and passionate line  
Suited a soul of romance like mine.



My power was but a woman's power ;  
Yet, in that great and glorious dower  
Which Genius gives, I had my part :  
I poured my full and burning heart  
In song, and on the canvass made  
My dreams of beauty visible ;  
I know not which I loved the most—  
Pencil or lute,—both loved so well.

Oh, yet my pulse throbs to recall,  
When first upon the gallery's wall  
Picture of mine was placed, to share  
Wonder and praise from each one there.  
Sad were my shades ; methinks they had  
Almost a tone of prophecy—  
I ever had, from earliest youth,  
A feeling what my fate would be.

My first was of a gorgeous hall,  
Lighted up for festival;  
Braided tresses, and cheeks of bloom,  
Diamond agraff, and foam-white plume;  
Censers of roses, vases of light  
Like what the moon sheds on a summer night.  
Youths and maidens with linked hands,  
Joined in the graceful sarabands,  
Smiled on the canvass; but apart  
    Was one who leant in silent mood,  
As revelry to his sick heart  
    Were worse than veriest solitude.  
Pale, dark-eyed, beautiful, and young,  
    Such as he had shone o'er my slumbers,  
When I had only slept to dream  
    Over again his magic numbers.

Divinest Petrarch! he whose lyre,  
Like morning light, half dew, half fire,  
To Laura and to love was vowed—  
He looked on one, who with the crowd  
Mingled, but mixed not; on whose cheek  
    There was a blush, as if she knew  
Whose look was fixed on her's. Her eye,  
    Of a spring sky's delicious blue,  
Had not the language of that bloom,  
But mingling tears, and light, and gloom,  
Was raised abstractedly to Heaven:—  
No sign was to her lover given.  
I painted her with golden tresses,  
Such as float on the wind's caresses  
When the laburnums wildly fling  
Their sunny blossoms to the spring.

A cheek which had the crimson hue  
    Upon the sun-touched nectarine;  
A lip of perfume and of dew;  
    A brow like twilight's darkened line.  
I strove to catch each charm that long  
Has lived,—thanks to her lover's song!  
Each grace he numbered one by one,  
That shone in her of Avignon.

I ever thought that poet's fate  
Utterly lone and desolate.  
It is the spirit's bitterest pain  
To love, to be beloved again;  
And yet between a gulf which ever  
The hearts that burn to meet must sever.  
And he was vowed to one sweet star,  
Bright yet to him, but bright afar.

O'er some, Love's shadow may but pass  
As passes the breath stain o'er glass;  
And pleasures, cares, and pride combined,  
Fill up the blank Love leaves behind.  
But there are some whose love is high,  
Entire, and sole idolatry;  
Who, turning from a heartless world,  
Ask some dear thing which may renew  
Affection's severed links, and be  
As true as they themselves are true.  
But Love's bright fount is never pure;  
And all his pilgrims must endure  
All passion's mighty suffering  
Ere they may reach the blessed spring.  
And some who waste their lives to find  
A prize which they may never win:

Like those who search for Irem's groves,

Which found, they may not enter in.

Where is the sorrow but appears

In Love's long catalogue of tears?

And some there are who leave the path

In agony and fierce disdain;

But bear upon each cankered breast

The scar that never heals again.

My next was of a minstrel too,

Who proved what woman's hand might do,

When, true to the heart pulse, it woke

The harp. Her head was bending down,

As if in weariness, and near,

But unworn, was a laurel crown.

She was not beautiful, if bloom

And smiles form beauty; for, like death,



Her brow was ghastly; and her lip  
Was parched, as fever were its breath.  
There was a shade upon her dark,  
Large, floating eyes, as if each spark  
Of minstrel ecstasy was fled,  
Yet, leaving them no tears to shed;  
Fixed in their hopelessness of care,  
And reckless in their great despair.  
She sat beneath a cypress tree,  
    A little fountain ran beside,  
And, in the distance, one dark rock  
    Threw its long shadow o'er the tide;  
And to the west, where the nightfall  
Was darkening day's gemm'd coronal,  
Its white shafts crimsoning in the sky,  
Arose the sun-god's sanctuary.

I deemed, that of lyre, life, and love  
She was a long, last farewell taking;—  
That, from her pale and parched lips,  
Her latest, wildest song was breaking.

## SAPPHO'S SONG.

FAREWELL, my lute!—and would that I  
Had never waked thy burning chords!  
Poison has been upon thy sigh,  
And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame  
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?  
I should have been the wretch I am,  
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,  
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;

It was not song that taught me love,  
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,  
And pulse, and head, and heart, are flame;  
It is thy work, thou faithless one!  
But, no!—I will not name thy name!

Sun-god, lute, wreath, are vowed to thee!  
Long be their light upon my grave—  
My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea:  
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

---

FLORENCE! with what idolatry  
I've lingered in thy radiant halls,  
Worshipping, till my dizzy eye  
Grew dim with gazing on those walls,

Where time had spared each glorious gift  
By Genius unto Memory left !  
And when seen by the pale moonlight,  
More pure, more perfect, though less bright,  
What dreams of song flashed on my brain,  
Till each shade seemed to live again ;  
And then the beautiful, the grand,  
The glorious of my native land,  
In every flower that threw its veil  
Aside, when wooed by the spring gale ;  
In every vineyard, where the sun,  
His task of summer ripening done,  
Shone on their clusters, and a song  
Came lightly from the peasant throng ;—  
In the dim loveliness of night,  
In fountains with their diamond light,

In aged temple, ruined shrine,  
And its green wreath of ivy twine;—  
In every change of earth and sky,  
Breathed the deep soul of poesy.

As yet I loved not;—but each wild,  
High thought I nourished raised a pyre  
For love to light; and lighted once  
By love, it would be like the fire  
The burning lava floods that dwell  
In Etna's cave unquenchable.

One evening in the lovely June,  
Over the Arno's waters gliding,  
I had been watching the fair moon  
Amid her court of white clouds riding;—

I had been listening to the gale,  
Which wafted music from around,  
(For scarce a lover, at that hour,  
But waked his mandolin's light sound),—  
And odour was upon the breeze,  
Sweet thefts from rose and lemon trees.

They stole me from my lulling dream,  
And said they knew that such an hour  
Had ever influence on my soul,  
And raised my sweetest minstrel power.  
I took my lute,—my eye had been  
Wandering round the lovely scene,  
Filled with those melancholy tears,  
Which come when all most bright appears,



And hold their strange and secret power,  
Even on pleasure's golden hour.  
I had been looking on the river,  
Half-marvelling to think that ever  
Wind, wave, or sky, could darken where  
All seemed so gentle and so fair:  
And mingled with these thoughts there came  
    A tale, just one that Memory keeps—  
Forgotten music, till some chance  
    Vibrate the chord whereon it sleeps!

## A MOORISH ROMANCE.

SOFTLY through the pomegranate groves  
Came the gentle song of the doves;  
Shone the fruit in the evening light,  
Like Indian rubies, blood-red and bright;

Shook the date-trees each tufted head,  
As the passing wind their green nuts shed ;  
And, like dark columns, amid the sky  
The giant palms ascended on high ;  
And the mosque's gilded minaret  
Glistened and glanced as the daylight set.  
Over the town a crimson haze  
Gathered and hung of the evening's rays ;  
And far beyond, like molten gold,  
The burning sands of the desert rolled.  
Far to the left, the sky and sea  
Mingled their gray immensity ;  
And with flapping sail and idle prow  
The vessels threw their shades below.  
Far down the beach, where a cypress grove  
Casts its shade round a little cove,

Darkling and green, with just a space  
For the stars to shine on the water's face,  
A small bark lay, waiting for night  
And its breeze to waft and hide its flight.  
Sweet is the burthen, and lovely the freight,  
For which those furled-up sails await,  
To a garden, fair as those  
Where the glory of the rose  
Blushes, charmed from the decay  
That wastes other blooms away ;  
Gardens of the fairy tale  
Told, till the wood-fire grows pale,  
By the Arab tribes, when night,  
With its dim and lovely light,  
And its silence, suiteth well  
With the magic tales they tell.

Through that cypress avenue,  
Such a garden meets the view,  
Filled with flowers—flowers that seem  
Lighted up by the sunbeam ;  
Fruits of gold and gems, and leaves  
Green as Hope before it grieves  
O'er the false and broken-hearted,  
All with which its youth has parted,  
Never to return again,  
Save in memories of pain!

There is a white rose in yon bower,  
But holds it a yet fairer flower:  
And music from that cage is breathing,  
Round which a jasmine braid is wreathing,

A low song from a lonely dove,  
A song such exiles sing and love,  
Breathing of fresh fields, summer skies—  
Now to be breathed of but in sighs!  
But fairer smile and sweeter sigh  
Are near when LEILA'S step is nigh!  
With eyes dark as the midnight time,  
Yet lighted like a summer clime  
With sun-rays from within; yet now  
Lingers a cloud upon that brow,—  
Though never lovelier brow was given  
To Hourî of an Eastern heaven!  
Her eye is dwelling on that bower,  
As every leaf and every flower  
Were being numbered in her heart;—

There are no looks like those which dwell

On long remembered things, which soon  
Must take our first and last farewell!

Day fades apace ; another day,  
That maiden will be far away,  
A wanderer o'er the dark-blue sea,  
And bound for lovely Italy,  
Her mother's land! Hence, on her breast  
The cross beneath a Moorish vest ;  
And hence those sweetest sounds, that seem  
Like music murmuring in a dream,  
When in our sleeping ear is ringing-  
The song the nightingale is singing ;  
When by that white and funeral stone,  
Half hidden by the cypress gloom,



The hymn the mother taught her child  
Is sung each evening at her tomb.  
But quick the twilight time has past,  
Like one of those sweet calms that last  
A moment and no more, to cheer  
The turmoil of our pathway here.

The bark is waiting in the bay,  
Night darkens round:—LEILA away!  
Far, ere tomorrow, o'er the tide,  
Or wait and be—ABDALLA's bride!

She touched her lute—never again  
Her ear will listen to its strain!  
She took her cage, first kissed the breast—  
Then freed the white dove prisoned there:

It paused one moment on her hand,  
Then spread its glad wings to the air.  
She drank the breath, as it were health,  
That sighed from every scented blossom ;  
And, taking from each one a leaf,  
Hid them, like spells, upon her bosom.  
Then sought the secret path again  
She once before had traced, when lay  
A Christian in her father's chain ;  
And gave him gold, and taught the way  
To fly. She thought upon the night,  
When, like an angel of the light,  
She stood before the prisoner's sight,  
And led him to the cypress grove,  
And showed the bark and hidden cove ;

---

And bade the wandering captive flee,  
In words he knew from infancy!  
And then she thought how for her love  
    He had braved slavery and death,  
That he might only breathe the air  
    Made sweet and sacred by her breath.  
She reached the grove of cypresses,—  
    Another step is by her side:  
Another moment, and the bark  
    Bears the fair Moor across the tide!

'Twas beautiful, by the pale moonlight,  
To mark her eyes,—now dark, now bright,  
As now they met, now shrank away,  
From the gaze that watched and worshipped their  
    day.

They stood on the deck, and the midnight gale  
Just waved the maiden's silver veil—  
Just lifted a curl, as if to show  
The cheek of rose that was burning below :  
And never spread a sky of blue  
More clear for the stars to wander through !  
And never could their mirror be  
A calmer or a lovelier sea !  
For every wave was a diamond gleam :  
And that light vessel well might seem  
A fairy ship, and that graceful pair  
Young Genii, whose home was of light and air !

Another evening came, but dark ;  
The storm clouds hovered round the bark

Of misery:—they just could see  
The distant shore of Italy,  
As the dim moon through vapours shone—  
A few short rays, her light was gone.  
O'er head a sullen scream was heard,  
As sought the land the white sea-bird,  
Her pale wings like a meteor streaming.  
Upon the waves a light is gleaming—  
Ill-omened brightness, sent by Death  
To light the night-black depths beneath.  
The vessel rolled amid the surge;  
The winds howled round it, like a dirge  
Sung by some savage race. Then came  
The rush of thunder and of flame:  
It showed two forms upon the deck,—  
One clasped around the other's neck,

As there she could not dream of fear—  
In her lover's arms could danger be near?  
He stood and watched her with the eye  
Of fixed and silent agony.

The waves swept on : he felt her heart  
    Beat close and closer yet to his!  
They burst upon the ship!—the sea  
    Has closed upon their dream of bliss!

Surely theirs is a pleasant sleep,  
    Beneath that ancient cedar tree,  
Whose solitary stem has stood  
    For years alone beside the sea!  
The last of a most noble race,  
That once had there their dwelling-place,

Long past away! Beneath its shade,  
A soft green couch the turf had made:—  
And glad the morning sun is shining  
On those beneath the boughs reclining.  
Nearer the fisher drew. He saw  
    The dark hair of the Moorish maid,  
Like a veil, floating o'er the breast,  
    Where tenderly her head was laid;—  
And yet her lover's arm was placed  
Clasping around the graceful waist!  
But then he marked the youth's black curls  
    Were dripping wet with foam and blood;  
And that the maiden's tresses dark  
    Were heavy with the briny flood!  
Woe for the wind!—woe for the wave!  
They sleep the slumber of the grave!

They buried them beneath that tree;  
It long had been a sacred spot.  
Soon it was planted round with flowers  
By many who had not forgot;  
Or yet lived in those dreams of truth,  
The Eden birds of early youth,  
That make the loveliness of love:  
And called the place "THE MAIDEN'S COVE,"—  
That she who perished in the sea  
Might thus be kept in memory.

---

FROM many a lip came sounds of praise,  
Like music from sweet voices ringing;  
For many a boat had gathered round,  
To list the song I had been singing.  
There are some moments in our fate  
That stamp the colour of our days;

---



As, till then, life had not been felt,—

And mine was sealed in the slight gaze  
Which fixed my eye, and fired my brain,  
And bowed my heart beneath the chain.

'Twas a dark and flashing eye,  
Shadows, too, that tenderly,  
With almost female softness, came  
O'er its mingled gloom and flame.  
His cheek was pale; or toil, or care,  
Or midnight study, had been there,  
Making its young colours dull,  
Yet leaving it most beautiful.

Raven curls their shadow threw,  
Like the twilight's darkening hue,  
O'er the pure and mountain snow  
Of his high and haughty brow;

---

Lighted by a smile, whose spell  
Words are powerless to tell.  
Such a lip!—oh, poured from thence  
Lava floods of eloquence  
Would come with fiery energy,  
Like those words that cannot die.  
Words the Grecian warrior spoke  
When the Persian's chain he broke ;  
Or that low and honey tone,  
Making woman's heart his own ;  
Such as should be heard at night,  
In the dim and sweet starlight ;  
Sounds that haunt a beauty's sleep,  
Treasures for her heart to keep.  
Like the pine of summer tall,  
Apollo, on his pedestal

In our own gallery, never bent  
More graceful, more magnificent;  
Ne'er looked the hero, or the king,  
    More nobly than the youth who now,  
As if soul-centred in my song,  
    Was leaning on a galley's prow.  
He spoke not when the others spoke,  
    His heart was all too full for praise;  
But his dark eyes kept fixed on mine,  
    Which sank beneath their burning gaze.  
Mine sank—but yet I felt the thrill  
Of that look burning on me still.  
I heard no word that others said—  
    Heard nothing, save one low-breathed sigh.  
My hand kept wandering on my lute,  
    In music, but unconsciously:

My pulses throbbed, my heart beat high,  
A flush of dizzy ecstasy  
    Crimsoned my cheek; I felt warm tears  
Dimming my sight, yet was it sweet,  
My wild heart's most bewildering beat,  
    Consciousness, without hopes or fears,  
Of a new power within me waking,  
Like light before the morn's full breaking.  
I left the boat—the crowd: my mood  
Made my soul pant for solitude.

    Amid my palace halls was one,  
The most peculiarly my own:  
The roof was blue and fretted gold,  
The floor was of the Parian stone,  
Shining like snow, as only meet  
For the light tread of fairy feet;

And in the midst, beneath a shade  
Of clustered rose, a fountain played,  
Sprinkling its scented waters round,  
With a sweet and lulling sound,—  
O'er oranges, like Eastern gold,  
Half hidden by the dark green fold  
Of their large leaves;—o'er hyacinth bells,  
Where every summer odour dwells.  
And, nestled in the midst, a pair  
Of white wood-doves, whose home was there:  
And, like an echo to their song,  
At times a murmur past along;  
A dying tone, a plaining fall,  
So sad, so wild, so musical—  
As the wind swept across the wire,  
And waked my lone Æolian lyre,

Which lay upon the casement, where  
The lattice wooed the cold night air,  
Half hidden by a bridal twine  
Of jasmine with the emerald vine.  
And ever as the curtains made  
A varying light, a changeful shade ;  
As the breeze waved them to and fro,  
Came on the eye the glorious show  
Of pictured walls, where landscape wild  
Of wood, and stream, or mountain piled,  
Or sunny vale, or twilight grove,  
Or shapes whose every look was love ;  
Saints, whose diviner glance seemed caught  
From Heaven,—some whose earthlier thought  
Was yet more lovely,—shone like gleams  
Of Beauty's spirit seen in dreams.

I threw me on a couch to rest,  
Loosely I flung my long black hair ;  
It seemed to soothe my troubled breast  
To drink the quiet evening air.  
I look'd upon the deep-blue sky,  
And it was all hope and harmony.  
Afar I could see the Arno's stream  
Glorying in the clear moonbeam ;  
And the shadowy city met my gaze,  
Like the dim memory of other days ;  
And the distant wood's black coronal  
Was like oblivion, that covereth all.  
I know not why my soul felt sad ;  
I touched my lute,—it would not waken,  
Save to old songs of sorrowing—  
Of hope betrayed—of hearts forsaken :

Each lay of lighter feeling slept,  
I sang, but, as I sang, I wept.

## THE CHARMED CUP.

AND fondly round his neck she clung;  
Her long black tresses round him flung,  
Love-chains, which would not let him part;  
And he could feel her beating heart,  
The pulses of her small white hand,  
The tears she could no more command,  
The lip which trembled, though near his,  
The sigh that mingled with her kiss;—  
Yet parted he from that embrace.  
He cast one glance upon her face:  
His very soul felt sick to see  
Its look of utter misery;



Yet turned he not: one moment's grief,  
One pang, like lightning, fierce and brief,  
One thought, half pity, half remorse,  
Pass'd o'er him. On he urged his horse;  
Hill, ford, and valley spurred he by,  
And when his castle gate was nigh,  
White foam was on his 'broider'd rein,  
And each spur had a blood-red stain.  
But soon he entered that fair hall:  
His laugh was loudest there of all;  
And the cup that wont one name to bless,  
Was drained for its forgetfulness.  
The ring, once next his heart, was broken;  
The gold chain kept another token.  
Where is the curl he used to wear—  
The raven tress of silken hair?

The winds have scattered it. A braid,  
Of the first Spring day's golden shade  
Waves with the dark plumes on his crest.  
Fresh colours are upon his breast;  
The slight blue scarf, of simplest fold,  
Is changed for one of woven gold.  
And he is by a maiden's side,  
Whose gems of price, and robes of pride,  
Would suit the daughter of a king;  
And diamonds are glistening  
Upon her arm. There's not one curl  
Unfastened by a loop of pearl.  
And he is whispering in her ear  
Soft words that ladies love to hear.

Alas!—the tale is quickly told—  
His love hath felt the curse of gold!

And he is bartering his heart  
For that in which it hath no part.  
There's many an ill that clings to love;  
But this is one all else above;—  
For love to bow before the name  
Of this world's treasure: shame! oh, shame!  
Love, be thy wings as light as those  
That waft the zephyr from the rose,—  
This may be pardoned—something rare  
In loveliness has been thy snare!  
But how, fair Love, canst thou become  
A thing of mines—a sordid gnome?

And she whom JULIAN left—she stood  
A cold white statue; as the blood  
Had, when in vain her last wild prayer,  
Flown to her heart and frozen there.

Upon her temple, each dark vein  
Swelled in its agony of pain.  
Chill, heavy damps were on her brow;  
Her arms were stretched at length, though now  
Their clasp was on the empty air:  
A funeral pall—her long black hair  
Fell over her; herself the tomb  
Of her own youth, and breath, and bloom.

Alas! that man should ever win  
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin  
As woman's heart!—and deeper woe  
For her fond weakness, not to know  
That yielding all but breaks the chain  
That never reunites again!

It was a dark and tempest night—  
No pleasant moon, no blest starlight;  
But meteors glancing o'er the way,  
Only to dazzle and betray.  
And who is she, that 'mid the storm,  
Wraps her slight mantle round her form?  
Her hair is wet with rain and sleet,  
And blood is on her small snow feet.  
She has been forced a way to make  
Through prickly weed and thorned brake,  
Up rousing from its coil the snake;  
And stirring from their damp abode  
The slimy worm and loathsome toad:  
And shuddered as she heard the gale  
Shriek like an evil spirit's wail;

When followed, like a curse, the crash  
Of the pines in the lightning flash:—  
A place of evil and of fear—  
Oh! what can JULIAN's love do here?

On, on the pale girl went. At last  
The gloomy forest depths are past,  
And she has reached the wizard's den,  
Accursed by God and shunned by men.  
And never had a ban been laid  
Upon a more unwholesome shade.  
There grew dank elders, and the yew  
Its thick sepulchral shadow threw;  
And brooded there each bird most foul,  
The gloomy bat and sullen owl.

But IDA entered in the cell,  
Where dwelt the wizard of the dell.  
Her heart lay dead, her life-blood froze  
To look upon the shape which rose  
To bar her entrance. On that face  
Was scarcely left a single trace  
Of human likeness: the parched skin  
Shewed each discoloured bone within;  
And but for the most evil stare  
Of the wild eyes' unearthly glare,  
It was a corpse, you would have said,  
From which life's freshness long had fled.  
Yet IDA knelt her down and prayed  
To that dark sorcerer for his aid.  
He heard her prayer with withering look;  
Then from unholy herbs he took

A drug, and said it would recover  
The lost heart of her faithless lover.  
She trembled as she turned to see  
His demon sneer's malignity;  
And every step was winged with dread,  
To hear the curse howled as she fled.

It is the purple twilight hour,  
And JULIAN is in IDA'S bower.  
He has brought gold, as gold could bless  
His work of utter desolateness!  
He has brought gems, as if Despair  
Had any pride in being fair!  
But IDA only wept, and wreathed  
Her white arms round his neck; then breathed



Those passionate complaints that wring  
A woman's heart, yet never bring  
Redress: She called upon each tree  
To witness her lone constancy!  
She called upon the silent boughs,  
The temple of her JULIAN'S VOWS  
Of happiness too dearly bought!  
Then wept again. At length she thought  
Upon the forest sorcerer's gift—  
The last, lone hope that love had left!  
She took the cup, and kissed the brim;  
Mixed the dark spell, and gave it him  
To pledge his once dear IDA'S name!  
He drank it. Instantly the flame  
Ran through his veins: one fiery throb  
Of bitter pain—one gasping sob

Of agony—the cold death sweat  
Is on his face—his teeth are set—  
His bursting eyes are glazed and still:  
The drug has done its work of ill.  
Alas! for her who watched each breath,  
The cup her love had mixed bore—death!

---

LORENZO!—when next morning came,  
For the first time I heard thy name!  
LORENZO!—how each ear-pulse drank  
The more than music of that tone!  
LORENZO!—how I sighed that name,  
As breathing it, made it mine own!

I sought the gallery : I was wont  
To pass the noontide there, and trace  
Some Statue's shape of loveliness—  
Some Saint, some Nymph, or Muse's face.  
There in my rapture I could throw  
My pencil and its hues aside,  
And, as the vision past me, pour  
My song of passion, joy, and pride.  
And he was there,—LORENZO there !  
How soon the morning past away,  
With finding beauties in each thing  
Neither had seen before that day !  
Spirit of Love ! soon thy rose-plumes wear  
The weight and the sully of canker and care :  
Falsehood is round thee ; Hope leads thee on,  
Till every hue from thy pinion is gone.

But one bright moment is all thine own,  
The one ere thy visible presence is known ;  
When, like the wind of the South, thy power,  
Sunning the heavens, sweetening the flower,  
Is felt, but not seen. Thou art sweet and calm  
As the sleep of a child, as the dew-fall of balm.  
Fear has not darkened thee ; Hope has not made  
The blossoms expand, it but opens to fade.  
Nothing is known of those wearing fears  
Which will shadow the light of thy after-years.  
Then art thou bliss :—but once throw by  
The veil which shrouds thy divinity ;  
Stand confessed,—and thy quiet is fled !  
Wild flashes of rapture may come instead,  
But pain will be with them. What may restore  
The gentle happiness known before ?

I owned not to myself I loved,—

No word of love LORENZO breathed;

But I lived in a magic ring,

Of every pleasant flower wreathed.

A brighter blue was on the sky,

A sweeter breath in music's sigh;

The orange shrubs all seemed to bear

Fruit more rich, and buds more fair.

There was a glory on the noon,

A beauty in the crescent moon,

A lulling stillness in the night,

A feeling in the pale starlight.

There was a charmed note on the wind,

A spell in Poetry's deep store—

Heart-uttered words, passionate thoughts,

Which I had never marked before.

'Twas as my heart's full happiness  
Poured over all its own excess.

One night there was a gorgeous feast  
For maskers in COUNT LEON's hall ;  
And all of gallant, fair, and young,  
Were bidden to the festival.

I went, garb'd as a Hindoo girl ;  
Upon each arm an amulet,  
And by my side a little lute  
Of sandal-wood with gold beset.

And shall I own that I was proud  
To hear, amid the gazing crowd,  
A murmur of delight, when first  
My mask and veil aside I threw ?  
For well my conscious cheek betrayed  
Whose eye was gazing on me too !

And never yet had praise been dear,

As on that evening, to mine ear.

LORENZO! I was proud to be

Worshipped and flattered but for thee!

## THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

PLAYFUL and wild as the fire-flies' light,

This moment hidden, the next moment bright;

Like the foam on the dark-green sea,

Is the spell that is laid on my lover by me.

Were your sigh as sweet as the sumbal's sigh,

When the wind of the evening is nigh;

Were your smile like that glorious light,

Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight;

Were that sigh and that smile for ever the same—

They were shadows, not fuel, to love's dull'd flame.

Love once formed an amulet,  
With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves set.  
The pearls were pure as pearls could be,  
And white as maiden purity;  
The rose had the beauty and breath of soul,  
And the rainbow-changes crowned the whole.  
Frown on your lover one little while,  
Dearer will be the light of your smile;  
Let your blush, laugh, and sigh ever mingle together,  
Like the bloom, sun, and clouds of the sweet spring  
weather.

Love never must sleep in security,  
Or most calm and cold will his waking be.

---

And as that light strain died away,  
Again I swept the breathing strings:



**But** now the notes I waked were sad,  
As those the pining wood-dove sings.

## THE INDIAN BRIDE.

**SHE** has lighted her lamp, and crowned it with  
flowers,  
**The** sweetest that breathed of the summer hours:  
**Red** and white roses linked in a band,  
**Like** a maiden's blush or a maiden's hand;  
**Jasmines**,—some like silver spray,  
**Some** like gold in the morning ray;  
**Fragrant** stars,—and favourites they,  
**When** Indian girls, on a festival-day,  
**Braid** their dark tresses: and over all weaves  
**The** rosy bower of lotus leaves—  
**Canopy** suiting the lamp-lighted bark,  
**Love's** own flowers and **Love's** own ark.

She watched the sky, the sunset grew dim;  
She raised to CAMDEO her evening hymn.  
The scent of the night-flowers came on the air;  
And then, like a bird escaped from the snare,  
She flew to the river—(no moon was bright,  
But the stars and the fire-flies gave her their light);  
She stood beneath the mangoes' shade,  
Half delighted and half afraid;  
She trimmed the lamp, and breathed on each  
    bloom,  
(Oh, that breath was sweeter than all their per-  
    fume!)

Threw spices and oil on the spire of flame,  
Called thrice on her absent lover's name;  
And every pulse throbbed as she gave  
Her little boat to the Ganges' wave.

There are a thousand fanciful things  
Linked round the young heart's imaginings.  
In its first love-dream, a leaf or a flower  
Is gifted then with a spell and a power:  
A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign,  
From which the maiden can well divine  
Passion's whole history. Those only can tell  
Who have loved as young hearts can love so  
    well,  
How the pulses will beat, and the cheek will be  
    dyed,  
When they have some love augury tried.  
Oh, it is not for those whose feelings are cold,  
Withered by care, or blunted by gold;  
Whose brows have darkened with many years,  
To feel again youth's hopes and fears—

What they now might blush to confess,  
Yet what made their spring-day's happiness!

ZAIDE watched her flower-built vessel glide,  
Mirror'd beneath on the deep-blue tide;  
Lovely and lonely, scented and bright,  
Like Hope's own bark, all bloom and light.  
There's not one breath of wind on the air,  
The Heavens are cloudless, the waters are fair,  
No dew is falling; yet woe to that shade!  
The maiden is weeping—her lamp has decayed.

Hark to the ring of the cymetar!  
It tells that the soldier returns from afar.  
Down from the mountains the warriors come:  
Hark to the thunder-roll of the drum!—

To the startling voice of the trumpet's call!—  
To the cymbal's clash!—to the atabal!  
The banners of crimson float in the sun,  
The warfare is ended, the battle is won.  
The mother hath taken the child from her breast,  
And raised it to look on its father's crest.  
The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,  
With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song.  
And ZAIDE hath forgotten in AZIM's arms  
All her so false lamp's falser alarms.

This looks not a bridal,—the singers are mute,  
Still is the mandore, and breathless the lute;  
Yet there the bride sits. Her dark hair is bound,  
And the robe of her marriage floats white on the ground.  
Oh! where is the lover, the bridegroom?—oh! where?  
Look under yon black pall—the bridegroom is there!

Yet the guests are all bidden, the feast is the same,  
And the bride plights her troth amid smoke and 'mid  
flame!

They have raised the death-pyre of sweet-scented wood,  
And sprinkled it o'er with the sacred flood  
Of the Ganges. The priests are assembled:—their song  
Sinks deep on the ear as they bear her along,  
That bride of the dead. Ay, is not this love?—  
That one pure wild feeling all others above:  
Vowed to the living, and kept to the tomb!—  
The same in its blight as it was in its bloom.  
With no tear in her eye, and no change in her smile,  
Young ZAIDE had come nigh to the funeral pile.  
The bells of the dancing-girls ceased from their sound;  
Silent they stood by that holiest mound.

From a crowd like the sea-waves there came not a breath,  
When the maiden stood by the place of death!  
One moment was given—the last she might spare!  
To the mother, who stood in her weeping there.  
She took the jewels that shone on her hand;  
She took from her dark hair its flowery band,  
And scattered them round. At once they raise  
The hymn of rejoicing and love in her praise.  
A prayer is muttered, a blessing said,—  
Her torch is raised!—she is by the dead.  
She has fired the pile! At once there came  
A mingled rush of smoke and of flame:  
The wind swept it off. They saw the bride,—  
Laid by her AZIM, side by side.  
The breeze had spread the long curls of her hair:  
Like a banner of fire they played on the air.

The smoke and the flame gathered round as before,  
Then cleared;—but the bride was seen no more!

I heard the words of praise, but not  
The one voice that I paused to hear;  
And other sounds to me were like  
A tale poured in a sleeper's ear.  
Where was LORENZO?—He had stood  
Spell-bound: but when I closed the lay,  
As if the charm ceased with the song,  
He darted hurriedly away.  
I masqued again and wandered on  
Through many a gay and gorgeous room  
What with sweet waters, sweeter flowers,  
The air was heavy with perfume.



The harp was echoing the lute,  
Soft voices answered to the flute,  
And, like rills in the noontide clear,  
Beneath the flame-hung gondolier,  
Shone mirrors peopled with the shades  
Of stately youths and radiant maids ;  
And on the ear in whispers came  
Those winged words of soul and flame,  
Breathed in the dark-eyed beauty's ear  
By some young love-touched cavalier ;  
Or mixed at times some sound more gay,  
Of dance, or laugh, or roundelay.  
Oh, it is sickness to the heart  
To bear in revelry its part,  
And yet feel bursting:—not one thing  
Which has part in its suffering,—

The laugh as glad, the step as light,  
The song as sweet, the glance as bright;  
As the laugh, step, and glance and song,  
Did to young happiness belong.

I turned me from the crowd, and reached  
A spot which seemed unsought by all—  
An alcove filled with shrubs and flowers,  
But lighted by the distant hall,  
With one or two fair statues placed,  
Like deities of the sweet shrine.  
That human art should ever frame  
Such shapes so utterly divine!  
A deep sigh breathed,—I knew the tone;  
My cheek blushed warm, my heart beat high;—

One moment more I too was known,—

I shrank before LORENZO'S eye.

He leant beside a pedestal.

The glorious brow, of Parian stone,

Of the Antinous, by his side,

Was not more noble than his own!

They were alike: he had the same

Thick-clustering curls the Roman wore—

The fixed and melancholy eye—

The smile which past like lightning o'er

The curved lip. We did not speak,

But the heart breathed upon each cheek ;

We looked round with those wandering looks,

Which seek some object for their gaze,

As if each other's glance was like

The too much light of morning's rays.

I saw a youth beside me kneel ;  
I heard my name in music steal ;  
I felt my hand trembling in his ;—  
Another moment, and his kiss  
Had burnt upon it ; when like thought,  
    So swift it past, my hand was thrown  
Away, as if in sudden pain.

    LORENZO like a dream had flown !  
We did not meet again:—he seemed  
    To shun each spot where I might be ;  
And, it was said, another claimed  
    The heart—more than the world to me !

I loved him as young Genius loves,  
    When its own wild and radiant heaven  
Of starry thought burns with the light,  
    The love, the life, by passion given.

I loved him, too, as woman loves—

Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn :

Life had no evil destiny

That, with him, I could not have borne !

I had been nurst in palaces ;

Yet earth had not a spot so drear,

That I should not have thought a home

In Paradise, had he been near !

How sweet it would have been to dwell,

Apart from all, in some green dell

Of sunny beauty, leaves and flowers ;

And nestling birds to sing the hours !

Our home, beneath some chesnut's shade,

But of the woven branches made :

Our vesper hymn, the low lone wail

The rose hears from the nightingale ;

And waked at morning by the call  
Of music from a waterfall.  
But not alone in dreams like this,  
Breathed in the very hope of bliss,  
I loved: my love had been the same  
In hushed despair, in open shame.  
I would have rather been a slave,  
    In tears, in bondage, by his side,  
Than shared in all, if wanting him,  
    This world had power to give beside!  
My heart was withered,—and my heart  
    Had ever been the world to me;  
And love had been the first fond dream,  
    Whose life was in reality.  
I had sprung from my solitude  
    Like a young bird upon the wing

To meet the arrow ; so I met  
My poisoned shaft of suffering.  
And as that bird, with drooping crest  
And broken wing, will seek his nest,  
But seek in vain ; so vain I sought  
My pleasant home of song and thought.  
There was one spell upon my brain,  
Upon my pencil, on my strain ;  
But one face to my colours came ;  
My chords replied but to one name—  
LORENZO!—all seemed vowed to thee,  
To passion, and to misery!  
I had no interest in the things  
That once had been like life, or light ;  
No tale was pleasant to mine ear,  
No song was sweet, no picture bright.

I was wild with my great distress,  
My lone, my utter hopelessness!  
I would sit hours by the side  
Of some clear rill, and mark it glide,  
Bearing my tears along, till night  
Came with dark hours; and soft starlight  
Watch o'er its shadowy beauty keeping,  
Till I grew calm :—then I would take  
The lute, which had all day been sleeping  
Upon a cypress tree, and wake  
The echoes of the midnight air  
With words that love wrung from despair.

## SONG.

FAREWELL !—we shall not meet again !  
As we are parting now,



I must my beating heart restrain—

Must veil my burning brow !

Oh, I must coldly learn to hide

One thought, all else above—

Must call upon my woman's pride

To hide my woman's love !

Check dreams I never may avow ;

Be free, be careless, cold as thou !

Oh ! those are tears of bitterness,

Wrung from the breaking heart,

When two, blest in their tenderness,

Must learn to live—apart !

But what are they to that lone sigh,

That cold and fixed despair,

That weight of wasting agony

It must be mine to bear ?

Methinks I should not thus repine,  
If I had but one vow of thine.  
I could forgive inconstancy,  
To be one moment loved by thee !  
With me the hope of life is gone,  
The sun of joy is set ;  
One wish my soul still dwells upon—  
The wish it could forget.  
I would forget that look, that tone,  
My heart hath all too dearly known.  
But who could ever yet efface  
From memory love's enduring trace ?  
All may revolt, all may complain—  
But who is there may break the chain ?  
Farewell !—I shall not be to thee  
More than a passing thought ;

But every time and place will be  
    With thy remembrance fraught !  
Farewell ! we have not often met,—  
    We may not meet again ;  
But on my heart the seal is set  
    Love never sets in vain !  
Fruitless as constancy may be,  
No chance, no change, may turn from thee  
One who has loved thee wildly, well,—  
But whose first love-vow breathed—farewell !

---

And lays which only told of love  
    In all its varied sorrowing,  
The echoes of the broken heart,  
    Were all the songs I now could sing.

Legends of olden times in Greece

When not a flower but had its tale;

When spirits haunted each green oak;

When voices spoke in every gale;

When not a star shone in the sky

Without its own love history.

Amid its many songs was one

That suited well with my sick mind.

I sang it when the breath of flowers

Came sweet upon the midnight wind.

LEADES AND CYDIPPE.

SHE sat her in her twilight bower,

A temple formed of leaf and flower;

Rose and myrtle framed the roof,

To a shower of April proof;

And primroses, pale gems of Spring,  
Lay on the green turf glistening  
Close by the violet, whose breath  
Is so sweet in a dewy wreath.

And oh, that myrtle ! how green it grew !  
With flowers as white as the pearls of dew  
That shone beside ; and the glorious rose  
Lay, like a beauty in warm repose,  
Blushing in slumber. The air was bright  
With the spirit and glow of its crimson light.

CYDIPPE had turned from her columned hall,  
Where, the queen of the feast, she was worshipped  
by all ;  
Where the vases were burning with spices and flowers,  
And the odorous waters were playing in showers ;

And lamps were blazing—those lamps of perfume  
Which shed such a charm of light over the bloom  
Of woman, when Pleasure a spell has thrown  
Over one night-hour and made it her own.  
And the ruby wine-cup shone with a ray,  
As the gems of the East had there melted away;  
And the bards were singing those songs of fire,  
That bright eyes and the goblet so well inspire;—  
While she, the glory and pride of the hour,  
Sat silent and sad in her secret bower!

There is a grief that wastes the heart,  
Like mildew on a tulip's dyes,—  
When hope, deferred but to depart,  
Loses its smiles, but keeps its sighs;

When love's bark, with its anchor gone,  
Clings to a straw, and still trusts on.  
Oh, more than all !—methinks that Love  
Should pray that it might ever be  
Beside the burning shrine which had  
Its young heart's fond idolatry.  
Oh, absence is the night of love !  
Lovers are very children then ;  
Fancying ten thousand feverish shapes,  
Until their light returns again.  
A look, a word, is then recalled,  
And thought upon until it wears,  
What is, perhaps, a very shade,  
The tone and aspect of our fears.  
And this was what was withering now  
The radiance of CYDIPPE'S brow.

She watched until her cheek grew pale;  
The green wave bore no bounding sail:  
Her sight grew dim; 'mid the blue air  
No snowy dove came floating there,  
The dear scroll hid beneath his wing,  
With plume and soft eye glistening,  
To seek again, in leafy dome,  
The nest of its accustomed home!  
Still far away, o'er land and seas,  
Lingered the faithless LEADES.

She thought on the spring days, when she had  
been,  
Lonely and lovely, a maiden queen;  
When passion to her was a storm at sea,  
Heard 'mid the green land's tranquillity.



But a stately warrior came from afar ;  
 He bore on his bosom the glorious scar,  
 So worshipped by woman—the death-seal of war. }  
 And the maiden's heart was an easy prize,  
 When valour and faith were her sacrifice.

Methinks might that sweet season last,  
 In which our first love-dream is past ;  
 Ere doubts and cares, and jealous pain,  
 Are flaws in the heart's diamond-chain ;—  
 Men might forget to think on Heaven,  
 And yet have the sweet sin forgiven.

But ere the marriage feast was spread,  
 LEADES said that he must brook

To part awhile from that best light,  
Those eyes which fixed his every look.  
Just press again his native shore,  
And then he would that shore resign  
For her dear sake, who was to him  
His household-god!—his spirit's shrine!

He came not! Then the heart's decay  
Wasted her silently away:—  
A sweet fount, which the mid-day sun  
Has all too hotly looked upon!

It is most sad to watch the fall  
Of autumn leaves!—but worst of all  
It is to watch the flower of spring  
Faded in its fresh blossoming!

To see the once so clear blue orb

Its summer light and warmth forget ;

Darkening, beneath its tearful lid,

Like a rain-beaten violet !

To watch the banner-rose of health

Pass from the cheek !—to mark how plain,

Upon the wan and sunken brow,

Become the wanderings of each vein !

The shadowy hand, so thin, so pale !

The languid step !—the drooping head !

The long wreaths of neglected hair !

The lip, whence red and smile are fled !

And having watched thus day by day,

Light, life, and colour, pass away !

To see, at length, the glassy eye

Fix dull in dread mortality ;

Mark the last ray, catch the last breath,  
Till the grave sets its sign of death !

This was CYDIPPE's fate !—They laid  
The maiden underneath the shade  
Of a green cypress,—and that hour  
The tree was withered, and stood bare !  
The spring brought leaves to other trees,  
But never other leaf grew there !  
It stood, 'mid others flourishing,  
A blighted, solitary thing.

The summer sun shone on that tree,  
When shot a vessel o'er the sea—  
When sprang a warrior from the prow—  
LEADES ! by the stately brow.

Forgotten toil, forgotten care,  
 All his worn heart has had to bear.  
 That heart is full ! He hears the sigh  
 That breathed ' Farewell ! ' so tenderly.  
 If even then it was most sweet,  
 What will it be that now they meet?  
 Alas ! alas ! Hope's fair deceit !  
 He spurred o'er land, has cut the wave,  
 To look but on CYDIPPE's grave.

}

It has blossomed in beauty, that lone tree,  
 LEADES' kiss restored its bloom ;  
 For wild he kissed the withered stem—  
 It grew upon CYDIPPE's tomb !  
 And there he dwelt. The hottest ray,  
 Still dew upon the branches lay

Like constant tears. The winter came ;  
But still the green tree stood the same.  
And it was said, at evening's close,  
A sound of whispered music rose ;  
That 'twas the trace of viewless feet  
Made the flowers more than flowers sweet.  
At length LEADES died. That day,  
Bark and green foliage past away  
From the lone tree,—again a thing  
Of wonder and of perishing !

---

One evening I had roamed beside  
The winding of the Arno's tide ;  
The sky was flooded with moonlight ;  
Below were waters azure bright,

Pallazzos with their marble halls,  
Green gardens, silver waterfalls,  
And orange groves and citron shades,  
And cavaliers and dark-eyed maids;  
Sweet voices singing, echoes sent  
From many a rich-toned instrument.  
I could not bear this loveliness !

It was on such a night as this  
That love had lighted up my dream  
Of long despair and short-lived bliss.  
I sought the city; wandering on,  
Unconscious where my steps might be;  
My heart was deep in other thoughts;  
All places were alike to me :—  
At length I stopp'd beneath the walls  
Of San Mark's old cathedral halls.

I entered :—and, beneath the roof,  
Ten thousand wax-lights burnt on high;  
And incense on the censers' fumed  
As for some great solemnity.  
The white-robed choristers were singing ;  
Their cheerful peal the bells were ringing :  
Then deep-voiced music floated round,  
As the far arches sent forth sound—  
The stately organ :—and fair bands  
Of young girls strewed, with lavish hands,  
Violets o'er the mosaic floor ;  
And sang while scattering the sweet store.

I turned me to a distant aisle,  
Where but a feeble glimmering came  
(Itself in darkness) of the smile  
Sent from the tapers' perfumed flame ;



And coloured as each pictured pane  
Shed o'er the blaze its crimson stain :—  
While, from the window o'er my head,  
A dim and sickly gleam was shed  
From the young moon,—enough to shew  
That tomb and tablet lay below.

I leant upon one monument,—

'Twas sacred to unhappy love :

On it were carved a blighted pine—

A broken ring—a wounded dove.

And two or three brief words told all

Her history who lay beneath :—

' The flowers—at morn her bridal flowers,—

' Formed, ere the eve, her funeral wreath.'

I could but envy her. I thought

How sweet it must be thus to die !

Your last looks watched,—your last sigh caught,  
As life or Heaven were in that sigh!  
Passing in loveliness and light ;  
Your heart as pure,—your cheek as bright  
As the spring-rose, whose petals shut,  
By sun unscorched, by shower unwet ;  
Leaving behind a memory  
Shrined in love's fond eternity.

But I was wakened from this dream  
By a burst of light—a gush of song—  
A welcome, as the stately doors  
Poured in a gay and gorgeous throng.  
I could see all from where I stood.  
And first I looked upon the bride ;  
She was a pale and lovely girl :—  
But, oh God ! who was by her side ?—

LORENZO ! No, I did not speak ;  
My heart beat high, but could not break.  
I shrieked not, wept not ; but stood there  
Motionless in my still despair ;  
As I were forced by some strange thrall,  
To bear with and to look on all,—  
I heard the hymn, I heard the vow ;  
(Mine ear throbs with them even now !)  
I saw the young bride's timid cheek  
    Blushing beneath her silver veil.  
I saw LORENZO kneel ! Methought  
    ('Twas but a thought !) he too was pale.  
But when it ended, and his lip  
    Was prest to her's—I saw no more !  
My heart grew cold,—my brain swam round,—  
    I sank upon the cloister floor !

I lived,—if that may be called life,  
From which each charm of life has fled—  
Happiness gone, with hope and love,—  
In all but breath already dead.

Rust gathered on the silent chords  
Of my neglected lyre,—the breeze  
Was now its mistress : music brought  
For me too bitter memories !  
The ivy darkened o'er my bower ;  
Around, the weeds choked every flower.  
I pleased me in this desolateness,  
As each thing bore my fate's impress.

At length I made myself a task—  
To paint that Cretan maiden's fate,

Whom Love taught such deep happiness,

And whom Love left so desolate.

I drew her on a rocky shore :—

Her black hair loose, and sprinkled o'er

With white sea-foam ;—her arms were bare,

Flung upwards in their last despair.

Her naked feet the pebbles prest ;

The tempest wind sang in her vest :

A wild stare in her glassy eyes ;

White lips, as parched by their hot sighs ;

And cheek more pallid than the spray,

Which, cold and colourless, on it lay :—

Just such a statue as should be

Placed ever, Love ! beside thy shrine ;

Warning thy victims of what ills—

What burning tears, false god ! are thine.

Before her was the darkling sea ;  
    Behind, the barren mountains rose—  
A fit home for the broken heart  
    To weep away life, wrongs, and woes !

I had now but one hope :—that when  
    The hand that traced these tints was cold—  
Its pulse but in their passion seen,—  
    LORENZO might these tints behold,  
And find my grief ;—think—see—feel all  
I felt, in this memorial !

It was one evening,—the rose-light  
    Was o'er each green veranda shining ;  
Spring was just breaking, and white buds  
    Were 'mid the darker ivy twining.  
My hall was filled with the perfume  
Sent from the early orange bloom :

The fountain, in the midst, was fraught  
With rich hues from the sunset caught;—  
And the first song came from the dove,  
Nestling in the shrub alcove.

But why pause on my happiness?—

Another step was with mine there!

Another sigh than mine made sweet

With its dear breath the scented air!

LORENZO! could it be my hand

That now was trembling in thine own?

LORENZO! could it be mine ear

That drank the music of thy tone?

We sat us by a lattice, where

Came in the soothing evening breeze,

Rich with the gifts of early flowers,

And the soft wind-lute's symphonies.

And in the twilight's vesper-hour,  
Beneath the hanging jasmine-shower,  
I heard a tale,—as fond, as dear  
As e'er was poured in woman's ear!

## LORENZO'S HISTORY.

I WAS betrothed from earliest youth  
To a fair orphan, who was left  
Beneath my father's roof and care,—  
Of every other friend bereft:  
An heiress, with her fertile vales,  
Caskets of Indian gold and pearl;  
Yet meek as poverty itself,  
And timid as a peasant girl:



A delicate frail thing,—but made  
For spring sunshine, or summer shade;—  
A slender flower, unmeet to bear  
One April shower,—so slight, so fair.

I loved her as a brother loves  
His favourite sister:—and when war  
First called me from our long-shared home  
To bear my father's sword afar,  
I parted from her,—not as one  
Whose life and soul are wrung by parting:  
With death-cold brow and throbbing pulse,  
And burning tears like life-blood starting.  
Lost in war-dreams, I scarcely heard  
The prayer that bore my name above:  
The 'Farewell!' that kissed off her tears,  
Had more of pity than of love!

I thought of her not with that deep,  
Intensest memory love will keep  
More tenderly than life. To me  
    She was but as a dream of home,—  
One of those calm and pleasant thoughts  
    That o'er the soldier's spirit come;  
Remembering him, when battle lours,  
Of twilight walks and fireside hours.

I came to thy bright FLORENCE when  
    The task of blood was done:  
I saw thee! Had I lived before?  
    Oh, no! my life but then begun.  
Ay, by that blush! the summer rose  
    Has not more luxury of light!  
Ay, by those eyes! whose language is  
    Like what the clear stars speak at night,

Thy first look was a fever spell!—  
Thy first word was an oracle  
Which seal'd my fate! I worshipped thee,  
My beautiful, bright deity!  
Worshipped thee as a sacred thing  
Of Genius' high imagining;—  
But loved thee for thy sweet revealing  
Of woman's own most gentle feeling.  
I might have broken from the chain  
    Thy power, thy glory round me flung;  
But never might forget thy blush—  
    The smile which on thy sweet lips hung!  
I lived but in thy sight! One night  
    From thy hair fell a myrtle blossom;  
It was a relic that breathed of thee:—  
    Look! it has withered in my bosom!

Yet was I wretched, though I dwelt  
In the sweet sight of Paradise :  
A curse lay on me. But not now,  
Thus smiled upon by those dear eyes,  
Will I think over thoughts of pain.  
I'll only tell thee that the line  
That ever told Love's misery,  
Ne'er told of misery like mine !  
I wedded.—I could not have borne  
To see the young IANTHE blighted  
By that worst blight the spring can know—  
Trusting affection ill requited !  
Oh, was it that she was too fair,  
Too innocent for this damp earth ;  
And that her native star above  
Reclaimed again its gentle birth ?

She faded. Oh, my peerless queen,  
I need not pray thee pardon me  
For owning that my heart then felt  
For any other than for thee!  
I bore her to those azure isles,  
Where health dwells by the side of spring;  
And deemed their green and sunny vales,  
And calm and fragrant airs, might bring  
Warmth to the cheek, light to the eye,  
Of her who was too young to die.  
It was in vain!—and, day by day,  
The gentle creature died away.  
As parts the odour from the rose,—  
As fades the sky at twilight's close,—  
She past so tender and so fair;  
So patient, though she knew each breath

Might be her last; her own mild smile  
Parted her placid lips in death.  
Her grave is under southern skies;  
Green turf and flowers o'er it rise.  
Oh! nothing but a pale spring wreath  
Would fade o'er her who lies beneath!  
I gave her prayers—I gave her tears—  
I staid awhile beside her grave;  
Then led by Hope, and led by Love,  
Again I cut the azure wave.  
What have I more to say, my life!  
But just to pray one smile of thine,  
Telling I have not loved in vain—  
That thou dost join these hopes of mine?  
Yes, smile, sweet love! our life will be  
As radiant as a fairy tale!

Glad as the sky-lark's earliest song—  
Sweet as the sigh of the spring gale !  
All, all that life will ever be,  
Shone o'er, divinest love ! by thee.

---

Oh, mockery of happiness !  
Love now was all too late to save.  
False Love ! oh, what had you to do  
With one you had led to the grave ?  
A little time I had been glad  
To mark the paleness on my cheek ;  
To feel how, day by day, my step  
Grew fainter, and my hand more weak ;  
To know the fever of my soul  
Was also preying on my frame :

But now I would have given worlds  
To change the crimson hectic's flame  
For the pure rose of health; to live  
For the dear life that Love could give.

Oh, youth may sicken at its bloom,  
\* And wealth and fame pray for the tomb;—  
But can Love bear from Love to part,  
And not cling to that one dear heart?  
I shrank away from death,—my tears  
Had been unwept in other years:—  
But thus, in Love's first ecstasy,  
Was it not worse than death to die?  
LORENZO! I would live for thee!  
But thou wilt have to weep for me!  
That sun has kissed the morning dews,—  
I shall not see its twilight close!



That rose is fading in the noon,  
And I shall not outlive that rose !  
Come, let me lean upon thy breast,  
My last, best place of happiest rest !  
Once more let me breathe thy sighs—  
Look once more in those watching eyes !  
Oh ! but for thee, and grief of thine,  
And parting, I should not repine !  
It is deep happiness to die,  
Yet live in Love's dear memory.  
Thou wilt remember me,—my name  
Is linked with beauty and with fame.  
The summer airs, the summer sky,  
The soothing spell of Music's sigh,—  
Stars in their poetry of night,  
The silver silence of moonlight,—

The dim blush of the twilight hours,  
The fragrance of the bee-kissed flowers;—  
But, more than all, sweet songs will be  
Thrice sacred unto Love and me.  
LORENZO! be this kiss a spell!  
My first!—my last! FAREWELL!—FAREWELL!

---

THERE is a lone and stately hall,—  
Its master dwells apart from all.  
A wanderer through Italia's land,  
One night a refuge there I found.  
The lightning flash rolled o'er the sky,  
The torrent rain was sweeping round:—  
These won me entrance. He was young,  
The castle's lord, but pale like age;

His brow, as sculpture beautiful,  
Was wan as Grief's corroded page.  
He had no words, he had no smiles,  
No hopes :—his sole employ to brood  
Silently over his sick heart  
In sorrow and in solitude.  
I saw the hall where, day by day,  
He mused his weary life away ;—  
It scarcely seemed a place for woe,  
But rather like a genie's home.  
Around were graceful statues ranged,  
And pictures shone around the dome.  
But there was one—a loveliest one !—  
One picture brightest of all there !  
Oh! never did the painter's dream  
Shape thing so gloriously fair !

It was a face!—the summer day  
Is not more radiant in its light!  
Dark flashing eyes, like the deep stars  
Lighting the azure brow of night;  
A blush like sunrise o'er the rose;  
A cloud of raven hair, whose shade  
Was sweet as evening's, and whose curls  
Clustered beneath a laurel braid.  
She leant upon a harp:—one hand  
Wandered, like snow, amid the chords;  
The lips were opening with such life,  
You almost heard the silvery words.  
She looked a form of light and life,—  
All soul, all passion, and all fire;  
A priestess of Apollo's, when  
The morning beam falls on her lyre;

A Sappho, or ere love had turned  
The heart to stone where once it burned.  
But by the picture's side was placed  
A funeral urn, on which was traced  
The heart's recorded wretchedness ;—  
And on a tablet, hung above,  
Was 'graved one tribute of sad words—  
'LORENZO TO HIS MINSTREL LOVE.'



**TALES,**

**AND**

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**





## ROSALIE.

---

'Tis a wild tale—and sad, too, as the sigh  
That young lips breathe when Love's first dreamings  
fly ;  
When blights and cankerworms, and chilling showers,  
Come withering o'er the warm heart's passion-flowers.  
Love ! gentlest spirit ! I do tell of thee,—  
Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many fears,  
Thy morning blushes, and thy evening tears ;  
What thou hast ever been, and still will be,—  
Life's best, but most betraying witchery !

It is a night of summer,—and the sea  
Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity.  
Soft o'er the deep-blue wave the moonlight breaks ;  
    Gleaming, from out the white clouds of its zone,  
Like beauty's changeful smile, when that it seeks  
    Some face it loves yet fears to dwell upon.  
The waves are motionless, save where the oar,  
    Light as Love's anger, and as quickly gone,  
Has broken in upon their azure sleep.  
    Odours are on the air:—the gale has been  
Wandering in groves where the rich roses weep,—  
Where orange, citron, and the soft lime-flowers  
Shed forth their fragrance to night's dewy hours.  
Afar the distant city meets the gaze,  
    Where tower and turret in the pale light shine,  
Seen like the monuments of other days—  
Monuments Time half shadows, half displays.

And there are many, who, with witching song  
 And wild guitar's soul-thrilling melody,  
 Or the lute's melting music, float along  
 O'er the blue waters, still and silently.  
 That night had NAPLES sent her best display  
 Of young and gallant, beautiful and gay.

There was a bark a little way apart

From all the rest, and there two lovers leant :—  
 One with a blushing cheek and beating heart,  
 And bashful glance, upon the sea-wave bent ;  
 She might not meet the gaze the other sent  
 Upon her beauty ;—but the half-breathed sighs,  
 The deepening colour, timid smiling eyes,  
 Told that she listened Love's sweet flatteries.  
 Then they were silent :—words are little aid  
 To Love, whose deepest vows are ever made

By the heart's beat alone. Oh, silence is  
Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss!—  
Music swept past :—it was a simple tone ;  
    But it has wakened heartfelt sympathies ;—  
It has brought into life things past and gone ;  
    Has wakened all those secret memories,  
That may be smothered, but that still will be  
Present within thy soul, young ROSALIE !  
The notes had roused an answering chord within :—  
In other days, that song her vesper hymn had been.  
Her altered look is pale :—that dewy eye  
    Almost belies the smile her rich lips wear ;—  
That smile is mocked by a scarce breathing sigh,  
    Which tells of silent and suppressed care—  
    Tells that the life is withering with despair,  
More irksome from its unsunned silentness—  
    A festering wound the spirit pines to bear ;

A galling chain, whose pressure will intrude,  
Fettering Mirth's step, and Pleasure's lightest mood.

Where are her thoughts thus wandering?—A spot,  
Now distant far, is pictured on her mind,—  
A chesnut shadowing a low white cot,  
With rose and jasmine round the casement twined,  
Mixed with the myrtle-tree's luxuriant blind.

Alone, (oh! should such solitude be here?)  
An aged form beneath the shade reclined,  
Whose eye glanced round the scene;—and then a tear  
Told that she missed one in her heart enshrined!  
Then came remembrances of other times,  
When eve opened her rich bowers for the pale day;  
When the faint distant tones of convent chimes  
Were answered by the lute and vesper lay;—

When the fond mother blest her gentle child,  
And for her welfare prayed the Virgin mild,

And she has left the aged one to steep

Her nightly couch with tears for that lost child,—  
The ROSALIE,—who left her age to weep,

When that the tempter flattered her and wiled  
Her steps away, from her own home beguiled.

She started up in agony:—her eye

Met MANFREDI'S. Softly he spoke, and smiled.  
Memory is past, and thought and feeling lie  
Lost in one dream—all thrown on one wild die.  
They floated o'er the waters, till the moon  
Looked from the blue sky in her zenith noon,—

Till each glad bark at length had sought the shore,  
And the waves echoed to the lute no more;—  
Then sought their gay palazzo, where the ray  
Of lamps shed light only less bright than day;  
And there they feasted till the morn did fling  
Her blushes o'er their mirth and revelling.  
• And life was as a tale of faërie,—  
As when some Eastern genie rears bright bowers,  
And spreads the green turf and the coloured flowers;  
And calls upon the earth, the sea, the sky,  
To yield their treasures for some gentle queen,  
Whose reign is over the enchanted scene.  
And ROSALIE had pledged a magic cup—  
The maddening cup of pleasure and of love!  
There was for her one only dream on earth!  
There was for her one only star above!—

She bent in passionate idolatry  
Before her heart's sole idol—MANFREDI !

## II.

'Tis night again—a soft and summer night ;—  
A deep-blue heaven, white clouds, moon and star-  
light ;—

So calm, so beautiful, that human eye  
Might weep to look on such a tranquil sky :—  
A night just formed for Hope's first dream of bliss,  
Or for Love's yet more perfect happiness !

The moon is o'er a grove of cypress trees,  
Weeping, like mourners, in the plaining breeze ;  
Echoing the music of a rill, whose song  
Glided so sweetly, but so sad, along.



There is a little chapel in the shade,  
Where many a pilgrim has knelt down and prayed  
To the sweet saint, whose portrait, o'er the shrine,  
The painter's skill has made all but divine.  
It was a pale, a melancholy face—

A cheek which bore the trace of frequent tears,  
And worn by grief,—though grief might not efface  
The seal that beauty set in happier years;  
And such a smile as on the brow appears  
Of one whose earthly thoughts, long since subdued  
Past this life's joys and sorrows, hopes and fears—  
The worldly dreams o'er which the many brood,—  
The heart-beat hushed in mild and chastened mood.

It was the image of the maid who wept

Those precious tears that heal and purify.  
Love yet upon her lip his station kept,  
But heaven and heavenly thoughts were in her eye.

One knelt before the shrine, with cheek as pale  
As was the cold white marble. Can this be  
The young—the loved—the happy ROSALIE?  
Alas! alas! her's is a common tale:—  
She trusted,—as youth ever has believed;—  
She heard Love's vows—confided—was deceived!

Oh, Love! thy essence is thy purity!  
Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy flame,  
And it is gone for ever,—and but leaves  
A sullied vase—its pure light lost in shame!

And ROSALIE was loved,—not with that pure  
And holy passion which can age endure;  
But loved with wild and self-consuming fires,—  
A torch which glares—and scorches—and expires.

A little while her dream of bliss remained,—  
A little while Love's wings were left unchained.  
But change came o'er the trusted MANFREDI:  
His heart forgot its vowed idolatry ;  
And his forgotten love was left to brood  
O'er wrongs and ruin in her solitude !

How very desolate that breast must be,  
Whose only joyance is in memory !  
And what must woman suffer, thus betrayed ?—  
Her heart's most warm and precious feelings made  
But things wherewith to wound : that heart—so weak,  
So soft—laid open to the vulture's beak !  
Its sweet revealings given up to scorn  
It burns to bear, and yet that must be borne !

And, sorer still, that bitterer emotion,  
To know the shrine which had our soul's devotion  
Is that of a false deity!—to look  
Upon the eyes we worshipped, and brook  
Their cold reply! Yet, these are all for her!—  
The rude world's outcast, and love's wanderer!  
Alas! that love, which is so sweet a thing,  
Should ever cause guilt, grief, or suffering!  
Yet she upon whose face the sunbeams fall—  
That dark-eyed girl—had felt their bitterest thrall!

She thought upon her love; and there was not  
In passion's record one green sunny spot—  
It had been all a madness and a dream,  
The shadow of a flower on the stream,  
Which seems, but is not: and then memory turned  
To her lone mother. How her bosom burned

With sweet and bitter thoughts ! There might be rest—  
The wounded dove will flee into her nest—  
That mother's arms might fold her child again.  
The cold world scorn, the cruel smite in vain,  
And falsehood be remembered no more,  
In that calm shelter :—and she might weep o'er  
Her faults and find forgiveness. Had not she  
    To whom she knelt found pardon in the eyes  
    Of Heaven, in offering for sacrifice  
A broken heart ? And might not pardon be  
Also for her ? She looked up to the face  
    Of that pale saint ; and in that gentle brow,  
Which seemed to hold communion with her thought,  
    There was a smile which gave hope energy.  
She prayed one deep wild prayer,—that she might gain  
The home she hoped :—then sought that home again.

A flush of beauty is upon the sky—  
Eve's last warm blushes—like the crimson dye  
The maiden wears, when first her dark eyes meet  
The graceful lover's, sighing at her feet.  
And there were sounds of music on the breeze,  
And perfume shaken from the citron trees ;  
While the dark chesnuts caught a golden ray  
On their green leaves, the last bright gift of day ;  
And peasants dancing gaily in the shade  
To the soft mandolin, whose light notes made  
An echo fit to the glad voices singing.  
The twilight spirit his sweet urn is flinging  
Of dew upon the lime and orange-stems,  
And giving to the rose pearl diadems.

There is a pilgrim by that old grey tree,  
With head upon her hand, bent mournfully ;

And looking round upon each lovely thing,  
And breathing the sweet air, as they could bring  
To her no beauty and no solacing.

'Tis ROSALIE ! Her prayer was not in vain.  
The truant-child has sought her home again !

It must be worth a life of toil and care,—  
Worth those dark chains the wearied one must bear  
Who toils up fortune's steep,—all that can wring  
The worn-out bosom with lone-suffering,—  
Worth restlessness, oppression, goading fears,  
And long-deferred hopes of many years,—  
To reach again that little quiet spot,  
So well loved once, and never quite forgot;—  
To trace again the steps of infancy,  
And catch their freshness from their memory !

And it is triumph, sure, when fortune's sun  
Has shone upon us, and our task is done,  
To show our harvest to the eyes which were  
Once all the world to us! Perhaps there are  
Some who had presaged kindly of our youth.  
Feel we not proud their prophecy was sooth?  
But how felt ROSALIE?—The very air

Seemed as it brought reproach! there was no eye  
To look delighted, welcome none was there!

She felt as feels an outcast wandering by  
Where every door is closed! She looked around;—  
She heard some voices' sweet familiar sound.  
There were some changed, and some remembered  
things:—

There were girls, whom she left in their first springs,



Now blushed into full beauty. There was one  
Whom she loved tenderly in days now gone !  
She was not dancing gaily with the rest :  
A rose-cheeked child within her arms was prest ;  
And it had twined its small hands in the hair  
That clustered o'er its mother's brow : as fair  
As buds in spring. She gave her laughing dove  
To one who clasped it with a father's love ;  
And if a painter's eye had sought a scene  
Of love in its most perfect loveliness—  
Of childhood, and of wedded happiness,—  
He would have painted the sweet MADELINE !  
But ROSALIE shrank from them, and she strayed  
Through a small grove of cypresses, whose shade  
Hung o'er a burying-ground, where the low stone  
And the gray cross recorded those now gone !

There was a grave just closed. Not one seemed near,  
To pay the tribute of one long—last tear!  
How very desolate must that one be,  
Whose more than grave has not a memory!

Then ROSALIE thought on her mother's age,—  
Just such her end would be with her away:  
No child the last cold death-pang to assuage—  
No child by her neglected tomb to pray!  
She asked—and like a hope from Heaven it came!—  
To hear them answer with a stranger's name.

She reached her mother's cottage; by that gate  
She thought how her once lover wont to wait  
To tell her honied tales!—and then she thought  
On all the utter ruin he had wrought!

The moon shone brightly, as it used to do  
Ere youth, and hope, and love, had been untrue;  
But it shone o'er the desolate! The flowers  
Were dead; the faded jessamine, unbound,  
Trailed, like a heavy weed, upon the ground;  
And fell the moonlight vainly over trees,  
Which had not even one rose,—although the breeze,  
Almost as if in mockery, had brought  
Sweet tones it from the nightingale had caught!

She entered in the cottage. None were there!  
The hearth was dark,—the walls looked cold and bare!  
All—all spoke poverty and suffering!  
All—all was changed; and but one only thing  
Kept its old place! ROSALIE'S mandolin  
Hung on the wall, where it had ever been.

There was one other room,—and ROSALIE  
Sought for her mother there. A heavy flame  
Gleamed from a dying lamp ; a cold air came  
Damp from the broken casement. There one lay,  
Like marble seen but by the moonlight ray!  
And ROSALIE drew near. One withered hand  
Was stretched, as it would reach a wretched stand  
Where some cold water stood ! And by the bed  
She knelt—and gazed—and saw her mother—dead !

# ROLAND'S TOWER.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Oh, Heaven! the deep fidelity of love!

WHERE, like a courser starting from the spur,  
Rushes the deep-blue current of the Rhine,  
A little island rests; green cypresses  
Are its chief growth, bending their heavy boughs  
O'er grey stones marking long-forgotten graves.  
A convent once stood here; and yet remain  
Relics of other time, pillars and walls,  
Worn away and discoloured, yet so hung  
With wreaths of ivy that the work of ruin

Is scarcely visible. How like this is  
To the so false exterior of the world!  
Outside all looks so fresh and beautiful;  
But mildew, rot, and worm work on beneath,  
Until the heart is utterly decayed.  
There is one grave distinguished from the rest,  
But only by a natural monument:—  
A thousand deep-blue violets have grown  
Over the sod.—I do love violets:  
They tell the history of woman's love;  
They open with the earliest breath of spring;  
Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew, and light;  
And, if they perish, perish with a sigh  
Delicious as that life. On the hot June,  
They shed no perfume: the flowers may remain,  
But the rich breathing of their leaves is past:—

Like woman, they have lost their loveliest gift,  
When yielding to the fiery hour of passion :  
The violet breath of love is purity.

On the shore opposite, a tower stands  
In ruins, with a mourning robe of moss  
Hung on the grey and shattered walls, which fling  
A shadow on the waters; it comes o'er  
The waves, all bright with sunshine, like the gloom  
Adversity throws on the heart's young gladness.

I saw the river on a summer eve :  
The sun was setting over fields of corn,—  
'Twas like a golden sea ;—and on the left  
Were vineyards, whence the grapes shone forth like  
gems,

Rubies, and lighted amber; and thence spread  
A wide heath covered with thick furze, whose  
    flowers  
So bright, are like the pleasures of this world,  
Beautiful in the distance, but, once gained,  
Little worth, piercing through the thorns which  
    grow  
Around them ever. Wilder and more steep  
The banks upon the river's other side:  
Tall pines rose up like warriors; the wild rose  
Was there in all its luxury of bloom,  
Sown by the wind, nursed by the dew and sun;  
And on the steeps were crosses grey and old,  
Which told the fate of some poor traveller.  
The dells were filled with dwarfed oaks and firs;  
And on the heights which mastered all the rest,



Were castles, tenanted now by the owl,  
The spider's garrison : there is not one  
Without some strange old legend of the days  
When love was life and death,—when lady's glove  
Or sunny curl were banners of the battle.  
My history is of the tower which looks  
Upon the little island.

LORD HERBERT sat him in his hall : the hearth  
Was blazing as it mocked the storm without  
With its red cheerfulness ; the dark hounds lay  
Around the fire ; and the old knight had doffed  
His hunting-cloak, and listened to the lute  
And song of the fair girl who at his knee  
Was seated. In the April hour of life,

When showers are led by rainbows, and the heart  
Is all bloom and green leaves, was ISABELLE:  
A band of pearls, white like the brow o'er which  
They past, kept the bright curls from off the fore-  
head; thence  
They wandered to her feet—a golden shower.  
She had that changing colour on the cheek  
Which speaks the heart so well; those deep-blue  
eyes,  
Like summer's darkest sky, but not so glad—  
They were too passionate for happiness.  
Light was within her eyes, bloom on her cheek,  
Her song had raised the spirit of her race  
Upon her eloquent brow. She had just told  
Of the young ROLAND's deeds,—how he had stood  
Against a host and conquered; when there came

A pilgrim to the hall—and never yet  
Had stranger asked for shelter and in vain !  
The board was spread, the Rhenish flask was drained ;  
Again they gathered round the hearth, again  
The maiden raised her song ; and at its close,—  
“ I would give worlds,” she said, “ to see this chief,  
“ This gallant ROLAND ! I could deem him all  
“ A man must honour and a woman love !”  
“ Lady, I pray thee not recall those words,  
“ For I am ROLAND !” From his face he threw  
The hood and pilgrim’s cloak,—and a young knight  
Knelt before ISABELLE !

They loved ;—they were beloved. Oh, happiness !  
I have said all that can be said of bliss,  
In saying that they loved. The young heart has

Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild pulse;  
And it is Love that works the mine, and brings  
Its treasure to the light. I did love once,—  
Loved as youth—woman—Genius loves; though

now

My heart is chilled and seared, and taught to wear  
That falsest of false things—a mask of smiles;  
Yet every pulse throbs at the memory  
Of that which has been! Love is like the glass,  
That throws its own rich colour over all,  
And makes all beautiful. The morning looks  
Its very loveliest, when the fresh air  
Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red;  
And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,  
When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page  
Bearing the poet's words of love:—and then

The twilight walk, when the linked arms can feel  
The beating of the heart ; upon the air  
There is a music never heard but once,—  
A light the eyes can never see again ;  
Each star has its own prophecy of hope,  
And every song and tale that breathe of love  
Seem echoes of the heart.

And time past by—

As time will ever pass, when Love has lent  
His rainbow plumes to aid his flight—and Spring  
Had wedded with the Summer, when a steed  
Stood at LORD HERBERT'S gate,—and ISABELLE  
Had wept farewell to ROLAND, and had given  
Her blue scarf for his colours. He was gone  
To raise his vassals, for LORD HERBERT'S towers

Were menaced with a siege; and he had sworn  
By ISABELLE'S white hand that he would claim  
Its beauty only as a conqueror's prize.

Autumn was on the woods, when the blue Rhine  
Grew red with blood:—LORD HERBERT'S banner  
flies,

And gallant is the bearing of his ranks.

But where is he who said that he would ride  
At his right hand to battle?—ROLAND! where—  
Oh! where is ROLAND?

ISABELLE has watched

Day after day, night after night, in vain,  
Till she has wept in hopelessness, and thought  
Upon old histories, and said with them,  
“ There is no faith in man's fidelity!”

ISABELLE stood upon her lonely tower ;  
And as the evening-star rose up she saw  
An armed train bearing her father's banner  
In triumph to the castle. Down she flew  
To greet the victors :—they had reached the hall  
Before herself. What saw the maiden there?—  
A bier!—her father laid upon that bier !  
ROLAND was kneeling by the side, his face  
Bowed on his hands and hid ;—but ISABELLE  
Knew the dark curling hair and stately form,  
And threw her on his breast. He shrank away  
As she were death, or sickness, or despair.  
“ ISABELLE ! it was I who slew thy father ! ”  
She fell almost a corpse upon the body.  
It was too true ! With all a lover's speed,  
ROLAND had sought the thickest of the fight ;

He gained the field just as the crush began ;—  
Unwitting of his colours, he had slain  
The father of his worshipped ISABELLE !

They met once more :—and ISABELLE was changed  
As much as if a lapse of years had past :  
She was so thin, so pale, and her dim eye  
Had wept away its luxury of blue.  
She had cut off her sunny hair, and wore  
A robe of black, with a white crucifix :—  
It told her destiny—her youth was vowed  
To Heaven. And in the convent of the isle,  
That day she was to enter, ROLAND stood  
Like marble, cold and pale and motionless :  
The heavy sweat upon his brow was all  
His sign of life. At length he snatched the scarf



That ISABELLE had tied around his neck,  
And gave it her,—and prayed that she would wave  
Its white folds from the lattice of her cell  
At each pale rising of the evening-star,  
That he might know she lived. They parted.—Never  
Those lovers met again ! But ROLAND built  
A tower beside the Rhine, and there he dwelt,  
And every evening saw the white scarf waved,  
And heard the vesper-hymn of ISABELLE  
Float in deep sweetness o'er the silent river.  
One evening, and he did not see the scarf,  
He watched and watched in vain ; at length his hope  
Grew desperate, and he prayed his ISABELLE  
Might have forgotten him :—but midnight came,  
And with it came the convent's heavy bell,  
Tolling for a departed soul ; and then

He knew that ISABELLE was dead ! Next day  
They laid her in her grave ;—and the moon rose  
Upon a mourner weeping there :—that tomb  
Was ROLAND'S deathbed !

## THE GUERILLA CHIEF.

But the war-storm came on the mountain gale,  
And man's heart beat high, though his cheek was pale,  
For blood and dust lay on the white hair,  
And the maiden wept o'er her last despair;  
The hearth was cold, and the child was prest  
A corpse to the murdered mother's breast;  
And fear and guilt, and sorrow and shame,  
Darkened wherever the war-fiend came.

It stood beneath a large old chesnut-tree,  
And had stood there for years :—the moonlight fell  
Over the white walls, which the vine had hung  
With its thick leaves and purple fruit ; a pair

Of pigeons, like the snow, were on the roof  
Nestled together; and a plaining sound  
Came from a fountain murmuring through the wood,  
Less like the voice of sorrow than of love:  
Tall trees were gathered round—the dark-green beech;  
The sycamore, with scarlet colours on,  
The herald of the autumn; dwarf rose-trees,  
Covered with their last wealth; the poplar tall,  
A silver spire; olives with their pale leaves;  
And some most graceful shrubs, amid whose boughs  
Were golden oranges; and hollow oaks,  
Where the bees built their honey palaces.  
It was a silent and a lovely place,  
Where Peace might rest her white wings. But one came  
From out the cottage,—not as one who comes  
To gaze upon the beauty of the sky

And fill his spirit with a calm delight ;  
But with a quick though noiseless step, as one  
Who fears the very echo of that step  
May raise a spectre. When he reached the fount.  
He sat down by its side, and turned to gaze  
Upon the cottage : from his brow the sweat  
Poured down like summer rain ; there came no sound  
From his white lips, but you might hear his heart  
Beating in the deep silence. But at length  
A voice came to his sorrow :—“ Never—never  
“ Shall I look on their face again ! Farewell !  
“ I cannot bear that word’s reproach, nor look  
“ On pale lips breathing blessings which the tears  
“ Belie in speaking ! I have blighted all—  
“ All—all their hopes, and my own happiness !”

“LEANDRO !” said a sweet and gentle voice ;  
And a soft hand prest on his throbbing brow,  
And tears like twilight dew fell on his cheek.  
He looked upon the maiden ;—’twas the one  
With whom his first pure love had dwelt,—the one  
Who was the sun and starlight of his youth !  
She stood beside him, lovely as a saint  
Looking down pity upon penitence—  
Perhaps less bright in colour and in eye  
Than the companion of his infancy :—  
But was that cheek less fair because he knew  
That it had lost the beauty of its spring  
With passionate sorrowing for him ? She stood  
One moment gazing on his face, as there  
Her destiny was written ; and then took  
A little crucifix of ebony

And placed it in his bosom from her own :—

“ And this, LEANDRO !—this shall be thy guide !

“ Thy youth has been a dream of passion ; guilt

“ And evil have been round thee :—go thy way !

“ The showers of thy youth will clear to summer.

“ My prayers be with thee !” — “ Prayers !—oh !

nothing more ?

“ Have I then lost thy love—thy precious love ?

“ The only green leaf of my heart is withered !”

She blushed a deep-red blush ; her eloquent eyes

Met his almost reproachfully, and her face

Was the next moment hidden on his bosom.

But there was happiness even in that farewell,

Affection and deep confidence,

Tenderness, hope—for Love lights Hope,—and tears,

Delicious tears ! the heart's own dew.

They parted.

LEÁNDRO kept that little cross like life:

And when beneath the sky of Mexico,—

When earth and even Heaven were strange to  
him,—

The trees, the flowers, were of another growth ;

The birds wore other plumes ; the very stars

Were not those he had looked upon in boyhood.

'Tis something, if in absence we can see

The footsteps of the past :—it soothes the heart

To breathe the air scented in other years

By lips beloved ; to wander through the groves

Where once we were not lonely,—where the rose

Reminds us of the hair we used to wreathe

With its fresh buds—where every hill and vale,



And wood and fountain, speak of time gone by ;—  
And Hope springs up in joy from Memory's ashes.

LEANDRO felt not these :—that crucifix  
Was all that wore the look of other days—  
'Twas as a dear companion. Parents, home,  
And, more than all, BIANCA, whose pure reign,  
Troubled by the wild passions of his youth,  
Had now regained its former influence,—  
All seemed to hear the vows he made for her,  
To share his hopes, feel for his deep remorse,  
And bless him, and look forward.

And at last  
Once more the white sail bore him o'er the sea,  
And he saw SPAIN again. But war was there—

And his road lay through ruined villages.

Though cold, the ashes still were red, for blood  
Had quenched the flames; and aged men sat down  
And would not leave the embers, for they said  
They were too old to seek another home.

LEANDRO met with one whom he had known  
In other days, and asked of his own valley:—  
It yet was safe, unscathed by the war-storm.  
He knelt down in deep thankfulness; and then,  
Through death and danger, sought the grove once  
more.

His way had been through a thick beechen wood;  
The moon, athwart the boughs, had poured her light,  
Like Hope, to guide him onwards.  
One more turn and he should gaze upon his home!  
He paused in his heart's overflowing bliss,

And thought how he should wake them from their  
dreams—

Perchance of him!—of his BIANCA's blush!  
He heard the music of the fountain come—  
A sweet and welcome voice upon the wind—  
He bounded on with the light steps of hope,  
Of youth and happiness. He left the wood,  
And looked upon—a heap of mingled blood  
And blackened ashes wet upon the ground!

He was awakened from his agony  
By the low accents of a woman's voice;—  
He looked, and knew BIANCA. She was laid  
Beside the fountain, while her long black hair  
Hung like a veil down to her feet: her eyes,  
So large, so dark, so wild, shone through the gloom,

Glaring like red insanity. She saw  
Her lover, shrieked, and strove to fly—  
But fell:—her naked feet were gashed with wounds.  
“ And have I met thee but to see thee die ?”

LEANDRO cried as he laid the pale face  
Upon his breast, and sobbed like a young child.  
In vain he dashed the cold stream on her face,—  
Still she lay like a corpse within his arms.  
At length he thought him of a giant tree,  
Whose hollow trunk, when children, they had oft  
Called home in playfulness. He bore her there;  
And of fresh flowers and the dry leaves he made  
A bed for his pale love. She waked at last,  
But not to consciousness : her wandering eyes  
Fixed upon him, and yet she knew him not !—  
Fever was on her lip and in her brain,

And as LEANDRO watched, his heart grew sick  
To hear her rave of outrage, wrongs, and death;—  
How they were wakened from their midnight sleep  
By gleaming steel—curses—and flaming roof!  
And then she groaned, and prayed herself to die!

It was an evening when through the green leaves  
Of the old chesnut shot the golden light  
Of the rich sunset ; into the fresh air  
LEANDRO bore the maiden he had nursed  
As the young mother nurses her sick child.  
She laid her head upon his heart, and slept  
Her first sweet quiet sleep : the evening-star  
Gleamed through the purple twilight when she  
waked.  
Her memory aroused not to the full—

Oh, that was mercy!—but she knew her love;  
And over her pale face a calm smile shone,—  
Fondly though faintly breathed and blest his name!  
That night the moonlight shone upon LEANDRO,  
And in his arms—a corpse! \* \* \* \*

He lived in one deep feeling—in revenge:  
With men he mingled not but in the battle;—  
His mingling there was deadly! When the GAUL  
Was driven from the land which he had spoiled,  
That dark Chief sought BIANCA'S grave!—a Cross  
Marks THE GUERILLA AND THE MAIDEN'S TOMB!

# THE BAYADERE.

## AN INDIAN TALE.

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["THE BAYADERE" was taken from some faint recollection of a tale I had either read or heard; and meeting with the word "Bayadere" many years after recalled it to my memory as a subject exquisitely poetical. I have been since told it was a poem of Goëthe's. This poem has never been to my knowledge translated; and, being ignorant of the German language, I am unable to say whether the tale conforms to the original or not.]

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This poem together with the others listed below were published previously in The Literary Gazette (with the odd minor alteration). They can be accessed either from here or from the full list of contents.

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## THE VIOLET.

VIOLETS!—deep-blue Violets!

April's loveliest coronets!

There are no flowers grow in the vale,

Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,—

None by the dew of the twilight wet,

So sweet as the deep-blue Violet!

I do remember how sweet a breath

Came with the azure light of a wreath

That hung round the wild harp's golden chords,

Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words.

---



**I** have seen that dear harp rolled  
**W**ith gems of the East and bands of gold;  
**B**ut it never was sweeter than when set  
**W**ith leaves of the deep-blue Violet !  
**A**nd when the grave shall open for me,—  
**I** care not how soon that time may be,—  
**N**ever a rose shall grow on that tomb,  
**I**t breathes too much of hope and of bloom ;—  
**B**ut there be that flower's meek regret,  
**T**he bending and deep-blue Violet !

The following poem was published previously in The Literary Gazette. It can be accessed either from here or from the full list of contents.

FRAGMENTS.

CHANGE
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## THE GREY CROSS.

A GREY Cross stands beneath yon old beech tree;  
It marks a soldier's and a maiden's grave :  
Around it is a grove of orange-trees,  
With silver blossoms and with golden fruit.  
It was a Spaniard, whom he saved from death,  
Raised that Cross o'er the gallant Englishman.

He left home a young soldier, full of hope  
And enterprise;—he fell in his first field !  
There came a lovely pilgrim to his tomb,  
The blue-eyed girl, his own betrothed bride,—

Pale, delicate,—one looking as the gale  
That bowed the rose could sweep her from the earth.  
Yet she had left her home, where every look  
Had been watched, oh, so tenderly!—and miles,  
Long weary miles, had wandered. When she came  
To the dim shadow of the aged beech,  
She was worn to a shadow; colourless  
The cheek once dyed by her own mountain-rose.  
She reached the grave, and died upon the sod!  
They laid her by her lover:—and her tale  
Is often on the songs that the guitar  
Echoes in the lime valleys of Castile!

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CRESCENTIUS	
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## ON A STAR.

BEAUTIFUL Star that art wandering through  
The midnight ocean's waves of blue!  
I have watched since thy first pale ray  
Rose on the farewell of Summer's day,—  
From thy first sweet shine on the twilight hour,  
To thy present blaze of beauty and power!  
Would I could read my destiny,  
Lovely and glorious Star, in thee!  
Yet why should I wish?—I know too well  
What thy tablet of light would tell!

What, oh ! what could I read there,  
But the depths of Love's despair,—  
Blighted feelings, like leaves that fall  
The first from April's coronal,—  
Hopes like meteors that shine and depart—  
An early grave, and a broken heart !

## SONG.

Farewell !—and never think of me  
In lighted hall or lady's bower !  
Farewell !—and never think of me  
In spring sunshine or summer hour !—  
But when you see a lonely grave,  
Just where a broken heart might be,  
With not one mourner by its sod,  
Then—and then only—**THINK OF ME !**

## HOME.

I LEFT my home ;—'twas in a little vale,  
Sheltered from snow-storms by the stately pines ;  
A small clear river wandered quietly,  
Its smooth waves only cut by the light barks  
Of fishers, and but darkened by the shade  
The willows flung, when to the southern wind  
They threw their long green tresses. On the slope  
Were five or six white cottages, whose roofs  
Reached not to the laburnum's height, whose boughs  
Shook over them bright showers of golden bloom.



Sweet silence reigned around:—no other sound  
Came on the air, than when the shepherd made  
The reed-pipe rudely musical, or notes  
From the wild birds, or children in their play  
Sending forth shouts or laughter. Strangers came  
Rarely or never near the lonely place. . . .  
I went into far countries. Years past by,  
But still that vale in silent beauty dwelt  
Within my memory. Home I came at last.  
I stood upon a mountain height, and looked  
Into the vale below; and smoke arose,  
And heavy sounds; and through the thick dim air  
Shot blackened turrets, and brick walls, and roofs  
Of the red tile. I entered in the streets:  
There were ten thousand hurrying to and fro;  
And masted vessels stood upon the river,

And barges sullied the once dew-clear stream.

Where were the willows, where the cottages ?

I sought my home ; I sought and found a city,

Alas ! for the green valley !

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## LOVE.

SHE prest her slight hand to her brow, or pain  
Or bitter thoughts were passing there. The room  
Had no light but that from the fireside,  
Which showed, then hid her face. How very pale  
It looked, when over it the glimmer shone !  
Is not the rose companion of the spring ?  
Then wherefore has the red-leaved flower forgotten  
Her cheek ? The tears stood in her large dark eyes—  
Her beautiful dark eyes—like hyacinth stars,  
When shines their shadowy glory through the dew  
That summer nights have wept :—she felt them not,  
Her heart was far away ! Her fragile form,

Like the young willow when for the first time  
The wind sweeps o'er it rudely, had not lost  
Its own peculiar grace ; but it was bowed  
By sickness, or by worse than sickness—sorrow !  
And this is Love ! Oh ! why should woman love ;  
Wasting her dearest feelings, till health, hope,  
Happiness, are but things of which henceforth  
She 'll only know the name ? Her heart is seared :  
A sweet light has been thrown upon its life,  
To make its darkness the more terrible.  
And this is Love !

## LOVE, HOPE, AND BEAUTY.

LOVE may be increased by fears,

May be fanned with sighs,

Nurst by fancies, fed by doubts ;

But without Hope it dies !

As in the far Indian isles

Dies the young cocoa-tree,

Unless within the pleasant shade

Of the parent plant it be :

So Love may spring up at first,

Lighted at Beauty's eyes ;—

But Beauty is not all its life,

For without Hope it dies.

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