

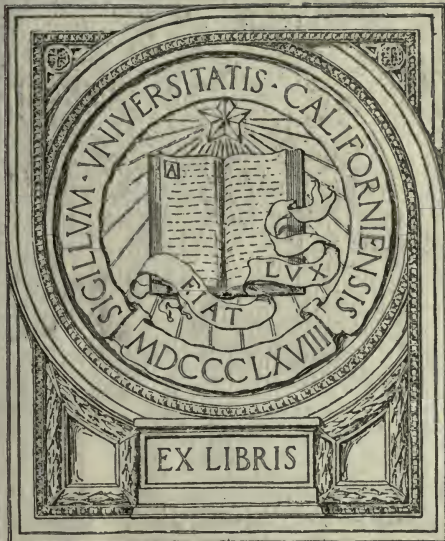




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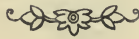
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POEMS;

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BY

THEODORE MARTIN.



LONDON :

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1863.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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TRANSLATIONS FROM
GOETHE.

5

DEDICATION.

YE come, dim forms, as in youth's early day
Ye bless'd these eyes, that now so lonely grieve!
Still, still, to hold ye fast shall I essay,
Still let my heart to that delusion cleave?
Ye throng me round! Well! lord it how ye may,
As from the mists ye rise, that round me weave!
Ye waft a magic air, that shakes my breast,
With youth's tumultuous, yet divine unrest.

Visions ye bring with you of happy days,
And many a dear, dear shade ascends to view;
Like some faint haunting chime of ancient lays,
Come love, first love, and friendship back with you;
The heart runs back o'er life's bewilder'd maze,
And pangs long laid to sleep awake anew,
And name the loved ones lost, before their day;
Swept, whilst life yet was beautiful, away.

Alas, alas! These strains they cannot hear,
The souls to whom my earliest lays I sang;
Gone are they all, that band of friends so dear,
The echoes hush'd, that once responsive rang;
My numbers fall upon the stranger's ear,
Whose very praise is to my heart a pang,
And all who in my lays took pride of yore,
Are lost in other lands, or else no more.

And yearnings fill my soul, unwonted long,
To yonder still, sad spirit-world to go;
Now, like Æolian harp, my faltering song
Rises and falls in fitful cadence low;
A shudder thrills me, as old memories throng,
The strong heart melts, tears fast on tear-drops flow;
What I possess seems far, far-off to be,
And what hath pass'd away becomes reality.



TRANSLATIONS FROM
GOETHE'S FAUST.

PART I. ACT I.

NIGHT.

SCENE I.—*A vaulted Gothic chamber.*—FAUST seated
at his desk.

FAUST.

AH! now have I philosophy,
Physic, and all the jurist's lore,
Theology also, woe is me!
Slaved at, and ponderer'd o'er and o'er,
And here I am, poor wretched fool!
No wiser than when I went first to school!
Magister they call me, save the mark!
Doctor forsooth! and for years have I
Been leading my pupils a dance in the dark,
Up hill, down dale, through wet and through dry—

And all the while I plainly see
That we can know nothing with certainty !
This is burning the heart clean out of me.
I am cleverer than all the twaddling tribe
Of doctor, magister, priest, and scribe.
From doubts and scruples my soul is free ;
No terrors has hell or the devil for me :
Hence, too, it is I am dispossess'd
Of all that gives pleasure to life and zest.
I can't even juggle myself to own
There is any one thing to be truly known,
Nor aught to be taught in science or arts,
To better mankind and to turn their hearts.
Besides, I have neither land nor pence,
Nor worldly honour nor influence,
A dog in my case would not brook to live ;
So to magic I've vow'd myself to give,
And see if through spirit's might and tongue
The heart from some mysteries cannot be wrung ;
If I cannot escape from the bitter woe
Of babbling of things that I do not know,
And get to the root of those secret powers,
Which hold together this world of ours,
The sources and centres of force explore,
And chaffer and dabble in words no more.

Oh, broad bright moon, if this might be
The last of the nights of agony,
The countless midnights of toil and ache,
I've pass'd at this dreary desk awake !

Then, sad-eyed friend, thy wistful looks
Found me imprison'd 'mongst papers and books ;
But oh ! might I wander in thy dear light
O'er the trackless slopes of some mountain height,
Round mountain caverns with spirits sail,
Or float o'er the meads in thy hazes pale ;
And, freed from the fumes of a fruitless lore,
Bathe in thy dews, and be whole once more !

Ah me ! am I penn'd in this dungeon still ?
Accursèd doghole, drear and chill !
Where heaven's own blessèd light must pass
Through dismal panes of painted glass,
Narrow'd and cramp'd by these piles of books,
That are gnaw'd with worms and grimed with dust,
And smear'd through all its coigns and nooks
With a villainous, dingy, smoky crust ;
Stuck round with phials, and chests untold,
With instruments litter'd, and lumber'd with old
Crazy, ancestral, household ware—
This is your world ! A world most rare !

And yet you ask, why it is your soul
Is numb'd within your breast, and why
A dead, dull anguish makes your whole
Life's pulses falter, and ebb, and die ?
How should it be but so ? Instead
Of the living nature, whereinto
God has created man, things dead
And drear alone encompass you—
Smoke, litter, dust, the skeletons

Of birds and beasts, and dead men's bones !
 Up, up ! Away to the champaign free !
 And this mysterious volume, writ
 By Nostradamus' self, is it
 Not guide and stay enough for thee ?
 There wilt thou learn, by what control
 The stars within their orbits roll ;
 And if boon Nature shall to thee
 Thy handmaid and instructress be,
 Thy soul shall swell with tenfold force,
 As spirit with spirit holds discourse.
 Ne'er shall these sapless rubrics here
 Expound these holy signs to thee !
 Ye spirits, ye are hovering near,
 If ye can hear me, answer me !

[*Throws open the book, and discovers the
 sign of the Macrocosm.*]

Ha ! as I look, what rapture gushes
 Through every pulse and nerve ! Amain
 A thrill of life, young, glorious, flushes
 With sudden glow each nerve and vein !
 Was it a god who traced these signs,
 Which thus my inward tumult still,
 The poor heart with such transport fill,
 And show reveal'd in clearest lines
 The powers of Nature to my sight ?
 Am I a god ? All grows so bright.
 In these pure outlines I behold
 Nature at work before my soul unroll'd.
 Now can I read the sage's saw aright :

“ Not barr'd to man the world of spirits is ;
 Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead.
 Up, student, lave,—nor dread the bliss,—
 Thy earthly breast in the morning-red !”

[*Gazes intently at the sign.*

How all things in one whole do blend,
 One in the other working, living !
 What powers celestial, lo ! ascend, descend,
 Each unto each the golden pitchers giving !
 And, wafting blessings from their wings,
 From heaven through farthest earth career,
 While through the universal sphere
 One universal concord rings !

Oh, what a show ! But woe is me !
 'Tis but a show. Where, where shall I,
 Infinite nature, grasp at thee,
 Say, where is that I shall hold thee by ?
 Ye breasts, where are ye ? You, ye springs
 Of all that lives, whereon depend
 Both earth and heaven, as to a friend
 To you the blighted bosom clings—
 Ye well forth bounteous nourishment divine,
 Yet I for you am doom'd so bootlessly to pine !

[*Turns the leaves of the book angrily, and
 sees the sign of the Earth Spirit.*

How differently I feel before this sign !
 Earth Spirit, thou to me art nearer ;
 My faculties grow loftier, clearer,
 Even now I glow as with new wine.

Courage I feel into the world to roam ;
 To bid earth's joys and sorrows hail,
 'Mid storm and struggle to make my home,
 And in the crash of shipwreck not to quail.
 Clouds gather o'er my head ;
 The moon conceals her light,
 The lamp's gone out. The air
 Grows thick and close ! Red flashes play
 Around me. From the vaulted roof
 A shuddering horror creeps,
 And binds me in its grasp !
 Spirit invoked, I feel
 Thou'rt hovering near, thou art, thou art !
 Unveil thyself !
 Ha ! What a tugging at my heart !
 Stir'd through their depths, my senses reel
 With passions new and strange ! I feel
 My heart is thine, thine wholly ! Hear !
 Thou must ! ay, though it cost my life, thou must appear !

*[Seizes the book, and utters the sign of the Spirit
 mysteriously. A red light flashes, in which
 the Spirit appears.]*

SPIRIT.

Who calls on me ?

FAUST (*turning away*).

Dread vision gaunt !

SPIRIT.

By potent art thou'st dragg'd me here ;
 Thou'st long been sucking at my sphere,
 And now—

FAUST.

I loathe thee. Hence, avaunt!

SPIRIT.

To view me were thy prayer and choice,
 To see my face, to hear my voice.
 Well! by thy potent prayer won o'er,
 I come. And thou, that wouldst be more
 Than mortal, having thy behest,
 Art by a craven fear possess'd!
 Where is thy pride of soul?—the breast,
 Which in itself a world created,
 Sustain'd and foster'd—which dilated
 With throes of rapture, in the hope
 As peer with spirits such as me to cope?
 Where art thou, Faust, whose summons rang so wide,
 Who storm'd my haunts, and would not be denied?
 Is this thing thou? This, my mere breath doth make
 Through every nerve and fibre quake?
 A crawling, cowering, timorous worm?

FAUST.

Thou film of flame, art thou a thing to fear?
 I am, I am that Faust! I am thy peer!

SPIRIT.

In Life's wild currents, in Action's storm,
 Hither and thither, and up and down
 I flit and I wave
 In eddying motion!
 Birth and the grave,
 An infinite ocean,

A web ever growing,
 A life ever glowing,
 Thus at Time's whizzing loom I ply,
 And weave the vesture of God, that thou know'st him by !

FAUST.

Thou busy Spirit, who dost sweep
 From sphere to sphere, from deep to deep,
 Ranging the world from end to end,
 How near akin I feel to thee !

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the Spirit, thou dost comprehend,
 But not like me ! [*Vanishes.*

FAUST.

But not like thee !
 Whom, then ? What ! I,
 The image of the Deity !
 Yet not to be compared to thee ? [*A knock.*
 Oh death ! My Famulus ! At time like this
 To drag me from the top of bliss !
 That such a soulless, mere precisian
 Should mar this full beatitude of vision !

*Enter WAGNER, in his dressing-gown and night-cap, with
 a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns away impatiently.*

WAGNER.

I heard you, did I not, declaim ?
 From one, no doubt, of the old Greek plays ?
 And so to take a hint I came ;
 The art is much in favour now-a-days.
 I've often heard it said, at least,
 An actor might instruct a priest.

FAUST.

Yes, if the priest an actor be,
As at times may happen, certainly.

WAGNER.

Ah, when one's in his study pent, you see,
And sees the world but on a rare occasion,
And then far off, on some chance holiday,
And through a telescope, as one may say,
How can one ever hope to sway
Or govern it by eloquent persuasion?

FAUST.

That is a power, which is not to be taught.
It must be felt, must gush forth from within,
And, rising to the lips in words unsought,
The hearts of all to deep emotion win.
Sit on for ever! Till you ache,
Your patchwork and mosaics make;
With scraps at others' banquets found
A ragout of your own compound,
And, blowing at your ash-heap, fan
What miserable flame you can;
Children and apes may praise your art—
A dainty triumph, you must own—
But you will never make heart throb with heart,
Unless your own heart first has struck the tone.

WAGNER.

Delivery makes the orator's success.
In that I'm far behind, I must confess.

FAUST.

Scorn such success! Play thou an honest game!

Be no mere empty tinkling fool !
 True sense and reason reach their aim
 With little help from art or rule.
 Be earnest ! Then what need to seek
 The words that best your meaning speak ?
 Yes, your orations, garnish'd, trimm'd, refined,
 Tickling men's fancies where they're chiefly weak,
 Are unrefreshing as the drizzling wind,
 Which through the autumn's sere leaves whistles bleak.

WAGNER.

Alas, sir, art is long !
 And mortal life is brief ;
 And often, as I work, a pain
 Sits leadlike on my heart and brain,
 And struggles for relief.
 How hard it is to reach the fountains, where
 The streams of life and vital knowledge lave !
 And ere a man is even half way there,
 He's shoulder'd off, poor devil, to his grave.

FAUST.

Is parchment, then, the sacred fount, can give
 What shall thy thirst for evermore allay ?
 Man never quaff'd a draught restorative,
 But from his inmost soul it well'd away.

WAGNER.

Excuse me, surely 'tis a joy sublime,
 To realize the spirit of a time,
 To see how sages long ago have thought,
 And the high pass to which things nowadays are brought.

FAUST.

High pass ! Oh yes ! As the welkin high !

My friend, to us they are, these times gone by,
 A book with seven seals, and what you call
 The spirit of the times, I've long suspected,
 Is but the spirit of the men—that's all—
 In which the times they prate of are reflected.
 And that's a sight, God wot, so poor, so mean,
 We run away from it as soon as seen ;
 Mere scraps of odds and ends, old crazy lumber,
 In dust-bins only fit to rot and slumber ;
 At best a play on stilts, all strut and glare,
 Gewgaws and glitter, fustian and pretence,
 With maxims strewn of sage pragmatic air,
 That, mouth'd by puppets, pass with fools for sense.

WAGNER.

Ay, but the world ! The heart and soul of man,
 Something of these may, sure, be learn'd by all.

FAUST.

As men call learning, yes, no doubt, it can !
 But who the child by its right name will call ?
 The few, who something of that knowledge learn'd,
 And were not wise enough a guard to keep
 On their full hearts, but to the people show'd
 The reaches of their soaring thoughts, the deep
 Emotions that within them glow'd,
 Men at all times have crucified and burn'd.
 I prithee, friend, 'tis far into the night,
 And for the present we must say adieu !

WAGNER.

I'd gladly watch till dawn, for the delight
 Of such most edifying talk with you.
 To-morrow, being Easter-day,

Good sir, if I so far might task you,
 Some things there are I'd like to say,
 Some questions I should like to ask you ;
 My zeal has in my studies not been small ;
 Much, it is true, I know, but I would fain know all.

[*Exit.*

FAUST.

Strange, that long since all hope has not been blighted
 In one content on such mere chaff to feed,
 Who digs for treasure with a miser's greed,
 And if he finds a muck-worm is delighted !

* * * * *

SCENE II.—*Faust's Study.*—FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock ? Come in ! Again my quiet broken ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I !

FAUST.

Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice must the words be spoken.

FAUST.

Come in, then !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*).

So ! That job's discuss'd.

We shall be famous friends, I trust,

For, to dispel your fancies grim,

Behold me here, a springald trim,
In jerkin red, and laced with gold,
A cape of stiffest silk, a bold
Cock-feather in my cap ; and see !
A long sharp rapier to boot !
Now, prithee, be advised by me,
And get just such another suit ;
So, casting every trammel loose,
You'll learn what life is, and its use.

FAUST.

In every dress I'm sure to feel the dire
Constraints of earthly life severely :
I am too old to trifle merely,
Too young to be without desire.
The world ! From it what can I gain ?
"Thou shalt refrain ! Thou shalt refrain !"
That is the everlasting song,
That's humm'd and droned in every ear,
Which every hour, our whole life long,
Is croak'd to us in cadence drear.
I wake each morning in despair,
And bitter tears could weep to see the sun
Dawn on the day, that in its round will ne'er
Accomplish one poor wish of mine, not one ;—
Yea, that with froward captiousness impairs
Each joy, of which I've dreamt, of half its zest,
And with life's thousand mean and paltry cares
Clogs the creations of my busy breast.
And when at evening's weary close
I lay me down in anguish on my bed,

There, even there, for me is no repose,
 Scared as I am by visions wild and dread.
 The god, that in my breast abides,
 Through all its depths can stir my soul,
 My every faculty he sways and guides,
 Yet nought that lies without can he control.
 And thus by life, as by a load, oppress'd,
 I long for death, existence I detest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet death never is a wholly welcome guest !

FAUST.

Oh happy he, around whose brows he winds
 In victory's glorious hour the blood-stain'd bays,
 Whom on the bosom of his girl he finds,
 Warm from the dance's wild and maddening maze !
 Oh had it been, 'neath that high spirit's might,
 My fate, while tranced in bliss, in death to sink !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet was there one, who on a certain night
 A certain dark-brown mixture fear'd to drink.

FAUST.

You love to play eaves-dropper, then ? So, so !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm not omniscient, yet some things I know.

FAUST.

If, when my brain was rack'd and reeling,
 A sweet and old familiar chime
 Beguiled my all of childish feeling
 With memories of a happier time ;
 Now do I curse whate'er doth pen

With wizard coil these souls of ours,
 And chains them to this dreary den
 With cozening and deceitful powers.
 And first be curst the proud conceit,
 That girds our spirits like a fence,
 Curst be the glare of shows that cheat,
 And play and palter with our sense !
 Curst be the false and flattering dream
 Of fame—a name beyond the grave,
 Curst all that ours we fondly deem,
 As wife and child, as plough and slave !
 Be Mammon curst, when he with pelf
 Inspires to deeds were else renown,
 When he, to sot and pamper self,
 Makes silken smooth our couch of down !
 Curse on the vine-grape's juicy balm,
 Curse on love's soul-entrancing thrall,
 A curse on hope, on faith, on calm,
 And on endurance more than all !

Chorus of Invisible Spirits.

Woe, woe !
 Thou hast laid it low,
 The beautiful world,
 With merciless blow.
 It totters, it crumbles, it tumbles abroad,
 Shatter'd and crush'd by a demigod.
 We trail
 The ruins to chaos away,
 And wail

The beauty that's lost, well-a-day !
 Mighty one thou
 Of the sons of clay,
 Haughty one, now
 Build it once more,
 Within thine own bosom build it up ! Here
 A new career
 Of life commence
 With undimm'd sense,
 And new songs then
 Shall ring out clear !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These my tiny spirits be.
 Hark, with what sagacity
 They advise thee to pursue
 Action, pleasure ever new !
 Out into the world so fair
 They would lure and lead thee hence,
 From this lonely chamber where
 Stagnate life and soul and sense.
 No longer trifle with the wretchedness
 That, like a vulture, gnaws your life away ;
 The worst society will teach you this,
 You are a man 'mongst men, and feel as they.
 Yet 'tis not meant, I pray you, see,
 To thrust you 'mong the rabble rout ;—
 I'm none of your great folks, no doubt,
 But if, in fellowship with me,
 To range through life you are content,
 I will most cheerfully consent

To be your own upon the spot.
 I am your chum. You'd rather not?
 Well! If your scruples it will save,
 I am your servant, yea, your slave!

FAUST.

And what am I for this to give to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, time enough to talk of that!

FAUST.

Nay, nay!

The devil's selfish—is and was alway—
 And is not like for mere God's sake to do
 A liberal turn to any child of clay.
 Out with the terms and plainly! Such as thou
 Are dangerous servants in a house, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I bind myself to serve you here—to do
 Your bidding freely and untiringly,
 And when we come together yonder, you
 Are then to do the same for me.

FAUST.

I prize that yonder at a rush!
 This world do thou to atoms crush,
 Thereafter may another rise!
 From earth my every pleasure flows,
 Yon Sun looks down upon my woes,
 Let me but part myself from those,
 Then come what may, in any guise!
 To idle prate I'll close mine ears,
 If we hereafter hate or love,

Or if there be in yonder spheres,
As here, an Under and Above!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You're in the mood to venture! Bind
Yourself, and pleasure in my sleights you'll find,
To fill up life. I'll give you more,
Than eye of man hath ever seen before.

FAUST.

What wilt thou give, thou sorry devil? When
Were the aspiring souls of men
Fathom'd by such a thing as thee?
Oh, thou hast food that satisfieth never,
Gold, ruddy gold thou hast, that restlessly
Slips, like quicksilver, through the hand for ever,
A game, where we must losers be;
A girl, that, on my very breast,
My neighbour woos with smile and wink;
Fame's rapturous flush of godlike zest,
Yet fated, meteor-like, to sink.
Show me the fruit, that ere 'tis pluck'd, doth rot,
And trees that every day grow green anew!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such task as this affrights me not.
Such treasures have I at command for you.
But, my good friend, the time draws nigh,
When we may banquet on the best in peace!

FAUST.

If e'er at peace on sluggard's couch I lie,
Then may my life upon the instant cease!
Cheat thou me ever by thy glozing wile,

So that I cease to scorn myself, or e'er
 My senses with a perfect joy beguile,
 Then be that day my last! I offer fair.
 How say'st thou?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

My hand upon it! There!

If to the moment e'er I say,
 "Oh linger yet! thou art so fair!"
 Then cast me into chains you may,
 Then will I die without a care!
 Then may the death-bell sound its call,
 Then art thou from thy service free,
 The clock may stand, the index fall,
 And time and tide may cease for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Think well; we shan't forget the terms you name.

FAUST.

Your perfect right I must allow.
 Not rashly to the pact I came.
 I am a slave as I am now:
 Your's or another's, 'tis to me the same!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This very day, the doctors dine with you,
 And I my post will, as your servant, take.
 But stay! To guard against mistake,
 Oblige me with a line or two.

FAUST.

You must have writing, pedant? Is it so?

Of man, or of man's word what can you know?
 Is't not enough, my plighted word is strong,
 To pledge my days for all eternity?
 Raves not the world with all its streams along,
 And shall a promise curb or fetter me?
 Yet doth man's heart so hug the dear deceit,
 Who would its hold without a pang undo?
 Blest he, whose soul is with pure truth replete,
 No sacrifice shall ever make him rue.
 But, oh, your stamp'd and scribbled parchment sheet
 A spectre is, which all men shrink to view.
 The word dies ere it quits the pen,
 And wax and sheep-skin lord it then.
 What would you have, spirit of ill!
 Brass, marble, parchment, paper?—Say,
 Am I to write with pen, or style, or graver?
 I care not—choose whiche'er you will.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why throw your eloquence away,
 Or give it such a pungent savour?
 Pshaw! Any scrap will do—'tis quite the same—
 With the least drop of blood just sign your name.

FAUST.

If that will make you happy, why, a claim
 So very whimsical I'll freely favour.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a juice of quite peculiar kind.

FAUST.

Only fear not the compact I'll evade!
 My life's whole struggle, heart and mind,

Chimes with the promise I have made.
 Too high I've soar'd—too proudly dreamt,
 I'm only peer for such as thee ;
 The Mighty Spirit spurns me with contempt,
 And Nature veils her face from me.
 Thought's chain is snapt ;—for many a day
 I've loath'd all knowledge every way.
 So quench we now our passions' fires
 In sense and sensual delights,
 Unveil all hidden magic sleights
 To minister to our desires !
 Let us plunge in the torrent of time, and range
 Through the weltering chaos of chance and change,
 Then pleasure and pain, disaster and gain
 May course one another adown my brain.
 Excitement, and only excitement, can
 Appease the unsatisfied spirit of man.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To you is set nor goal nor stint.
 If you'd sip the sweetest of everything,
 And hawk at pleasure upon the wing,
 Much joy, I'm sure, I wish you in't.
 Only fall to, and don't be coy.

FAUST.

Again I say, my thoughts are not of joy.
 I devote myself to the whirl and roar,
 To the bliss that throbs with a pulse like pain.
 To the hate that we dote on and fondle o'er,
 The defeat that inspirits both nerves and brain.
 Of its passion for knowledge cured, my soul

Henceforth shall expand to all forms of woe,
 And all that is all human nature's dole
 In my heart of hearts I shall feel and know,
 With highest, lowest, in spirit I shall cope,
 Pile on my breast their joys, their griefs, their cares,
 So all men's souls shall come within my scope,
 And mine at last go down a wreck like theirs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, trust to me, who have through many a year
 On this tough morsel chew'd the cud,
 That from the cradle to the bier
 No man of mortal flesh and blood
 Hath e'er digested the old leaven.
 Trust one of us, this whole so vast
 Is only for the God of Heaven !
 In radiance endless He is glass'd,
 Us hath He into darkness cast,
 And you, you mortals, only may
 See day succeed to night, and night to day.

FAUST.

Nay, but I will.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's well enough to say ;
 Only I don't quite see my way.
 Art's long, time short. You'd best permit
 Yourself to be advised a bit.
 Club with a poet : soaring free,
 Let him the realm of fancy sweep,
 And every noble quality
 Upon your honour'd forehead heap ;

The lion's magnanimity,
 The fleetness of the hind,
 The fiery blood of Italy,
 The Northern's constant mind.
 Let him for you the art divine,
 High aims with cunning to combine,
 And, with young blood at fever full,
 To love on system and by rule.
 A gentleman of such a kind
 I should myself be glad to find,
 And, 'sooth, by me so rare a wight
 Should be Sir Microcosmus hight.

FAUST.

What am I, then, if never by no art
 The crown of mortal nature may be gain'd,
 For which our every energy is strain'd?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art, when all's done, what thou art.
 A periwig with countless ringlets buy,
 Array thy feet in socks a cubit high,
 Still shalt thou be no more than what thou art.

FAUST.

'Tis true, I feel! in vain have I amass'd
 Within me all the treasures of man's mind,
 And when I pause, and sit me down at last,
 No new power welling inwardly I find;
 A hairbreadth is not added to my height,
 I am no nearer to the Infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good sir, you view these matters just

As any common mortal would,
 But take a higher strain we must,
 Nor let life's joys our grasp elude.
 Why, what the deuce! both hands and feet
 And head and heart are surely thine,
 And if things relish rarely sweet
 Are they on that account less mine?
 If I for horses six can pay,
 Their powers are added to my store;
 A proper man I dash away,
 As though I had legs twenty-four.
 Up then, no more a dreamer be,
 But forth into the world with me!
 I tell you what; your speculating wretch
 Is like a beast upon a barren waste,
 Round, ever round, by an ill spirit chased,
 Whilst all beyond fair verdant pastures stretch.

FAUST.

But how begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We start at once.

Ugh! what a place of torture dire!
 Call you this life—yourself to tire,
 And some few youngsters, each a dunce?
 Leave that to neighbour Paunch to do.
 Why plague yourself with threshing straw?
 What's best of all that's known to you,
 You dare not tell these striplings raw.
 I hear one now upon the stair.

FAUST.

I cannot see him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Long and late,
 Poor boy, he's waited. In despair
 We must not send him from the gate.
 Give me your cap and gown: the mask
 You'll see, will fit me to a hair.

[*Changes his dress.*]

Now leave all to my wit. I ask
 But fifteen minutes. Go now! There!
 And for our pleasant trip prepare!

PART II. ACT I.


SCENE I.—*A beautiful landscape,
 FAUST, reclining in a flowery meadow, wearied,
 restless, trying to sleep.*

TWILIGHT.

(A troop of elves flitting round him, graceful little forms.)

ARIEL.

(Song, accompanied by Eolian harps.)

HEN the spring-time, scattering flowers,
 Robes in verdure hill and glen,
 When green meadows, bright with showers,
 Gladden all the sons of men,

Little elves, where spirits languish,
 Haste their troubled fears to still,
 They are grieved by mortal's anguish,
 Be the mourner good or ill.

Ye, who in airy circles round him float,
 Here show that ye are elves of noble note.
 Soothe into calm his heart's distressful fray,
 Pluck out the burning arrows of remorse,
 Wash from his spirit all its past dismay ;
 Night bath four periods in her solemn course,
 Now fill them kindly up without delay !
 Pillow his head on yon cool bank, and then
 Bathe him in dew from Lethe's stream ; anon
 Will his cramp-stiffen'd limbs relax again,
 When all refresh'd he wakens with the dawn.
 Do the elves' fairest 'hest aright,
 Restore him to the blessèd light !

CHORUS.

When across the emerald meadows
 Warm and fragrant breezes play,
 Closing round in misty shadows,
 Softly falls the twilight grey ;
 Whispers low soft lulling numbers,
 Rocks the heart to childlike rest ;
 And his wearied eyes in slumbers
 Seals beneath the shadowy west.

Now the night is deeply darkling,
 Gleams out hallow'd star on star,
 Lights of power, or faintly sparkling,
 Twinkle near, and gleam afar.

In the lake they sparkle tender,
 Gleam in yon clear vault profound ;
 Reigns the moon in full-orb'd splendour,
 Perfecting the peace around.

See, the hours of night have vanish'd,
 Joy and grief have pass'd away.
 Wake ! rejoice ! thy pain is banish'd,
 Trust the new-advancing day.
 Vales grow green, hills steep and steeper,
 Shadows deepen, thick with leaves,
 And the harvest to the reaper
 In long silvery billows heaves.

Fix thy gaze on yonder glory,
 Wouldst thou win thy wish and keep,
 Frail the spell that resteth o'er thee,
 Fling away the husk of sleep !
 Though the crowd grow pale and waver,
 Onward thou with dauntless soul !
 Gallant heart is baffled never,
 Striving to a noble goal !

*[A tremendous clangour indicates the approach
 of the sun.]*

ARIEL.

Hark, the ringing hours of morn !
 Pealing unto spirit ears,
 Lo, another day is born,
 Lo, another dawn appears !
 Adamantine gates are crashing,
 Phœbus' car-wheels rattling, clashing,

What clangour harbingers the sun !
 Trump and clarion pealing clear,
 Dazzling eye, and stunning ear ;
 Hence ! Our elfin reign is done ;
 Slip into your flowery cells,
 Couched in still, untrodden dells,
 To the clefts and thickets come !
 Day will all your powers benumb.

FAUST (*awaking*).

Life's pulses dance with fresh and bounding pace,
 The ethereal splendours of the dawn to greet ;
 Thou, earth, thou too this night didst hold thy place,
 And breathest with new vigour at my feet,
 Bidd'st joy even now within my breast grow rife,
 And high resolves dost stir with kindling heat,
 To scale life's topmost heights through toil and strife !
 Now lies the world in morning's twilight beam,
 The woodland rings with thousand-voicèd life,
 All through the valley misty hazes stream,
 Yet to its depths doth heaven's clear radiance creep,
 And, bathed in freshness, wood and thicket gleam,
 From dewy clefts where late they lay asleep ;
 The glades are dappled with a thousand dyes,
 Where flower and leaflet trembling pearls do weep,
 And all around grows fair as Paradise !

Aloft the giant peaks, far-gleaming bright,
 Proclaim the hour at hand, that fires the skies ;
 They feel the first flush of the eternal light,
 That finds its way betimes to us below.

Now o'er the green slopes of yon Alpine height
The advancing splendour spreads a livelier glow,
And, step by step, it gains the lower ground.
Lo, the broad sun! And blinded with the flow,
That stings the shrinking sight, I turn me round.

So when a hope, by long devotion fann'd,
Hath won the height of its desire, and found
Fulfilment's wingèd portals wide expand,
But now from yonder depths eternal leaps
A heavenward burst of flame, amazed we stand;
Life's torch we'd fain illumine there, when sweeps
A sea of fire around us, eddying fast—
Is't love, is't hate, that round us hotly creeps,
With joy and pain, in alternation vast,—
So that once more to earth we turn our gaze,
To be again a child as in the days long past?

So then behind me let the sunbeams blaze!
The waterfall, that down yon fissure roars,
I view with deepening rapture and amaze.
Now in a myriad broken rills it pours,
Bounding from ledge to ledge, and, shattering there,
In foam and watery mist aloft it soars.
Yet o'er this turmoil smiles the rainbow fair,
In arch still shifting, still abiding, wound,
Now pencilled clear, now melting into air,
A dewy cool diffusing far around.
A mirror this of mortal coil and strife!
And there, if well thou ponderest, will be found,
In glowing hues reveal'd, a type of life.

SCENE.—*A dark gallery.*—FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why drag me to this gloomy corridor?
Is there not ample field within for sport,
For quip and scoff and jest full scope, and more,
Among the motley gaddies of the court?

FAUST.

Tush, tush! Time was, when you were cap in hand,
Ready to come and go at my command;
But now your only aim, I see,
Is how to break your faith with me.
To act, however, I am press'd.
The chamberlain won't let me rest:
The emperor wants, and that with haste,
Paris and Helena before him placed.
These paragons of man and woman he
Has set his mind in forms express to see.
Quick, to the task! My word I dare not break.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such promise you were worse than mad to make;

FAUST.

You have forgotten, mate, I trow,
To what our arts conduct us fairly;
We've made his highness rich, and now
We must amuse him well and rarely.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you know what you ask? 'Tis a heavier task,

Than ever we undertook before.
 You would pierce to a region of wonders vast,
 And run up insanely another score,
 A score you'll be forced to pay off at last.
 You think 'tis as easy a task for me
 To conjure up Helena, at my will,
 As it was the imperial treasury
 With flimsy, fairy bank-notes to fill.
 Witches, and imps, and hobgoblins, and sprites,
 I can turn to all uses, and place in all plights,
 But, though not to be sneezed at, our ladies below
 As heroines never will do to show.

FAUST.

The same old song! The same old introduction!
 There's nothing but uncertainty with you:
 You are the sire of all sorts of obstruction,
 And must at every turn be bribed anew!
 You grumble. Still you'll do it, I know well,
 And fetch them here ere we ten words can say.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These heathen gentry are not in my way;
 They live within their own peculiar hell;
 And yet there is a way!

FAUST.

On with your tale!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm loth the higher mysteries to unveil.
 There are goddesses, beings of might supernal,
 That sit alone, each on a throne,
 In the solitudes eternal.

Around them is neither Time nor Space,
To speak of them is to be lost in maze.
These are THE MOTHERS !

FAUST (*starting*).

The Mothers !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Afear'd ?

FAUST.

The Mothers ! the Mothers ! That sounds so weird !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And weird it is. You mortals know them not,
And we are loth to name them even in thought.
Through depths unplumb'd you may their haunts invade,
'Tis all your fault that we require their aid.

FAUST.

Say, whither lies the road ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Road there is none

To what has been, must be untrodden still ;
There is no road to what was never won
By mortal prayer or vow, nor ever will.
Art ready ? Neither bolt nor bar is there,
To hinder thy advance, but, everywhere,
Eternal solitudes in vacant air.
Canst thou conceive and fully comprehend
A void and isolation without end ?

FAUST.

Such speeches 'tis idle with me to try !
They're of the Witches-Kitchen kind,
And smack of a time that is long gone by.

Was I not doom'd to mingle with mankind ?
 To learn that life, the world, and all and each
 Is barrenness and void, and so to teach ?
 By reason school'd, if as I saw I spoke,
 Strife and denial round me roar'd and broke.
 Turn where I might, still baffled, thwarted, I
 To wilds and solitudes was forced to fly,
 Till, at my very loneliness aghast,
 I gave myself up to the devil at last.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And with the ocean if thou wert contending,
 And round thee heaved a limitless expanse,
 Thou still, though death were in each wave impending,
 Shouldst see before thee wave on wave advance.
 Something thou still shouldst see ; see dolphins leap
 O'er the green hollows of the glassy deep,
 See clouds sweep on, and sun, and moon, and star,
 But nothing shalt thou see in that great void afar ;
 Thou shalt not hear thy very footfall pace,
 Nor find out one substantial resting-place.

FAUST.

The best of mystagogues you rival quite,
 That e'er deluded trustful neophyte !
 But you reverse the rule, dismissing me
 To gain both strength and skill from blank vacuity.
 You use me like the cat, to scratch for you
 The chestnuts from the coals. Well, well, go to !
 We'll probe this business ; and I hope I shall
 In what you say is Nought discover All.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before we part, your tact I must commend!
The devil, I see, you fully comprehend.
Here, take this key!

FAUST.

This tiny bauble? No!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take hold of it, before you slight it so.

FAUST.

It grows within my hand! It flames, it lightens!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, on thy soul, methinks, its virtue brightens.
This key will how to shape thy course instruct thee.
Advance, and to THE MOTHERS 'twill conduct thee,

FAUST (*shudders*).

Again that word! It thrills my soul with fear.
What makes that word so terrible to hear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Art thou a pedant, at new words to scare?
Familiar phrases only canst thou bear?
Nothing, however weird or strange, should make
One so long used to mightiest marvels quake.

FAUST.

I covet not an adamantine heart.
This shuddering fear is man's divinest part.
Howe'er the world his simpler feelings chills,
Still at the awful and sublime he thrills.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sink, then! I might as well say, Mount! 'Tis quite
The same. From all that is take flight

Into the void and viewless Infinite
 Of visionary dreams, and revel so
 'Midst phantoms of the ages long ago.
 Like clouds they flit and waver. In thy hand
 Swing high the key! Thy body must not touch it.

FAUST (*with enthusiasm*).

'Tis well! I feel new strength, as thus I clutch it,
 And for the mighty task my breast expand.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A glowing tripod shall proclaim, thou hast
 Into the nethermost abysses pass'd.
 Its gleam THE MOTHERS unto thee will show.
 Some sit, some stand, some wander to and fro;
 Each as it haps; strange shapes of every kind,
 The eternal pastime of the eternal mind.
 Encircled round by every form of being,
 Thee they behold not, phantasms only seeing.
 See that thou quail not, for the peril's great,
 But to the tripod go thou forward straight,
 And touch it with the key!

[FAUST *assumes a resolute and menacing
 attitude with the key.*

Ay, that will do!

It will attend thee like a servant true,
 And with it thou triumphantly shalt rise
 To earth again, ay, fast as fancy flies.
 Then, surely, mayst thou, by this tripod's might,
 Evoke those famed heroic forms from Night:
 The foremost who has e'er achieved such feat;
 But once it is done, and thy task complete,

Forthwith, by sleights of magic, timely suited,
The incense smoke to gods will be transmuted.

FAUST.

And now what else ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thy spirit downward bend ;
Sink with a stamp, and, stamping, reascend !

[FAUST stamps and sinks into the ground.]

Now, if the key its power with him should lack ?
I'm curious to see if he comes back.

SCENE III.—*A Hall brilliantly illuminated.*—Emperor,
Princes, Courtiers, *moving up and down.*

CHAMBERLAIN (to MEPHISTOPHELES).

You still are owing us the phantom-play.
Our lord's impatient. So make ready, pray !

MARSHAL.

He asked about it not an hour ago.
You must not keep his highness waiting so.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My comrade is upon this business gone ;
He knows the way to set about it ;
This very moment, never doubt it,
He's hard at work to push it on.
Shut in his room from vulgar gaze,
No ordinary sleights he tries,
For he that would such peerless beauty raise,
Must use the highest art, the magic of the wise.

MARSHAL.

What arts he uses we don't care a pin,
Sir, sir, the emperor wants you to begin.

BLONDE (to MEPHISTOPHELES).

One word, sir! My complexion now is clear,
But in the tiresome summer 'tis not so!
A hundred freckles then from ear to ear,
Quite horrid, tawny things, begin to show.
A remedy!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That such a blonde—'tis hard!—
Should every May be spotted like the pard!
Take spawn of frogs, and tongues of toads new kill'd,
At the moon's fullest craftily distill'd;
This lotion, when she wanes, apply: the spring
May come, you'll find the spots have taken wing.

BRUNETTE.

You're in request. Here's quite a mob advancing.
Oh, sir, a remedy! A frost-bit foot
Prevents me both from walking and from dancing;
I can't even curtsy gracefully, to boot.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Allow me, child, to press you with my foot!

BRUNETTE.

That's very well 'twixt lovers in their sports.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A vast deal more a tread from me imports.
Like draws to like, as web combines with woof,
Thus foot heals foot, limb limb. Come close! And, mind!
You need not think of answering in kind.

BRUNETTE.

Oh! oh! It burns! 'Twas like a horse's hoof,
It stamp'd so hard.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You of my cure have proof.
Now you may dance as much as e'er you please,
And your swain's foot beneath the table squeeze.

LADY (*pushing forward*).

Make way for me! Too heavy are my woes.
My bosom's core is rack'd by maddening throes!
He lived but in my looks till yesterday,
Now he woos her, and turns from me away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis very sad! But I will set you right.
Up to his side you must contrive to steal.
This charcoal take, and draw it, as you may,
Across his sleeves, cloak, shoulder, and the wight
Shall sweet remorse within his bosom feel.
Then swallow off the charcoal—but no sips
Of water or of wine must cross your lips—
And at your door he sighs this very night.

LADY.

It is not poison?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*offended*).

Your surmises spare.
For such charcoal you must go many a mile.
I gather'd it myself with curious care
From off a certain ancient funeral pile.

PAGE.

The girl I love declares I'm not full grown.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I can't endure this sort of thing much longer.

[*To the Page.*

The very young ones you must let alone.

The more mature will find your graces stronger.

[*Others press round him.*

Still others coming! Here's a fine to-do!

I must resort to truth, to help me through.

The worst of helps! But no escape I see.

Oh Mothers, Mothers! let but Faustus free!

[*Looks round.*

Now in the hall the lights burn faint and low,

And all at once the Court begin to go.

The motley stream in graceful order pours

Through galleries long, and winding corridors.

And now they fill the old baronial hall;

Vast as it is, it scarcely holds them all.

On the broad walls are tapestries unroll'd

With niche and bracket deck'd, and armour old.

No need of magic here, or spell, I wis:

Ghosts of themselves must haunt a place like this.

SCENE IV.—*Baronial Hall dimly illuminated.—The Emperor and Court assembled.*

HERALD.

My old vocation, to announce the play,

Is by these ghostly doings much perplex'd;

I can't pretend to construe them, or say,

In such a ravell'd mess, what follows next.

There stand the couches ready, chairs and all,
 The emperor seated right before the wall ;
 And on the tapestry he can behold
 At ease the fights of the great times of old.
 Round him are lords and gentlefolks reclined,
 While common benches throng the space behind ;
 The lover, too, though ghosts are hovering near,
 Has found a pleasant seat beside his dear ;
 And so, as all are comfortably placed,
 The phantoms may appear with all convenient haste !

[*Trumpets.*]

ASTROLOGER.

Now to begin the business of the play !
 His highness so commands. Ye walls, give way !
 The spell and magic work to our desire,
 The tapestry fades as 'twere devour'd by fire ;
 The walls divide, and, as they backwards bend,
 A stage and ample theatre disclose,
 Where we shall be regaled with mystic shows ;
 And I to the proscenium ascend.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*popping up from
 the prompter's box*).

My skill, I trust, all here will duly prize ;
 In prompting well the devil's rhetoric lies.

[*To the Astrologer.*]

Thou, who the courses of the stars canst tell,
 My whispers wilt interpret passing well.

ASTROLOGER.

By magic sleight, behold before your eyes
 In massive bulk an ancient temple rise !

Like Atlas, who erewhile the heavens upbore,
 Stand pillars ranged in rows, a goodly store ;
 Lightly they hold the rocky load in air,
 Two shafts like these a structure vast could bear.

ARCHITECT.

So, that's antique ! I don't admire the style.
 'Tis a great, clumsy, over-weighted pile.
 The rude's called noble, and the unwieldy grand ;
 Give me small shafts that high in air expand.
 The pointed style exalts the soul, and naught
 With such instructive influence is fraught.

ASTROLOGER.

The hours the stars concede accept with awe ;
 Be reason chain'd by the magician's saw ;
 But keep your fancy's wing unfetter'd still,
 To roam with noble daring where it will.
 Look with your eyes at what you long to see ;
 It is impossible, and cannot be,
 And therefore merits your credulity.

[FAUST rises at the other side of the proscenium.

ASTROLOGER.

In priestly robes, and wreath'd, a wondrous man,
 Who now completes what boldly he began !
 A tripod rises with him from the ground,
 I scent the incense shed its fumes around ;
 See, he prepares the noble work to bless,
 And for our pageant here ensure success !

FAUST (*in a majestic style*).

In your name, Mothers, yours, who have your throne
 In the Infinite, and evermore alone,

Yet in communion dwell ! The forms of life
 Float round you, lifeless, yet with motion rife.
 What once has been, in seeming as of yore,
 Flits there, resolved to be for evermore ;
 And ye apportion them, ye powers of might,
 'Twixt the day's span, and the dark vault of night ;
 Some upon life's glad stream are borne away,
 While others bend to the bold wizard's sway,
 Who doth to you with hand profuse unfold
 What marvels each is yearning to behold !

ASTROLOGER.

Scarce on the dish the golden key he lays,
 When the air thickens to a dusky haze ;
 It coils and curls, now spreads, like clouds, about,
 Contracts, expands, divides, shifts in and out.
 Phantoms of power, be sure, are stirring there !
 Hark ! as they move, what music in the air !
 With a weird charm the tones aërial thrill,
 From every cloud soft melodies distil,
 Each pillar'd shaft, the very triglyph rings,
 Yea, I could swear, that all the temple sings.
 The mists subside, and from the filmy air
 Steps slowly forth a youth surpassing fair.
 Mute let me be ; what need his name to show ?
 Paris the Fair, who, who could fail to know ?

FIRST LADY.

What youthful fire ! what bloom upon his brow !

SECOND LADY.

As fresh and juicy as a peach, I vow !

THIRD LADY.

The finely chisell'd, sweetly pouting lip !

FOURTH LADY.

At such a chalice you were fain to sip?

FIFTH LADY.

Handsome, no doubt, but not a noble face!

SIXTH LADY.

He's well enough, but sadly wanting grace.

FIRST KNIGHT.

The shepherd boy, and nothing more, 'tis plain;
Of prince and courtly breeding not a grain.

SECOND KNIGHT.

The lad's half naked, but he has his charms;
We ought by rights to see him clad in arms.

FIRST LADY.

He sits him down with such a gentle grace.

FIRST KNIGHT.

Were not his breast a dainty resting-place?

ANOTHER LADY.

Nicely he bends his arm above his head.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Oh shocking! Fie! Where was the fellow bred?

FIRST LADY.

You're always finding out defective points.

CHAMBERLAIN.

In the emp'ror's presence, ma'am, to stretch his joints?

FIRST LADY.

It's in the play. He thinks himself alone.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Even in a play good manners should be shown.

FIRST LADY.

Sweet youth! Soft slumber steals his senses o'er.

CHAMBERLAIN.

'Tis perfect ! To the life ! Is that a snore ?

YOUNG LADY (*in raptures*).

What perfume's this, that, with the incense mingling,
Right to the centre of my heart goes tingling ?

OLDER LADY.

A breath steals deep into your soul, forsooth !
It comes from him.

OLDEST LADY.

It is the bloom of youth,
A rare ambrosia, bred within the boy,
Which sheds around an atmosphere of joy.

[HELENA *advances*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Soh ! such she was ! Yet I am fancy-free.
She's pretty, hum ! but not the style for me.

ASTROLOGER.

My task is ended. Frankly I avow,
What well I feel, my task is ended now.
The Beautiful appears, and though a tongue
Of fire were mine, of yore 'twas deftlier sung.
Who sees her, thenceforth is her slave confess'd,
Who should possess her were too highly bless'd.

FAUST.

Have I still eyes ? I see, in trancèd thought,
Fair Beauty's fountain welling like a sea.
My voyage dread a glorious gain hath brought ;
How blank, how dreary was the world to me !
And since my priesthood what hath it become ?
Fleeting no more, nor void and wearisome !

May palsy's blight my every sense benumb,
 If e'er I long for other love than thine !
 The gracious form for which of old I panted,
 Which in the magic glass my soul enchanted,
 Was but a phantom of thy charms divine !
 For thee, for thee I would expend my whole
 Pent passion's force, my energies of soul,
 The love, devotion, madness of my heart !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be calm, be calm, and don't forget your part !

ELDERLY LADY.

Tall, well-proportion'd, but her head's too small.

YOUNG LADY.

Look at her foot ! that's clumsiest of all !

DIPLOMATIST.

Princesses just like this I've seen and know,
 Methinks she's beautiful from top to toe !

COURTIER.

Now to the sleeper softly doth she glide.

FIRST LADY.

He young and pure—she's hideous by his side !

POET.

Upon his face her beauty sheds a ray.

SECOND LADY.

Endymion and Luna, one might say.

POET.

Yes ! As from heaven she comes, the goddess pale,
 O'er him she bends, his breathing to inhale ;
 Oh, happy boy ! A kiss ! Oh, bliss untold !

DUENNA.

Before us all ! 'Tis really too bold !

FAUST.

Oh! dread boon for the boy!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hush, hush! be still!

And leave the ghost to do whate'er it will!

COURTIER.

She glides away on tiptoe; does he wake?

FIRST LADY.

She looks behind; I thought she would, the snake!

COURTIER.

He starts in wonder and in sweet amaze!

FIRST LADY.

'Tis no such mighty wonder fills her gaze!

COURTIER.

She turns to greet him with enchanting grace.

FIRST LADY.

She teaches him his lesson, what and how.

All men are stupid dolts in such a case.

He thinks, no doubt, she never loved till now.

KNIGHT.

She's perfect! So majestic, form and face.

FIRST LADY.

The wanton minx! Her conduct's a disgrace!

PAGE.

I would give worlds to occupy his place!

COURTIER.

In such a snare who'd not be netted fast?

FIRST LADY.

H'm! Through so many hands the gem has pass'd,

The gilding's worn; small price, methinks, 'twould fetch.

ANOTHER LADY.

Those ten long years have made her look a wretch.

KNIGHT.

Let others hanker after what they might,
This lovely ruin would content me quite.

LITERATUS.

I see her plainly, yet I don't feel clear,
That we have got the real Helen here.
What comes before one's eyes confounds one's wit;
Above all things I hold by what is writ;
And there I read, that she enchanted all
Troy's greybeards as she stood upon the wall,
And that is just, methinks, what here I see;
I am not young, and she enchanteth me.

ASTROLOGER.

A boy no more, he clasps her with a bound!
In vain she strives his ecstasy to school.
With stalwart arm he lifts her from the ground,
And now he bears her off.

FAUST.

Audacious fool!

Thou darest? What? Not hear me? Hold, I say!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is yourself who make this phantom play!

ASTROLOGER.

A word, one only! After this, we may
This pageant call—"The Rape of Helena."

FAUST.

The rape! Do I then count for nothing here?
This key, do I not hold it in my hand?

It was my guide through the wide ocean drear
 Of the dread Solitudes to solid land.
 Here is firm footing ! here Realities !
 Here spirit may with spirits cope at ease,
 And give the mighty phantom-world command.
 And she who dwelt afar in grace divine,
 How can she e'er be nearer to my hand ?
 I'll rescue her, then is she doubly mine.
 The venture shall be made. Ye Mothers ! ye
 Must compass it ! I charge ye, aid me ! He,
 Who her unmatched perfection once hath known,
 Must die, or win and wear it for his own.

ASTROLOGER.

Hold, Faustus, hold ! He clasps her in his arm.
 A cloudy trouble gathers o'er her form.
 The key, he points it to the youth, and lo !
 He touches him. We're all undone. Wo, wo !

[Explosion. FAUST is dashed to the ground.

The phantoms melt into air.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes FAUST upon his shoulders*).
 You've caught it now ! With fools his lot to cast
 To trouble brings the devil's self at last !

[Darkness. Tumult.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A highly-arched, narrow Gothic chamber, formerly FAUST'S ; unaltered.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*stepping out from behind a curtain. As he lifts it up and looks back, FAUST is seen stretched out upon an old-fashioned bed.*)

LIE there, poor wretch ! Yours is a crisis,
 Will last you for a while, be sure !
 The man whom Helen paralyses
 Takes many a long day to cure. [Looks round.
 Where'er I look, amid the glimmer,
 There's nothing changed the very least.
 The stain'd-glass panes, methinks, are rather dimmer,
 The cobwebs round the room somewhat increased.
 The ink's dried up ; the paper yellow. There
 Stands everything just where it did—yes, all !
 There lies the very pen, too, I declare,
 Faust to the devil sign'd himself withal.
 And of his blood a tiny droplet still
 Lingers within the hollow of the quill.
 The very greatest of collectors might
 In so unique a specimen delight.
 Ha ! On the old hook, too, the old furr'd cloak !
 Of the old time, it 'minds me, when in joke
 Of solemn saws I gavé the boy his fill,
 At which the youth, perhaps, is mumbling still.
 Warm, cosy robe, I feel as then,

At sight of thee—'tis odd, but true—
 And long to play the teacher once again,
 As everybody thinks he's fit to do.
 How to accomplish it your scholars know,
 The devil lost the trick long, long ago.

[*Takes down the furred pelisse ; crickets, moths,
 and chafers fly out from it.*

CHORUS OF INSECTS.

We welcome thy coming,
 Old patron and friend ;
 With buzz and with humming
 On thee we attend.
 Singly, in silence,
 Thou planted'st us here,
 Skipping by thousands,
 Behold, we appear !
 The rogue in the bosom
 Hides close in his lair ;
 Our fur-bed we gladly
 Forsake for the air.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis quite a treat to hear these young fry cheep !
 Let one but sow, in time he's sure to reap.
 Again I shake the old tag-rag, and out
 The creatures fly and flutter all about.
 Up, and away ! In nooks on every side
 Your amorous encounters quickly hide.
 In yon old boxes, chests, and bins,
 Here in these yellow parchment skins,
 In dusty pots, retorts, and bowls,

In yonder skulls' grim eylet-holes.
 Enjoy yourselves you surely must,
 Among such maggots, dirt, and dust.

[*Slips into the pelisse.*]

Come! and once more my back array!
 I'm Principal again to-day:
 But what avails to bear the name!
 Where are the people, to admit my claim?

[*Pulls the bell, which emits a shrill, penetrating sound, at which the halls shake, and the doors burst open.*]

FAMULUS (*stumbling along the dark passage*).

What a clamour! what a quaking!
 Walls and staircase rocking, shaking!
 Ugh! the lightning, how it flashes
 Through the colour'd window-sashes!
 From the ceiling, fast and faster,
 Rattle stucco, lath, and plaster;
 And, by wizard cantrip parted,
 From the doors the bolts have started!
 Yonder—horrors ne'er will cease!—
 A giant in Faust's old pelisse!
 He so stares and nods at me,
 I shall drop down presently.
 Shall I fly, or shall I stay?
 I'm undone! Oh! well-a-day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come hither, friend! Your name is Nicodemus.

FAMULUS.

Most worthy sir, that is my name. Oremus!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Some other time !

FAMULUS.

You know me, it appears !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right well ! A student still, though up in years !
 Well, well, the learnedest, my mossgrown friend,
 Can't choose but go on studying to the end.
 A card-house so he builds him small and neat,
 But not even greatest minds their house complete.
 Your master, though, he has indeed a name ;
 Who has not heard of Dr. Wagner's fame ?
 Wagner, the learned world's acknowledged head,
 Which, but for him, indeed, might go to bed !
 Daily from him new flashes burst
 Of wisdom, science, and of knowledge,
 And pupils, in and out of college,
 For pure omniscience athirst,
 In mobs surround this wondrous teacher.
 He is your only brilliant preacher ;
 Just like Saint Peter works the keys,
 And Hell or Heaven throws open at his ease.
 All other doctors' fame has faded
 Before the brilliancy of his ;
 Even Faustus' name is overshadowed ;
 The great inventor he, he only, is.

FAMULUS.

Fair sir, forgive me, if I may
 Your dictum venture to gainsay ;
 Trust me, 'tis quite the other way,

The doctor would such praises spurn,
 For he is modest to a flaw ;
 To Faustus he looks up with awe,
 And may indeed be said to burn
 For that distinguished man's return,
 Whose absence, ever since he went,
 Has caused him sore bewilderment.
 This room, and everything that's in it,
 Awaits its former master, just
 As when he left it, even the dust.
 I scarcely dare set foot within it.
 What must the astral hour be—what ?
 The walls, methinks, have somehow parted,
 The doorposts sprung, the ringbolts started,
 Else in here you had never got.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go to ; your master, where is he ?
 Bring me to him, or him to me.

FAMULUS.

His order's strict, to let none enter ;
 I scarcely know if I may venture.
 On his stupendous task intent,
 For months on months he has been pent
 Within his room, in strict seclusion,
 And will not brook the least intrusion.
 The meekest of all learned men,
 He looks like demon in his den,
 Begrimed from ears to nose, his eyes
 With blowing up the furnace red ;
 So day and night his tongs he plies,
 And never thinks to go to bed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Refuse to me admittance? Why,
The very man his ends to forward, I.

[*Exit* FAMULUS. MEPHISTOPHELES *sits*
down with a very solemn air.

Scarce seated at my post, when—hark! oh rare!
A visitor comes clattering up the stair;
But this time of the newest *mode*;
He'll kick his heels up finely, I forebode.

BACCALAUREUS (*swaggering along the passage*).

Gate and doors wide open cast!
Good! So we may hope at last
That the living man no more
Grubs in dust, as heretofore,
Like a dead man—moping, sighing,
And, though living, truly dying.

This old fabric, roof and wall,
Bends and totters to its fall;
Scarce if soon we do not make us,
Crash and wreck will overtake us;
I, though not a man to flinch,
Go no farther, not an inch.

Was it not here? It was, I know,
That I, so many years ago,
A freshman came, in deep concern,
And full of foolish fears, to learn;
And in these greybeards did confide,
By their cold morsels edified.

Out of their musty volumes old
 All sorts of lies they did unfold ;
 Believing not the things they knew,
 Wasting their own lives, and mine, too.
 How ? In yon cell, there's one, I'm sure,
 Still sitting in the clear-obscure !

How odd ! Yes, in the very gown,
 Turn'd up with fur of dingy brown !
 In look or garb no sort of change !
 Just as I left him. This is strange !
 Then with an awe profound I scann'd him,
 Because I did not understand him ;
 To-day he'll find I'm up to trap.
 Here goes ! So now look out, old chap !

[To MEPHISTOPHELES.

Old gentleman, if Lethe's muddy tide
 Have not o'erflow'd your bald skew-dropping pate,
 Here an old scholar see with grateful pride,
 From academic thrall emancipate.
 You are the same as then in every feature,
 But I am quite another creature.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm glad you've answer'd to my bell !
 Even then your merits I could see ;
 As in the chrysalis one can foretell
 The brilliant butterfly to be.
 In collar laced, and curls well dress'd
 You then felt quite a childish zest.
 You never wore a pigtail, eh ?

A crop, I see, you wear to-day.
 You have a bold and dashing air,
 Pray don't too hard upon me bear!

BACCALAUREUS.

Old gentleman, this place may be the same,
 But things have not been at a stop,
 So your ambiguous phrases drop :
 We're fly to all that sort of game.
 You once could trot the simple youth ;
 It needed no great skill to do
 What now would puzzle more than you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If to the young, one speaks unvarnish'd truth,
 Their yellow beaks the precious food eschew,
 But when, in course of time and tide,
 They've learn'd it dearly through their hide,
 They fancy, then, they found it out at once,
 And so exclaim, "Our master was a dunce!"

BACCALAUREUS.

A knave, perhaps! For which of them has grace
 To speak the plain truth plumply to our face?
 They treat us like good children—now caress,
 Now threaten, making it or more or less.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is a time to learn ; but, by your speech,
 You are, I see, yourself prepared to teach.
 Through many moons, and suns some few,
 Profound experience, doubtless, has been gain'd by you.

BACCALAUREUS.

Experience! Psha! Mere dust and scum!

Of all men ever knew the sum,
Confess it, is not worth the knowing.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*after a pause*).

I've long surmised I was a fool. Alas!
It strikes me now, I am an utter ass.

BACCALAUREUS.

Most sagely spoken! This I shan't forget.
The first old man of sense I ever met!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For hidden gold and gems I sought, but hit
Only on dross and empty hulls.

BACCALAUREUS.

That shiny pate of yours, admit,
Is worth no more than yonder vacant skulls.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*good-humouredly*).

Your tongue, my friend, methinks is rather glib.

BACCALAUREUS.

To be polite, in German, is to fib.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who has been throughout the dialogue rolling his chair nearer the proscenium, to the pit*).

I'm choked up here! Nor air nor light I've got.
You'll find me quarters 'mongst you, will you not?

BACCALAUREUS.

It's quite preposterous, that men will try
To cut a figure when their day's gone by.
Man's life lives in his blood, and where, forsooth,
Stirs that so strong as in the veins of youth?
That's blood, indeed, with vital power elate,
Which out of life doth still new life create.

There all is motion, something done withal,
 The competent advance, the feeble fall.
 Whilst we have made one half the world our own,
 What have you done? Why, napp'd and mused alone,
 Dream'd, ponder'd, plann'd, still plann'd, and that is all!
 Old age an ague is—no more!—
 Of whims and frosty fancies bred;
 Whence once his thirtieth year is o'er,
 A man is just as good as dead.
 'Twere best yourself betimes to slay.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The devil here has nothing more to say.

BACCALAUREUS.

But for my will, no devil can exist.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The devil, though, some day your neck shall twist.

BACCALAUREUS.

This is youth's noblest calling and most fit!
 The world was not, till I created it.
 Out of the ocean I evoked the sun,
 With me the moon began its course to run,
 To light my path the day its splendour wore,
 For me the earth her flowers and verdure bore.
 At my command, on yonder primal night,
 Did all the stars pour forth their glorious light.
 Who but myself for you deliverance wrought
 From the harsh fetters of pedantic thought?
 I with free soul, ecstatic and bright,
 Walk in the radiance of my inward light,
 With fearless step and joy-illumined mind.
 Before me brightness, darkness far behind. [Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, go thy ways, in all thy vaunted show !
 Insight would make thee melancholy :
 What thought of wisdom or of folly,
 Has not been thought in ages long ago ?
 Yet in good time all will come safely round,
 A few more years, this folly will have pass'd,
 Even where the must ferments beyond all bound,
 It yields a wine of some kind at the last.

[*To the younger occupants of the parterre, who
 do not applaud.*]

You to my words are deaf and cold.
 Well, well ! Good boys like you in time will mend 'em.
 Just think, the devil, he is old,
 Then grow you old, to comprehend him !

SCENE II.—*Laboratory, after the fashion of the middle
 ages ; a quantity of useless apparatus, for fantastic
 purposes.*

WAGNER (*at the furnace*).

The bell rings ; at its clangour drear
 The mouldy walls with horror thrill ;
 This dread suspense of hope and fear.
 Must soon be solved, for good or ill.
 Joy, joy ! The gloom begins to clear !
 Now is the phial's core below
 As with a living coal a-glow ;
 Yea, like a fine carbuncle, mark,
 It flashes lightnings through the dark !

And now a light, pellucid, white !
 Oh, let me, let me fail no more !
 Great heavens ! a rustling at the door ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*).

Pray, don't alarm yourself ! all's right.

WAGNER (*anxiously*).

Welcome ! The stars my purpose aid !

[*In a low voice.*]

But not a word. Breathe lightly, for a grand
 Conception's consummation is at hand.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in a whisper*).

What is afoot ?

WAGNER (*also in a whisper*).

A man is being made,

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A man ! What pair of amorous tools
 In the alembic there are sweating ?

WAGNER.

Nay, Heaven forefend ! 'Tis only fit for fools,
 That ancient method of begetting.

The tender point, which was life's source,

That subtle, springing, inward force,

Which, to impress its image bent,

Did something take, and something lent,

And to its ends essay'd to win

Both what was foreign, what akin,

Is now from its high honours thrust.

If brutes this way still sate their lust,

Man, with his mighty gifts, henceforth, I wis,

Should have a source more high, more pure than this.

[*Turns to the furnace.*]

It flashes ! Look ! My hopes were not unfounded.
 I knew, and now the proof behold,
 That when, from substance hundredfold,
 From every source and quarter singled,
 And all—for there's the art, I hold—
 In suitable proportion mingled,
 Man's substance we had thus compounded,
 And in alembic then confounded,
 In proper combination, we
 The work in silence perfected should see.

[*Again turns to the furnace.*]

Yes, yes ! Behold ! the mass grows clearer.
 The demonstration nearer, nearer !
 What men call Nature's mystery, we dare
 By mind to probe and analyze,
 And what she organized whilere,
 We now contrive to crystallize.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He that lives long must oft deplore,
 The world can nothing new before him set.
 So in my early travels once before
 A race of mortals crystallized I met.

WAGNER (*who has meanwhile been watching the
 phial intently*).

It flashes, mounts, the atoms blend !
 One moment, and we reach the end !
 A grand design mere madness seems at first ;
 But in the end with us will be the laughter,
 And thus a brain, which living thought has nursed,
 Shall breed a living thinker, too, hereafter.

[*Contemplates the phial with rapture.*]

The glass rings piercingly and sweet.
 It clouds, it clears! All, all, as it should be!
 Settling into proportion meet,
 A comely mannikin I see.
 More can the world or can I wish for? No!
 The mystery lies unveil'd within our reach;
 Just mark that sound, and you will find it grow
 To perfect voice, to most articulate speech.

HOMUNCULUS (*in the phial, to WAGNER*).

How goes it, daddie mine! It was no jest.
 Come, press me very gently to your breast.
 But not too hard, else will the crystal shatter.
 Remember, 'tis the law of matter,
 That all the universe doth scarce suffice
 For Nature's procreations grand,
 While things produced by Art's device
 A small and bounded space demand.

[*To MEPHISTOPHELES.*

Ha, rogue! That's you, sir kinsman, is it?
 Thanks, thanks! Most aptly have you timed your visit.
 Rare chance for us that brought you here! And I,
 Whilst I exist, my task must briskly ply.
 I long to tackle to my work, and you
 Are just the man to show me what to do.

WAGNER.

One word, just one, to screen my credit, pray,
 And save my reputation many a slight!
 With problems I am pelted every day,
 By young and old, which baffle me outright.
 For instance, nobody can comprehend,
 How body and soul so exquisitely blend,

Sticking as close as though they ne'er would sever,
Yet with each other's ways disgusted ever.

Then—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Stop! Ask rather, how it comes about,
That man and wife so constantly fall out?
Such problems, friend, you never will see through.
Our small friend's waiting; he has work to do.

HOMUNCULUS.

What's to be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to a side-door*).

Yonder thy gifts employ!

WAGNER (*still gazing into the phial*).

In sooth, thou art a darling of a boy!

[*The side-door opens. FAUST is seen lying upon
the couch.*]

HOMUNCULUS (*amazed*).

Strange!

[*The phial bounds out of WAGNER'S hands,
hovers over FAUST, and sheds a light upon
him.*]

What a gorgeous garniture of dream!

Deep in the umbrage of a wood, a stream
Lucent as crystal—women, oh, how fair!
Their limbs unrobing in the panting air;
And one, who o'er them all asserts her place,
Supreme in beauty, and supreme in grace,
Sprung of heroic, yea, Olympian race!
She dips her foot in the transparent tide,
Cooling the glow of her majestic frame
In waves that leap and sparkle up her side,
In loving dalliance with the fragrant flame.

But hark ! a rushing as of wings in flight !
 What plash and plunging mar the mirror bright !
 Her maidens fly in terror : she, their queen,
 Still gazes on it, smiling and serene,
 And with a thrill of pride and pleasure sees
 The foremost swan come fondling to her knees,
 Importunate, yet gentle. Now, at ease
 With the coy beauty he disports and plays.
 But lo ! at once a mist begins to rise,
 And veils in an impenetrable haze
 The loveliest of all visions from my eyes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A very exquisite romance, I vow,
 Small though thou art, a mighty phantast thou.
 I can see nothing.

HOMUNCULUS.

I believe it. How
 Should you, a creature of the northern clime,
 Bred 'mid the frippery of priests and knights,
 Have your eyes open to such glorious sights ?
 You never are at home but where
 Darkness and gloom infect the air. [*Looking round.*
 Grey stone walls streak'd with mould, quaint groins,
 High-pointed arches, volutes, coigns !
 If here he wake, 'twill ruin all,
 Dead on the spot he'd surely fall !
 Swans, naked beauties, woodland, stream,
 These made up his prophetic dream.
 How should he ever reconcile
 Himself to breathe in den so vile ?

Though little caring where I be,
I find it rather much for me.
So hence with him !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your wish shall be obey'd.

HOMUNCULUS.

Command the warrior to the fight,
To dance and roundel lead the maid,
And then their joy is at its height.
This is—ha, ha ! the thought is bright—
The Classical Walpurgis Night.
The very thing to nurse his bent !
He'll there be in his element.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of such a thing I never heard.

HOMUNCULUS.

Oh ! good !

And was it probable you should ?
You only know romantic spectres, you,
But there be genuine classic spectres too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In what direction shall we ride ?
Antique companions, mind, I can't abide.

HOMUNCULUS.

Your pleasure-grounds north-westward, Satan, lie,
But south and eastward we to-night must hie.
O'er a broad flat doth fair Peneios wind,
By many an oozy bay, green woodlands through :
The mountain cliffs close in the plain behind,
And o'er it lies Pharsalus old and new.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Out and away! No longer let me hear
 Of slaves and tyrants waging conflict drear!
 I'm sick of them; for one is scarcely o'er,
 When they begin again just as before;
 And not a man of them can see, that they
 Only the game of Asmodeus play.
 For Freedom's rights they battle, that's the cry;
 Slaves murder slaves, were nearer truth, say I.

HOMUNCULUS.

Oh, to their strife and wrangling leave mankind.
 Each must protect himself as best he can;
 The boy does so, and so will do the man.
 The cure for him (*pointing to FAUST*) is what we have
 to find.
 If you've a panacea, prove it now,
 If not, give way, and leave the task to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The bolts of heathendom, I must avow,
 Defy my Brocken spells to find the key.
 These Greeks were never good for much. Yet stay!
 They charm men's senses with external show.
 Their sins look bright, and beautiful, and gay,
 While ours seem always dreary, dull, and slow.
 And now what else?

HOMUNCULUS.

You used not to be shy.
 I think I've something I can tempt you by.
 What say you to Thessalian witches, eh?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thessalian witches? Good! A gentry these
 I've been inquiring for this many a day.
 I have a notion, though, that they
 My taste will not exactly please,—
 Night after night, at least, with them to stay.
 But we shall see. Away!

HOMUNCULUS.

The cloak once more!

And in it wrap yon sleeping cavalier!
 'Twill bear you both, as it has done before.
 I go ahead, you by my light to steer.

WAGNER (*alarmed*).

And I?

HOMUNCULUS.

Why, you—stay here at home, and those
 Researches most momentous close!
 The parchments old unroll, inspect,
 The elements of life collect,
 Then piece them warily; and, look ye now,
 Consider well the WHAT, but more the HOW!
 I o'er the world the while will hie,
 And if I find the dot upon the I,
 This will your mighty purpose cap.
 The prize is more than worth the effort—wealth,
 Honour, renown, long life, unfailing health,
 Knowledge withal, and virtue too, mayhap.
 Farewell!

WAGNER.

Farewell! My heart is sad and sore,
 For much I fear I ne'er shall see thee more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now for Peneios! My small friend,
I'm not ashamed to claim his aid.

[*Ad spectatores.*]

We in the long run all depend
Upon the creatures we have made.

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT.

SCENE III.—*Pharsalian Fields.—Darkness.*

ERICHTHO.

To this night's ghastly revel, as full oft before,
I hither bend my steps, Erichtho I, the grim,
Yet not so loathly, as with calumny's gross tongue
The sorry poets paint me. They, in praise or blame
No stint nor measure know. The vale through all its length
Is whiten'd with the crests of snowy tents, methinks,
A reflex of that night of horror and of fear.
How oft already has it been renew'd! And will
Unto the end of Time! The realm will neither yield,
Nor to his rival he resign it, who by force
Achieved, and keeps by force. For who, though powerless
To rule his inner self, is not intent to rule
His neighbour's will, at the proud dictates of his own?
Of this a mighty proof this battle-plain beheld,
When power against a power more potent took the field,
And freedom's chaplet fair, with all its thousand flowers,
Fell, and reluctant laurels bound the victor's brows.
Here Magnus dream'd of days, when fame first smiled on him,

There Cæsar lay and watch'd, impatient for the dawn.
 Here shall they grapple ! Well the world the victor knows.
 With tongues of ruddy flame the watchfires glow, the ground
 A semblance of the blood that dyed it erst exhales,
 And, by the night's most strange and wizard sheen allured,
 The beings of Hellenic legend 'gin to throng.
 And fabled forms of ancient days unstably flit,
 Around the fires, or sit in circles at their ease.
 The moon, though only half her orb, resplendent, clear,
 Climbs up the sky, and fills the vale with watery light.
 The tents, mere phantoms, fade, and blueely burn the fires.
 But lo ! what meteor strange comes sailing through the air !
 Itself illumed, a ball corporeal it illumes.
 I scent life near at hand. Destructive as I am
 To all that lives, 'twill not beseem me to remain ;
 'Twould bring me ill repute, and that delights me not.
 Now it descends to earth ! 'Tis best that I retire.

[*Withdraws.*

The Aerial Travellers above.

HOMUNCULUS.

Still I hover in the air,
 O'er these flames and phantoms dreary ;
 Down within the valley there
 Things look spectral, wild, and eerie.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As anorth, through casements old
 Ghastly shapes and horrors rare,
 Hideous ghosts I now behold ;
 Here I'll be at home, as there !

HOMUNCULUS.

See yon figure, long and gaunt,
Swift away before us gliding!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She looks troubled, to her haunt
Through the air to see us sliding.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let her go! Set down thy freight,
That paladin of dreams unstable,
And life will come back to him straight:
He seeks it in the realm of fable.

FAUST (*as he touches the ground*).

Where is she?

HOMUNCULUS.

Cannot say, good sir,
But here you may get news of her.
From fire to fire till dawn do you
Unceasingly your guest pursue.
Should anything his courage daunt,
Who dared invade the Mothers' haunt?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I, too, have here a part to play,
And there can be no better way,
Than for us each, to seek his own
Adventures 'mongst these fires alone.
And thou, small friend, to reunite us,
Shalt ring, and with thy radiance light us.

HOMUNCULUS.

Thus shall I blaze, thus ring for you!

[*The glass booms and flashes vehemently.*]

Now, haste away to marvels new!

FAUST (*alone*).

Where is she? Wherefore now enquire?
 If this were not the land that bore her,
 These not the waves that paddled o'er her,
 This is, at least, the air that did her speech inspire.
 Here! here in Greece! Here, by a marvel swept,
 I knew at once the soil on which I stood;
 A spirit fired my life-blood as I slept,
 Antæuslike I feel a giant's mood,
 And though my path be throng'd with visions dire,
 I will explore this labyrinth of fire. [Goes off.]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*peering about*).

As in and out among these flames I flirt,
 I'm quite put out, for almost all I view
 Is naked, only here and there a shirt;
 The Sphinxes lost to shame, the Griffins too,
 And all those long-tress'd things of wingèd kind,
 Bare to the eye in front, and bare behind.
 We relish rarely what is gross and free,
 But, really, the antique's too lively even for me.
 On it we must our modern views impress,
 And clothe it in the latest style of dress.
 A hideous crew! Yet must I not neglect
 To greet them, as a stranger, with respect.
 Hail, lovely females, hail, ye grizzled sages!

GRIFFIN (*snarling*).

Not grizzled! Griffins! No one likes to hear
 Himself called grizzled. Every word betrays
 Its lineage by the sound which it conveys.
 Grey, grewsome, grizzled, graves, grim, grizzly, all

Of the same root etymological,
Grate on our ears.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet it cannot be,
That in the Griffin you dislike the Gri?

GRIFFIN.

Of course not! Kindred as it is with what,
If sometimes censured, oftener praise has got:
A man should grasp at Beauty, Empire, Gold,
Fortune the grasping favours and the bold.

ANTS (*of colossal size*).

You speak of gold; we had collected heaps,
And stored them close in caves and rocky keeps;
The Arimaspians there found out the place,
Hid it away, and mock us to our face.

GRIFFIN.

We'll force them to acknowledge where it lies.

ARIMASPIAN.

Not on this night of jubilee.
Until to-morrow all are free.
This time we're certain of our prize.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*has stationed himself between
the Sphinxes*).

Quite comfortable here I feel,
For you I comprehend and know.

SPHINX.

Then what our spirit-tones reveal
Clothe thou with shape, if this be so.
That we may know thee, let thy name be told.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The names men call me by are manifold.

Say, are there any Britons here?
 They're always roaming far and near,
 To spy out battlefields, old crumbling walls,
 Drear spots of classic fame, rocks, waterfalls.
 Meet goal were this for them! And they,
 If here, would testify, in the old play
 I figured as the Old Iniquity.

SPHINX.

And why?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's just what puzzles me.

SPHINX.

Perhaps! perhaps! Canst read the starry book?
 What say'st thou to its aspect, then, to-night?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Star courses star, the shaven moon shines bright,
 And I'm delighted with this cozy nook,
 And warm me rarely 'gainst thy lion's skin.
 To climb were certainly a loss to win.
 Come now, enigmas or charades propound.

SPHINX.

Propound thyself; enigma more profound
 Than thou 'twere scarcely possible to start.
 So, then, essay to fathom what thou art.
 "What to the pious and the heedful,
 Or wicked man alike is needful,
 To that a butt, to try his foil on,
 To this a chum, to folly to beguile on,
 And in each case a thing for Zeus to smile on?"

FIRST GRIFFIN (*snarling*).

I can't away with him.

SECOND GRIFFIN (*snarling more vehemently*).

What wants he here ?

BOTH.

Such scum why should we suffer near ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You think, perhaps, my nails are not a match
For your sharp talons, should we come to scratch.
Try then, just try !

SPHINX (*mildly*).

Remain, if you desire ;

Ere long you will be anxious to retire.
At home you can achieve whate'er you please :
Here, if I err not, you are ill at ease.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Above, no daintier bit of flesh I know,
But, ugh ! I shudder at the beast below.

SPHINX.

False churl, beware, or dearly shall ye rue :
These claws of ours are sharp and fell !
Lord of the shrunken hoof, no place for you
Our circle holds, and that ye know full well.

[SIRENS *preludize above*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What birds are these on yonder bough,
Among the river-willows there ?

SPHINX.

The best have fallen a prey, ere now,
To such sing-song, so thou beware !

SIRENS.

Ah, why wilt thou linger long

'Midst the wondrous, the unsightly?
Hark, we come, a chorus sprightly,
Carolling melodious song,
As befits the siren throng!

SPHINX (*mocking them in the same melody*).

Force them to come down, for they
Hide among the leafy spray
Their long talons, hook'd and hideous,
Which on thee will fall perfidious,
Shouldst thou listen to their lay.

SIRENS.

Hatred, envy, hence take wing!
We the purest pleasures bring,
Which beneath the welkin be.
Best of sea, and best of earth,
Shapes of beauty, shapes of mirth,
Shall combine to welcome thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are the new vagaries fine,
Where note round note is made to twine,
From throat or strings with curious art.
On me the caterwauling's lost;
It titillates my ears at most,
But fails to penetrate the heart.

SPHINX.

Speak not of heart! What heart hast thou?
A shrivell'd leathern flask, I vow,
For face like thine were heart enow.

FAUST (*enters*).

How wondrous! yet how fine! Where'er I gaze,

Even in the loathly grand impressive traits !
 There's something tells me, here my answer lies ;
 Where do they bear me, these calm earnest eyes ?

[*Indicating the Sphinxes.*

Ha ! Before such stood Œdipus of yore.

[*Indicating the Sirens.*

Even such Ulysses crouched in hempen cords before.

[*Indicating the Ants.*

By such, a priceless treasure was amass'd.

[*Indicating the Griffins.*

By these 'twas guarded safely to the last.

With new-born life I feel my soul expand.

Grand are the forms, the recollections grand.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Time was, you would have bann'd these creatures here,

But now, it seems, to them you're well-inclined ;

For where a man is hunting for his dear,

Monsters themselves a ready welcome find.

FAUST (*to the Sphinxes*).

Ye female forms must answer me ! Whoe'er

Among you hath seen Helena the Fair ?

SPHINX.

Not to her age did we pertain.

The last of us by Hercules was slain.

From Chiron thou mayst tidings gain.

He will be roaming hereabout to-night.

Thou mayst hope all, if thou canst stay his flight.

SIRENS.

Thou, too, shouldst not lack for glory . . .

As Ulysses stay'd beside us,

Neither mock'd us, nor defied us,
 Much he learn'd for after story.
 Come unto the bright green sea,
 Come and dwell with us, and we
 All we know will tell to thee.

SPHINX.

Noble child of earth, away!
 Heed not their delusive lay.
 Let our counsels bind thee fast
 As Ulysses to the mast.
 Find great Chiron, he will show
 All thy heart desires to know. [FAUST retires.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*peevishly*).

What are these unsightly things?
 How they croak and flap their wings!
 Scarce visible, so swift they go,
 And one by one, all in a row.
 They'd tire a sportsman's patience, these.

SPHINX.

Like the wintry storm-blast flying,
 Alcides' shafts almost defying,
 These are the fleet Stymphalides;
 Though in hoarsest croakings sent,
 Yet their greeting's kindly meant:
 With their vulture beaks, and feet
 Webb'd like geese, they fain would win
 A footing here in our retreat,
 As creatures to ourselves akin.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*scared*).

More monsters still among them hiss and play!

SPHINX.

These are the heads,—nay, dread no ill !
 Of the Lernean snake, that think they're something still,
 Though from the trunk dissever'd many a day.
 But what's the matter with you, say ?
 You look uneasy, twist awry.
 Where would you wish to go ? Away !
 Yon group, I see, has caught your eye.
 Do not constrain yourself to stay.
 Be gone to them ! You'll stumble there
 On many a visage passing fair.
 They are the Lamiaë, wantons rare,
 With smiling lips and foreheads bold,
 Revel with satyrs fit to hold ;
 With them what may not Goatfoot dare ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You'll stay, then, here or hereabout,
 That I again may find you out ?

SPHINX.

Go, mingle with the revel rout !
 Our native Egypt long has known
 One of our sisters keep her throne
 Some thousand years ; we shall not weary soon.
 Ours is no fickle fleeting state,
 Moveless ourselves, we regulate
 The periods of the sun and moon.
 Before the Pyramids we sit :
 The nations dree their doom before us—
 War, peace, or deluge—and no whit
 Of change or turning passes o'er us.

SCENE IV.—PENEIOS.—*Surrounded by Streams
and Nymphs.*

PENEIOS.

Stir, ye sedges, swaying slowly,
Breathe, ye tangled rushes, lowly ;
Wave, ye willows, softly sighing,
To the aspens' thrill replying,
'Midst the pauses of my dreams !
But a thund'rous murmur dread
Scares me from my slumb'rous bed
'Neath the ever-flowing streams.

FAUST (*advancing to the Stream*).

Hear I rightly, then I ween
In behind the leafy screen
Of these woven boughs are noises,
Like the sound of human voices.
Yea, each wavelet seems to be,
Brattling, prattling merrily.

NYPHPS (*to FAUST*).

Lay thee down lowly,
Thy joy will be full !
Rest thy o'erwearied
Limbs in the cool.
The peace shall come o'er thee,
That evermore flees thee ;
And we'll lisp, or we'll whisper,
Or murmur to please thee.

FAUST.

I wake indeed! I see them well,
These forms of grace unmatched,
In beauty palpable to sight!
What transports strange my spirit seize,
Can these be dreams, or memories,
The shadows of an old delight?
The limpid waters, as they stray
Through bushes green, that gently sway
Above them, scarce a murmur make;
An hundred rills together meet,
In one broad, clear, unruffled sheet
Of waters deep—a crystal lake:
And female forms, young, sleek, and fair,
That fill the eye with rapture, there
Are doubled in the mirror bright;
They mix and dip with merry hum,
Some swimming, shyly wading some,
And shout and splash in sportive fight.
Could these content, mine eye should find
Enjoyment here; but no, my mind
Looks farther, and with vision keen
Would pierce yon thick embowering roof
Of clustering leaves, whose tangled woof
Conceals the glory of their queen.

Oh wonderful! Swans bright of hue,
From leaf-screen'd nooks swim into view
With slow majestic pace,
Two and two serenely steering,
Head and crest yet proudly rearing,

As conscious of their grace.
 Yet one that breasts the glassy tide,
 Outstripping all, a statelier pride
 And bearing seems to vaunt :
 With pinions all blown proudly out
 He cleaves the waves that curl about,
 And nears the sacred haunt.
 The rest glide softly to and fro,
 With feathers smooth and white as snow ;
 But lo ! their crests in wrath they set,
 And put to flight the fearful maids,
 Who, seeking safety in the glades,
 Their mistress-queen forget.

Nymphs.

Sisters, sisters, lay your ear
 To the shore's green brink, and say,
 If the beats, like me, you hear
 Of horses' hooves that come this way.
 Much I marvel, who to-night
 Message bears in stormy flight.

Faust.

The earth rings with a hollow sound,
 As from a flying courser's bound !
 There, there, see there !
 Should fate so rare
 Be mine, then, then would all be well,
 Oh marvel without parallel !
 A horseman on a snowy steed—
 High mettle in his looks I read,—
 Comes trampling on and on to me.
 I do not err—'tis he, the son

Of Philyra, the far-famed one!
 Stop, Chiron, stop! I'd speak with thee.

CHIRON.

How now! What wouldst thou?

FAUST.

Pause, I prithee.

CHIRON.

I may not rest.

FAUST.

Then take me with thee!

CHIRON.

Mount! And I then may question thee at will.
 Whither wouldst go? Thou stand'st here on the banks—
 Would'st cross the stream? I'll take thee. Pausing still?

FAUST (*mounting*).

Where'er thou wilt—and win my endless thanks.
 The great man thou, the teacher rich in glory,
 Who rear'd a race of heroes high and bold,
 Those gallant Argonauts renown'd in story,
 And all who made the poet's world of old.

CHIRON.

Best speak no more of that! E'en Pallas hath
 Not always honour as a Mentor gain'd;
 Men will be men, and hold their wayward path,
 Do what we will, as though they'd ne'er been train'd.

FAUST.

The leech who gives a name to every plant,
 Knows every root, its virtue, and its haunt,
 Has balm for every wound, and physic for each pain,
 With all my spirit's force thus to my heart I strain.

CHIRON.

Were hero stricken down, I still could find
 All needful aid and skill his hurt requires,
 But I my leech-craft long long since resign'd
 To simple-culling beldames and to friars.*

FAUST.

The truly great art thou, whose ear
 Its proper praise is loth to hear,
 Who shrinks from view, and seems to be
 But one of many great as he.

CHIRON.

And thou, methinks, hast flattering wile,
 Both prince and people to beguile.

FAUST.

At least confess, thou hast stood face to face
 With all the best and greatest of thy time,
 With noblest spirits vied in virtue's race,
 And lived the strenuous life of demigods sublime.
 Then tell me, 'midst these grand heroic forms,
 Which of them all possess'd the goodliest charms?

CHIRON.

In that brave Argonautic circle shone
 Each hero with a lustre of his own,

* "Well did poets feign Æsculapius and Circe, brother and sister, and both children of the sun; for in all times, in the opinion of the multitude, witches, old women, and impostors have had a competition with physicians. And commonly the most ignorant are the most confident in their undertakings, and will not stick to tell you what disease the gall of a dove is good to cure."—FULLER'S *Holy and Prophane State. The Good Physician.*

And by the force that in his soul prevail'd,
 Supplied the void wherein his comrades fail'd.
 Ever where youth and manly grace held sway,
 The Dioscuri bore the palm away.
 Resolve and speed to act for others' ease
 The glory was of the Boreades.
 Far-seeing, wary, firm, in council wise,
 So lorded Jason, dear to woman's eyes.
 Then Orpheus, gentle, musing calm apart,
 Swept the resounding lyre, and master'd every heart.
 Keen-sighted Lynceus, he, by shine and dark,
 Steer'd on o'er rock and shoal the sacred bark.
 The danger many share we scarcely fear,
 And toil grows light, with others by to cheer.

FAUST.

But wilt thou tell me now of Hercules ?

CHIRON.

Oh, woe ! Awaken not sad memories !
 Nor Mars, nor Phœbus had I view'd,
 Nor Hermes, born of Maia's line,
 When on a day before me stood
 What all men worship as divine.
 A monarch born was he, in all
 Youth's noblest graces past compare ;
 And yet his elder brother's thrall,
 And thrall of women, passing fair.
 Not earth shall yield his like again,
 Nor Hebe to the gods present ;
 Men weave for him their lays in vain,
 In vain the sculptured stone torment.

FAUST.

So then, not all the sculptor's cunning can
 Embody charms so superhuman !
 Thou'st told me of the finest man,
 Now tell me of the finest woman.

CHIRON.

What! Woman's beauty to pourtray,
 I deem it but a bootless task ;
 Too oft it is, alas the day !
 An icy-chill and moveless mask.
 But her alone can I account
 As lovely, be she maid or wife,
 From whom doth flow, as from a fount,
 A stream of bright and gladsome life.
 Beauty self-pleased, self-wrapt doth sit,
 But Grace draws all men after it.
 Like Helena, whom once I bore.

FAUST.

Whom once you bore ?

CHIRON.

Aye, on my back.

FAUST.

Was I not crazed enough before,
 But this must chance, my soul to rack ?

CHIRON.

She twined her hand into my hair,
 As thou dost now.

FAUST.

Oh joy most rare!

My senses reel! Say how, I pray.
For her, her only yearns my soul!
Whence, whither didst thou bear her, say?

CHIRON.

Oh, thou shalt quickly learn the whole.
The Dioscuri had—it happened then—
Freed their young sister from some thievish men,
Who, little used to yield, took heart of grace,
And, mad with fury, gave their victors chase.
On sped the fugitives, but the morass
Hard by Eleusis check'd them as they flew;
The brothers wading o'er contrived to pass,
I caught her up, and, swimming, bore her through.
Then she leapt down, and, in a childlike vein,
Playing and fondling with my dripping mane,
Thank'd me in tones so sweet, yet calm and sage.
How beautiful she was! Young, yet the joy of age!

FAUST.

Scarce seven years old.

CHIRON.

The philologues, I see,
Self-mystified themselves, have cheated thee.
Your mythologic woman's of a kind,
Unlike all other members of her sex;
Each poet paints her after his own mind,
And with his own peculiar fancies decks.
Never too young, nor ever old, her form
Wears at all times a soul-enkindling charm,

When young, she's ravish'd—old, she's courted still;
Enough! Time cannot bind the poet's will.

FAUST.

Then why by time should Helena be bound?
At Pheræ she was by Achilles found,
Beyond the verge of Time. Oh, rare delight,
To triumph where he loved, in fate's despite!
And should not I, on this wild heart of mine,
Bear back to life that perfect form divine;
That peer of gods, that soul of endless time,
Radiant as soft, and gentle as sublime?
Thou long ago, but I to-day have seen
That shape of light, and dignity serene,
Fair to the eye, as in her grace most rare,
And loved, desired, adored as she is fair!
Now am I bound her slave, sense, soul, and thought,
Come death, and welcome, if I win her not!

CHIRON.

Strange being! Men would call you rapturous,
We spirits simply mad, in doting thus.
But by good luck the fit has seized you here;
For 'tis my usage, once in every year,
To call on Manto, Esculapius' daughter,
Who doth in silent prayer her sire implore,
Even for the love and reverence which he taught her,
Some rays of light on leeches' minds to pour,
And turn them from their headlong course of slaughter.
I love her most of all the sybil guild.
Not given to fancies she, nor fond pretence,
But meek and gentle, yet profoundly skill'd,

Unwearied in a wise beneficence.
 Stay some short space with her, and, trust me, she
 With potent roots will cure thee utterly.

FAUST.

Cured? I will not be cured! My soul is strong!
 It will not grovel with the vulgar throng.

CHIRON.

Slight not the virtues of the noble fount!
 But see, we're at the place. Be quick, dismount!

FAUST.

Whither to land through the grim dark hast thou
 Across the pebbly shallows brought me now?

CHIRON.

Here by Peneios and Olympus too,
 Rome grappled Greece in fight, and overthrew
 The mightiest empire, e'er has known decay.
 The burgher triumphs, and the king gives way.
 Look up and see, above thee, close at hand,
 The eternal temple in the moonshine stand!

MANTO (*muttering in a dream*).

Hoof-beats there,
 Ring on the steps of the sacred stair!
 Some demigod is nigh!

CHIRON.

Right! right!
 Arouse thee! Wake! 'Tis I, 'tis I!

MANTO (*awaking*).

Welcome! I see thou still art true.

CHIRON.

And still thy temple-home is standing, too.

MANTO.

Dost thou still wander, tiring never?

CHIRON.

Thou liv'st in calm contentment ever,
Whilst I go circling round the sphere.

MANTO.

Time circles me, I tarry here.
But he?

CHIRON.

The night's ill-omen'd track
Hath whirl'd him hither on my back.
Helen hath set his brains a-spin,
Helen he is intent to win,
But weets not how he shall begin.
A patient he, of all men best,
Thine Esculapian skill to test.

MANTO.

Me do such spirits chiefly please,
As crave impossibilities.

[CHIRON *is already far away.*

MANTO (*to FAUST*).

On, daring heart! Bliss shall be thine!
This dusky path conducts to Proserpine.
Deep in Olympus' cavern'd base sits she,
And waits forbidden greetings secretly.
I once sped Orpheus on this murky way—
Push on, be bold, and wiser heed display!

[*They descend.*

SCENE V.—*On the Upper Peneios, as before.*

SIRENS.

Plunge into Peneios! There,
 Oh what joy, as on we swim
 And plash about, our songs to hymn,
 For these poor mortals all too fair!
 Water is of health the spring!
 Haste ye then, and, when we gain
 The Egean's azure main,
 Rare shall be our revelling!

[*Earthquake.*

All afoam the wave runs back,
 Flows no longer in its track;
 Quakes the ground, the waters shiver,
 Bank and gravel smoke and quiver.
 Let us fly! Come, sisters all,
 Lest disaster worse befall!

Away, and let our pastime be
 In bright ocean's Jubilee,
 Where the billows, rippling o'er,
 Break in sparkles on the shore;
 Where Selene o'er our heads
 Her serenest lustre spreads,
 And, mirror'd in the ocean blue,
 Moistens all with holy dew.
 There is gladsome life and free,
 Earthquake here and agony.

Haste, then, hence, if ye be wise !
 On this region horror lies.

SEISMOS (*growling and grumbling underground*).

One more thrust with might and main,
 Set the shoulders to the strain,
 So shall we the surface gain,
 Where all must give way before us !

SPHINX.

What a tremor's here, what rumbling,
 What a grewsome grating, grumbling,
 What a reeling, quaking, ho !
 Oscillation to and fro !
 'Tis a most provoking pinch,
 Yet shall we not move an inch,
 Though all hell itself broke o'er us !

Now in wondrous wise a mound
 Swells and rises from the ground.
 'Tis that very old man hoar,
 Piled up Delos' isle of yore,
 Heaving it from ocean's deep,
 One that roam'd forlorn to keep.
 Thrusting, squeezing, straining thew,
 Stretching arms, and bending shoulders,
 He, like Atlas to the view,
 Heaves up earth and turf and boulders,
 Sand and gravel, shale and clay,
 Tranquil strata of our bay.
 So a section up he rends,
 Right across the vale extends.

Though waist-deep in earth still squatted,
 The colossal Caryatid
 Bears unmov'd, without a groan,
 A tremendous bulk of stone.
 Nearer it shall not approach,
 Nor upon our haunt encroach.

SEISMOS.

Alone, alone I did it! Truly
 Mankind will this at last allow.
 Had I not shaken it so thoroughly,
 Would this world be so fair as now?
 How should yon mountain-ridges cleave
 The gorgeous depths of ether blue,
 Had I not thrust them forth, to weave
 A beauty picturesque to view?
 When, whilst my primal sires look'd on—
 Night and old Chaos—I my force display'd,
 And, of the Titans the companion,
 With Pelion, as at ball, and Ossa play'd.
 Wildly we ply'd our youthful freaks,
 Until, to crown them all, at last,
 Like a twin cap two mountain-peaks
 We on Parnassus madly cast,
 Where now for sport and joyance meet
 Apollo and the Muses' choir.
 I even upheaved the glorious seat
 Of Jove, and all his bolts of fire.
 So now with stress stupendous I
 Have struggled up from depths profound,

And for a population cry
To spread new life and stir around.

SPHINX.

These for rocks of primal eld
We assuredly had taken,
Had we not ourselves beheld,
How they from the ground were shaken.
Still upward brake and forest spread
And rocks on rocks still forwards tread ;
But not for things like these shall Sphinx retreat :
They shall not drive us from our sacred seat.

GRIFFINS.

Gold in specks and veins I spy
Gleam in fissures all about ;
Let not such a prize slip by,
Emmets, up, and pick it out !

CHORUS OF ANTS.

Fast as the giant ones
Yonder upheave it,
Seize it, ye pliant ones,
And never leave it.
Quick ! Every cranny in
Ranging and rifling ;
None that there's any in
Can be too trifling.
Murkiest, shiniest,
Look ye explore it,
Each speck, the tiniest,
Seize it and store it.

Work away with a will,
 Till it's all roll'd out :
 Move the hill how it will,
 Do you get its gold out !

GRIFFIN.

Pile the gold up ! Pile away !
 We on it our claws will lay.
 Be the treasure what it may,
 Surest of all bolts are they !

PYGMIES.

We have found a footing here ;
 How's a puzzle that would task us.
 That we have come, that is clear,
 Whence we come, then, do not ask us !
 Every country, where life glows,
 Finds a master soon to guide it,
 So no rock a fissure shows,
 But a dwarf is straight beside it.
 There his busy toil he plies,
 Model spouse with model mate,
 If 'twas so in Paradise,
 That is more than I can state.
 But we like this for a nest,
 Bless the stars that hither sent us,
 For in the East as in the West
 Mother earth yields foison plenteous.

DACTYLS.

Did she in a night these small
 Creatures into being call,
 Smaller still she will create,
 And with kindred creatures mate.

THE OLDEST OF THE PIGMIES.

Hasten, and fit ye
 Stoutly to quit ye.
 Get to work quickly !
 Strike your strokes thickly !
 In force though they fail,
 Let their swiftness prevail.
 Peace still is with ye !
 Up with the stithy,
 Buckler and glaive
 To forge for the brave.

And you, ye emmets, ho,
 Swarming there to and fro,
 Metals with swiftest speed
 Fetch for our need !
 Ye dactyls slumberless
 Tiny, but numberless,
 Quick, from the brake
 Fetch faggot and stake !
 Pile the fire, heap it up,
 Feed it, and keep it up,
 Charcoal to make !

GENERALISSIMO.

With arrow and bow
 Away ! Hillio, ho !
 Shoot me those herons
 Down by the marsh there,
 Clustering numberless,
 Croaking so harsh there !

Quick, let me see them
 Slain altogether !
 So shall we prank it
 In helmet and feather !

ANTS AND DACTYLS.

Iron we bring them—
 Ah, who is to save us ?
 Which into fetters
 They forge to enslave us.
 Not yet is the hour come
 To rise up defiant ;
 Then be to your tyrants
 Submissive and pliant.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Shrieks of murder, dying groans,
 Wings that flutter in dismay,
 Oh, what outcry and what moans
 To our peaks here pierce their way !
 They are all already slain,
 All the lake their blood doth stain.
 Wanton passion for display
 Shore the heron's plumes away.
 See it on the helmet wave
 Of yon bow-legg'd pot-bellied knave !
 Ye companions of our host,
 That in troops o'er ocean post,
 We to vengeance call you, in
 A cause so near your own akin.
 Death, so we avenge their fate !
 To this rabble deathless hate !

[*Disperse, croaking in the air.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*on the plain*).

The northern witches I could manage feately ;
But those strange phantoms baffle me completely.

And then the Blocksberg's such a handy site,
Go anywhere you will, you're always right.

MAY ILSA on her stone keeps watch and ward ;

HENRY upon his peak holds sleepless guard ;

Then to DESPAIR the SNORERS snort and blow,

All as they did a thousand years ago.

But here, stand still or walk, who's he can say,

If under him the ground will not give way ?

Through a smooth dell as pleasantly I stroll,

Up all at once behind me starts a whole

Hill-side, yet scarcely to be called a hill,

And yet quite high enough to part me still

From my pet Sphinxes. Down the valley here

Fires flicker, flashing round strange shapes and drear.

Dancing and wheeling see yon winsome crew

With becks and wiles enticing to pursue.

Soho, then ! We, who're used to toothsome fare,

Must still be hankering, no matter where.

LAMLÆ (*luring MEPHISTOPHELES after them*).

Onward, still onward,

Faster and faster !

Then with a spiteful

Coyness delaying,

Prattling and playing,

He'll think he's the winner.

'Tis so delightful,

Thus the old sinner

To lure and o'ermaster !
 Fretting and groaning,
 His stiff foot bemoaning,
 Hark, he comes grumbling,
 Stumbling and tumbling.
 Do what he will,
 While before him we fly,
 Be it far, be it nigh,
 He must follow us still !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*stands still*).

Curst fate ! Born but to be made fools of !
 From Adam made mere dolts and tools of !
 We all grow old, but who grows steady ?
 Wert thou not fool'd enough already ?
 One knows they're good for nothing, all the race.
 Pinch'd at the girdle, painted in the face ;
 No bit about them wholesome, firm, and sound,
 They fall to pieces if you clasp them round ;
 One knows it, feels it, sees it at a glance,
 Yet let them pipe, and after them we dance.

LAMLÆ (*stopping*).

Stay ! he reflects—he pauses—lingers.
 Advance, or he'll slip through your fingers !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*striding on*).

Push on ! Let no uneasy twitches
 Of foolish doubting stay your revel :
 Good gracious, if there were no witches,
 Who, who the deuce would be the devil ?

LAMLÆ (*in coaxing tones*).

Round this hero, round we run,

Soon within his heart for one
Of us full sure will love ensue.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Truly in this twilight gleam
Damsels fair to view ye seem,
So I can't be wroth with you.

EMPUSA (*pressing forward*).

Nor yet with me! Me too admit
As for your company most fit.

LAMLÆ.

She amongst us is too many,
Always spoils our sport, the zany.

EMPUSA (*to MEPHISTOPHELES*).

From your dear cousin hold aloof,
Empusa with the ass's hoof?
You've but a horse's hoof, yet still
Sir Kinsman, hail, with right good will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I fancied no one knew me here,
Yet find relations—that's severe!
The old, old tale—Go where you will,
From Harz to Hellas, kinsfolk still!

EMPUSA.

With much decision I can act;
Can take what shape I please, in fact.
But in your honour, for the nonce,
I've donn'd just now this ass's sconce.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These folk, they set great store, I see,
In being of the family:
Yet come what will,—disaster, shame,—
The ass's head I will disclaim!

LAMLÆ.

Avoid this hag ! who puts to flight
 All that is most fair and bright ;
 What was fair and bright before,
 When she comes, is so no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These cousins, too, so smooth of speech,
 I'm doubtful of them, all and each.
 Behind their cheeks so rosy red
 Some metamorphosis I dread.

LAMLÆ.

Come set to work now ! We are many.
 Essay your luck,—if you have any,
 The first prize you may win. Come, try !
 What means this pitiful to-do ?
 A miserable wooer you,
 To strut and bear your head so high !
 And now amongst us see him skip ;
 Your masks off slow and slyly slip,
 And give him your essential nature !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've caught the prettiest and most lissome—

[*Embracing her.*

Ugh, ugh ! The dry old wither'd besom !

[*Seizing another.*

And this one ? The disgusting fright !

LAMLÆ.

Ha, have we caught you ? Serves you right !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I had the short one in my grips—

A lizard from my fingers slips,
 With poll most serpentlike and smooth!
 Anon the taller jade I clasp;
 A Thyrsus-staff is in my grasp,
 With pine-cone for a head, forsooth!
 What means it all? The stout one there,
 Better with her perchance I'll fare.
 One venture more,—the last,—here goes!
 Juicy and plump, just of the size
 The Orientals highly prize.
 Ugh! The puff-ball bursts beneath my nose!

LAMLÆ.

Away, and round him flit, now like
 The lightning, now all blackness! Strike
 The witch's baffled son with fear!
 On silent wings, a ghastly crew,
 Wheel round like bats! We'll make him rue
 The hour he thought of coming here.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*shaking himself*).

I have not grown much wiser, 'twould appear.
 They're idiots in the north, they're idiots here.
 They're humbugs here as there, the ghastly crew,
 And bores the bards and people too.
 Here has been precious mumming, and
 Sense has, as usual, had the upper hand.
 At features fair a clutch I made,
 And in my grasp found what appall'd me,
 Yet had it only longer stay'd,
 Even that delusion had enthral'd me.

[*Losing his way among the masses of stone.*]

Where am I? What is this, and how?
 This was a path, 'tis chaos now.
 The road was smooth; but boulders, lo!
 At every turn perplex my feet.
 Vainly I clamber to and fro,
 Nowhere can I my sphinxes meet.
 One night a hill like this to breed!
 Who could have dreamt so mad a thing?
 A jolly witches' ride, indeed,
 When they with them their Blocksberg bring!

OREAD (*from the natural rock*).

Up here! My mountain's old as time;
 Its shape the same as in its prime.
 My precipices jagg'd and sheer,
 Pindus' extremest spur, revere!
 Unshaken here I lift my head,
 As when across me Pompey fled.
 That dream-begotten phantasm there
 At cock-crow will dissolve in air.
 Such fabled forms I oft-times see
 Arise, then vanish suddenly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be honour thine, thou reverend head;
 With sturdy oaks engarlanded!
 To thy recesses dark and deep
 The brightest moonshine cannot creep.
 But down by yonder brushwood strays
 A light that glows with modest rays.
 What strange coincidence is this?
 Homunculus? It is, it is!
 Whither away, my little friend?

HOMUNCULUS.

Thus on from spot to spot I wend.
 Much do I long to burst my glassy screen,
 And in the best sense into life to enter ;
 Only from all that I as yet have seen,
 I can't find courage for the venture.
 But hearken in your ear ! On two
 Philosophers I've stumbled, who
 Are wrapt in deep debate, and all their talk
 Is "Nature, Nature," as they walk.
 I'll keep by them, for they, I wis,
 Must know what earthly being is.
 And I at last am sure to learn,
 Whither 'tis best for me to turn.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your instinct rather here pursue !
 For where ghosts find a lodgment, your
 Philosopher is welcome too.
 For be they many, be they few,
 To show his skill off, he is sure
 To conjure up a dozen new.
 Unless you err, you never will be wise.
 To being, if you will, by your own doings rise !

HOMUNCULUS.

Good counsel should not be depised.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well then,
 Go your own way ! Anon we'll meet again.
 [*They separate.*]

ANAXAGORAS (*to* THALES).

Will not your stubborn mind the truth concede,
Or do you further demonstration need?

THALES.

The wave is stirr'd by every breeze that creeps,
But from the beetling crags far off it keeps.

ANAXAGORAS.

This mountain-ridge to fire its being owes.

THALES.

From moisture all that lives to being rose.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let me go side by side with you.

I yearn to rise to being too.

ANAXAGORAS.

Could you, oh Thales, in one night produce
A mountain such as this from mud and ooze?

THALES.

Nature, has she with her creative powers
E'er had regard to days, and nights, and hours?
Calm and serene she plies her shaping hand,
No violence goes to make even what is grand.

ANAXAGORAS.

But here it did, though! Fierce Plutonic fire,
Steam pent for ages, with explosion dire
Burst through the ancient crusts of earth, and threw
Above the plain a mountain into view.

THALES.

What boots it to continue this debate?

'Tis here,—this much is plain, at any rate.

In such disputes no one step we advance,

Yet lead the patient crowd a precious dance.

ANAXAGORAS.

See, from the mountain how in beavies
 They stream to fill each chasm and crevice !
 With pigmies, ants, and gnomes it rings,
 And other bustling tiny things.

[To HOMUNCULUS.

Within your hermit cell retired,
 To greatness you have ne'er aspired.
 To rule if you your mind can bring,
 I'll have you straightway crown'd their king.

HOMUNCULUS.

What says my Thales ?

THALES.

I say no !

With little people, little deeds ;
 With great ones even the little grow
 To size, and greatness greatness breeds.
 Behold yon dusky cloud of cranes !
 They threaten yonder busy swarm,
 And will with them their monarch harm.
 Downward they swoop upon the plains,
 With bony claw and pointed beak
 Their vengeance on the dwarfs to wreak.
 The very air is charged with doom,
 And tempest hurtles through the gloom.
 A wicked elf the herons slew,
 As round their quiet mere they drew.
 But that death-laden arrowy sleet
 Arouses vengeance fell and meet,
 And in their kin such ire doth wake

As blood, and blood alone can slake.
 What now avail shield, helm, or spear?
 Their heron-plumes, what boot they? See,
 How ant and dactyl disappear!
 The hosts, they reel, they turn, they flee.

ANAXAGORAS (*after a pause, solemnly*).

If hitherto my praise
 Has to the subterranean powers been given,
 In this conjuncture I uplift my gaze
 To those that have their seat in heaven.
 Oh, Throned above, through endless time
 Wearing the freshness of thy prime,
 Thee I invoke, thee now as then the same,
 Threefold in form, threefold in name,
 My people in their woe to free,
 Diana, Luna, Hecate!
 Thou the bosom that expandest,
 Thou of thinkers deepest, grandest,
 Thou aspect serene that wearest,
 Thou a soul of fire that bearest,
 Open the abysses drear
 Of thy shadowy glooms—and here,
 With no necromancer's aid,
 Be thine ancient power display'd! [Pause.
 Is my prayer too quickly heard?
 By its force
 Has the course
 Of nature been disturb'd and marr'd?
 And larger, ever larger, and more near
 The goddess' orbèd throne wheels down the sphere!

Fearful to the eye and dread
 Turns its fire to dusky red.
 No nearer! Mighty threatening ball,
 Thoul't crush us, land and sea, and all!
 Was it then true, that hags Thessalian by
 Dark incantations from the sky
 Drew thee down, and wrung from thee
 Blight and bane and misery?
 The shining disk's o'ercast. It crashes!
 And now it lightens and it flashes!
 What din, what rushing, whizzing, pouring;
 What gusts of wind through thunder roaring!
 Behold me fall, abased and prone,
 Down at the footstool of thy throne!
 'Twas I invoked thee, I! Do thou
 Forgive, forgive my madness now!

[Throws himself on his face.

THALES.

What things this man has heard and seen!
 They may or they may not have been;
 But I felt nothing, ne'ertheless.
 Mad hours are these, we must confess,
 And Luna sails along the blue,
 As smoothly as she used to do.

HOMUNCULUS.

Look at the pigmies' haunt! See, how
 The hill, once round, is pointed now!
 I felt a hideous crash and shock:
 Down from the moon had fall'n a rock;
 And in an instant made an end,

No warning given, of foe and friend.
 Yet arts like these I must revere,
 Which in one single night could so
 This mighty mountain structure rear,
 Both from above and from below.

THALES.

Tush, tush! 'Twas all a dream. That brood
 So vile is gone, then let them go!
 That thou were not their king is good.
 But now away, away with me,
 To Ocean's glorious Jubilee!
 There guests of wondrous kind, like thee,
 Expected, ay, and honoured be. [*They withdraw.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here I go clambering over crags and rocks,
 Among the gnarlèd roots of ancient oaks.
 The vapours on my own Harz have a flavour
 Of pitch, that much commends them to my favour.
 'Tis next to brimstone! Here, among the Greeks,
 In vain for even one sulphurous whiff one seeks.
 Still, I should like to find out what the aid is,
 With which they stoke the pangs and fires of Hades.

DRYAD.

In your own land you for a sage may pass,
 Abroad you're little better than an ass.
 'Tis not of home you should be thinking here,
 But how you should the sacred oaks revere!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We harp upon the absent;—'tis a vice!
 What we've been used to's always Paradise.

But say, what three are those in yonder den,
Who squat and cower within the glimmering shade?

DRYADS.

They are the Phorkyads. Go forward, then,
And speak to them, if you be not afraid.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And wherefore not? I am bewildered vastly!
Proud as I am, even I must needs avow,
I ne'er have look'd upon their like till now.
Why, the Alrunen are not half so ghastly!
Who shall this hideous Triad see,
Yet think there's aught repulsive in
Any old reprobated sin?
We should not suffer them, not we,
Across the threshold of the worst
Of our most dismal hells accurst.
Yet in the land of beauty, here,
This antique land to glory dear,
They children of the soil appear!
They move, they scent me, it would seem,
And flap like vampire-bats, and pipe and scream.

PHORKYADS.

Sisters! the eye, quick, give it me to spy,
Who to our temple dares approach so nigh!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O most revered! permit me to draw near,
And beg your triple benediction here!
I am not quite a stranger—so, forgive!
Indeed, I am a distant relative.
Gods of old standing in my time I've known,

To Ops and Rhea made my bow of yore,
 The Parcæ, Chaos' sisters, and your own,
 I saw them last night, or the night before ;
 But such as you have never cross'd my sight.
 I'm positively dumb with sheer delight !

PHORKYADS.

There seems some sense in what this spirit says.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My only wonder is, no bard has sung your praise !
 In statues I have never seen you. Say,
 How come this so, most honoured ones, if you know ?
 Yours are the forms the chisel should portray,
 And not such things as Venus, Pallas, Juno.

PHORKYADS.

In solitude, and silent night inurn'd,
 Our thoughts have never on such matters turn'd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How should they either ? From the world retired,
 You can't be seen, or, being seen, be admired.
 For that you must a residence command,
 Where art and luxury rule hand in hand ;
 Where from a block of marble—presto, hey !
 Starts into life a hero every day ;
 Where—

PHORKYADS.

Peace ! And wake in us no yearnings fond !
 What should we gain, by knowing aught beyond ;
 In Night begot, and kin to things of Night,
 Even to ourselves almost, to others unknown quite ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In such a case there is not much to say ;
 But you to others may yourselves convey.
 One eye suffices for the three, one tooth,
 And 'twill comport with mythologic truth,
 To merge in two the essence of the three,
 And lend the semblance of the third to me
 For some brief space.

ONE OF THE PHORKYADS.

How think ye ? Speaks he sooth ?

THE OTHERS.

Let's try it. But without the eye and tooth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take these away, and you the essence take,
 For these are what the perfect picture make.

ONE OF THE PHORKYADS.

Press one eye close ! 'Tis very simply done ;
 That's well ! Now of your dog-teeth show but one !
 And you will instantly in profile show
 Our sister perfectly from top to toe ;

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm honour'd—much ! So be it !

PHORKYADS.

So be it !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as a PHORKYAD in profile*).

Done !

Behold in me old Chaos' darling son !

PHORKYADS.

Chaos' undoubted daughters we.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh spite!
They'll scoff at me as an hermaphrodite!

PHORKYADS.

Our new third sister is surpassing fair!
Of eyes we have, and eke of teeth a pair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must get out of sight, or I know well,
I'll scare the devils of the nether hell! [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*The Rocky Bays of the Ægean Sea.—The Moon pausing in the Zenith.*

SIRENS (*lying on the cliffs around, fluting and singing*).

Thou whom hags Thessalian erst,
By unholy spells rehearsed,
Drew from heaven, serenely bright,
Looking from the vault of night,
With thy silvery radiance lave
Every bright and rippling wave,
And illumine yon wondrous throng
Rising now the waves along.
Thy devoted vassals we,
Luna fair, propitious be!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS (*as wonders of the deep*).

Loud with shriller voices sing,
Let them o'er broad ocean ring,
All its people summoning!
As we lay within our caves
Fathom deep beneath the waves,

Safe from wind and stormy weather,
 Your sweet song has drawn us hither.
 In our transports we, behold !
 Deck ourselves with chains of gold,
 Brooch and clasp and diadem,
 Rich with jewel and with gem.
 All your fruitage, all are these !
 Treasures pluck'd from argosies,
 That now wreck'd and rotting lie,
 Lured to their destruction by
 You, the demons of our bay.

SIRENS.

Well we know, that in the sea
 The fish live well and merrily,
 Without pain, or care, or wish !
 Still, ye throng so brisk and gay,
 We were fain to know to-day,
 That ye're something more than fish.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Ere we hither came, did we
 Ponder well how things should be.
 Brothers, sisters, come ! Not far
 Is it needful we should go,
 Most conclusively to show,
 That we more than fishes are.

[*They retire.*]

SIRENS.

In a twinkling they
 To Samothrace have sped away,
 And fair for them the breezes blow !

What can it be they hope to gain
 In the land where the mighty Cabiri reign?
 They are gods of a kind most weird and strange,
 Self-propagating without change,
 And yet what they are they never know.
 On thy shining heights, oh stay,
 Gentle Luna! So alway
 Night will tarry, and the day
 Chase us not from hence away!

THALES (*on the shore to HOMUNCULUS*).

I'd gladly lead you to old Nereus! See,
 His cavern must be somewhere hereabout:
 But such a cross-grain'd sour old carle is he,
 It is no easy thing to draw him out.
 Churl that he is, in his distorted sight
 No mortal man is ever in the right.
 But unto him the future is unveil'd,
 So with profound respect he's hail'd,
 And bears a highly honour'd name.
 Besides, to many a man he has been kind.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let's knock and try him! I don't mind.
 It will not cost me both my glass and flame.

NEREUS.

Men's voices could they be, my ear that met?
 With wrath they stir my heart down to its core:
 Forms striving to attain to gods, and yet
 Doom'd to be like themselves for evermore.
 Long years ago, had I like others felt,
 In ease I might, even like a god, have dwelt;

But I was ever by the wish possess'd,
 To benefit the men I deem'd the best ;
 And ever when I look'd, in hopes to know
 My counsels into goodly acts had thriven,
 I found that matters were the same as though
 My counsels never had been given.

THALES.

Yet people trust thee, man of ocean old.
 Most sage of sages, turn us not away !
 This flame, that bears a human shape, behold,
 Whate'er you counsel him, he will obey.

NEREUS.

Counsel ! Has counsel e'er avail'd with men ?
 The sagest saw falls dead on stubborn ears.
 Oft as men's folly has been mourn'd in tears,
 They're just as ready to be fools again.
 Warn'd I not Paris like a father, ere
 His passion did another's wife ensnare.
 As bold he trod the Grecian shore, with awe
 I told him all that I in vision saw,—
 Clouds stéaming up, with lurid light a-glow,
 Charr'd rafters, massacre and death below,
 Troy's day of doom, immortalized in song,
 Beaconing through time the curse that waits on wrong.
 He mock'd the old man's words, the ribald boy,
 Obey'd the impulse of his lust, and Troy,
 A giant corpse, fell, worn with many a fray,
 To Pindus' eagles a right welcome prey.
 Ulysses, too, foretold I not to him
 Circe's dark wiles, the Cyclops' horrors grim ?

His own delays, the follies of his train,
 What not, besides! Yet where to him the gain?
 Till at long last the favouring billows bore
 The weary wanderer to a friendly shore.

THALES.

Such conduct to the sage is fraught with pain,
 Yet his heart prompts him on to fresh essay.
 Of thanks that glad your soul one little grain
 Will bushels of ingratitude outweigh.
 For we are here to ask no trivial boon:
 The boy there wishes to attain, and soon,
 To being, and as sagely as he may.

NEREUS.

Thwart not my mood—'tis of no common kind;
 Far other matters now possess my mind.
 My daughters I have summon'd here to me,
 The Dorides, the Graces of the Sea.
 Nor on Olympus, nor on earth you'll meet
 With forms so beautiful, so moving sweet.
 From water dragons, with a bending sweep
 Of subtlest charm, on Neptune's steeds they leap,
 And with the element so softly blend,
 The foam-flakes scarce beneath them seem to bend.
 Mid rainbow splendours in her shelly car
 Comes Galatea, of them all the star,
 Of Paphos hail'd the goddess, since the day
 When from us Aphrodite turn'd away;
 And so for many a year, she as her own
 The Temple town has claim'd, and chariot throne.
 Begone! Nor by your questionings eclipse
 The solemn transports of a father's bliss;

I would not have, in such an hour as this,
 Hate in my heart, nor fury on my lips.
 Away to Proteus! Ask that being strange,—
 He will your purpose better serve than me,—
 How yonder boy may pass from change to change,
 And come at length to be. [*Retires towards the sea.*]

THALES.

We have gain'd nothing by this step; for, say
 We light on Proteus, straight he melts away.
 And, after all, he'll only, if he stays,
 Give answers that bewilder and amaze.
 Still, counsel much you lack; so, come what may,
 Let's make the trial. Onward, then, away!

[*They retire.*]

SIRENS (*above, on the rocks*).

See, what are these that glide
 Far o'er the billowy tide?
 'Tis as white sails were nearing,
 By gentle breezes steering,
 So radiantly they shine,
 These ocean-nymphs divine!
 Let us descend, and hear
 Their voices sweet and clear.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

What we bring with us to-night
 Shall content you and delight.
 Flames a dread form from the field
 Of Chelone's giant shield;
 Gods they be, whom here we bring:
 Hymns ye must of glory sing!

SIRENS.

Great in might, though small in form,
 Such as shipwreck'd are ye save,
 When in thunder and in storm
 Ships go down beneath the wave ;
 Gods in deepest reverence held
 From the days of primal eld !

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

We bring the Cabiri hither, to keep
 Peace while we revel it over the deep ;
 For in their presence, so holy be they,
 Neptune will gently exert his sway.

SIRENS.

Yield we must to you :
 If a vessel's wreck'd,
 Then do ye her crew
 With resistless force protect.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Three we have transported thus ;
 The fourth refused to come with us.
 He declared he was the best,
 Who must think for all the rest.

SIRENS.

So one god, it would appear,
 Likes at other gods to sneer.
 All that gracious are revere,
 All that are malignant fear !

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Seven of them by rights there be

SIRENS.

Where, then, are the other three ?

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

To answer that were no easy task.

For them you may in Olympus ask.

You may find the Eighth there too, I trow,
Who was never by any one thought of till now.
Their grace we have and still hope to get,
But they are not all complete as yet.

These Incomparables still

On and on aspire,

For the Unattainable

Hungering with desire.

SIRENS.

'Tis our custom, evermore

Every throne to bow before

In the Sun and in the Moon,

There to worship and adore ;

It repays us late or soon.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

How brightly must our glory shine,

Who've wrought this jubilee divine !

SIRENS.

The heroes of the olden time

Reach'd not a glory so sublime,

How high soe'er their fame may run.

If they the Golden Fleece have won,

You, you have the Cabiri !

Universal chorus.

If they the Golden Fleece have won,
 You, you }
 We, we } have the Cabiri!

HOMUNCULUS.

To me these uncouth shapes are like
 Vile earthen pots ; by token,
 Sages their heads against them strike,
 And, though hard, get them broken.

THALES.

That's just the thing they long for ! Just
 As takes the coin its value from the rust.

PROTEUS (*invisible*).

Such shows delight a fabler old like me ;
 More prized the more preposterous they be.

THALES.

Where art thou, Proteus ?

PROTEUS (*ventriloquially, now near, now far off*).

Here, and here !

THALES.

I pardon you the stale old joke.

I am a friend—no mocking insincere !

I know you sham the place from which you spoke.

PROTEUS (*as from a distance*).

Farewell !

THALES (*whispers to the Homunculus*).

He's close at hand ! Flame out now ! Whish !

He is as curious as a fish,

And, wheresoever he may hide,

Your blaze will lure him to your side.

HOMUNCULUS.

I'll pour a flood of light—but gently though,

Or into splinters, crack ! my glass will go.

PROTEUS (*in the form of a gigantic tortoise*).

What sheds a light so soft and bright ?

THALES (*concealing the Homunculus*).

Good ! good ! Come nearer, if you'd see't.

Don't grudge the trouble, 'tis but slight !

And show yourself upon two human feet.

'Tis by our grace and leave alone,

That what we've hidden will be shown.

PROTEUS.

You have not lost your skill in dodges clever.

THALES.

Of changing shapes you're quite as fond as ever.

[*Uncovers the Homunculus.*

PROTEUS (*amazed*).

A luminous dwarf ! Was never such sight, never !

THALES.

He wants advice from you, for he would fain

To being real and complete attain.

He came into the world, I've heard him say,

Only by half in some mysterious way.

With gifts of spirit he is dowried well,

But sorely lacks in what is tangible.

As now the glass there only gives him weight,

He with all speed would be incorporate.

PROTEUS.

A real virgin's son is he ;

He is before he ought to be !

THALES (*in a whisper*).

In other ways, methinks, all is not right.

He is, I fancy, an hermaphrodite.

PROTEUS.

So much the better, since in every case
 He's sure to find himself not out of place.
 But much reflection here no good will do,
 In the wide sea you must begin anew !
 There in the little things commence,
 And on the less delight to feed :
 So by degrees you grow, and thence
 To higher excellence succeed.

HOMUNCULUS.

The air blows sweet and softly here. The dew
 Thrills me with rapture through and through.

PROTEUS.

Right, right, oh rarest youth ! And you
 As you go on, will find it sweeter still.
 On this small tongue of land the dew
 Exhales a vapour more ineffable.
 See, right in front yon wondrous train,
 That's wafted hither o'er the main !
 Come with me to them !

THALES.

I also.

HOMUNCULUS.

Upon the strangest spirit-walk we go !

TELCHINES OF RHODES

*Upon Hippocampi and Sea-dragons, bearing
Neptune's Trident.*

CHORUS.

The trident of Neptune we forged, that at will
The angriest waves of the ocean can still.
If the Thund'rer his storm-clouds unrolls overhead,
Straight Neptune opposes their armament dread ;
And as from above the fork'd lightning down flashes,
From below wave on wave in wild fury up dashes ;
And the bark, that in anguish 'twixt billow and blast
Has been toss'd to and fro, is suck'd down at the last ;
Then as he has lent us his sceptre to-day,
Serene and at ease let us gambol and play !

SIRENS.

Hail, ye priests of Helios, hail,
Blest ones of the cheerful day,
Now whilst we to Luna pale
Our devoted homage pay !

TELCHINES.

Fair queen of the bow that shines o'er us so bright,
Thou hearest thy brother extoll'd with delight !
To Rhodes the high-favour'd thine ear thou dost lend,
Whence unto him Pæans eternal ascend.
He begins the day's course, and on us at its close
A long level glance keen and fiery he throws.
The mountains, the cities, the shore, and the wave,
Give delight to the god, and areauteous and brave.

No mist hangs around us, and if one comes near,
 A zephyr, a beam, and our island is clear !
 In manifold shapes he beholds himself there,
 As stripling, as giant, as mighty, as fair.
 We, we were the first, did such beings divine
 In the forms, not unworthy, of mortals enshrine !

PROTEUS.

Let them sing, and let them boast !
 Dead works are a jest, at most,
 Beside the sun's life-giving rays ;
 They melt and mould, and when at last
 Their handiwork in brass is cast,
 Straightway they riot in its praise.
 But what's the end of all their vaunted show !
 These images of gods renown'd,
 An earthquake hurl'd them to the ground ;
 And they've been melted down long, long ago.

The throes of earth, or past or present,
 Are always anything but pleasant.
 Life in the billows better fares ;
 Thee to the eternal waters bears
 The Dolphin Proteus. (*Transforms himself.*) See, 'tis
 done !

There will you thrive in all you try :
 So leap upon my back, and I
 Will wed you to the deep anon !

THALES.

Yield to the noble aspiration
 Of new-commencing your creation.

For busy stir make ready now !
 There, moved by laws eternal, thou,
 Through countless changes having pass'd,
 Shalt rise into a man at last.

[HOMUNCULUS mounts the *Proteus-dolphin*.

PROTEUS.

In spirit hence to ocean wide !
 Unfetter'd there shalt thou abide,
 There roam as blithe as free ;
 But yearn not for a higher state,
 For once as man incorporate,
 All's over then with thee.

THALES.

That's as things chance : it is a fine thing, too,
 To be a proper man in season due.

PROTEUS (*to THALES*).

If of your stamp he be, perchance it may.
 You are no fleeting creature of a day ;
 For 'tis now many hundred years since I
 'Mongst the pale ghosts first saw you trooping by.

SIRENS (*on the rocks*).

Lo, what clouds are yonder streaming
 Round the moon in circlet bright !
 Doves they are, love-kindled, gleaming,
 Pinion'd as with purest light.
 Paphos forth has sent them, glowing
 Harbingers of love and joy ;
 Perfect is our feast, o'erflowing
 Full with bliss without alloy !

NEREUS (*advancing to THALES*).

Roamers through the night might deem
 Yonder halo merely haze,
 But we spirits know the gleam,
 Hail it with a wiser gaze.
 They are doves, that round my child
 In her shelly chariot fly,
 Wondrous is their flight and wild,
 Learn'd in ages long gone by.

THALES,

I too look on that as best,
 Which to the good man pleasure gives,
 Whene'er in warm and cosy nest
 Some hallow'd faith still haunts and lives.

PSYLLI AND MARSI (*on sea-bulls, sea-calves,
 and rams*).

In Cyprus' wild cave-recesses,
 Where the god of the sea annoys not,
 Where Seismos shakes and destroys not,
 Where the breeze evermore wafts caresses,
 There Cypria's chariot, the golden,
 We watch, as we watch'd in the olden
 Days, in contentment serene ;
 And our fairest we bring in the hushing
 Of night, o'er the rippling waves rushing,
 In the bloom of her loveliness flushing,
 By the new race of mortals unseen.
 Our duty thus silently plying,
 Nor eagle, nor yet wingèd lion,
 Dismays us, nor cross, no, nor crescent ;

However, through changes incessant,
 On earth they may fool it, and rule it,
 Now hither, now thitherward swaying,
 Pursuing, and smiting, and slaying,
 Waste cities and harvest-fields laying,
 Still we evermore
 Bring hither our queen, and her beauty adore.

SIRENS.

Through the waves serenely cleaving,
 Circling round the car divine,
 And like serpents interweaving,
 Row on row, and line on line,
 Speed ye onwards, stately gliding,
 Ocean's daughters, pleasing wild,
 With you Galatea guiding,
 All her mother in my child !
 Grave is she, of godlike seeming,
 As of an immortal race,
 Yet like gentle human women
 Sweet, and of alluring grace.

DORIDES (*passing in chorus before NEREUS, clustering upon dolphins*).

Luna, shine, thy radiance pouring
 Round this flower of youth, for here
 To our sire we bring, imploring
 His good will, our bridegrooms dear !

[To NEREUS.

Boys we rescued, when the billow
 Whelm'd them in the tempest's wrack ;

Couching them on rushy pillow,
 We to life caress'd them back !
 Now with kisses to delight us,
 Kisses all of fire, must they
 For the life we gave requite us :
 View them, then, with grace, we pray !

NEREUS.

The twofold gain who would not highly treasure,
 In doing others grace, to do himself a pleasure ?

DORIDES.

Father, did we well ? To hold them,
 Grant us, so shall we be blest :
 All undying let us fold them
 To our ever-youthful breast.

NEREUS.

Would you enjoy your lovely prey,
 Then mould each stripling to a man ;
 But children, know, I never may
 Bestow what Zeus, Zeus only can.
 The wave, on which you're swept and toss'd,
 Makes love, too, changeful evermore ;
 If on their hearts your hold be lost,
 Best set them quietly on shore !

DORIDES.

Sweet boys, we love ye well, but soon
 From you, alas ! must sever ;
 The gods deny the wish'd-for boon,
 A love that loves for ever.

THE YOUTHS.

Still love and tend us, and your own
 Stout ship-boys will not falter ;
 Such goodly cheer we ne'er have known,
 Nor would for better alter.

[GALATEA approaches in the shell chariot.

NEREUS.

My darling !

GALATEA.

Oh, father, what ecstasy !
 Stay, dolphins ! My gaze is enchained by thee !

NEREUS.

Already are they pass'd, already gone,
 In sweeping circles steering o'er the ocean,
 What is to them the yearning heart's emotion ?
 Oh, would that I with them were sailing on !
 Yet in that one brief glance is such delight,
 As doth the long year's anguish well requite !

THALES.

Hail ! hail ! hail evermore !
 With joy I am brimming o'er,
 Each fibre and nerve, through and through
 By the Beautiful pierced, and the True !
 From water sprang all things, and all
 Are by water upheld or must fall.
 Then, ocean, grant thou for our aiding
 Thine influence ever-pervading !
 If by thee the clouds were dissread not,
 If by thee the rich brooklets were shed not,
 If by thee the streams all ways were sped not,

And the rush of the torrents were fed not,
 What then were the universe, mountain and plain?
 'Tis thou dost all life that is freshest maintain!

ECHO.

Chorus of the whole circle.

'Tis from thee flows all life that is freshest amain.

NEREUS.

Already they are far from shore,
 Meet me eye to eye no more!
 On they speed, a countless train,
 All in festival array,
 In a long extended chain,
 Winding, circling on their way.
 But my Galatea's car,
 Still I see it sharp and bright!
 It is shining like a star
 Through them all upon the sight!
 That dear cynosure is steep'd in light!
 Through it he removed so far,
 Still it lightens bright and clear,
 Ever true and ever near!

HOMUNCULUS.

'Mid these waters soft and bright,
 All whereon I flash my light
 Is bewitching fair!

PROTEUS.

'Mid these waters living bright,
 For the first time gleams thy light
 With a music rare!

NEREUS.

But lo ! what fresh mystery yonder between
 The groups of the children of ocean is seen ?
 What flames round the car, round my darling one's feet,
 Now wildly it flashes, now softly, now sweet,
 As if with love's passionate pulses it beat !

THALES.

'Tis Homunculus, blinded by Proteus' deceit !
 The symptoms are these of a yearning intense ;
 Soon the cry shall be heard of an agonised moan :
 He will shatter his glass on the radiant throne.
 Now it flames, now it lightens, now pours forth immense.

SIRENS.

What fiery marvel illumines the sea,
 That the waves clash and shatter in sparkles of light ?
 It so lightens, and brightens, and flashes, that we
 See their forms all aglow as they move through the night,
 And flames round them eddy and sparkle and gleam.
 Then be Eros, of all the Beginner, supreme !

Hail, ye ocean billows, bound
 With zone of holy fire around !
 Water, hail ! Hail, fire ! Hail, all
 Doings strange that here befall !

GENERAL CHORUS.

Hail, ye breezes, blowing free !
 Hail, ye caves of mystery !
 You we praise, and you adore,
 Mighty elemental Four !

ACT III.

SCENE.—*In front of the Palace of Menelaus at Sparta.*

Enter HELEN, with a Chorus of Captive Trojan Women.—

PANTHALIS, leader of the Chorus.

HELENA.

I, HELENA, of men much famed, and much reviled,
From yonder shore, where we but now have landed, come,
Still reeling with the heave and ever-restless roll
Of ocean billows wild, whose high and foamy crests,
By Euros' might and great Poseidon's grace, have borne
Us back from Phrygia's plains to these our native bays.
Now on the sea-beach joys king Menelaus, thus
Returning safe with all his bravest warriors back.
But oh, how welcome thou to me, thou mansion fair,
Which Tyndareus, my sire, when home returning, rear'd,
Hard by the broad incline of Pallas' sacred hill ;
And when I here with Clytemnestra, sisters twain,
With Castor, Pollux too, grew up in gladsome play,
That in its trappings rich all Sparta's homes excell'd !
Ye portal's brazen wings, lo, here I bid ye hail !
Through ye, wide open flung with hospitable sweep,
Did Menelaus first, of many chosen the chief,
Upon my vision beam in bridegroom guise of yore.
Expand to me again, that, as doth spouse beseem,
My lord's high urgent 'hest I rightly may fulfil !

Let me go in, and oh! may all the storms of fate,
 Which round my path have swept till now, remain behind!
 For since I parted hence, a stranger then to care,
 To offer homage due at Cytherea's shrine,
 And there was by a spoiler seized, the Phrygian boy,
 Hath misadventure much befallen, which men are fain
 To babble of, but which offends his ear, whose tale,
 Expanding as it spread, to gossip fable grew.

CHORUS.

Fairest of women, despise not thou
 The treasure, supreme in its honour, is thine!
 For thine, thine only, is Fate's highest boon,
 The fame of a beauty unmatched in the world.
 The hero is heralded by his name,
 And therefore his port is proud,
 But even the stubbornest stoops his knee,
 In homage to thy all-conquering charms.

HELENA.

Enough! I with my lord have wended hitherward,
 And now before him I am to his city sent;
 Yet what his purpose is, defies me to divine.
 Come I as consort back? Or come I as a queen?
 Or as a victim for the princes' direful woes,
 And for the years of loss and shame the Greeks endured?
 A captive, or a friend recaptured, which am I?
 For the Immortals mark'd a doubtful fame, belike,
 And destiny for me,—companions dread that wait
 On beauty, and that now with dark and threatening mien
 Beset me on this threshold here on either hand.
 For even within the hollow ship my husband scarce

Would look on me, nor word of comfort did he speak.
 Aloof he sat as though he mused some fell intent,
 But when Eurotas' deep-embosom'd bay we gain'd,
 Scarce of our vessels' prows the foremost kiss'd the land,
 When, starting up, he spake, as by the God inspired.
 "My warriors troop by troop shall from the ships descend,
 And I will marshal them in order on the beach;
 But thou, go on at once, still keeping by the banks,
 With fruitage rich, that ward Eurotas' sacred stream,
 The steeds directing o'er the oozy dappled meads,
 Until thou shalt arrive on the delightful plain,
 Where Lacedemon, once a broad and fertile field,
 Amid the solemn hills low nestling lifts its roofs.
 Go in, then, to the lofty tower-crown'd royal house,
 And round thee call the maids whom there I left behind,
 The Stewardess, that sage old matron, summon too.
 Bid her to thee the pile of hoarded treasures shew,
 Was left there by thy sire, and which in war and peace
 Augmenting evermore I have myself amass'd.
 In order duly ranged thou'lt find them all; for 'tis
 The prince's privilege, that still, on his return,
 He finds preserved with care, and in its order'd place,
 What things soe'er he left, in parting from his home.
 For of himself the slave hath power to alter nought."

CHORUS.

Now gladden thine eye and thy heart by viewing
 The glorious treasures, the spoils of years!
 For the armet fair, and the jewell'd crown
 Rest haughtily there, of their lustre proud.
 But enter and challenge them all, right soon

Shall they 'quip them for war.
 I joy in the conflict where beauty vies
 With gold and with pearl and with luminous gem.

HELENA.

Thereafter from my lord there follow'd this command ;
 " Now when in order all thou thoroughly hast view'd,
 As many tripods take, as thou shalt needful deem,
 And vessels of all kinds, which at his hand are laid,
 Who offers to the gods high sacrifices due ;—
 The cauldrons, salvers too, and patera withal ;
 Pure water crystal clear from the sacred fount be by,
 In lofty pitchers—well-dried faggots furthermore,
 That quickly take the flame, see thou have ready there ;
 And lastly let not fail a knife of keenest edge ;
 What other things may lack I trust thy care to find."
 So spake he, urging my departure straight ; but nought
 That breathes the breath of life did his injunctions shew,
 Which he, in honour of the Olympians, wish'd to slay.
 'Tis very strange ; yet I will nurse that thought no more,
 But leave all to the will of the great gods on high,
 Who bring to pass whate'er they in their minds decree ;
 And seem it good to man, or seem it ill, it must
 Be borne ; for mortal man, his duty is to bear.
 The ministering priest full many a time hath raised
 The ponderous axe above the earth-bow'd victim's neck,
 Yet could not strike the blow, for suddenly his hand
 By intervening foe or deity was stay'd.

CHORUS.

The fate of the future thou canst not divine.
 Enter, queen, enter,

Be of good cheer !
 Good and ill cometh
 To man without warning ;
 E'en when foretold us we credit it not.
 What saw we, when Troy was in flames, before us ?
 Nothing but death, a death of shame !
 Yet are we not here,
 Coupled with thee, attending thee joyfully,
 Happy to view heaven's glorious sunshine,
 Happy to view what is fairest on earth,
 Thee, the bright queen of our homage and love ?

HELENA.

A truce to fear ! Whate'er betide, 'tis meet that I,
 No longer lingering here, should seek the royal house,
 Which, long lost, sigh'd for much, and nigh neglected quite,
 Stands once again before my eyes, I know not how.
 I mount its lofty steps with weak and tottering tread,
 Which erst I bounded o'er, a light and frolic child.

CHORUS.

Fling, oh ye sisters, that
 Mourn your captivity,
 Grief to the winds !
 Share in the bliss
 Of your mistress, oh, share in
 The bliss that to Helen hath come,
 Who joyfully neareth
 The hearth of her fathers
 With step that, though late
 To return, is more firm
 For the years that have flown.

Praise ye the holy,
Happy-restoring
And home-bringing gods!
O'er trial and anguish,
As upon pinions,
Floats the enfranchised one, whilst all in vain
The captive, outspreading
His arms o'er the towers of
His dungeon, is pining
Dejected away.

But a god caught her up
In her sorrow afar;
And from Ilion's ruins
Transported her back
To the old, to the newly-deck'd
Home of her sires,
On the unspeakable
Pleasures and pains of
The days of her childhood
To ponder anew.

PANTHALIS (*as leader of the Chorus*).

Forsake we now the path of joy-environ'd song,
And turn your gaze awhile upon the portal's wings.
What see I, sisters? Lo, the queen returning here,
And flying too with wild and agitated step?
What is it, mighty queen? What sight or sound of dread
Could greet thee in thy halls, instead of welcoming
From thine own people? This expect not to conceal;
For plainly can I read displeasure on thy brow,
A wrath of noble sort, that struggles with surprise.

HELENA (*who has entered in great agitation, leaving
the folding doors open*).

Beseemeth not Jove's child to own a vulgar dread,
Nor fleeting touch of fear hath power to move her soul.
But Horror grim, that, in the womb of ancient Night
And Chaos old begot, in form and shape diverse,
As clouds of lurid smoke from the volcano's throat,
Comes whirling forth, doth even the hero's breast appal.
And in such ghastly wise the Stygians here to-day
My entrance to my home have signalized, that fain
I, like departing guest, would bid for aye farewell
To that dear threshold, oft-time trod, and sigh'd for oft.
But no! I have retreated here to open day,
Nor shall ye drive me further, Powers, whate'er ye be!
No! Expiation meet will I devise, and then
The hearth-fire may bid hail the consort like her lord.

PANTHALIS.

Disclose, oh noble queen, to thy handmaidens, who
In reverence and in love attend thee, what hath chanced!

HELENA.

The thing that I have seen your eyes shall also see,
If ancient Night hath not within her murky womb
With sudden close engulf'd the creature which she bred.
That ye may know it, list! My words its form shall paint.
As I, my thoughts intent upon my mission, pass'd
With solemn tread along the inmost palace halls,
I marvell'd at the hush'd and vacant corridors.
Nor sound fell on the ear of moving to and fro,
Nor met the eye the sweep of quick and busy haste.
No maid was to be seen, nor stewardess, who erst

With friendly welcome wont all strangers to salute.
 But to the inner hearth when I had made my way,
 There, by the embers of the smouldering fire, I saw,
 Crouch'd on the ground, a huge thick-muffled woman's form,
 Asleep she seem'd not, but in dreamy reverie lost.
 With voice of stern command I bade her "Up, to work!"
 Not doubting 'twas the aged stewardess, the same
 My lord had sagely left behind to guard his home;
 Yet moveless as a stone, still muffled there she sits.
 At length she lifts, at my remonstrance, her right arm,
 As though from hearth and hall to beckon me away.
 I turn aside from her in anger, and amain
 Speed onward to the steps where towers the thalamus,
 Magnificently deck'd, the treasure-room hard by,
 But lo! the shape springs up abruptly from the ground,
 Imperiously obstructs my passage, and displays,
 In long and meagre bulk, with hollow bloodshot eyes,
 A wild and wondrous form, might eye and soul confound.
 But to the winds I speak; for impotent are words,
 To body forth to life the phantoms of the mind.
 There! See her for yourselves! She dares confront the light!
 Here we bear sway, until our royal lord arrives.
 The ghastly births of Night doth Phœbus, Beauty's friend,
 Chase to their native hell, or fetter fast in chains.

[PHORKYAS *appears on the threshold between the doorposts.*

CHORUS.

Much have I seen and known, though my tresses
 Youthfully wanton my temples around;
 Horrors I've witness'd full many, the woeful

Wailings of warfare, the night-gloom of Troy,
When it fell !

Over the cloud-cover'd, dust-thicken'd din of
Death-grappling foes, the Immortals, I heard them
Shouting, dread clamour ! heard I the brazen
Voices of Discord resound through the field
To the walls.

Ah, they yet tower'd high, Ilion's
Walls, but the merciless
Flame shot from roof to roof,
Spreading and broadening,
Hitherward, thitherward,
Fann'd by the fury
Itself had engenderèd,
Over the city by night.

Flying I saw, through smoke and glare,
And tongues of eddying flame,
Deities grimly stalk in wrath,
Wondrous shapes of mould gigantic,
Striding through the dusky
Fire-illuminèd gloom.

Did I see, or was it fancy
Shaped amid my spirit's anguish
Phantoms so confused and wild ?
That I ne'er may tell.
Yet that with my eyes I gaze
On this hideous thing before me,

Of a verity I know.
Yea, my very hands might grasp it,
Did not terror hold me back
From the venture dread.

Which of the daughters
Of Phorkys art thou ?
For of her kindred
Surely thou art.
Art thou, perchance, sprung of the Graiæ,
Sisters appalling, of Darkness engender'd,
Alternately using
One eye and one tooth ?

Thy ghastliness darest
Thou, sidelong with beauty,
To Phœbus' all-piercing
Glances unveil ?
Out, come out boldly, it recks not,
For on ugliness looketh he never,
Ev'n as his blessèd eye never
The gloom of a shadow beholds.

But we, that are mortal, alas ! we
Are fated by dire misadventure,
To bear the unspeakable anguish,
Which things that are monstrous and loathly
In lovers of beauty awake.

Hear then, oh hear, if unblushingly
Thou come to confront us, all curses,

All manner of threatenings from the
 Ban-laden lips of the blest ones,
 Who by the Immortals were made !

PHORKYAS.

Old is the saw, but true its meaning and profound,
 That modesty doth ne'er with beauty, hand in hand,
 One common path along the verdant earth pursue.
 Enrooted deep in both hate from of old abides,
 And thus where'er, whene'er, they cross each other's track,
 Upon her adversary each her back doth turn,
 Then speedeth whence she came with quicken'd tread again ;
 Coy modesty perplex'd, but beauty proud and fierce,
 Till Orcus' hollow night at length devours her up,
 If Age hath not before its fetters o'er her flung.
 Ye wantons, now I find ye, wafted from afar,
 Wagging your saucy tongues, like flight of clangorous cranes,
 Hoarse-screaming as they wing above our heads, a long
 And sable cloud, and send a croaking clamour down,
 Which lures the wanderer, pacing silent on his way,
 To lift his eyes ; but they hold on their course, still on,
 And so goes he on his ; thus will it be with us.

What things are ye, that thus with Mænad fury wild,
 Like drunken brawlers, dare these royal gates assail ?
 Who are ye, I would know, that howl your wrath against
 The house's stewardess, like dogs that bay the moon ?
 Think ye, I know not well the kith whereof ye come ?
 Thou callow brood, begot of war, and nursed in strife,
 Lascivious crew, at once seducing and seduced,
 That undermine alike the warrior's, burgher's strength !

Thus huddled here, ye seem to me a locust swarm,
 Alighted like a cloud upon the early grain.
 Consumers ye of others' industry ! Smooth-lipp'd
 Destroyers of the fruits of year-long wary thrift !
 And thou, thou ravish'd, huckster'd, finger'd piece of goods !

HELENA.

Who, with the mistress by, the handmaids dares to chide,
 Audaciously usurps her privilege of rule ;
 For unto her alone pertains it to extol
 Whoso be worthy praise, as to chastise the ill.
 Full well content am I with the services, which they
 Performed at my behest, when mighty Ilion's strength
 That lengthen'd leaguer stood, and fell, and low was laid.
 Nor less throughout our travel's drear vicissitudes,
 Where commonly our cares are centered all on self.
 Here from the busy train like conduct I expect ;
 Not what the servant is, but how he serves, the lord
 Inquires. Then silence ! thou, and rail on them no more !
 If thou the royal house hast duly kept till now,
 The mistress' place supplying, be it unto thy praise.
 But now herself is come, step back into thy sphere,
 Lest chastisement, not guerdon, follow as thy due !

PHORKYAS.

To chide the household is a high prerogative,
 Which the heaven-favour'd lord's illustrious spouse, by years
 Of management discreet, most rightfully doth earn.
 As thou, whom now I know, dost here again resume
 Thy whilom place of queen, and mistress of the house,
 Seize thou the reins, that long have hung relax'd, rule now,
 The treasures take in charge, and take us too with them ;

But chief of all, shield me, that oldest am in years
Of all this band, who near thy swan-like loveliness
Are but a flock of cackling poorly-feather'd geese.

PANTHALIS.

How hideous showeth ugliness by Beauty's side!

PHORKYAS.

How foolish by the side of wisdom foolishness!

(The following repartees are spoken by the Choretides, stepping out individually from the Chorus:)

CHORETIDE 1.

Tell us of father Erebus, of mother Night!

PHORKYAS.

Then speak of Scylla thou, thy sister uterine!

CHORETIDE 2.

From thy ancestral stock hath many a monster sprung.

PHORKYAS.

To Orcus pack, and seek thy kith and kinsmen there!

CHORETIDE 3.

Who have their dwelling there are much too young for thee.

PHORKYAS.

Tiresias, hoar with eld, go wooing unto him!

CHORETIDE 4.

Orion's nurse was thy great-grand-daughter, I trow.

PHORKYAS.

By Harpies thou, I ween, were fatten'd in their filth.

CHORETIDE 5.

Thy darling gauntness, how dost cater for its tooth?

PHORKYAS.

Not with the blood which thou art ever keen to lap.

CHORETIDE 6.

Thy teeth for corpses long, a loathly corpse thyself.

PHORKYAS.

Pah ! in thy saucy chops a vampire's grinders gleam.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Thine shall be closed, if once I utter who thou art.

PHORKYAS.

First name thyself, and then the riddle will be solved.

HELENA.

In sorrow, not in wrath, I interpose to place
 My ban upon this wild and stormy war of words.
 For to the master nought of more offence befalls
 Than secret rancours by his trusty vassals nursed.
 His mandates' echo then returns to him no more
 Harmoniously in deeds with ready zeal perform'd ;
 No ! gusts of wilful brawl buzz evermore around
 His 'wilder'd head, while he commands and chides in vain,
 Nor this alone. Ye have in your unmanner'd wrath
 Evoked and conjured forth dread forms of mould unblest,
 That throng upon me so, I feel as I were dragg'd
 To Orcus down, despite the natal soil I tread.
 Is't memory, or fancy, thus affrights my soul ?
 Was I all this ? or am I ? Or am I to be
 The phantom dire to scare yon town-destroying crew ?
 My maidens quail ; but thou, the oldest of them all,
 Thou art unmoved, then speak, resolve me of my fears.

PHORKYAS.

Who on long years of joy diversified looks back,
To him heaven's choicest gifts appear at last a dream.
But thou, high-favour'd far beyond all earthly bound,
Along thy way of life didst only suitors see,
With souls on fire to dare all perils for thy love.
In childhood Theseus, all aflame, did bear thee off,
A man of glorious mould, and stout as Hercules.

HELENA.

He bore me off by force, a ten years' timorous doe,
And in Aphidnus' keep in Attica immured.

PHORKYAS.

But thence by Castor and by Pollux soon set free,
A rare heroic band came wooing to thy feet.

HELENA.

But my heart's secret love, I willingly avow,
Patroclus won, that was Pelides' other self.

PHORKYAS.

Yet thee thy father did to Menelaus plight,
The ocean-rover bold, and house-upholder too.

HELENA.

His daughter and with her his sceptre too he gave ;
And from these nuptials sprang Hermione my child.

PHORKYAS.

Yet whilst afar for Crete, his heritage, he fought,
Unto thy solitude a guest too fair appear'd.

HELENA.

Wherefore remind me thus of that half-widowhood,
And all the train of ills which from it had their birth ?

PHORKYAS.

That voyage caused to me, a free-born child of Crete,
Captivity,—a doom of slavery long and drear.

HELENA.

His stewardess wert thou appointed here full soon,
With much entrusted,—house and treasure stoutly won.

PHORKYAS.

All which didst thou desert for Ilion's tower-girt town,
And for the joys of love that perish not, nor pall.

HELENA.

Speak not to me of joys! No! Anguish, bitter woe
Have 'whelm'd me, heart and brain, like an unending sea!

PHORKYAS.

Yet is it said, that thou a twofold form didst wear,
In Ilion seen, and seen in Egypt too the while.

HELENA.

My weak and wandering mind confound not utterly.
Even now I wot not who or what I truly am.

PHORKYAS.

And furthermore they say, that from the phantom-world
Achilles rose heart-fired, and link'd himself with thee!
Thee loving from of yore, despite all Fate's resolves.

HELENA.

A phantom I to him a phantom was allied.
It was a dream, thus much your words themselves proclaim.
I faint, and seem to grow a phantom to myself.

[Sinks into the arms of the Semi-chorus.]

CHORUS.

Silence ! silence !
Thou of the evil eye,
Thou of the evil tongue !
Through lips of such ghastliness,
Grim with one tooth, what
Fell exhalations
Rise from a gulf so revolting and dread ?

For the malignant that masks him in kindness,
Heart of a wolf 'neath the fleece of a sheep,
Strikes me with terror far more than three-headed
Cerberus' throat.

Fearfully watching we stand.
When ? How ? Where will it burst,
The deep-brooding storm
Of a malice so dread ?

And thou, too, instead of words freighted with comfort,
Temper'd with kindness, and lulling as Lethe,
Summonest forth from the past recollections
Of all that is vilest, ignoring the good,
Nor only the broad blaze of noonday
Around us o'ershaded, but also
The delicate dawn of a future,
Illumed with the sunshine of Hope.

Silence ! silence !
That the soul of our mistress,
Even now in the act to take flight,

May linger, still firmly may cleave to
That form of all forms, the divinest,
Which ever the sunshine beheld.

[HELENA revives, and again stands up in the midst
of her attendants.

PHORKYAS.

Forth from clouds of fleeting vapour come, thou day's resplendent sun,
Veil'd, thy glories woke our rapture, now with dazzling radiance shine!
Beauteous is thy presence, beauteous grows the world beneath thy smile.
Though they rail on me as hideous, what is beauty well I know.

HELENA.

Heartsick from the void I totter, which possess'd my swimming brain.
Oh, how gladly would I rest me,—for my limbs are weary-sore!
Yet beseems it queens, yea, truly, it beseems all mortals well,
With a bold and tranquil spirit to abide all threaten'd ill.

PHORKYAS.

Standing in thy might before us, standing in thy beauty there,
Tells thine eye, command befits thee. What dost thou command me? Speak!

HELENA.

To retrieve the moments wasted in your wrangling straight prepare!
Haste! arrange a sacrifice, as the King commanded me.

PHORKYAS.

All within the house is ready, patera, tripod, hatchet keen,
For besprinkling, for befuming; say, what shall the victim be?

HELENA.

That the King disclosed not.

PHORKYAS.

Spake he not of that? Oh, word of woe!

HELENA.

Why this grief that overcomes thee?

PHORKYAS.

Queen, thou art the victim meant.

HELENA.

I?

PHORKYAS.

And these.

CHORUS.

Oh, woe and wailing!

PHORKYAS.

Thou shalt fall beneath the axe.

HELENA.

Fearful! Yet my heart foretold it.

PHORKYAS.

No escape can I descry.

CHORUS.

Oh! And we! What will befall us?

PHORKYAS.

She shall die a noble death;

But upon the lofty rafter that supports the roof within,

Like so many strung-up thrushes, ye shall flutter in a row.

[HELENA and Chorus stand astounded and horror-struck in an expressive and well-studied group.]

Poor spectres ! There ye stand like images of stone,
 Afear'd to quit the day, the day which is not yours.
 Mankind, that are no more than spectres, even as you,
 Bid to the sun, like you, reluctantly farewell ;
 Yet prayer nor mortal might can turn the law of fate ;
 All know, the end must come ; yet few can welcome it.
 Enough ! Your doom is seal'd. So to the task at once !

*[Claps her hands ; thereupon masked dwarfish figures
 appear at the portal, who actively carry into execution
 her orders as they are delivered.]*

Approach, thou dusky, round, unsightly atomy,
 Trundle thyself along, here's mischief rare afoot.
 The altar horn'd with gold, a place for it prepare,
 Upon the silver rim the gleaming hatchet lay ;
 The water-pitchers fill, of them we shall have need,
 To wash the pitchy gore's unsightly stains away.
 Upon the dust extend the tissued carpet fine,
 That so the victim there right royally may kneel,
 And coil'd within its folds, head shorn from trunk, no doubt,
 Yet with beseeming grace, may to the tomb be borne !

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Absorb'd in thought, apart my royal mistress stands,
 Her maidens droop and blench like meadow-grass that's mown ;
 Yet seemeth it to me the eldest not unmeet,
 With thee to parley, that in distant eld wert born.
 Experienced, sage thou art, to us seem'st well disposed,
 Though yonder brainless crew assail'd thee with contempt.
 Then say, if chance of rescue any thou dost know.

PHORKYAS.

Not hard is that to say ; it resteth with the queen,

To liberate herself, and with her you her train.
But then decision lacks, and of the promptest too.

CHORUS.

Most to be revered of Parcæ, wisest of the Sibyls thou,
Folded keep the golden shears, and life and weal to us proclaim,
For we feel already wavering, swinging, dangling, undelight-
some,
Our poor little limbs, that rather in the dance of yore delighted,
And in lover's soft embrace.

HELENA.

Leave these to their laments! Grief do I feel—no fear!
Yet if escape thou know'st, my gratitude be thine!
To wise far-seeing souls even the impossible
Oft possible appears. Then speak—thy plan reveal!

CHORUS.

Speak, and tell us, tell us quickly; how shall we eschew the
dismal
Loathsome noose, that waits, oh horror, like a carcanet de-
tested
Round our necks to coil? Already, luckless wretches, we can
feel it,
Twisting, stifling, choking, if thou, Rhea, mother high and
mighty
Of the gods, relentest not.

PHORKYAS.

Have ye the patience, then, in peace to list a plan
Of somewhat tedious length? Its turns are manifold.

CHORUS.

Abundant patience! So that listening we shall live.

PHORKYAS.

The man who keeps at home, guarding great store of wealth,
And pargetting his mansion's walls from time to time,
His roof securing too against the battering rain,
With him it shall go well through length of many days :
But he that overleaps with mad and fickle haste
His threshold's sacred bounds, nor ever stays to think,
On his return will find the ancient place, indeed,
But topsy-turvy all, even if not wholly shent.

HELENA.

Why these trite saws at such a time as this? Thou wert
To tell thy tale. Why rouse what only serves to gall?

PHORKYAS.

I mentioned facts. Reproach was never in my thought.
King Menelaus swept the seas from bay to bay ;
Mainland and isles, on all he swoop'd, and spoil'd their wealth,
Which hither he brought back, and yonder is it stored.
Ten tedious years before the walls of Troy he spent,
How many to come home it passeth me to tell.
But how stand matters here the while at Tyndareus'
High mansion? How with all his territories round?

HELENA.

Is sarcasm, then, in thee so thoroughly ingrain'd,
Thou canst not ope thy lips, unless to gibe and rail?

PHORKYAS.

Thus many a long year was the mountain-glen forlorn,
Which north from Sparta to the upper lands extends
Behind Taygetus, where rolls Eurotas down,
A merry prattling brook, and thence along our vale

Spreads out among the reeds, which shield your favourite swans.
 Among the mountains there, a bold and stalwart race,
 Forth issuing from Cimmerian night, their quarters fix'd,
 And there a tower-girt keep impregnable have rear'd,
 From which they swoop on land and people when they list.

HELENA.

How could they so? That were impossible, methinks.

PHORKYAS.

Most ample time they had. Some twenty years, belike.

HELENA.

Is there one chief? Or are they robbers, leagued for prey?

PHORKYAS.

No robbers they, yet one commands them as their chief.
 I blame him not, not I, though hither once he came.
 He might have plunder'd all, yet he was satisfied
 With some few things, which he as gifts, not tribute, took.

HELENA.

How looks he?

PHORKYAS.

Not amiss! Agreeable, say I.

A man he is of parts, quick-witted, handsome, bold,
 Endow'd with gifts of soul like few among the Greeks.
 We call the race Barbarians, yet of them, methinks,
 Not one is half so fell, as at beleaguer'd Troy
 Your man-devouring heroes proved themselves by scores.
 He's truly great; myself I trusted in his hands.
 And then his castle, that you for yourself should see!
 Far other thing it is than that rude boulder-work,
 Your ancestors, poor botchers, crudely huddled up
 Like Cyclops, Cyclop fashion, rude amorphous crag

On crag amorphous heaving ; there, believe me, there
 Is all symmetrical, and shaped by square and rule.
 Look on it from without ! And heavenward high it soars,
 So straight, so closely jointed, mirror-smooth as steel.
 To clamber there—why even the very thought slides down.
 And then within are halls and spacious courts, begirt
 With masonry, of every fashion and design.
 Pilaster, pillar, arch, and spandril there you see,
 Balconies, galleries, for looking out and in,
 And scutcheons.

HELENA.

Scutcheons ! What are scutcheons ?

PHORKYAS.

Ajax bore

A wreathed snake, yourselves have seen it, on his shield.
 The Seven that 'leaguer'd Thebes bore carved devices too,
 Each on his shield had one, of sense symbolical.
 There moon and stars were seen in the great vault of heaven,
 There goddess, hero, ladder, torches, swords withal,
 And whatsoever else threats cities fair with doom.
 Even such devices, too, our band of heroes bears,
 In colours bright, from their great-grandsires handed down.
 There lions, eagles, claws and beaks ye may behold,
 The horns of buffaloes, wings, roses, peacocks' tails,
 With bandelets of gold, black, silver, blue, and red ;
 Such matters, row on row, are on the walls uphung,
 In never-ending halls, as spacious as the world.
 Rare places these to dance !

CHORUS.

Say, be there dancers there ?

PHORKYAS.

Ay, of the best! A gay and gold-lock'd buxom crew;
All redolent of youth! Such as was Paris, when
He came too near our queen.

HELENA.

Again hast thou forgot
The tenor of thy tale; quick, bring it to a close!

PHORKYAS.

That thou shalt do, so thou pronounce a serious "Yes!"
When with that castle straightway I surround thee.

CHORUS.

Speak

The little word, and save thyself and us with thee.

HELENA.

What cause have I to fear, that Menelaus should
With cruelty so fell desire to work me woe?

PHORKYAS.

Hast thou forgot, how thy Deiphobus of yore,
The slaughter'd Paris' brother, in unheard-of wise
He mangled, him that made thy widowhood his prey,
And rifled all thy charms; his nose and ears he slit,
And maim'd him so beside, 'twas dismal to behold.

HELENA.

This to that churl he did; for my sake was it done.

PHORKYAS.

Because of that same churl he'll do the same to thee.
Beauty may not be shared; who once hath called it all
His own, will sooner see it blighted in the dust.

[*Trumpets in the distance. The Chorus huddle together.*]

As the shrill trumpet's blast doth ear and bowels pierce
 With shattering shock, even so strikes jealousy its claws
 Into the bosom of the man, who ne'er forgets
 What on a time was his, and now is his no more.

CHORUS.

Heard'st thou not the trumpets pealing? Saw'st thou not the
 armour gleam?

PHORKYAS.

Welcome, welcome, Lord and Monarch, gladly I will give
 account!

CHORUS.

Ay, but we?

PHORKYAS.

You know full surely, you shall here her death behold.
 There within your own must follow; no, there comes no aid
 for you. [Pause.

HELENA.

I have resolved the course, befits me to pursue.
 That thou a demon art of power unblest, I feel,
 And fear thou canst convert e'en good itself to ill.
 Yet first of all I will go with thee to this keep;
 What rests beyond I know; but what of after plans,
 The queen within her breast in mystery may veil,
 Be undivulged to all. Now, beldame, lead the way!

CHORUS.

Oh, how gladly we go from this place, with
 Hurrying foot!
 Behind us is Death,
 Once more before us
 A fortress's high

And impregnable walls.
 Oh, may they shield as well,
 As well as Ilion's ramparts,
 Which only by grovelling cunning
 At length in the dust were laid low.

*[Mists arise and conceal, first the background,
 then the front of the scene.]*

How! How is this!
 Sisters, look round!
 Was it not radiant day?
 Trailing vapours are rising
 From the sacred stream of Eurotas;
 Already hath faded its beautiful
 Rush-cover'd margin from view,
 And the sportive, the gracefully haughty
 Swans, that swim hither and thither,
 Mated in soft undulation,
 Ah, I behold them no more!
 Yet, and yet there
 Singing I hear them,
 Singing a shrill song afar!
 Omen of death, says the legend,
 Oh, grant that it may not betoken,
 Instead of the rescue was promised,
 To us, too, only destruction!
 To us that are swanlike, and tall,
 Fair and white-throated, and ah!
 To her, too, our swan-born mistress!
 Woe, and disaster! woe, woe!

Everything now
 Around us is shrouded in mist.
 Yet we see not each other! Oh what,
 What will befall? Are we moving?
 Or are we hovering only
 With stumbling footsteps on earth?
 See'st thou nought? Is that Hermes flits yonder
 Before us? Is that not his golden
 Staff waving, commanding us back,
 To Hades, the joyless, the dusky,
 That teemeth with bodiless phantoms,
 O'erthrong'd, yet evermore void?

Yes, at once the darkness thickens, not a ray illumines the
 vapour,

Grey and dusky, dungeon-gloomy. Walls before our gaze
 are rising,

Stark before our open gaze. A court-yard is't, or yawning
 cavern?

Whether this or that, 'tis fearful! Sisters, sisters, we are
 captives,

Captives as we were before.

*[Inner court of the Castle, surrounded by rich fantastic
 structures in the style of the Middle Ages.]*

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Foolish and overswift, true women as ye are!
 Dependent on the instant, sport of every gust
 Of good or evil fortune, neither have ye wit
 To await with even mind. One evermore gainsays
 The other, and the other her with fiery heat.
 In joy and woe alike you laugh and wail the same.

Now silence! And wait attentive what our queen's
High soul may here resolve both for herself and us.

HELENA.

Where art thou, Pythoness? Whatever be thy name,
Come forth, I say, from this grim castle's dusky vaults!
Mayhap thou'rt gone to tell this wondrous hero-lord,
That I am here, and my reception fair bespeak.
Then take my thanks, and quickly lead me where he stands.
Oh, for a period to my wanderings!—oh, for peace!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

In vain thou look'st, oh queen, around on every side;
The uncouth shape hath vanish'd, or perchance remain'd
In yonder mist, from forth whose bosom we came here,
Swiftly, yet stirring ne'er a foot, I wist not how.
Or else perchance she roams the labyrinthine maze
Of this strange castle framed of many blent in one,
Its master seeking, him to greet as prince befits.
Yet see, above there stirs, on busy errands bent,
At casements, and through corridors and portals wide,
A throng of servants moving swiftly to and fro.
Reception cordial this, and courteous doth portend.

CHORUS.

My heart bounds within me! Oh, only look yonder,
How gracefully downwards, with hurrying footsteps,
Yon bevy of loveliest youths are advancing
In measured array! By whose order, I marvel,
Appear they thus early, all deck'd in their trim,
This glorious muster of beautiful youths?

What most claims my wonder? Their bearing so graceful,
 The tresses that curl round their foreheads of snow,
 Or the bloom of their cheeks that outrival the peach,
 And are clothed like the peach with a delicate down?
 Full fain would I bite, did I shrink not with fear,
 For lips that aforesaid such morsel attempted,
 Oh, fearful to think on, with ashes were fill'd!

But lo! now the fairest
 Approach to our feet.
 What is it they bear?
 Steps for a throne,
 Carpets and seat,
 Curtain, and hangings,
 In tent-like array,
 Like clouds interlacing,
 That circle and wave o'er
 The head of our queen:
 For already hath she
 On their invitation
 Ascended the gorgeous throne.
 Forward! And round her,
 Stepping in measure,
 Range in a row!

Honour'd, oh honour'd, trebly be honour'd
 A welcome so noble as this!

[*After the pages and squires have descended in long procession, FAUST appears at the top of the staircase in a knight's court-dress of the Middle Ages, and descends slowly and with dignity.*

PANTHALIS (*regarding him attentively*).

If that the gods have not, as oftimes they have done,
 For but some little space, a form of wondrous mould,
 A gracious presence, and an air of lofty grace,
 Unto this mortal lent, then will he prosper still
 In all that he essays,—or battling man with man,
 Or in that puny war, with beauteous woman waged ;
 In sooth to all men else he is superior far,
 Whom e'er mine eyes beheld, yea, treasured as most dear.
 Majestical and slow, with reverential air,
 The prince approaches ; turn, and greet him, oh my queen !

FAUST (*advances, with a man in chains at his side*).

Instead of stateliest greeting, as were meet,
 Instead of reverent welcome, lo, I bring,
 In gyves fast bound, a varlet, who remiss
 Himself hath made me fail in duty too.
 Kneel down, and here at this sweet lady's feet
 Lay the confession of thy heavy guilt.
 This, oh most puissant empress, is the man
 Of lynx-keen eye, appointed to keep watch
 Upon our topmost turret, thence to scan
 The canopy of heaven, the earth's expanse,
 And note whate'er is to be noted there,
 What from the mountains to our castle here
 May cross the valley, be they jostling herds,
 Or banded hosts in arms ; we guard the one,
 The other we oppose. To-day, oh shame !
 He noted not thy coming ; so there lacks
 The welcome stately, and the homage due
 To guest so noble. Forfeit is his life,
 A double forfeit ; he had lain ere this

In his most guilty blood, but only thou
Mayst punish or forgive, as likes thee best.

HELENA.

The lofty honour thou accordedst me,
As judge and mistress absolute, belike
Is meant to test how far I dare presume.
Thus, then, the judge's foremost duty I
Will exercise, and hear the culprit! Speak!

LYNCEUS, THE TOWER-WATCHER.

Let me kneel, and let me view thee,
Live or die, I reck not how!
For, oh godlike woman, to thee
All my soul is bondslave now.

Watching for the morning's blushing,
Looking eastward, where it glows,
All at once with magic flushing
In the south the sun arose.

To itself my gaze it rooted:
Rocky pass, and valley green,
Earth and heaven, were all unnoted,
All save her, that peerless queen.

I with vision keen am dower'd,
Keen as any lynx on tree,
But I struggle now o'erpower'd,
As from dreams to set me free.

What to me portcullis'd gateway,
What if roof or tower be kept?
Mists arise, and fade, and straightway
Forth a radiant goddess stopt!

Eye and soul I straight surrender,
 Drinking in the blissful light ;
 Dazzling all, her beauty's splendour
 Dazzles me, poor minion, quite !

I forgot the warder's duty,
 Quite the listed horn forgot ;
 Menace, yet oh spare me ! Beauty
 Holds in thrall all angry thought.

HELENA.

The evil to chastise myself have caused
 Were most unmeet. Woe's me, what ruthless fate
 Pursues me, that where'er I go I thus
 Befool men's senses, so they not respect
 Themselves, nor aught that's worthy ! Now by force,
 Now by seductive arts, by warfare now,
 Now dragging me about from land to land,
 Gods, heroes, demigods, yea, demons too
 Have made my life one wild and errant maze.
 I sow'd confusion o'er the world ;—it grew,
 And now it spreads confounded worse and worse.
 Remove this worthy man and set him free ;
 Light never harm on him the gods have crazed.

FAUST.

Lost in amazement I behold, oh queen,
 The smiter and the smitten here together.
 I see the bow that sped the arrow forth,
 And him it struck. Shaft follows thick on shaft,
 And me they pierce. Methinks, they seem to whizz
 Around in hall and tower on every hand.

What am I now? Thou in a moment mak'st
 My trustiest vassals rebels, insecure
 My very walls; so now I fear my hosts
 Obey the conquering and unconquer'd fair.
 What's left me then, save to resign to thee
 Myself and all I fondly dreamt was mine.
 Here let me at thy feet, thy liegeman true,
 Proclaim thee queen, whose presence, only seen,
 Won thee at once my throne and its domains.

LYNCEUS (*returns with a chest, followed by men
 carrying other chests*).

See me, once more, oh queen, advance!
 The rich man begs one little glance;
 He looks on thee, and feels, be sure,
 As monarch rich, as beggar poor.

Where was I erst? What am I now?
 What shall I do or wish or vow?
 What boots the eye's most piercing ken?
 Back from thy throne it shrinks again.

Out from the East our course we press'd,
 And soon were masters of the West;
 A throng of warriors long and vast,
 The first knew nothing of the last.

The first was slain, the second stood,
 The third struck in, a spearman good;
 And still their numbers wax'd amain,
 Unnoted were the myriads slain.

We rush'd, we crush'd, we storm'd apace,
We were the lords from place to place ;
And where to-day I bore control,
Ere morn another sack'd and stole.

We look'd, and rapid was the look,
And one the fairest damsel took,
Another seized the sturdy steer,
The horses all were lifted clear.

But I in peering took delight,
For all that rarest is to sight,
And what another's too might be,
Was only wither'd grass to me.

I track'd where treasures lay conceal'd,
And all my piercing glance reveal'd ;
To all recesses I could spy,
No coffers might exclude mine eye.

And heaps of gold were piled by me,
And gems most glorious to see,
But none of all were fit to shine,
Save emerald, on that breast of thine.

Then o'er thy brow let pearlins strung,
The spoil of ocean's caves, be hung ;
The ruby's fire grows faint and weak,
Beside the crimson of thy cheek.

And so these treasures rich and rare
Unto thy throne I proudly bear,

And at thy feet the harvest lay
Of many a long and bloody fray.

And many though these coffers be,
Yet coffers many more have we ;
Deign but to speak thy gracious will,
And treasure-vaults for thee I'll fill.

For scarce dost thou the throne ascend,
When instantly in homage bend
Our reason, wealth, and all that's ours,
Before thy beauty's matchless powers.

All this I deem'd securely mine,
But now surrender, it is thine,—
All this high-worthy once I thought,
But now I see that it was nought.

What I possess'd away hath flown,
Like wither'd grass that hath been mown.
Oh, with one gracious look restore
The virtue that it own'd before !

FAUST.

Hence with the burden by your valour won,
Unchid indeed, but unrewarded too !
Already hers is all this castle holds,
'Tis bootless to present particular gifts.
Away ! And pile me straight in order fair
Treasure on treasure ! Let a structure rise
Of pomp till now unseen ! Let every arch
Shine like the heavens with sparkling gems, and make

A paradise of lifeless life around !
 Let carpet heap'd on carpet, thick with flowers,
 Unroll before her ; all that meets her tread
 Be delicate, and splendours so divine,
 Might dazzle all but gods, allure her eye !

LYNCEUS.

Poor and trivial is at best
 This our gracious lord's behest :
 Greeting such to work for thee
 Will the servant's pastime be ;
 For our life and goods and all
 Thy resistless charms enthrall.
 Is not every warrior tame,
 Every faulchion blunt and lame ?
 Near that form of glorious mould,
 Even the sun is dull and cold ;
 Near the wonders of that face
 All is drear, and all is base. [Exit.

HELENA (*to FAUST*).

I would hold converse with thee ;—come thou up,
 And sit here by my side ! The vacant place
 Its owner claims, and makes mine own secure.

FAUST.

First, kneeling, noble lady, let me crave
 Thy grace for my true homage ; let me kiss
 The hand which thus would raise me to thy side.
 Confirm me as Twin-regent with thyself
 Of realms whose bounds were never scann'd, and win
 Adorer, vassal, guardian all in one !

HELENA.

Marvels so many do I see, and hear,
I'm all amaze, and fain would question much.
Prithee resolve me, wherefore rang the speech
Of yonder man so strangely,—strange, yet sweet?
Each tone into the other seems to fit,
And, ere one word is wedded to the ear,
A second comes to dally with the first.

FAUST.

If that our people's speech delight thee, how
Their song will ravish, through their inmost depths
Steeping thine ear and spirit in content!
To make it ours, let us this art essay;
Converse invites, and calls it into play.

HELENA.

How flows my language in so soft a strain?

FAUST.

Because it issues from the heart, 'tis plain.
And when the soul is touch'd with passion's flame,
We look around, and ask—

HELENA.

Who burns the same?

FAUST.

Nor past nor future now the soul employ,
The present only—

HELENA.

Constitutes our joy.

FAUST.

'Tis treasure, glorious gain, supreme command.
Who gives it confirmation ?

HELENA.

'This—my hand.

CHORUS.

Who shall taunt our mistress, that she
To this castle's lord demeans her
With a loving grace ?
For what were we, every one,
What but captives, now and ofttime,
Since Troy's shameful overthrow,
And our labyrinthine roamings
Thence in woeful wise ?
Women with men's love familiar
Dally never in their choice,
Knowing where to choose ;
And as to golden-lock'd shepherds,
It may be, to black-bearded fauns,
They, as it haps for the moment,
Over their delicate limbs, the
Self-same privilege yield.
Near and nearer already they sit,
Each to the other inclining,
Shoulder to shoulder, and knee to knee ;
Hand in hand they are swaying
Over the throne's
Deep-cushioned lordliness.
No scruple hath royalty, thus

Its secret delights
To the gaze of the people
With never a blush to reveal.

HELENA.

I feel so far away, and yet so near,
Yet oh! how gladly say—Here am I—here.

FAUST.

Scarce do I breathe. I tremble, heart and knee;
'Tis all a dream. Time, space, have ceased to be.

HELENA.

Meseems as I had lived in olden time,
And yet were now new-budding in my prime;
Inwoven with thine my being seems to be,
Bound to thy stranger life with changeless constancy.

FAUST.

Oh, ponder not! To quaff the present bliss,
Though death were at the gate, our duty is.

PHORKYAS (*running in*).

Prattle in Love's alphabet,
Billing, cooing, toying—yet
Time it is, aside were set
All such childish gear.
Feel ye not the tempest lowering?
Hark the trumpets' bray! O'erpowering
Ruin draweth near.
Menelaus with his bands
Storming at your portal stands.
Arm for conflict drear!
By these victors girdled, you

Like maim'd Deiphobus shall rue
 Your bondage to the sex.
 These light goods shall swing in halter,
 And for her upon the altar
 Lies the new-ground axe!

FAUST.

Accurst intrusion! Most unseasonable now!
 Not even in peril can I senseless brawling brook.
 Ill favour from ill news the goodliest bearer takes;
 And these, vile hag! alone 'tis thy delight to bear.
 Yet shall they stead thee nothing here;—with empty breath
 Thou dost assail the air. No peril, none, is here,
 And peril's self would seem but idle threat, no more.

*[Signals, explosions from the turrets, trumpets and
 horns, warlike music. A mighty host marches
 across the stage.]*

No! Straightway thou a throng of lances,
 Each by a hero borne, shalt see;
 He only merits woman's glances,
 Who can protect her valiantly.

*[To the leaders, who detach themselves from the
 columns, and advance towards him.]*

With fiery, yet self-rein'd power,
 That makes your victory sure, go forth,
 Ye of the East the prime and flower,
 Ye budding blossoms of the North.

In steel encased, where'er they enter,
 Empire on empire up they break,

They come, earth trembles to her centre,
They pass, and thunders fill their wake.

It was at Pylos that we landed,
The aged Nestor is no more !
And by that chainless host disbanded
The reign of feeble kings is o'er.

Now from these walls with force of thunder
Drive Menelaus back to sea !
There let him rove, and sack, and plunder,
Such was his choice and destiny !

Dukes shall I hail you,—grace's fountain,
Great Sparta's queen, hath so decreed ;
Now at her feet lay vale and mountain,
And you shall have a realm for meed.

With rampart piled, and high-bank'd galleys,
Thou, German, Corinth's bays defend !
Achaia with its hundred valleys
I to thy keeping, Goth, commend.

To Elis let the Franks betake them,
The Saxon make Messene his,
Lords of the sea the Normans make them,
And raise to glory Argolis !

Then each, in joy at home abiding,
Shall wield an honour'd rule abroad,
Yet Sparta shall, o'er all presiding,
Be, as of yore, our queen's abode !

For each and all in long endurance
 One general weal is thus in store ;
 At *her* feet shall ye seek assurance,
 And light and justice evermore.

[*FAUST descends, the princes form a circle
 round him to receive his instructions and
 commands.*

CHORUS.

The man, who the Fairest would win and keep
 Foremost of all should see,
 That he is stoutly with arms bested.
 Though by fond arts he should make his own
 What upon earth is the prize supreme,
 Yet he possesseth it not in peace.
 Fawning and flattery lure her from him,
 Reivers audaciously snatch her away,
 Against such wrong let him guard him well !

Therefore do I our prince extol,
 Prize him more highly than all men else,
 Prudence with valour commingling so,
 That stalwart vassals submissive stand,
 Watching his every nod.
 Faithfully they his behests fulfil,
 And each his proper advantage finds,
 They in their master's liberal guerdon,
 Both in achievement of loftiest fame.

For who shall ravish her now
 From her potent possessor ?

To him she belongs,—to him we resign her,
 Resign her with twofold good-will, for he
 With her hath encompass'd ourselves,
 Within, with impregnable walls,
 And with an invincible host, without.

FAUST.

The gifts we here on these amass,
 To each a goodly kingdom's thrall,
 Are great and glorious. Let them pass!
 We hold our station midst them all.

With emulous pride they'll guard thee round,
 Thee, all but girdled by the main,
 To Europe's mountain ridges bound
 By hills inwoven in slender chain.

Oh may this land, of all the fairest,
 From age to age be ever bless'd!
 'Tis thine, my queen! Again thou bearest
 The sway by thee of yore possess'd.

When from the shell thou burst resplendent
 Amidst Eurotas' sedges green,
 Thy mother and her maids attendant
 Were dazzled by the radiant sheen.

This glorious land, intent to woo thee,
 With all its treasures courts thy hand;
 Though all earth's round pertaineth to thee,
 Oh tarry with thy Fatherland!

And though the sunbeams coldly play, and clearly
Upon its jagged mountain summits froze,
Though 'midst the green the rocks peer forth full drearily,
Where nibbling goats collect their scanty store :

Yet mingling brooklets brawl, and welling fountains,
And dell and slope and meadow, green are they,
And o'er the verdure of a hundred mountains
We see the fleecy herds far spreading stray ;

See by the beetling cliffs the cattle marching,
With measured pace and wary, one by one ;
Yet doth the rock, in hundred caverns arching,
From tempest yield them shelter or from sun.

Pan shields them there, and there, from moss-clefts peering,
And boskage cool and dewy, wood-nymphs be,
And high in air their struggling branches rearing,
As for the sun athirst, crowds tree on tree.

Primeval woods ! The oak in strength excelling
In jags and knots its gnarlèd boughs distorts ;
The gentle maple, with sweet juices swelling,
Sweeps far aloft, and with its burden sports.

And milk in still and shady pastures floweth
For child or lamb, maternal drink to them,
And fruit hard by, the plains' ripe bounty, groweth,
And honey trickles from the hollow'd stem.

Here cloudless bliss, from sire to son descending,
Makes cheek and lip alike serene and clear,

Each owneth in his sphere a life unending,
 And health and sweet content dwell ever here.

And so, to all its father's strength expanding,
 The infant grows beneath the pure bright day,
 And at the sight amazed we pause, demanding
 If these be gods, or men of mortal clay.

Thus 'mong the shepherds seem'd the young Apollo
 A shepherd, only than the rest more fair,
 For all created things one impulse follow,
 Where Nature doth untrammell'd empire bear.

[Sits down beside HELEN.

So thou and I, our souls from bondage freeing,
 Shall dwell in peace, the past behind us thrown,
 Oh feel, 'twas Jove supreme, that gave thee being !
 Thou 'longst to earth's first golden age alone.

Thou shalt not be bound in by rock-built towers !
 Still in immortal youth Arcadia smiles
 For us, and o'er us spreads her blissful bowers,
 Here neighbouring close on Sparta's household piles.

O'er this thrice happy land to reign its queen would
 Earth's brightest destiny to thee ensure !
 Now be these thrones transform'd to arching greenwood,
 And free our joys as Arcady's and pure !

[The scene is entirely changed. A range of grottoes
 abuts upon arbours thickly covered with leaves.
 A shady grove extends to the base of the rocks
 which enclose the place. FAUST and HELENA
 are not seen. The Chorus lying asleep, dis-
 persed up and down.

PHORKYAS.

How long these maidens here have slept, I cannot tell,
 Or in their dreams if they have seen, what I beheld
 Before my waking eyes, as little do I know.
 I'll wake them, therefore. These young folks shall be amazed ;
 You, too, ye bearded ones, that sit beneath and wait,
 To these strange goings on in hopes to find the clue.
 Up, up! Arise, and shake your tresses from your brows,
 Sleep from your eyes! Nay, blink not so, but list to me!

CHORUS.

Only speak! Say on, and tell us all the marvels thou hast
 witness'd,
 Gladliest would we list to legends, that would sorely tax our
 credence,
 For our souls are very weary, gazing on these rocks around.

PHORKYAS.

How! Already weary, children, though you scarce have
 rubb'd your eyelids?
 Harken then! Within these caverns, grotts, and leafy bowers
 umbrageous,
 To our lord and to our lady, as to two Idyllic lovers
 Shield and shelter have been granted.

CHORUS.

How! Within there?

PHORKYAS.

Yes—Sequester'd
 From the world, to secret tendance me and me alone they
 summon'd.

Highly honour'd stood I near them ; yet, as confidante be-
 seemeth,
 I look'd round at other matters. Hither, thither I betook me,
 Culling mosses, roots, and barks, in all their properties con-
 versant,
 So that they were left alone.

CHORUS.

Thou wouldst have us think, that in there quite a little world
 is hidden,
 Wood and meadow, lake and river ! Pretty fables thou dost
 weave !

PHORKYAS.

Simple sooth, ye inexperienced ! There are depths were never
 fathom'd :
 Halls on halls, and courts on courts, enwrapt in musings deep
 I traversed,
 When at once a peal of laughter echoed through the vaults
 cavernous.
 I look in, a boy is bounding from a woman to a man,
 From his father to his mother ; the caressing and the fondling,
 All love's silly play and banter, shouts of glee and sportive
 babbling,
 Interchanging stun me quite.
 He, a wingless genius, naked, faunlike save in what is bestial,
 To the solid earth leaps down, but straight the earth rever-
 berating
 Up into the ether shoots him, till thus, twice or thrice re-
 bounding,
 He has touched the arching roof.

Full of terror calls the mother, " Bound as much as e'er thou
willest,

But forbear to think of flying,—flying is to thee forbid."

And the loving father counsels,—“ In the earth the power
abideth,

That impels thee upwards.—Only with thy tiptoe touch its
surface,

Like Earth's son, Antæus, straightway is thy wasted strength
renew'd."

So along the rocky ledges bounds he on from peak to summit,
Hither, thither, back and forward, like a stricken ball in play !

But at once within the fissure of a chasm he sunk and vanish'd,
And it seem'd as we had lost him ; mother moaneth, sire con-
soleth,

I my shoulders shrugg'd in fear. When lo ! again ! What
vision wondrous !

Treasures, were they hidden yonder ? Garments, all with
flowers embroider'd,

He hath donn'd, of texture rare.

Tassels dangle from his elbows, bow-knots flutter on his bosom,

In his hand the golden lyre, apparell'd as a tiny Phœbus,

Radiant to the peak, the beetling cliff he stepp'd ; we stood
astonish'd.

And his parents fell in raptures into one another's arms.

For what beams about his forehead ? Hard to tell what there
is gleaming.

Is it burnish'd gem, or is it flame of lordly might of soul ?

And with such a port he moveth, that this boy himself pro-
claimeth

Lord to be of all that's lovely, whom the melodies eternal

Permeate through every fibre ; and so ye anon shall hear him,
And so ye shall see him, and be in especial wonder wrapt !

CHORUS.

- Call'st thou this marvellous,
Daughter of Creta ?
Has thine ear never been lull'd by
The beautiful lore of the poets ?
Hast thou heard never Ionia's,
Never been tutor'd in Hellas's
Legends primæval, rich-fraught with
Achievements of heroes and gods ?
All that befalleth in these
Our days is only an echo,
In cadences rueful resounding,
From glorious days of aforetime.
Not to compare is thy tale with
That, which beautiful Fiction,
Than Truth more welcome to credence,
Hath chaunted of Maia's son.
This gracefully moulded, yet lusty
Nursling, just newly-begotten,
His bevy of gossiping nurses
Folds in pure fleecy swaddlings,
Decks with the richest adornings,
In their irrational glee.
Sturdily, featly, however, the rogue
Slippeth his flexible
Body elastic
Out from the folds,
Craftily leaving the vesture of purple,

That round him is closely encinctured,
 Quietly there in his stead,
 Like to the volatile butterfly,
 Which, from the chrysalis torpid
 Its pinions untrammeling, soareth,
 Boldly and wilfully fluttering
 Through the sunny-bright air.

So he, too, the nimblest, in order
 That he to thieves and to cozeners,
 And such as make profit by plunder,
 The favouring genius might be,
 Instantly turns to the practice
 Of all the most dexterous arts.

Soon from the monarch of ocean he filches
 His trident, yea, even from Ares
 His faulchion purloins from its sheath,
 His arrows and bow from Apollo,
 And eke from Hephæstos his pincers ;
 Even Jove's, the dread father's, own bolts he
 Had ta'en, had the flashes not scared him ;
 Eros himself in the grapple
 Of limbs interlacing he threw,
 And from Cypria's bosom the Cestus,
 The while she caress'd him, he stole.

[A delightful strain of pure melody, as if from a lyre, is heard from the cavern ; all are arrested by the sound, and appear thrilled to the soul. From this point to the pause, which is noted below, the progress of the scene is accompanied by a full band.]

PHORKYAS.

Hark, the glorious tones ! In fable
 Old and faded trust no more !
 Your old throng of gods unstable,
 Let them pass, their reign is o'er !

Men again shall know them never,
 Higher faith their souls must fill ;
 From the heart must well whatever
 Is upon the heart to thrill.

[Retires towards the cliffs.]

CHORUS.

If, dread being, these soft-soothing
 Strains can thus incline thine ears,
 They create fresh-budding youth in
 Us, dissolved in sweetest tears.

What though Heaven's great sun be clouded,
 So within our soul it live ?
 In our own hearts lies enshrouded
 More than all the world can give.

*[HELENA, FAUST, EUPHORION in the costume
 above described.]*

EUPHORION.

When your child, you hear his singing,
 Your own mirth's voice it seems to be ;
 When you see me blithely springing,
 Leaps your heart with parents' glee.

HELENA.

Love, for purest bliss terrestrial,
 Linketh Two in union sweet,
 Then to make that bliss celestial,
 Adds a Third, and all's complete.

FAUST.

Won the goal, the struggle ended,
 I am thine, and mine art thou ;
 And our beings so are blended,
 Oh, may change ne'er touch us now !

CHORUS.

For this pair long years of pleasure
 In this fair and gracious boy
 Gather'd are in golden measure ;
 In their union how I joy !

EUPHORION.

Now let me gambol,
 Now let me spring !
 Up to yon cloudland
 I would take wing,—
 I would be soaring
 Aloft on the gale.

FAUST.

Oh, from these frantic
 Flights let me call thee,
 Lest misadventure
 And ruin befall thee,
 And our own darling
 Plunge us in wail !

EUPHORION.

Earth shall not fetter me
 Longer from air.
 Let go my hands now,
 Let go my hair,
 Let go my garments,
 They're mine—let me free!

HELENA.

Think, oh bethink thee,
 To whom thou belongest,
 Think, how thou grievest us,
 Grievest, and wrongest,
 Bursting the bond unites
 Him, thee, and me!

CHORUS.

Soon sunder'd, I fear me,
 The union will be.

FAUST *and* HELENA.

For our love, who adore thee,
 Restrain, oh, my child,
 Restrain, we implore thee,
 These impulses wild!
 Orderly, tranquilly,
 Trip o'er the plain.

EUPHORION.

But to content ye
 Will I refrain.

[*Winding in and out among the Chorus, and
 compelling them to dance with him.*

GOETHE'S FAUST.

Cheerily I foot it
 Through this bevy bright!
 Does the measure suit it,
 Is the motion right?

HELENA.

Yes—'tis bravely footed! Twine
 With these comely maidens mine
 In the roundel gay!

FAUST.

Would the end were come! Oh me,
 All this madcap revelry
 Fills me with dismay.

[EUPHORION and Chorus, dancing and singing,
move about in interlacing roundels.

CHORUS.

When thou thine arms in air
 Gracefully crossest,
 When thou thy sunny hair
 Dancest and tossest;
 When trips thy foot so light
 Over the meadow bright,
 When thy limbs come and go
 Lightsomely to and fro,
 Then thou thy goal hast gain'd,
 Beautiful boy!
 All hearts, to thee enchain'd
 Make thee their joy. [Pause.

EUPHORION.

Hinds ye resemble,
 That frolic and speed,

Sportive and nimble,
 Over the mead ;
 I am the huntsman,
 Ye are the game.

CHORUS.

Wouldst thou o'ertake us,
 Make but the trial,
 Blest would it make us—
 Vain were denial—
 Might we but fondle
 Thy beautiful frame !

EUPHORION.

Now o'er brake and bramble,
 Rock and thicket ramble !
 What's easy of capture, it
 Liketh not me,
 To fill me with rapture, it
 Fought for must be.

HELENA and FAUST.

What waywardness ! What mad caprices
 Nought his headlong course can rein !
 Hark ! Is that a hunting horn
 Ringing over wood and plain ?
 Shrieks ! and still the din increases !

CHORUS (*running in one by one*).

Shooting past us like the breezes,
 Daffing us aside in scorn,
 He our wildest sister seizes,
 And by him she's hither borne.

EUPHORION (*enters, carrying a young girl in his arms.*)

Here I bring the maiden coy
 To enforce my hard-won joy ;
 Now to make me fully blest,
 Thus I clasp her struggling breast,
 Kiss her shrinking lips, that she
 Both my power and will may see.

GIRL.

Let me go ! This frame of mine, too,
 Holds a spirit bold and strong,
 But it is not swept, like thine, too
 Lightly by each gust along.
 So ! thou think'st thou hast me fairly !
 Think'st thine arm hast fix'd its prey !
 Hold me fast, fond boy, and rarely
 I will scorch thee for my play.

[*She flames up, and vanishes into air.*

Follow me to realms supernal,
 Follow me to caves infernal,
 Win the prize, if win you may !

EUPHORION (*shaking off the last of the flames.*)

Forest brake and greenwood tree
 Stifle here, by crags o'erhung ;
 Are they to fetter me ?
 I am lusty yet, and young.
 Yonder the wild wind raves,
 Thundering roll the waves ;

Both afar I hear them,
 Would I were near them !

[*He continues to spring upwards from rock
 to rock.*]

HELENA, FAUST, and CHORUS.

Wouldst thou match the mountain goat?
 We are thrill'd for fear of thee.

EUPHORION.

Ever higher must I float,
 Ever further must I see.
 Now where I am, I know ;
 There lie the isles below.
 Yes, yes, I am in
 The midst of the land
 Of Pelops, akin
 To both ocean and strand.

CHORUS.

If rock and forest wold
 Cannot allure thee,
 Apples with cheeks of gold
 We shall ensure thee,
 Figs, and, in alleys spann'd,
 Vines on the mountain side.
 Oh, in this darling land,
 Darling, abide !

EUPHORION.

Dream ye of peace's day?
 Dream on who may !
 War is the signal cry,
 Conquer or die !

CHORUS.

Who in peace would rekindle
War's terrible flame
Shall see his hopes dwindle
In sorrow and shame.

EUPHORION.

All whom this soil in peril bore
To bear their part in perils more,
With spirits soaring and unslavish,
Of their own blood like water lavish,
All who shall battle with a soul
Illumined by a heaven-sent ray,
Which nought can quench and nought control,
A glorious guerdon win shall they !

CHORUS.

He mounts, he mounts ! Yet in the farness
He shows undwindled to our gaze,
Like conqueror in battle harness,
And all in brass and steel ablaze.

EUPHORION.

Let not wall nor moat environ,
Each in self alone repose,
Ever is man's breast of iron
Surest stronghold 'gainst his foes.
Would ye live unvanquish'd ever,
Onwards to the battle-field,
Women wield the sword, and never
Child but bears a hero's shield !

CHORUS.

Oh, sacred poesy,
 Heavenward thy soaring be!
 Shine on, thou brightest star,
 Afar, and still more afar,
 Yet doth the glorious strain
 Visit us still, and fain
 To hail it we are.

EUPHORION.

No, not like child's shall be my bearing!
 The youth appears in armour dight,
 Peer for the free, the strong, the daring.
 His spirit hath embraced the fight.

Now dare!

For there

The path to glory opens bright.

HELENA and FAUST.

Usher'd scarce to life and gladness,
 Scarce to day's resplendent beam,
 Thou dost rush with giddy madness,
 Where dismay and danger teem.

Are then we

Nought to thee,

Is our gracious bond a dream?

EUPHORION.

Hark, hark, what thunder on the ocean?
 Its echoes roll from dale to dale,

Host grappling host in fierce commotion,
 Dust, tempest, war, and woe, and wail!
 Death our doom,
 Not with gloom,
 But with welcome let us hail.

HELENA, FAUST, and CHORUS.

Oh, what horror! Agonising!
 Is then death *thy* doom? Despair!

EUPHORION.

Should I hold back unsympathizing?
 No, every pang and grief I'll share.

HELENA, FAUST, and CHORUS.

Wilfulness peril brings,
 Death-laden harms.

EUPHORION.

Ha! And a pair of wings
 Shoots from my arms.
 Away! I must venture thus!
 Lift me in air!

[He casts himself into the air, his garments support him for a moment; an aureola surrounds his head, and a train of light follows him.]

CHORUS.

Icarus! Icarus!
 Woe and despair!

[A beautiful youth falls at the parents' feet, and you think that in the dead young man]

you recognize a familiar form ; when all at once the material part of his frame disappears, the aureola mounts to heaven like a comet, while the dress, mantle, and lyre remain upon the ground.

HELENA and FAUST.

Soon mirth into anguish fades,
Joy into moan !

EUPHORION'S *voice from beneath.*
Let me not, mother, to the Shades
Descend alone ! [Pause.

CHORUS. (*Dirge.*)

Not alone !—Where thou abidest,
There we hope to know thee ever ;
Ah, if from the day thou glidest,
Ne'er a heart from thee will sever.
Dirges none we'll sing in sadness,
Enviously we chaunt thy fate !
Still thy song in grief or gladness,
Like thy soul, was fair and great.

Born to earthly bliss, most rarely
Gifted, of a race sublime,
Yet, alas ! call'd hence too early,
Nipp'd like blossom in its prime.
Thine a vision was divine, too,
Thine a heart that felt for all,
Woman's fondest love was thine, too,
And a song most magical.

Yet didst thou in wild defiance,
 Sway'd by wayward impulse still,
 Spurn at rule, and all compliance
 With the laws that curb the will.
 But thy soul, at length victorious,
 Shall from wisdom earn its due ;
 Thou didst seek the greatly glorious,
 But couldst not attain it too.

Who *does* attain it? Sad inquiry,
 Which from Fate wrings no reply,
 When, on the day of anguish fiery,
 The nations mute and gory lie.
 Yet sing anew in jocund measures,
 And, sunk in sorrow, droop no more,
 For earth will teem with new-born treasures,
 As she hath teem'd in times of yore.

[*Full pause. The music ceases.*]

HELENA (to FAUST).

An ancient saw, alas! approves itself in me ;
 That Bliss and Beauty ne'er enduringly are twined.
 Life's bond is riven, and riven with it the bond of love ;
 Bewailing both I say a bitter-sad farewell !
 And fling myself once more, yet once, into your arms.
 Persephoneia, now receive my boy and me !

[*She embraces FAUST, her corporeal part vanishes,
 her dress and veil remain in his arms.*]

PHORKYAS (*to FAUST*).

Hold fast by all the residue is left,
 Let not the dress escape thee! Even now
 Tug demons at its skirts, would sweep it fain
 Off to the world below. Hold fast, I say!
 'Tis not indeed the goddess thou hast lost,
 Yet is the thing divine. Turn to account
 Its priceless virtue, and ascend in air;
 High o'er all common things 'twill bear thee on,
 Wafted on ether, long as thou canst fly.
 We meet again, far, very far from here.

[HELEN'S *garments dissolve into clouds, envelope
 FAUST, lift him into the air, and carry him
 from the scene.*

PHORKYAS (*lifts up EUPHORION'S dress, mantle, and lyre,
 steps into the proscenium, and, holding up the exuviae,
 says—*)

Rare treasure-trove are these to view.
 The flame has disappear'd, 'tis true,
 Yet is the world no whit the worse;
 Here is enough to consecrate
 A legion of the sons of verse,
 To scatter envy, malice, hate
 Amongst the poetaster crew;
 And if to give them genius, too,
 Surpass my power, at least confess,
 I can supply them with the dress.

[*She sits down upon the proscenium, leaning
 against the base of a column.*

PANTHALIS.

Bestir ye, girls ! At length we from the spell are free,
 The old Thessalian hag's weird sorceries are o'er ;
 The jargon ceased of yonder intertangled tones,
 That did the ear, and, worse, the inner sense confound.
 To Hades now away ! Our queen has posted there
 With sorrow-sadden'd tread. Let us, her faithful maids,
 Where she has led the way, attend her to the close.
 We'll find her at the throne of the Inscrutable.

CHORUS.

Queens and right royal everywhere are they !
 Even in Hades they fill the high places,
 Haughtily still, with their peers combining,
 With Persephone mating as friends ;
 But we, in the far-away distance
 Of slumbrous asphodel meadows,
 Consorting with long scraggy poplars,
 With barren unbeautiful willows,
 What pastime is ours or what pleasure,
 Like bats there to pipe and to whistle,
 Ungladsome, and ghostlike, and drear ?

PANTHALIS.

Who hath nor fame achieved, nor boldly doth aspire,
 To the elements alone pertains ; so get ye gone !
 My spirit burns to be with my dear queen once more ;
 'Tis not desert alone, but loyalty as well,
 Which doth our personal identity maintain. [Exit.

ALL.

Restored to the glorious sunshine are we ;

Persons, in sooth, no more,
We feel and we know it well,
But to Hades we never return.
Nature, whose life is immortal,
Asserts on us spirits, as we do
On her, unimpeachable claim.

A PORTION OF THE CHORUS.

In the whispering thrill, the breezy waving of these thousand
branches,
From the roots by soft endearments we shall woo life's flow-
ing currents,
Up into the boughs; and soon with foliage, soon with teeming
blossoms,
Deck'd profusely, shake our flowing tresses to the amorous
breeze.
Falls the fruit, anon assemble swains and herds in throngs ex-
ulting,
Pressing, crowding swift and eager of our bounties to possess
them,
And they all bow down before us, as before the primal Gods.

ANOTHER PORTION.

Floating o'er the polish'd mirror of these rocky walls far-
gleaming,
Moving in soft undulations, we caressingly shall stray;
There to every sound we'll hearken, song of birds, or shep-
herd's pipings;
If Pan's voice tremendous ringeth, straight we send an answer
back;

Rustling zephyrs we re-echo,—thunders it, we roll our thunders,
 Till the peals with doubling crash reverberate along the hills.

A THIRD PORTION.

Sisters! Of more mobile spirit, onwards with the brooks we hasten;
 For the richly garnish'd ridges of yon distant mountains lure us;
 Downwards ever, ever downwards, we meandering shall water
 Now the uplands, now the meadows, now the garden round the house.
 There across the landscape, skyward soaring, the long tapering summits
 Of the cypress mark, where flows our crystal mirror 'twixt its banks.

A FOURTH PORTION.

Ye may roam where'er it lists you; we shall circle, we shall murmur,
 Round yon planted hill, where greenly on the vinestock grows the vine;
 There from hour to hour the toil of him that with a feverish passion,
 Fearful for his labour's issues, trims the tendrils we shall note.
 Now with hoe, and now with shovel, earthing now, now pruning, binding,
 All the gods he sends up prayers to, to the sun-god, chief of all.
 Bacchus, listless dreamer, little recks he of his faithful vassal.
 He in leafy cave reclineth, toying with the youngest Faun.

All that for the half-awakings of his fummy dreams he lacketh
Lies in leathern skins, and earthen crocks and pitchers stored
 already,
From the ancient days eternal, right and left his grotto cool.
But when all the gods combining, Helios still of all the
 chiefest,
Airing, moistening, warming, firing, have the plumpy berries
 fill'd,
Where the dresser work'd in silence, straightway all is life
 and bustle,
Voices ring from every alley, ring along from stake to stake ;
Baskets patters, pitchers clatter, butt and wagon groaning
 stagger
Onwards to the mighty wine-press, to the pressers' sturdy
 tread ;
And the sacred fulness of the purely nurtured juicy berries
Is profanely crush'd ; it mingles, foaming, seething, loathly
 squash'd.
And now peals the cymbal, mingling with the beaker's brazen
 clangour,
For the mighty Dionysos hath his awful front unveil'd ;
Forth with cloven-footed Satyrs, and with reeling Bacchants
 comes he ;
And, amid the din, incessant brays Silenus, long-ear'd beast !
Nought is spared ! By cloven clutches trodden down is all
 decorum ;
All the senses whirling madly, hideous din the ear confounds.
Tipsily they grope for goblets, heads and paunches both o'er-
 laden ;

Here and there some look dejected, still they swell the tumult
higher,
And to make room for the new must, out they drain the wine-
skin old ! [The curtain falls.

PHORKYAS *in the proscenium rises to a gigantic height, descends from the Cothurnus, lifts back the mask and veil, and discovers herself to be MEPHISTOPHELES, in order, so far as necessary, to comment on the piece by way of epilogue.*



THE KING OF THULE.



N Thule dwelt a King, and he
 Was leal unto the grave ;
 A cup to him of the red red gold
 His leman dying gave.

He quaff'd it to the dregs, whene'er
 He drank among his peers,
 And ever, as he drain'd it down,
 His eyes would brim with tears.

And when his end drew near, he told
 His kingdom's cities up,
 Gave all his wealth unto his heir,
 But with it not the cup.


He sat and feasted at the board,
 His knights around his knee,
 Within the palace of his sires,
 Hard by the roaring sea.

Then up he rose, that toper old,
 A long last breath he drew,
 And down the cup he loved so well,
 Into the ocean threw.

He saw it flash, then settle down,
And down into the sea,
And, as he gazed, his eyes grew dim,
Nor e'er again drank he.



THE ROVING BOY.

 HERE was a boy, who would not go
 To church, as good boys should go,
 But every Sunday, ay or no,
 To sport and ramble would go.

His mother said, "Hark, there's the bell!
 Be off, you little wretch, you!
 How's this? You won't! Oh, very well,
 Then it will come and fetch you."

Thinks he, the bell I plainly see,
 Hangs high up in the belfry,
 So runs, as if from school set free,
 To roam o'er field and fell free.

The bell's ting-ting soon ceased to ring;
 "Oh, mother's always grumbling!"
 When, horror! there the bell full swing
 Behind comes rumbling, tumbling.

It jumps, it stumps, it stumbles fast;
 On flies the wretched urchin
 Half dead with fright, to think at last
 'Twill over him come lurching.


At length, when at the direst push,
He darts off helter skelter
O'er field and meadow, brake and bush,
Into the church for shelter.

And on Sundays now, and holydays,
This boy in trepidation
Starts off at the first toll, nor stays
More special invitation.



ST. PETER AND THE CHERRIES.

A LEGEND.

HILE yet, despised and very low,
 Our Lord upon the earth did go,
 And many disciples came to him,
 To whom the most of his words were dim,
 He loved in the streets to keep his court,
 And wherever the multitudes most resort;
 For under the heaven's broad arch of blue,
 We always speak better—more freely too.
 There from his holy lips they all
 Might hear the highest instruction fall,
 And he by example and life's pure grace
 A temple made of each market-place.

As once to a village, calm of mind,
 He was sauntering on, with his flock behind,
 A gleam on the road his attention drew,
 And this was a broken horse's shoe.
 Thereupon he to St. Peter said,
 "Pick up that iron!" St. Peter's head
 With stuff of another sort did teem:
 Just then he was lost in a splendid dream.
 The world, he imagined, by him was sway'd,
 And all mankind his behests obey'd,

For by no bounds was his brain controll'd :
So, nursing his fancies, on he stroll'd.
The waif for him was much too small,
It should have been crown, and sceptre, and ball ;
He had something else, thought he, to do,
Than to stoop for the half of a horse's shoe ;
And, turning his head, he no more stirr'd,
Than if there had reach'd him never a word.

Our Lord, who at no time anger knew,
Himself picks up the horse's shoe,
And, making no comment, walks gently on.
When they at the village arrived anon
They pass by a blacksmith's door, where he
Receives for the iron three oboli.
Thence, crossing the market, our Lord espies
Some cherries for sale of a goodly size,
And buys of them as many or few,
As for three halfpence a man may do,
Which he in his usual quiet way
In his sleeve puts by, as best he may.

Now forth at the opposite gate they fare
O'er field and meadow. No house was there,
Nor yet so much as a tree in sight ;
The heat was great, and the sun at height.
A place it was, where a draught of cold
Spring water were worth its weight in gold.
Our Lord, as ever, went first of all,
And he lets, unnoticed, a cherry fall.
Then in a moment St. Peter stopp'd,
As though 'twas an apple of gold had dropp'd.

Rarely he relish'd the fruit, and when
Our Lord had advanced some space, again
He drops another close by his heel,
For which right soon did St. Peter kneel ;
And over and over he stopped for all
The cherries our Lord by the way let fall.

So on for a little while they sped,
When thus with a smile our Master said :
“ Had you but stoop'd, when first you should,
Much had you found it for your good.
Whoever looks lightly on little things,
Much trouble for less on his shoulders brings !”



FROM THE ROMAN ELEGIES.

BLUSH not, my love, at the thought, thou yieldedst
 so soon to my passion,
 Trust me, I think it no shame, think it no vile-
 ness in thee !

Shafts from the quiver of Amor have manifold consequence.
 Some scratch,

And the heart sickens for years with the insidious bane.
 Others drawn home to the head, full plumed, and cruelly
 pointed,

Pierce to the marrow, and straight kindle the blood into flame.
 In the heroical age, when goddess and god were the lovers,
 Scarce did they look but they long'd, longing they rush'd
 to enjoy.

Think'st thou, Love's goddess hung back, when deep in the
 forests of Ida

She with a thrill of delight first her Anchises beheld.
 Coyly had Luna delay'd to fondle the beautiful sleeper,
 Soon had Aurora in spite waken'd the boy from his dream.
 In the throng'd festival Hero's eyes met Leander's, and
 straightway

Burning with passion he plunged into the ocean by night.
 Rhea Silvia, the royal maid, going down to the Tiber,
 Bearing her pitcher, is there ravish'd and won by the god.
 Thus unto Mars were begotten sons ; thereafter the shewolf
 Suckles the twin boys, and Rome empress is stiled of the
 world.



TRANSLATIONS FROM SCHILLER.





TRANSLATIONS FROM SCHILLER.

AMELIA'S SONG.

FROM THE ROBBERS.

FAIR as an angel, gloriously beaming,
Above all youths the fairest, noblest he ;
Gentle his look, as May's soft sunshine gleaming
On the calm mirror of the azure sea.

His embrace ! what maddening joy swept o'er us !
Heart throbb'd to heart, with wild pulsations driven !
Voice, hearing, gone—a sea of night before us,
And the soul borne in ecstasy to heaven !

His kisses, paradise was in their thrilling !
Even as flame leaps to flame, as into one
Full gush of harmony, divine, soul-filling,
The tones of many lyres consenting run ;

So spirit rush'd to spirit, and each tingling
Cheek burn'd to cheek, and lip to lip was glued,
Soul fused with soul, and earth and heaven commingling
Swam round the lovers in their solitude !


But he is gone ! In vain, alas ! I languish !
My sighs can ne'er restore him to my sight.
Yes, he is gone, and in one cry of anguish
Fades all that made life lovely into night.



HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE ROBBERS.

ANDROMACHE.


 ILLT thou, Hector, leave me, then, to seek
 Pelides, where his murderous sword shall wreak
 A direful vengeance for Patroclus dead?
 Who will teach thy son to launch the spear,
 And with honours due the gods revere,
 When Xanthus' waves are washing o'er thy head?

HECTOR.

Dear wife, fetch thou my spear, and let me go
 To the death-grapple with the insulting foe!
 On me depend the destinies of Troy.
 Unto the boy our gods a shield will be:
 Though Hector fall, his country will be free,
 And in Elysium we shall meet in joy.

ANDROMACHE.

No more I'll watch to hear thine armour clang;
 Within the hall forlorn thy spear shall hang,
 None left of all thy line thy fame to cherish.
 Thou wilt be gone, where sunbeam pierceth never,
 And through the gloom Cocytus waileth ever;
 In Lethe's stream, alas! thy love will perish.

HECTOR.

Thought, fame, ambition, all that was my pride,
May perish, whelm'd in Lethe's pitchy tide,

But my love never!


Hark, on the walls I hear the battle roar!

Gird on my sword! Belovèd, weep no more,

In Lethe Hector's love survives for ever!



THE IDEALS.


 AND wilt thou thus inconstant leave me,
 With the loved visions of my heart,
 Thy hopes to glad, thy fears to grieve me,
 With all relentlessly depart?

Can nought avail to stay thy flight,
 Life's golden time, so glad, so free?
 Ah no! Thy waves sweep on with might
 To the ocean of eternity.

Quench'd are those suns, whose radiance flash'd
 Joy on the path in youth I trode;
 Rudely the fair ideals dash'd,
 With which my swelling bosom glow'd;
 Fled the sweet faith my fancy nursed
 In those it fondly shaped—undone
 By rude reality, what erst
 With such celestial beauty shone.

As to the sculptured stone of old
 Pygmalion with rapture clung,
 Till, mantling o'er its features cold,
 A glowing blush sensation flung;

Even so fair nature I enwreathed
With arms of love and young desire,
Till she with vital spirit breathed
Upon my poet's breast of fire ;

And, by my passion's flamé possess'd,
Her silence broke in accents sweet,
Return'd the kiss my love impress'd,
And with my heart's vibrations beat.
Then lived for me the trees, the flowers,
The fountain's silvery fall, the brook,
They sang to me, and of my powers
Of life e'en senseless things partook.

My breast with irrepresive love
For all created things did yearn,
In busy throngs I long'd to move,
Love, reverence, renown, to earn.
How great, how fair this world, methought,
While but in fancy's vision seen !
How little ! after years have taught,
That little, ah ! how poor and mean !

Wing'd by a daring wild unrest,
Unclogg'd as yet by care or fear,
And in his own illusions blest,
How sprang the youth on life's career !
Up to the blue sky's palest star
Its flight his wing'd ambition bore ;—
Nought was too high, and nought too far,
For its proud pinion then to soar.

What could oppress or daunt, while he
Swept on, untouch'd by grief or wrong,
Before life's car how jocundly
Sported that fair attendant throng ?
Love, sweet enchantress, smiled on him,
Fortune, with golden chaplet crown'd,
Fame, with her starry diadem,
Truth, pouring sunshine splendours round.

Yet, ah ! ere half his course was run,
He lost them all, that train untrue ;
For coldly turning, one by one,
They from their votary's side withdrew.
Fortune with fickle footsteps fled,
The soul for knowledge panted still ;
Doubt round Truth's sun-bright image spread
Her clouds and shadows dark and chill.

I saw Fame's sacred chaplet doom'd
To be by vulgar brows profaned,
Awhile Love's springtime sweetly bloom'd,
But, ah ! too soon its beauties waned.
And still life's rugged pathway grew
More lone, more desolate, more drear,
And hope scarce one wan glimmer threw,
My gloom-o'ershadow'd path to cheer.

Who still, of all that glorious band,
Clung to my side, to guide—befriend me,—
Will there at death my comfort stand,
And to the darksome grave attend me ?

Thou, Friendship, who dost cheer the heart,
When storms are gathering darkly round,
Who bear'st in all life's burdens part,
Thou, whom I early sought and found !

And thou, so fain her mate to be,
Who soothes, like her, the soul's annoys,
Thou still unwearied Industry,
Who slowly forms, and ne'er destroys !
Who to the world's eternal pile
Adds but some grains of dust, and yet
Wipes minutes, days, and years the while
From Time's all-overwhelming debt.



THE MEETING.



SEE her as, while round her dames attend her,
 Peerless she shone amid the lovely throng,
 Her graces dazzling as the sunbeam's splendour,
 I stood afar, nor durst my gaze prolong ;
 The beauties that such radiant brightness lend her,
 Shot ecstasies of pain my frame along,
 Yet swiftly, as though borne on mounting wings,
 I snatch'd the lyre, and wildly swept the strings.

'Twere vain to tell that moment's raptur'd feeling,
 Or to run o'er my passion-warbled lay ;
 I felt in me a new-born power revealing,
 That spoke my bosom's blest emotions' play.
 It was my soul, its flame no more concealing,
 That now flung proudly all its chains away,
 And from its lowest depths woke strains unnumber'd,
 That shrouded there in heavenly sweetness slumber'd.

And when the chords to vibrate long had ended,
 I mark'd, as consciousness came back to me,
 Where on her cheeks, in changeful strife contended,
 The flush of love with virgin modesty ;
 And in my breast all joys of heaven seem'd blended,
 When thus she spoke in sweetest melody—
 Oh, ne'er, save 'mid the choirs of yon blest spheres,
 Shall sounds so rare again delight mine ears !

“ The faithful heart that pines, its grief unshown,
Its wasting passion mutely still suppressing,
I know its worth, that’s to itself unknown,
And will requite it, fortune’s wrongs redressing ;
What recks how mean its lot ? Love’s hand alone
Should pluck love’s gentle flowers with touch caressing,
And on the heart confer its guerdon sweet,
That to its pulses vibrates, beat with beat.”



EXPECTATION.



ARK, did not the wicket there quiver,
 Creak'd not the latch in its bed?
 No! 'twas these aspens old, that shiver
 In the light breeze o'er my head.

Oh! deck thyself, thou green and leafy bower,
 For soon shall beauty's light thy shades illumine;
 Ye boughs, entwine your dusky arms, and lour
 Around my love in thickly mantling gloom,
 And on her cheek, ye gales, your fragrance shower,
 And wanton softly with their rosy bloom,
 What time her lovely form, on bounding feet,
 Trips lightly o'er the sward to Love's expecting seat.

Hist! there is some one brushing
 The copse-wood with hurrying tread!
 No! 'twas but the throstle rushing,
 Startled from its leafy shed.

Oh, quench thy torch, bright day! Ethereal night,
 Enwrap the world in silent folds of thine,
 Diffuse around us thy empurpling light,
 And o'er our seat mysterious branches twine!

Love brooks no listener's ear to her delight,
 Nor the rude glance of day's unwelcome eyne!
 From all save silent Hesperus' serene
 Mild-beaming gaze must she her raptures screen.

Hark! there are voices lowly
 Whispering in yonder brake!
 No! 'tis the swan, is trailing slowly
 O'er the mere her lengthening wake.

Now floating harmonies mine ear possess;
 The bubbling spring with pleasing murmur gushes—
 The flow'rets bend 'neath Zephyr's warm caress,
 And with a common joy all nature flushes:
 The grape the peach's downy cheek would press,
 That hides behind its leaves its wanton blushes—
 The breeze, in fragrance steep'd of opening flowers,
 Upon my fever'd cheek its balmy coolness showers.

Now a light foot hither is wending
 Yon leaf-strown alley along!
 No, 'tis the mellow fruit descending
 From its stalk the leaves among!

The landscape fades, bedimm'd day's fiery eye,
 In gentle death its golden splendour losing,
 The chalice flowers, that his hot glances fly,
 Are boldly now their scented cups unclosing;
 The rising moon sheds from her path on high
 Soft radiance on the world in calm reposing;
 Nature the zone, that bound her charms, has doff'd;
 Her mien of tranquil grace, how beautiful, how soft!

What light is yonder streaming,
 Like garments of snowy hue?
 Ah! 'tis the pillars coldly gleaming,
 'Gainst the wall of darkling yew.

Oh pining heart, why thus sport fondly, why
 Chase the sweet forms that fancy's dreams suggest?
 Still from my grasp the unreal phantoms fly,
 No shadowy joy can cool this burning breast.
 Oh, bring my love in living beauty nigh,
 Let her soft tender hand in mine be pressed,
 Or but her mantle's shadow round me throw,
 And with the hues of life the hollow dream shall glow!

Then soft as a vision of Eden
 Comes the hour that shall give him to bliss;
 He slumber'd, while close stole the maiden,
 And awoke her beloved with a kiss.



ODE TO JOY.

JOY, thou brightest of heaven's treasures,
 Daughter of Elysian birth,
 Chant we now in high-strung measures
 At thy shrine our hymn of mirth !

Souls by base convention parted
 Reunite beneath thy spell,
 Man in brotherhood true-hearted
 Dwells with man where thou dost dwell.

Millions, let my arms enfold ye !
 One and all, take, take this kiss !
 In the heavens a father is,
 In His love doth ever hold ye.

Crown'd with best of life's best graces,
 Thou that art, and hast a friend,
 Thou that hast to thy embraces
 Won a fond wife, with us blend !
 Ay, if there be one heart only
 Thou canst call thine own and keep,
 Come ; but, if not, hence, thou lonely
 Man of sorrows, hence and weep !

Let each heart, with life that swelleth,
 Bow to sympathy and love ;
 They transport the heavens above,
 Where the unseen Father dwelleth.

Joy all living earthly creatures
 Drink from Nature's genial breast,
Saints and souls of baser features
 Welcome all the rosy guest.
She 'twas gave us wine and kisses,
 Friendship firm in death to love,
Creeping things all taste her blisses,
 Cherubs of the skies above.

 Bow in adoration purely !
 World, dost know thy Maker near ?
 There above yon starry sphere
 Dwells the great Creator surely.

In each vital instinct lurketh
 Joy, of every soul the soul ;
Joy the wheels untiring worketh
 Of the mighty moving whole.
Flowers spring up, in bloom appearing,
 Suns come forth at her command,
Countless orbs, through space careering,
 All are guided by her hand.

 Cheerly tread the path before ye !
 Brothers, onward, like the sun,
 Joying in his course begun !
 On, like hero to his glory !

To the sage she smiles assurance,
 Wilder'd 'mid researches deep,
Guides him that, with calm assurance,
 Toils up virtue's rugged steep.

Where on high in light reposes
 Meek-eyed Truth, her banners wave,
 She a home of bliss discloses
 'Mid seraph choirs beyond the grave.

Millions, let no fears affright you !
 Upwards, upwards persevere !
 There, above yon starry sphere,
 Is a great God, will requite you !

Gods what we can give require not ;
 To be like them is our joy.
 Cheer the drooping heart and tire not,
 Wipe from every breast annoy.
 Wrath and wrathful passions spurning,
 Each forgive his deadliest foe,
 So Remorse's lava burning
 Ne'er shall scorch his heart with woe !

Blot all record of offences !
 Discord, hence, and hostile jars !
 Brethren, God above the stars
 The judgment each hath judged dispenses.

Joy gleams in each sparkling chalice,
 Wine, bright wine, from every bowl
 Drowns in rude hearts hate and malice,
 Gives despair a hero's soul.
 Up, my brothers, up, and, showing
 In free worship perfect love,
 Drain this cup with hearts o'erflowing
 To the God that rules above !


Whom the circling stars are praising,
Whom the hymns of seraphs laud,
To the good and bounteous God,
Drink, your hearts in concords raising !

Firmness in the hour of trial,
Help to innocence and woe,
To a promise no denial,
Truth to friend and truth to foe !
Ev'n to kings a front unswerving,
Manly, modest, unsubdued,
Honour's crown to the deserving,
Death to falsehood's traitor brood !

Knit the bond by ties supernal !
Still this faith be yours, be mine !
Swear it by this golden wine,
Swear it by the Judge Eternal !



CASSANDRA.


 OY through Ilion's halls was ringing,
 Ere they sunk in ruin's fires ;
 There are youths and maidens singing
 To the touch of golden wires.

Hush'd the din of strife and slaughter,
 Tears on every cheek are dried,
 For old Priam's lovely daughter
 Shall be great Pelides' bride.

And with garlands and with dances,
 Troop on troop, a festive throng,
 To the holy fanes advances,
 To the Thymbrian's shrine, with song.
 Through the streets, in murmurs sweeping,
 Revel's echoing tide is borne ;
 One sad heart alone is weeping
 In its agony forlorn.

'Mong the joyful joyless only
 Did the pale Cassandra rove,
 Sad, companionless, and lonely,
 In Apollo's laurel grove.

Deep amid the wood's recesses,
She, where shades fell darkly round,
Tore the fillets from her tresses,
Tore, and dash'd them to the ground :

“ All around of joy is telling,
Every heart leaps with delight,
Hope my parents' breasts is swelling,
And my sister's robes are bright.
I alone must weep. Deluding
Bliss hath fled from me, and flies,
For I see wing'd ruin brooding
O'er our walls with baleful eyes.

“ See! a torch! I see it gleaming!
Ah, but not in Hymen's hand;
Heavenward high its light is streaming,
Like no sacrificial brand!
Feasts I see in mirth providing,
But on my prophetic ear
Comes the rush of footsteps striding
On to crush the festal cheer.

“ And they chide my lamentation,
Scorn my anguish. Far apart
Must I bear the desolation
Of a lone and wilder'd heart.
Happy faces turn and fly me,
Scoff'd and spurn'd, I move abroad;
Heavily hast thou dealt by me,
Pythian, thou cruel god!

" Why with sense prophetic blast me ?
 'Mid a blind, unthinking race,
 Wherefore, wherefore didst thou cast me,
 To reveal thy darken'd face ?
 Oh, to see, yet feel we may not
 The impending stroke recall !
 What is fated will delay not,
 What is dreaded must befall.

" Wherefore from a coming terror
 Should we seek the veil to lift ?
 Human life is nought but error,
 Knowledge is a fatal gift.
 Take, oh, take the vision gory
 From my purgèd eyes ! To be
 The mortal vessel of thy glory
 Is a dreadful agony.

" Let my sense be darken'd ever,
 Make, oh, make me blind again !
 Since thy voice inspired me, never
 Have I sung a joyful strain.
 Thou hast given the future to me,
 But the present thou hast ta'en,
 Ta'en the hours thrill'd rapture through me ;—
 Take thy treacherous gift again !

Wreaths and bridal flowrets on my
 Fragrant hair might never shine,
 Since I took thy vows upon me
 At thy melancholy shrine :

Youth was one long sigh of anguish ;
 I have never known but woe ;
 Did a heart I loved but languish,
 My heart quiver'd to the blow.

“ My companions all—they grieve not,
 Youth and love have made them glad,
 Fired with hopes, they dream, deceive not—
 One heart, mine ! alone is sad.
 Not for me Spring spreads her treasure,
 Robes the smiling earth with flowers ;
 Never soul in life had pleasure,
 That could scan its deeper powers.

“ Blest Polixena ; for in her
 Heart's intoxication blind,
 Great Achilles soon within her
 Bridal clasp she hopes to bind.
 Proud her heart swells to the vision,
 All the world but him forgot ;
 You, ye gods, your joys Elysian,
 In her trance she envies not !

“ And I, too, have view'd adoring,
 Him my heart had made its choice,
 Seen his bright eyes rapt imploring,
 Heard his love-inspiring voice.
 Oh, with him I'd go, how lightly !
 In his home a wife to be !
 But a Stygian shadow nightly
 Steps betwixt my love and me.

“ Proserpine, to mock and spurn me,
Sends her phantoms of affright,
Wheresoe'er I go or turn me,
Shadows, shadows thron'g my sight ;
Where the young in measures sprightly
Sport the sunny hours away,
There they be—a crew unsightly—
Oh, I never can be gay !

“ And I see the red knife streaming,
And the assassin's fiery eye ;
Right and left I see it gleaming ;
I can not the horror fly !
No ! I dare not blench. Unbending
I must look it in the face,
Meet the fate I see descending,
Perish 'mong a stranger race.”

Pouring thus her griefs unfailing,
Hark ! a cry from yonder fane
Fills the air—a cry of wailing—
Thetis' mighty son is slain.
Eris shakes her snaky tresses,
Shrieking forth the gods are gone,
And the low'ring thunder presses
Darkly over Ilion.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

HARK the loud roar ! Why pours the throng
 In eager bands the streets along ?
 Is Rhodes in flames, that all is bustle,
 And crowds on crowds push on and jostle ?

Ho ! towering o'er the press I see
 A knight, and mounted gallantly ;
 And after him—ye saints prevailing !
 An uncouth monster they are trailing.
 A dragon seem'st, with jaws, dread sight !
 Like crocodile's, thrown wide asunder ;
 And the crowd turns, now to the knight,
 Now to the beast, with looks of wonder.

A thousand voices rend the air,
 " Come on, and see the dragon there,
 That ravaged all our flocks—come, view him !
 This is the gallant knight that slew him !
 Of all, who erewhile ventured thus
 To the encounter perilous,
 None e'er return'd to tell the story :
 Give to the brave knight praise and glory !"
 And to the cloister they are gone,
 Where in conclave their noble valours,
 The Order of the Baptist John,
 Are gathered—the good Hospitallers.

And now before the Master stands
 The youth with meekly folded hands :
 In press the throng, with shouts loud pealing
 O'er buttress, gallery, and ceiling ;
 When up and speaks the noble youth :—
 “ Here, as good knight, I've proved my truth ;
 The dragon, which the country wasted,
 Death from my hand and glaive has tasted.
 The traveller now his way may ride,
 Beasts drive afield or far or nearly ;
 The pilgrim up the mountain side
 Wend to Our Ladye's Chapel cheerly.”

But thus replied with darkling frown
 The Prince :—“ Yes, thou hast won renown ;
 Valour's the plume in knighthood's bonnet,
 And thou, my son, mayst proudly don it.
 But say, what duty first should claim
 His soul who fights in Jesus' name,
 Who wears the Cross's rosy token ?”
 The crowd fell back, no word was spoken.
 But he right firmly answers this,
 While blushes speak the thought that moves him :—
 “ Obedience the first duty is,
 Which of that token worthy proves him.”

“ And yet, my son, this duty hast
 Thou in thy pride thrown lightly past,
 And wrongly to that conflict ridden,
 Which we had by our laws forbidden !”

“ Sire, when thou shalt know all, decide !”
The youth with tranquil mien replied ;
“ For, sooth, I meant no contravention
Of the law’s spirit and intention.
In no rash humour forth I fared
To meet the horrid snake ; but slowly,
With quaint devices well prepared,
I sought to bring the monster lowly.

“ Five of our Order, and its flower,
Had fallen beneath the dragon’s power,
When with wise heed, as still thou wontest,
Thou didst debar us from the contest.
Yet at my heart I felt a fire,
That yearn’d for strife, a wild desire—
Yea, even in dreams, all hush’d around me,
In the hard tug of fight I’ve found me ;
And when the morning’s dawn would come,
And news of fresh disasters enter,
Smitten with anguish wearisome
I vow’d to rush to the adventure.

“ Then I have thought, ‘ What is the crown
Of youth—what gives the man renown ?
For what have those brave heroes panted,
Whose deeds are by our minstrels chanted ?
What was it threw celestial blaze
Round the blind heathen in old days,
But that to death their prowess hurl’d
The monsters that laid waste the world ?

They met the lion knee to knee,
 And with the Minotaurs contended,
 To set their hapless victims free,
 And lavishly their blood expended.

“ ‘ Is then alone the Paynim horde
 Worthy to flesh the Christian’s sword?
 Or idols, or false gods? We see it
 Is his high call on earth to free it,
 By the bold vigour of his arm,
 From every blight and every harm.
 But skill must be with daring mated,
 And giant force by cunning baited.’
 Thus spake I oftentimes, and hied

Where lay the monster couching grimly,—
 ‘ I see, I see a way!’ I cried,
 As on my brain a light broke dimly.

“ Then to your Grace I came and said,
 ‘ Fain would I to my home be sped.’
 Thou didst consent, and soon, proud heaving,
 My bark the salt sea foam was cleaving.
 Scarce press’d my foot its native strand,
 Till I had by the craftsman’s hand
 A dragon-form constructed duly,
 In every feature fashion’d truly.
 On stunted feet it rear’d the weight
 Of its huge bulk, outstretching vastly;
 Its back with many a scaly plait
 Of steel was lined, defence full ghastly.

“ Its neck shoots forward many an ell ;
 And grimly, as the throat of hell,
 Its dreadful jaws gape wide asunder,
 Expecting greedily their plunder,
 And, lining the black gulf, expose
 Sharp-pointed fangs in triple rows.
 A trenchant blade its tongue resembles,—
 Lightning in its small red eyes trembles ;
 Its monstrous length of back behind
 Ends snakelike, and, still circling wider,
 In many a hideous fold is twined,
 Would crush and shatter horse and rider.

“ All this I shape, exact as may,
 And clothe it in a dingy grey ;
 Half snake, half dragon seem'd it, gotten
 In fen empoisonèd and rotten ;
 And, when the image was complete,
 Two dogs I chose me, that were fleet,
 Alert, strong-flank'd, and sharp of eyne—would
 Pull down the wild boar in the greenwood :—
 These on the snake I loose ; then call
 Them on, till, with wild passion burning,
 They fix him with their teeth, to all
 My orders with submission turning.

“ And where its belly, soft beneath,
 Left free an entrance for their teeth,
 I gave them aim to spring up to it,
 And strike their sharp fangs fiercely through it ;

Whilst I on my brave Arab steed,—
 The desert-born of noble breed,—
 With spear in hand impatient vaulted,
 And stirr'd his blood, nor ever halted,
 But forward on the dragon sprung.

Deep in his flanks I dash'd my rowels,
 And my good boar-spear firmly flung
 Right home into the monster's bowels.

“ Although my barb in terror rear'd,
 And foam'd and plunged—although afraid
 My dogs hung back, I never rested,
 Till horse and hound would freely breast it.
 Thus daily, hourly, were they train'd,
 Till thrice the moon had wax'd and waned ;
 And, when they knew the task before them,
 Hither my swift-wing'd vessels bore them.
 Thrice has the morning trimm'd her vest
 Since to these shores we came unheeded ;
 Scarce might I give my limbs to rest,
 Till I the mighty work had speeded.

“ For my heart burn'd and rose to hear
 Of fresh disaster, wail, and fear—
 Of herds destroy'd—tales scatter'd widely,
 That to the swamp had wander'd idly ;
 And I no more delay might brook,
 But counsel of my heart I took,
 My wishes to my knaves recounted,
 My trusty coal-black steed remounted,

And on by covert pathways, where
 Was none to mark my course, attended
 By my brave hounds—a noble pair—
 To meet the foe full blithely wended.

“ The Oratory, sire, thou know’st—
 Some daring master-spirit’s boast—
 That caps the Felsberg ; all the island
 Lies stretch’d beneath it, mead and high land :
 A sorry place it seems, and mean,
 But there a wondrous work is seen,—
 Boy Jesu, with his mother holy,
 And, near, the Three Kings bending lowly.
 Up by thrice thirty steps must climb
 The pilgrim to the beetling summit ;
 But viewing there that work sublime,
 Drinks comfort and refreshment from it.

“ Deep in the cliffs, that spot anear,
 There is a cavern, dank and drear,
 In foul and steaming marshes centred,
 By light of sunbeam never enter’d,—
 The monster’s den—where, night and day,
 It couch’d, and grimly eyed its prey :
 Thus, like infernal dragon, keeping,
 Fast by God’s house, its watch unsleeping.
 And when the pilgrim hied him o’er
 The fen, nor dreamt of wiles perfidious,
 Out from its lair it sprung, and tore
 Him off to death with routings hideous.

“ With early dawn I clomb the rock,
 Or e'er I girt me for the shock—
 To the boy Saviour knelt, confessing
 My number'd sins, and sought his blessing.
 Anon, in casque and harness dight,
 I wend me downwards to the fight,
 With a tough brace of lances furnish'd,
 And mail of proof, all brightly burnish'd ;
 I give my last commands,—bid halt
 My train of faithful 'squires attending,
 Then on my steed up lightly vault,
 My soul to Heaven's sweet grace commending.

“ Scarce was I set upon the plain,
 When on the start my hounds 'gan strain,
 And my brave barb hung back affrighted,
 Rear'd, plunged, and hand and rowel slighted ;
 For, gather'd in a coil, they spy
 Where lay the fearful foe hard by,
 And in the glowing sunshine bask'd him ;
 On flew my hounds, and hotly task'd him—
 But back recoil'd like lightning, when
 It raised its fell jaws wide asunder,
 Breathed out its poison o'er the fen,
 And shook the woods with roar of thunder.

“ Cheer'd by my voice, soon all aglow,
 They turn with fury on the foe ;
 I grasp my spear, a moment whirl it,
 Then at the creature's shoulders hurl it.

Like a frail reed it turns aside
From the dread monster's scaly hide,
And, ere the blow could be repeated,
My steed rear'd upwards and retreated,
And from the basilisk-like glare,
 And breath exhaling plague and fever,
Sprang back in wild dismay, and there,
 My doom had nigh been seal'd for ever.

“ Down from my seat I leapt prepared—
A moment saw my faulchion bared :
Stroke followed stroke, but all fell printless—
Its hide of stony proof was dintless.
Sweeping its furious tail around,
It caught, and flung me to the ground :—
Now were its jaws distended o'er me,
Its horrid teeth all bare before me ;
When, mad with rage, on spring my hounds,
 Its paunch with fang remorseless tearing ;
It turns—and through the air resounds
 Its howl of pain and wild despairing.

“ And, while 'twas stagger'd by the smart,
Up from the earth with speed I start,
And forward, where 'twas fenceless lounging,
Strike home, deep in its entrails plunging
My faulchion to the hilt. A tide
Of pitchy gore spurts from its side ;
It sinks, and buried 'neath its massive
Coils, I lay there stunn'd and passive.

Faint with the shock I swooned away,
And when I woke, to Heaven be glory !
My squires stood round, and near me lay
The dragon dead, all grim and gory."

He ceased : and now from every breast
The tide of rapture, long repress'd,
Broke forth, in acclamations pealing,
That, struck back from the groined ceiling,
Roll'd onward to the press without,
Which caught and echo'd back the shout.
The knights throng round, preparing loudly,
To wreath the hero's temples proudly ;
The grateful crowd about him flit,
And praise from mouth to mouth is bandied ;
When lo ! the Master sternly knit
His brows, and silence round commanded.

And said, " Thou'st slain with doughty hand
The scourge, the terror of the land ;
Made thee a god to man and woman,
Yet com'st thou back thy Order's foeman ;
For thy untemper'd heart has bred
A dragon far more foul and dread,
That in its venom'd folds has bound it—
One that sows bale and discord round it—
That stubborn will which spurns the reins
Of sage control, and, bent on ruin,
Throws from it order's holy chains,
And mads the world to its undoing.

" Courage shows e'en the Paynim race,
 Obedience is the Christian's grace ;
 For where the Lord, our duty's standard,
 In likeness of a servant wander'd,
 On holy ground devoutly bow'd,
 The fathers of our Order vow'd—
 Hardest of mortal tasks—to bridle
 Their wills rebellious and idle.
 Thy spur hath been ambition's mood,
 Therefore avoid thee from my presence !
 Unworthy he to wear the rood,
 Who doth deny its laws obeisance."

Then burst amain, throughout the hall,
 An angry roar ;—the brethren all
 Entreat for grace, but, bending meekly,
 Utters the youth no murmur weakly.
 He doffs his stole in silence, and
 Kisses the Master's ruthless hand,
 And goes. He with affection eyes him—
 Recalls him ; and, while back he hies him,
 Says thus—" Come to my arms, my son ;
 Well hast thou quit thee in disaster :
 Receive this cross—the guerdon won
 By mind that is its passion's master!"

FRIDOLIN.



GENTLE page was Fridolin,
 And in God's fear was he,
 Intent his lady's grace to win,
 Count Savern's fair ladye.

Oh! she was kind—so kind and good!
 But even caprice's tyrant mood
 He would have borne, and borne it cheerly,
 For Jesus' sake, who bought him dearly.

From early break of morning till
 The toll of vesper chime,
 He gave her, with good heart and will,
 The service of his prime.
 "Nay, toil not so," the dame would cry;
 Then would the tears start to his eye—
 For zeal alone, he thought, to duty
 Gave all its excellence and beauty.

And therefore did the Countess raise
 Him o'er her menials all,
 And from her beauteous lips his praise
 Unceasingly would fall.

He in her heart the office more
 Of son than page or servant bore ;
 His comely form each grace united,
 And on him oft she'd gaze delighted.

Now, in the huntsman, Robert, this
 Woke wrath and hate accursed,
 For envy's smouldering fires in his
 Black breast he long had nursed.
 Urged by the fiend, he sought the Count
 As he did from the chase dismount,
 And thus, in tones that smoothly flatter'd,
 The seeds of dark suspicion scatter'd.

“ Oh, my good lord ”—thus he array'd
 His toils—“ how are you blest !
 Doubts, spectral phantoms, ne'er invade
 Your golden hours of rest,
 For you possess a noble dame,
 Of virtues rare, and spotless fame.
 Vain were it all, that daring wooer
 Should with his subtle wiles pursue her.”

Dark gloom'd the Count—he was full wroth—
 “ How now !—what mean ye, knave ?
 Shall I put faith in woman's troth,
 That shifts as shifts the wave—
 What every flatterer's tongue can sway ?
 My trust, I ween, hath surer stay—

Here's none to tempt with artful wooing
Count Savern's dame to her undoing."

Quoth Robert—"Right, my master—you'll
But think it worth your scorn,
That he—O Heavens! presumptuous fool!
A thrall, a minion born—
Should court with smiles and phrases trim
His lady, who has foster'd him!"
"What!" cries the Count, with passion choking,
"Lives yet the man of whom thou'st spoken?"

"My Lord not heard what runs the round
Of every mouth! But, true,
You'd have the tale in silence drown'd—
Well, I'll be secret too!"
"Speak, or thou diest the death, base liar!
Who dares to Cunegond aspire?"
He grasp'd his faulchion, and half drew it.—
"Yon whey-faced page—methought ye knew it.

"It is a shapely youth, I wot"—
Thus went his glozing tongue,
While through the listener's veins, now hot,
Now cold, the quick blood sprung.
"Nay, nay, you must have noted, sir,
How he has eyes for none but her;
And o'er her chair at table seen him
With air of love-sick wooer lean him.

“ And then the verses which he wrote,
Where he avow'd his flame !”
“ Avowed ?”—“ And a return besought,
Dead to all touch of shame !
Your gentle dame, in pity, hath
Been mute, to screen him from your wrath—
Would to the fact you'd still been stranger !
For what have you to dread of danger ?”

Away the Count in frenzy rode
Into a neighbouring wood,
Where, belching flames that redly glow'd,
An iron foundry stood.
Here his bold serfs with sweltering hands
Piled, day and night, the blazing brands ;
Sparks flew about, and bellows roaring
Sent ores in molten torrents pouring.

The force of fire and water blent
Gave out a brawling sound,
Wheels, driven by hissing waters, went,
Aye clattering, round and round.
By day, by night, the works within,
Rose up a stupefying din
Of clanking hammers, which descended
Till even the stubborn iron bended.

Two of his men he beckons near,
And thus assigns their task—

“The first whom I shall send you here,
 That of you this shall ask—
 ‘Are the Count’s orders speeded well?’
 Him cast into yon seething hell,
 Till flesh and bone to dust are cinder’d—
 So shall my ’hests no more be hinder’d.”

With fiendish glee the inhuman pair
 Receive their lord’s behests,
 For senseless as the iron were
 Their hearts within their breasts.
 And now they heap the furnace fire,
 With panting bellows urge it higher,
 And, on the restless flashes glaring,
 Stand for the sacrifice preparing.

Says Robert now to Fridolin,
 In accents smoothly sleek,
 “Up, comrade mine, and get ye in—
 The Count with you would speak!”
 The Count, he bids him—“Do not wait,
 But hie thee to the foundry straight,
 And ask—my men will understand it—
 If they have done as I commanded.”

“Even so!” replied the page, and would
 Have gone, when suddenly
 He paused—“How if my lady should
 Have some commands for me?”

He seeks the dame, and, bending low,
Says—"I must to the foundry go,
That stands upon the forest's borders ;
But, ere I go, I wait your orders."

Then answer'd him the dame again
With gentle voice—"Alas !
My son is sick, or I would fain
Have heard the holy mass.
Go thou, my child, and let me not
Be in thy orisons forgot ;
And so shall I partake the sentence,
That crowns with pardon thy repentance."

Glad of the welcome task, he lost
No time, but forward sped ;
But, as he through the village cross'd
With rapid step, o'erhead
He heard the minster's solemn bell
Through the still air serenely swell,
Bidding frail souls, in concord mystic
To share the banquet eucharistic.

"Shun not the call of power divine,
When 'tis before thee set !"
He says, and turns into the shrine.
Here nought is stirring yet ;
For now, the harvest toil begun,
Keeps all men busy in the sun,

And neither clerk nor choir advances,
To chant the service and responses.

Eftsoons, to fill the sacrist's post,
Young Fridolin did go—
"The time," he said, "is never lost,
Which we on Heaven bestow."
Then to the priest he speeds anon,
And girds his stole and cincture on,
Prepares, with holy zeal elated,
The cups and vessels consecrated.

These duties ended, at command
He stept the priest before,
Along the aisle, and in his hand
The sacred missal bore ;
Knelt right, knelt left, before the altar,
Did in no single duty falter,
And when the Sanctus was repeated,
Sounded his bell three times to greet it.

And when the priest, with awe devout,
Bent low, then reverently
In his uplifted hands held out
The present deity,
Tink, tinkle, went the sacrist's bell ;
Stirr'd by its sound, men's bosoms swell,
And to the host, all, lowly kneeling,
Beat on their breasts with contrite feeling.

What else the office ask'd he wrought,
He failed not in the least—
His mind these hallow'd forms had caught,
Nor tired he, when the priest,
The mass and service ended thus,
Gave the *Vobiscum Dominus*,
And, God's unbounded grace confessing,
Dismiss'd the people with a blessing.

He saw each vessel, where 'twas kept,
In safety placed anew,
The sanctuary next he swept,
Then from the church withdrew ;
And now, serene of soul and gay,
Made for the forge, and on his way,
Because their tale was uncompleted,
Twelve paternosters more repeated.

He gain'd the reeking forge, and spied
The workmen near it stand—
“Ho, now! my men, have you,” he cried,
“Fulfill'd the Count's command?”
They turn, and, with a hideous grin,
Point to the raging gulf within—
“He's safe enough, and stow'd securely ;
The Count will praise his servants surely.”

With hurrying step, and mind at war,
Back to his lord he hies ;

He sees him coming from afar,
 And scarce may trust his eyes.
 “ Unhappy boy, whence comest thou ?”
 “ Sir, from the iron-foundry.” “ How !—
 Thou hast been loitering then ?” “ I waited
 For prayer and service consecrated.

“ For, ere I bent me to your task,
 I sought your dame to see—
 For this, methought, did duty ask—
 If she would aught with me.
 She bids me go to mass, and I,
 Well pleased with the behest, comply ;
 And there for her and your uncumber’d
 Weal, my beads four times I number’d.”

The Count fell back in deep dismay—
 The colour left his cheek—
 “ And to thy question what said they,
 The foundry workmen ?—Speak.”
 “ Darkly they spoke—to the furnace red
 They pointed with a grin, and said—
 ‘ He’s safe enough, and stow’d securely ;
 The Count will praise his servants surely.’”

“ And Robert,” cried with mind on rack
 The Count, and trembling stood—
 “ Met ye him not, as ye came back ?
 I sent him to the wood.”

“ Sir, nor by wood nor meadow green
Have I a trace of Robert seen.”

“ Now,” cries the Count—smit with contrition—
“ Here may we read Heaven’s own decision.”

Then to his dame, to whom unknown
Was all had pass’d, he led
Her gentle page, and thus in tone
Of deep emotion, said :
“ Be ever gracious to this child :
No angel is more undefiled.
Though we may deal ungently by him,
God and his saints are ever nigh him.”



PEGASUS IN HARNESS.



POET, says the tale, whose empty scrip
 Told to the world, as palpably as could be,
 That cruel Fortune had him on the hip—
 Alack, that poets at her mercy should be!—
 Was forced to sell the Muses' courser once ;
 And, full of mettle, sleek in coat, and tidy,
 He drove it to a fair, which, for the nonce,
 We may suppose was Smithfield on a Friday.

The Hippogryph, with nostrils wide,
 Flung high his crest, with proud impatience snorting ;
 The crowd stood round amazed, and cried—
 “ A noble beast i' faith ! What sad misfortune,
 His handsome form should be disfigured so
 By these unsightly wings ! They spoil the creature !”
 “ I'm bound,” quoth Giles, “ he's right good stuff to go ;
 And in a stage-coach nothing could be neater.”
 “ High breeding,” cries Dick Spavin, “ blood for twenty !”
 “ But then, what signifies it all,” says Ralph,
 “ Balloons for visiting the stars are plenty,
 And for a toy he costs too much by half.”
 At length a farmer, bolder than the rest,
 Takes heart and says, “ The wings, 'tis true, 'od rot 'em,
 Are useless quite ; but we can bind or cut 'em,

And then the horse will draw you with the best ;
I'll give you twenty pounds, and take my chance on't."
The dealer, nothing loth, at once shakes hands on't—
“ Well, well, friend, 'tis a bargain !” cries,
And Hodge trots briskly homeward with his prize.

The gallant courser is in harness placed,
But scarcely feels the unusual weight behind him,
When, spurning at the trammels that confined him,
Away, away he scours in maddening haste,
And, with a noble indignation burning,
Curvets and rears, cart, Hodge, and all o'erturning
Close by the brow of an abyss.
“ A pretty piece of work,” thought Hodge, “ I've made of this !
However, wisdom from the past I'll borrow,
And scarcely trust him at such jobs again ;
But there's a coach of mine to run to-morrow,
And I shall make him leader in the wain.
He'll save my other nags, besides ; and they are but laggars,
For when age comes, we can't keep off the staggers.”

At first all goes quite smoothly—nothing wrong—
The nags trot smartly on—the wingèd steed,
His load scarce felt, before them gaily ambling.
The coach with arrowy swiftmess flies along ;
But mark the end, and well the lesson read !
Feeling—the while his eyes were heavenward rambling—
The unyielding earth beneath him strange and new,
Off from the safe and beaten track he starts,
And, to his nature's stronger impulse true,

Like lightning over moss and moor he darts,
 Across plough'd fields, bogs, hedges, ditches, scrambling.
 The whole team into wild confusion cast
 Joins in the mad career ;—in vain Hodge strains
 His throat, and tugs with fury at the reins—
 Till, to its inmates' sore affright, at last
 The crazy coach, now jolted all to pieces,
 Its course upon a mountain's headlong summit ceases.

“ Was ever such a cross-grained brute, ye saints !”
 Quoth Hodge, and scratched his head with puzzled air—
 “ It's clear, that this won't do at all events ;
 We'll see if double work and meagre fare
 Can't bring this saucy humour into training.”
 The trial's made. Despite of his complaining,
 Our courser to an empty rack is bitted,
 And, ere three days were past, lost all his cheer,
 And wasted to a shadow. “ Hurrah ! hurrah ! I've hit it !”
 Cries Hodge in glee. “ Now, quick and bring't me here,
 Yoked in the plough beside my sturdiest steer.”
 So said, so done. And scurvy jests were broken,
 Upon this odd and ill-assorted yoking.

The indignant griffin strives to break away,
 And to his native air once more ascend.
 In vain ! His yokemate plods his onward way,
 And Phœbus' haughty steed must to his humour bend.
 When now, by such long contradiction spent,
 His fainting limbs refuse their former trust,
 And lo ! poor Pegasus, with sorrow bent,
 Down on his knees and rolling in the dust !

“ Curse you !” cries Hodge in fury, and ’gins wield
 His merciless lash ; “ and so it would appear
 That you are even too weak to plough a field ?
 I wish I had the rogue that sold you here !”

Thus speaks the boor, and deals in vengeful wrath
 Blow thick on blow, when, lifting up his glance,
 He spies a comely youth along the path
 With smiling eyes and buoyant step advance.
 In his light hand a sounding lyre reclined,
 And through the clusters of his saffron hair
 A circlet of bright gold was seen entwined.

“ Hilloa, my friend, where got you that strange pair ?”
 Cries he, approaching the gruff peasant lout :

“ The bird and ox yoked in the plough together !
 Tell me, I pray thee, how this comes about ?
 I’d like to try just for a little, whether
 I can’t make something of this horse of thine.
 Now mark, a sight I’ll show you rare and fine !”

The hippogryph is loosed amain,
 And on his back the youth vaults with a smile.
 Whene’er it feels its master’s hand again,
 It champs the bit and tugs the rein,
 Keen lightnings flashing from its eyes the while.
 No more the thing it was, with stately sweep,
 A spirit—a god, it scales the steep
 Of ether, and on rushing pinions driven,
 Up to the sky it shoots with dauntless force,
 And, ere the eye can track it on its course,
 Fades in the azure heights of heaven.

RITTER TOGGENBURG.

NIGHT! In my heart you bear the part, a brother
 dear might gain,
 Oh! do not claim a dearer name! It gives me
 mickle pain.

My breast is calm, when you are gone, nor throbs when you
 are nigh;
 Your cheek is wet, you weep—and yet I may not rede me
 why.”

He spoke not, but in anguish heard his cruel fate decreed;—
 One kiss, one long last look he gave, then vaulted on his steed.
 He has sent a call to his vassals all;—they come, a gallant
 band,
 The red cross press'd on each manly breast, to fight for the
 Holy Land.

And soon there rung, the hosts among, their feats of valour
 done,
 And ever bright in thickest fight their plumèd helmets shone.
 The infidel his vaunts would quell at Roland's dreaded name,
 But no relief for his bosom's grief found he in strife or fame.

A year he bore it, but no more could he its pangs withstand,
 In field or prayer, her form was there;—he leaves his gallant
 band.

A stout ship lay at Joppa's shore, her sails swing in the breeze,
And away to the land of his ladye love he has sailed across
the seas.

At her castle gate, with hope elate, he stood, and pale his brow,
Half-fearing knock'd—it was unlock'd. Oh, Heaven support
him now !

“ She whom you seek now wears the veil, is Heaven's affi-
anced bride,
For yesternight with holy rite was she to God allied !”

He has turn'd him from the stately halls of his bold ancestry,
His shield, and glaive, and destrier brave he never more shall
see.

He wanders on, to all unknown, so alter'd is his mien,
For his noble limbs are closely wrapp'd in a hairy gaberdine.

And he builds a hut hard by the spot where the old convent
stood,
From sight half hid, dark elms amid, within a frowning wood ;
And there alway, from break of day till its last streak was
gone,
He sat with calm expectant look unweariedly alone.

He look'd o'er to the convent old, look'd hour on hour in hope
To the casement of his love, until he saw the casement ope,
Till she, his ladye bright, appear'd, till the form he loved so
well
Bent o'er, with face of angel grace, to gaze into the dell.

Then cheerfully he laid him down, his peaceful rest to take,
Contemplating the hour with joy, when morn again should
break.

And so for days on days he sat, for years on years in hope,
Expecting, still unmurmuring, till he saw the casement ope.

Till she, his ladye bright, appear'd, till the form he loved so
well

Bent o'er, with face of angel grace, to gaze into the dell :
And so one morning found him set, a corpse all stiff and cold.
His eyeballs glazed still calmly gazed upon that casement old.





TRANSLATIONS FROM
LUDWIG UHLAND.





TRANSLATIONS FROM
LUDWIG UHLAND.

COUNT EBERSTEIN.

IN Spire there was revel and mirth by night,
The torch and the taper shone,
And maidens and youths were bounding light
When with the Kaiser's daughter bright
Count Eberstein, that peerless knight,
The festive dance led on.

And, whilst in the mazy rounds they twine,
She may not be silent, not she,
If she would, but she whispers him, soft and fine
"Look to thyself, Count Eberstein,
This night, good sir, I can well divine,
Thy fortress will perill'd be."

“Ho!”—thinks the Count—“for this I stay
 To dance in your royal halls?
 But I’ll match thee, my liege, by my holy fay!”
 And he has call’d for his gallant grey,
 And has stirr’d her flanks, and is far away
 To his beleaguer’d walls.

There stealthily under the midnight’s cloud
 Advances the wily foe,
 The ladders are fix’d, and aloft they crowd,
 But little they of the welcome trow’d,
 That hurl’d them down, with triumph loud,
 In the castle moat below.

With the morn, in purple and regal pall,
 Did the crafty Kaiser come,
 Assured in heart of the castle’s fall:
 “Ho, are these the Count and his merry men all,
 Are dancing so blithe on the castle wall,
 To the sound of the fife and drum?”

“My liege, when next you would forts ensnare,
 Let your eye on the roundels be;
 There is one that foots it so rarely there,
 None other is she than your daughter fair,
 That for her, and for her alone, I swear,
 Shall my castle gate go free.”


In Eberstein’s halls there was mirth by night,
 The torch and the taper shone,

And maidens and youths were bounding light,
When with the Kaiser's daughter bright
Count Eberstein, that peerless knight,
The festive dance led on.

And, whilst in the bridal dance they twine,
He may not be silent, not he,
If he would, but he whispers her, soft and fine,
"Look to thyself now, lady mine,
This night, by my fay, I can well divine,
Of a fortress will perill'd be."



THE DREAM.

 N a garden fair were roaming
 Two lovers, hand in hand—
 Pale were their cheeks, and frail their forms,
 As they sat in that flowery land.

On the cheek they kiss'd each other,
 Lip close to lip was press'd,
 They were lock'd in close embracings,
 They were young and they were blest.

A bell was tolling sadly,
 The dream had pass'd away—
 She in the narrow cloister,
 He in a dungeon lay.



THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.



AND didst thou see that castle,
 That castle by the sea?
 The rosy-tinted cloudlets
 Float o'er it bright and free.

'Twould be bending down its shadows,
 Into the crystal deep—
 In the sunset's rays all glowing
 'Twould tower with haughty sweep.

“Ay, wot ye well, I saw it,
 That castle by the sea,
 And the pale moon standing o'er it,
 And mists hung on its lee.”

The winds and ocean's rolling,
 Was their voice fresh and strong?
 Came from its halls the echoes
 Of lute and festal song?

“The winds and waves around it
 In sullen stillness slept,
 Forth came a voice of wailing,
 I heard it, and I wept.”

The King, and his proud ladye,
Were they pacing that high hall,
With crowns of gold, and girded
In purple and in pall ?

And led they not exulting
A maid of rarest mould,
Bright as the sun, and beaming
In tresses all of gold ?

“ I saw that King and ladye,
The crown deck'd not their hair ;
Dark mourning weeds were on them,
The maid I saw not there.”



THE POOR MAN'S SONG.



POOR man, poorer none, am I,
 And walk the world alone,
 Yet do I call a spirit free,
 And cheerful heart my own.

A gleesome child I play'd about
 My dear, dear parents' hearth,
 But grief has fallen upon my path,
 Since they are laid in earth.

I see rich gardens round me bloom,
 I see the golden grain,
 My path is bare and barren all,
 And trod with toil and pain.

And yet, though sick at heart, I'll stand
 Where happy faces throng,
 And wish good morrow heartily
 To all that pass along.

Ah, bounteous God! Thou leav'st me not
 To comfortless despair;
 There comes a gentle balm from heaven
 For every child of care.

The organ and the choral song
Arrest each passer-by ;
Still in each dell thy sacred house
Points mutely to the sky.

Still shine the sun, the moon, the stars,
With blessing even on me,
And, when the evening bell rings out,
Then, Lord, I speak with thee.

One day shall to the good disclose
Thy halls of joy and rest,
When in my wedding-ropes even I
Shall seat me as thy guest.



THE WREATH.



MAID a posy pluck'd of flowers,
 That grew upon the sunny lea ;
 When from the wood a ladye came,
 Most beautiful to see.

She met the maiden with a smile,
 She twined a wreath into her hair,—
 “ It blooms not yet, but it will bloom ;
 Oh, wear it ever there ! ”

And as the maiden grew, and roam'd
 Beneath the moon so pale and wan,
 And tears fell from her, sad and sweet,
 The wreath to bud began.

And when a joyous bride she lay
 Clasp'd close upon her bridegroom's breast,
 Then smiling blossoms burst the folds
 Of their encircling vest.

Soon, softly cradled in her lap,
 The mother held a blooming child :
 Then many a golden fruit from out
 The leafy chaplet smiled.

And when, alas ! her love had sunk
 Into the dark and dusty grave,
In her dishevell'd hair a sere
 Dry leaf was seen to wave.

Soon she, too, there beside him lay,
 But still her dear-loved wreath she wore ;
And it, oh ! wondrous sight to see,
 Both fruit and blossom bore.



THE DYING HEROES.

INTO the sea, chased by the Danesmen's swords,
 Fly Sweden's hordes;
 The distant chariots ring, in the moonbeam
 The falchions gleam.

There, on the corse-strewn field, and dying, lay
 Sweno the fair, and Ulf the warrior grey.

SWENO.

Oh, sire! To be cut down in youth's full height
 By Norna's might!
 My mother now no more shall deck my hair
 With garlands fair;—
 My girl, that sang to me, shall hour on hour
 Look forth for me in vain from her far-seeing tower.

ULF.

They will lament! In the grim dead of night
 We'll haunt their sight:
 Yet grieve not! soon their sorrow, deeply nursed,
 Their hearts shall burst:
 At Odin's banquet then thy maiden, she
 Of the bright golden locks, shall hand the cup to thee.

SWENO.

I had begun, and swept my harp along,
 A festal song,
Of kings and heroes, love and battle's rage
 In the old age.
Now hangs my harp neglected ; and the gale
Steals through its loosen'd chords with mournful wail.

ULF.

Full in the sun there shines a nobler home,
 Valhalla's dome :
The stars roll under it, beneath it deep
 The tempests sweep.
There with our sires we'll feast, secure from care ;
Lift then thy song on high, and end it there !


SWENO.

Oh, sire ! to be cut down in youth's full height
 By Norna's might !
No lofty deeds in the embattled field
 Blaze on my shield.
Twelve judges there are throned with aspect stern,
What have I done a hero's seat to earn ?

ULF.

One deed there is a thousand deeds outvies,
 And it they prize—
A hero's death, who, for his country's right,
 Has braved the fight.
Look, boy ! They fly, they fly, the foe gives back !
The welkin opens, through it lies our track.

THE POPPY.

EE where, soft cradled by the western winds,
'Mong its bright mates the blooming poppy
gleams!

The slumb'rous flower, whose garland fitly binds
The drowsy temples of the God of Dreams;—
Now vermeil-tinctured, as it had been dipp'd
Amid the glow of day's departing red;
Now wan and pallid, as it had been tipp'd
With colours from the sickly moonbeams shed.

They told me with the voice of warning care,
Whoe'er beneath the poppy sank to sleep,
Was borne away to a dim region, where
Was nought save dreams, dull, passionless, and deep.
Nor did its spell with waking hours depart,
Its chain still hung upon my soul, and all
That had been nearest, dearest to my heart,
Seem'd shrouded in a visionary pall.


In my life's morn, unheeding of the hours,
Once lay I, musing many an idle tale,
Nestling unseen, amid fair clustering flowers,
Far down within a solitary vale.

Oh! 'twas a time with joy and sweetness rife,
And, while I scarcely of the change did deem,
A picture seem'd the moving world of life,
All real things were only as a dream.

E'er since that hour, within my bosom furl'd,
Has lain the golden vision then I knew,
My picture—it has been my living world,
My dream alone been firmly based and true.
The shapes, that rise and float around me now,
Bright as the stars, the eternal stars are they.
Oh! poppy-flower of poesy, do thou
Amid my locks entwine and bloom for aye!



THE SERENADE.



WHAT soft low sounds are these I hear,
 That come my dreams between?
 Oh! mother, look, who may it be,
 That plays so late at e'en.

" I hear no voice, I see no form,
 Oh! rest in slumber mild!
 They'll bring no music to thee now,
 My poor, my ailing child."

It is not music of the earth,
 That makes my heart so light.
 The angels call me with their songs—
 Oh, mother dear, good night!



THE FAREWELL.


 HO'S he, that steals through the castle-garden
 Under the gleam of the pale star-light?
 Say, do the arms of love await him,
 Shall he be lapp'd in its joys to-night?

Ah! 'tis the minstrel—see, he throws him
 Down at the base of yon high tower,
 That beetles darkly and grimly o'er him,
 And thus his descant begins to pour.

“ Lady, list from thy lofty lattice!
 I'll weave for thee a star-bright rhyme,
 To call up a dream of delight around thee,
 A dream from thy childhood's rosy time.
 I came, when the vesper bell was ringing,
 E'er day shall have broken, far hence I'll be,
 And the towers, where my boyhood's years were cradled,
 No more shall I in the sunshine see.

“ I came not near, when thou sat'st enthronèd
 Amidst the blaze of the banquet hall,
 When about thee lordly knights were smiling,
 And thou wert the radiant star of all.

No ! when thy heart was fill'd with gladness,
Thou wouldst not have reck'd but of mirthful lays,
Thou wouldst not have reck'd of love's complainings,
Or of ties that were twined in our childhood's days.

“ Hence, hence, thou darkness so chill and dreary,
Bloom out once more, thou shadowy glade !
And bring me that world of soft enchantment,
Where in my golden prime I stray'd.
There will I couch in the dewy grass,
Till I see that child again before me
Come tripping along, the beautiful fairy,
And scattering flowers in her frolic o'er me.

“ Ah ! that time has been long departed,
Yet its memory dies not, will never die ;
It stands like a luminous rainbow, lighting
The gloom of a dark and weltering sky.
I'll hie me hence, lest the weary present
Should that sweet gleam of the past destroy ;
But say, has thy heart not all forgotten
Our childhood's friendship, our childhood's joy ?”

And there, as he lay beneath the turret,
Was hush'd the song of the minstrel bard,
And he heard a sound at the lady's lattice,
And a bright gem fell on the dusky sward.
“ Take this ring, and think of me often,
Think of old times that shall still be dear—
Take it, thou friend of my childhood !—a jewel
Glistens upon it, and a tear.”

DURAND.



O old Balbi's lordly castle
 With his lute Durand is going ;
 Blithe his step, for all his bosom
 With sweet songs is overflowing.

There a gentle maid, whenever
 He his minstrel power essays,
 Breathless, flush'd with sweet emotion,
 Shall look down with trembling gaze.

Underneath the dusky lindens
 Now he sweeps the strings, and featly
 Sings with clear-toned voice the measure,
 Told his passion's tale most sweetly.

From the lattice sees he flowerets
 Bend and wave in friendly greeting,
 But his song's bright mistress comes not,
 Nowhere she his glance is meeting.

And a man comes forth to seek him,
 Sad his look and heavy-hearted :
 " Break not on death's hallow'd slumbers,
 Lady Bianca's soul hath parted."

But Durand, the gallant minstrel,
Hath no word in answer spoken,
Ah, his eyes are closed in darkness,
Ah, his heart, his heart is broken.

Yonder in the castle chapel
Many a torch is gleaming brightly ;
There the lady rests all starkly,
Garlands o'er her scatter'd lightly.

Now dismay hath seized the mourners,
Fear and joy, and glad surprises,
For, behold, the lady Bianca
From the bier that bound her rises.

From her trance she hath arisen,
Burst that long and dreary dreaming ;
Like a tender maiden blushing
In her bridal robes her seeming.

Still of what had happ'd unweeting,
Still as to some vision clinging,
Asks she with a fond enquiring,
“ Was Durand not here and singing ? ”

Yes, Durand was here and singing,
But his songs are hush'd for ever ;
He has waked the dead from sleeping,
None will e'er his slumber sever.

Now, where saints abide in glory
Waking, his old love comes o'er him,
There he seeks his own, his dear one,
Who, he deems, is gone before him.

Through the starry seats of bliss he
Roams, by restless longings driven,
"Bianca! Bianca!" calling wildly
Through the empty halls of Heaven.



THE STUDENT.



ONE morn, as hard by Salamanca
 I sat within a garden's bound,
 And read with beating heart in Homer,
 While sang the nightingales around ;

How Helen, robed in shining vestments,
 Went forth upon the battlement,
 And how the Trojan elders marvell'd,
 To see her beauty as she went :

Till each greybeard, with his finger
 On his lip, his wonder told,
 " Was never woman seen so lovely !
 In sooth, she is of heavenly mould ! "

As thus I lay entranced and spell-bound,
 Read and read with eager eyes,
 'Mong the leaves I heard a rustling,
 And look'd round me in surprise.

On a balcony beside me,
 What bright wonder met me there !
 All enrobed in shining vestments
 Stood a maid, as Helen fair.

And a greybeard was beside her—
So grave, so kindly was his mien,
A senator of 'Troy's high council
I might swear that I had seen.

But myself was an Achaian ;
And a new Troy from that day
Was that fortified garden mansion,
Where in leaguer close I lay !

And, in simple sooth to say it,
Eve on eve, the summer long,
Came I thither without failing—
Came with lute, and came with song.

Told my love in plaintive measures,
All its passion, all its pain,
Till, oh joy ! from that high lattice
Came sweet answer back again.

Thus in word and song conversing,
Half the fleeting year was told ;
And e'en this had been denied us,
But her sire was deaf and old.

Though he oft forsook his pillow,
Restless, sleepless, full of fears,
He no more might hear our voices,
Than the music of the spheres.

But one night—the night was gusty,
Starless was the sky and black,
Came not to my wonted signal
The expected answer back.

Only one old toothless lady
Listen'd to my murmurs faint,
Only Echo, ancient lady,
Flung me back my bootless plaint.

She, my fair, my love, had vanish'd,
Blank were chamber, bower, and hall,
Hill, and dale, and bloomy garden,
All deserted—silent all.

Ah ! and I had never gather'd
What her name, or her degree ;
For to hide them she was plighted,
Nor might tell the tale to me.

Then I vow'd, that I should seek her,
Wandering ever, far and nigh ;
Homer now was left unheeded,
For Ulysses' self was I.

I took my lute for my companion,
And at every trellised bower,
And before each high balcony,
Sang my carol hour on hour.

Sang in town and field the ditty,
Which in Salamanca's vale
To my darling I had chaunted,
Ever in the evening pale.

But the answer that I pine for
Never, never more comes back ;
Echo only, ancient lady,
To torment me haunts my track.



THE KING UPON THE TOWER.

HERE lie they all,—the mountains grey,
 The dusky valleys, all tranquil lie ;
 Sleep reigns afar, and the winds that play
 Bring not a wail as they pass me by.

I have cared for all, and for all have striven,
 There was care in my goblets of sparkling wine ;
 Now the night it is come, and the living heaven,
 To gladden this weary soul of mine.

Oh, thou golden scroll, I look to thee
 Through the starry waste with a soul of love ;
 How I list to the wond'rous harmony,
 Scarce heard, of thy spheres as they roll above !

My hair is grizzled, and dimm'd my sight,
 In hall hangs the brand that hath quell'd my foes,
 My life long I've spoken, and done the right,—
 When, oh when, shall I taste repose ?

Oh, blest repose ! Oh, what delays
 Thy coming, thou glorious night, so long,
 When I'll see the stars in their fullest blaze,
 And list to the swell of their loudest song ?

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

BY the Rhine were roaming gallants three,
 And they turned them into an hostelrie.

“ Dame hostess, have you good beer and wine,
 And how is your daughter, so bonny and fine ? ”

“ My beer and wine are both fresh and bright—
 My daughter is laid in her shroud to-night. ”

And when they stept into the chamber dark,
 There in her shroud she lay pale and stark.

The first from her face the pall up took,
 And gazed at it long with sorrowful look.

“ Well away ! Wert thou living, thou lovely May,
 I should love thee evermore from this day ! ”

The second put back the pall again,
 And turn'd him away, and to weep was fain.


“ Woe's me ! to see thee laid on thy bier !
 I have loved thee so many a weary year ! ”

The third took it up again anon,
And kiss'd her upon the lips so wan :

“ I have loved thee ever, I love thee to-day,
And will love thee, my winsome bride, alway ! ”



DANTE.


 WAS it from a gate of Florence,
 Or from Heaven's own portal fair,
 Yon blithe throng at morning issued,
 In the sparkling springtide air?

Children fair as meek-eyed angels,
 Garlands in their locks entwined,
 Down into the flowery valley,
 Singing, dancing, gaily wind.

'Neath a laurel stood young Dante,
 Thrilling to the heart to see,
 In the fairest of those damsels,
 Her who should his angel be.

Rustling in the spring's light breezes,
 Stirr'd not every leaf above?
 Dante's young soul, did it thrill not
 To the mastering touch of love?

Yes! the stream of song for ever
 Fill'd his bosom from that day:
 Love, sweet love, inspired each measure,
 Love and his resistless sway.

When again he saw that maiden
 Blooming in her beauty's spring,
His poetic might had ripen'd
 Into stately blossoming.

Comes from forth the gate of Florence
 Once again a thronging train,
Slowly now and full of sadness,
 To a dull funereal strain.

'Neath yon inky pall, inwoven
 With a snow-white cross they bear,
In her prime too early gather'd,
 Beatrice, the young, the fair.

In his chamber lone sat Dante,
 Shades of evening fill the place—
Heard afar the death-bell booming,
 Heard, and cover'd up his face.

To the forest gloom he wander'd,
 Where its shadows thickest fell ;
From that hour his measures sounded
 Like the solemn passing-bell.

But in his worst desolation,
 When in moody grief he stray'd,
Came to him a blessèd spirit
 From his own departed maid :

One that by the hand did guide him
 Through the fiercest fires of bale,
Where his earthly pangs grew silent,
 Seeing damnèd spirits quail.

On his murky path advancing,
 Soon the glad light met his eyes ;
And his love was there to greet him
 At the gate of Paradise.

High and higher still they mounted—
 Through the glories of the sky,
She the sun of suns intently
 Viewing with undazzled eye.

He his gaze still sideways turning,
 To his loved companion's face,
Which reflected back the radiance
 Of that ever-glorious place.

All that story he hath woven
 In a lay of heavenly pride,
Lasting as the scars by lightning
 Graven upon the mountain's side.

Yes! Full worthy to be honour'd
 'Mongst all bards as THE DIVINE,
Dante, who his earthly passion
 Did to heavenly love refine.



MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS.





THE ATHENIAN GIRL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.

HAVE planted beds of roses 'neath my window,
and they bloom
Fresh and bright, and send their fragrance
sweetly up into my room ;
And the nightingales they warble love and joy from out the
spray—
Hush, ye warblers, yet a little ! know ye not he is away—
That my true love hath departed for the field with sword and
sperth,
For the Holy Cross to battle, and for freedom, home, and
hearth ?
Saw ye not how I unloosen'd from my neck my pearlin'
band ?—
To the man of God I gave it for my darling fatherland.

Saw ye not that months have vanish'd since I last adorn'd my
hair ?

Have ye seen me pluck one rosebud here through all these
months of care ?

Hush, ye warblers, yet a little, till my love comes from the
plain,

Comes to teach us freedom's praises in a new and nobler
strain !

Bloom, ye roses, yet a little, and I'll twine ye in my hair,
When, to greet our conquering heroes, forth with song and
dance we fare !

Oh ! and if thou shouldst return not with the rest, my darling
boy,

Where, oh where am I to hide me from the revel and the
joy ?

By my rosebeds couching lowly, chaplets there of thorns I'll
twine,

And one bird with me shall tarry, mingling its lament with
mine !



THE MAINOTE'S WIDOW.

FROM THE SAME.



ASHES seven upon his forehead, on his bosom
 gashes three,
 In his hand his red glaive, in his eye the pride of
 victory,
 There he lay upon the field, and, scatter'd round him thickly
 near,
 Lay the weapons of his foemen—pike and rifle, sword and
 spear.
 But so near to him they lay not, who had borne them in the
 fray ;
 From the hero, backward reeling, roll'd in dust and gore
 they lay.
 —“ Daughter, fetch me forth the garland, hangs above my
 couch, but see
 That you grasp it lightly—fragile, sere, and wither'd it must be.
 As upon my bridal morning, shall it wreath my brows anew,
 And upon this field of slaughter I our bridal bed will strew.
 Bring with you fresh flowers the fairest, lay them on my bride-
 groom's bed—
 Soft and pleasant be their greeting to my noble sleeper's head !
 Roses I will plant around him, that in after days shall wave
 In the vale of the Eurotas, fresh and fragrant from his grave ;

And I'll twine for thee a chaplet of their flowers, my daughter
dear,

When some youth of noble mettle wins thee for his plighted
fere—

One who for his bridal present bears with him a Turkish head
For each blood-red rose that blossoms o'er thy father's bloody
bed.

But to-morrow morning early, ere my bridegroom is awake,
I will doff my festive garments, from my brow the garland
take,

And, array'd in weeds of mourning, to the lonely greenwood
creep,

Not to hear the nightingale that warbles from the thicket
deep—

No! to seek me out a tree that bud has none nor leafy spray,
Where the widow'd turtle dovelet sits and plains the livelong
day,

By the spring whose crystal waters still she dabbles with her
wing,

Ere she drinks or bathes within it, since she lost her bosom's
king.

There I'll lay me down to wither, fade, and droop beneath
the sun,

Where the rain shall wash the tear-drops as adown my cheeks
they run,

And we'll wage a woful conflict there, my turtle-dove and I,
Who shall mourn her love the truest—who for him shall
soonest die!"

MARK BOZZARI.

FROM THE SAME.



OPEN wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,

Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!

Open wide thy lofty portals, open wide thy vaults profound;
Up, and scatter laurel garlands to the breeze and on the ground!
Mark Bozzari's noble body is the freight to thee we bear,
Mark Bozzari's! Who for hero great as he to weep will dare?
Tell his wounds, his victories over! Which in number greatest
be?

Every victory hath its wound, and every wound its victory!
See, a turban'd head is grimly set on all our lances here!
See, how the Osmanli's banner swathes in purple folds his bier!
See, oh, see, the latest trophies, which our hero's glory seal'd,
When his glaive with gore was drunken on great Karpinissi's
field!

In the murkiest hour of midnight did we at his call arise,
Through the gloom like lightning-flashes flash'd the fury from
our eyes;

With a shout, across our knees we snapp'd the scabbards of
our swords,

Better down to mow the harvest of the mellow Turkish
hordes;

And we clasp'd our hands together, and each warrior stroked
his beard,

And one stamp'd the sward, another rubb'd his blade, and
vow'd its weird. .

Then Bozzari's voice resounded: "On, to the barbarian's
lair!

On, and follow me, my brothers, see you keep together there!
Should you miss me, you will find me surely in the Pasha's
tent!

On, with God! Through Him our foemen, death itself through
Him is shent!

On!" And swift he snatch'd the bugle from the hands of
him that blew,

And himself awoke a summons that o'er dale and mountain
flew,

Till each rock and cliff made answer clear and clearer to the
call,

But a clearer echo sounded in the bosom of us all!

As from midnight's battlemented keep the lightnings of the
Lord

Sweep, so swept our swords, and smote the tyrants and their
slavish horde;

As the trump of doom shall waken sinners in their graves that
lie,

So through all the Turkish leaguer thunder'd his appalling
cry:

"Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Suliotes, smite them in
their lair!"


Such the goodly morning greeting that we gave the sleepers
there.

And they stagger'd from their slumber, and they ran from
street to street,
Ran like sheep without a shepherd, striking wild at all they
meet ;
Ran, and frenzied by Death's angels, who amidst their myriads
stray'd,
Brother, in bewilder'd fury, dash'd and fell on brother's blade.
Ask the night of our achievements ! It beheld us in the fight,
But the day will never credit what we did in yonder night.
Greeks by hundreds, Turks by thousands, there like scatter'd
seed they lay,
On the field of Karpinissi, when the morning broke in grey.
Mark Bozzari, Mark Bozzari, and we found thee gash'd and
mown ;
By thy sword alone we knew thee, knew thee by thy wounds
alone ;
By the wounds thy hand had cloven, by the wounds that
seam'd thy breast,
Lying, as thou hadst foretold us, in the Pasha's tent at rest !

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die !
Open wide thy vaults ! Within their holy bounds a couch we'd
make,
Where our hero, laid with heroes, may his long last slumber
take !
Rest beside that Rock of Honour, brave Count Normann, rest
thy head,
Till, at the archangel's trumpet, all the graves give up their
dead !

SONG BEFORE BATTLE.

FROM THE SAME.


 HOE'ER for freedom fights and falls, his fame no
 blight shall know,
 As long as through heaven's free expanse the
 breezes freely blow,
 As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter free,
 As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,
 As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the skies,
 As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath doth rise.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight
 shall know,
 As long as spirits of the free through earth and air shall go ;
 Through earth and air a spirit-band of heroes moves always,
 'Tis near us at the dead of night, and in the noontide's blaze,
 In the storm that levels towering pines, and in the breeze that
 waves
 With low and gentle breath the grass upon our fathers' graves.
 There's not a cradle in the bounds of Hellas broad and fair,
 But the spirit of our free-born sires is surely hovering there.
 It breathes in dreams of fairyland upon the infant's brain,
 And in his first sleep dedicates the child to manhood's pain ;

Its summons lures the youth to stand, with new-born joy
 possess'd,
Where once a freeman fell, and there it fires his thrilling breast,
And a shudder runs through all his frame; he knows not if
 it be
A throb of rapture, or the first sharp pang of agony.
Come, swell our banners on the breeze, thou sacred spirit-
 band,
Give wings to every warrior's foot, and nerve to every hand.
We go to strike for freedom, to break the oppressor's rod,
We go to battle and to death for our country and our God.
Ye are with us, we hear your wings, we hear in magic tone
Your spirit-voice the Pæan swell, and mingle with our own.
Ye are with us, ye throng around,—you from Thermopylæ,
You from the verdant Marathon, you from the azure sea,
By the cloud-capp'd rocks of Mykale, at Salamis,—all you
From field and forest, mount and glen, the land of Hellas
 through!

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight
 shall know,
As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes freely
 blow,
As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter free,
As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,
As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the skies,
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath doth rise.

CHIDHER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK RÜCKERT.



POKE Chidher the immortal, the ever young :
 “ I pass’d by a city, a man stood near,
 Plucking fruit that in a fair garden hung ;
 I ask’d : ‘ How long has the city been here ? ’
 He said, as the clustering fruit he caught,
 ‘ There was always a city on this spot,
 And so there will be, till time is not.’
 Five hundred years roll’d by, before
 I was standing upon that spot once more.

“ Not a trace of the city could be seen ;
 A shepherd lay piping his song alone,
 His flock were browsing the herbage green ;
 I ask’d : ‘ How long has the city been gone ? ’
 He said, while still on his pipe he play’d ;—
 ‘ Fresh flowers spring up, as the others fade,
 Here I and my flocks have ever stray’d.’
 Five hundred years roll’d by, as before :
 I was standing upon that spot once more.

“ I found there a sea, with billows crested ;
 A man was shooting his fishing gear,
 And, as from the heavy draught he rested,
 I ask’d : ‘ How long has the sea been here ? ’

He smiled at my question, and thus he spoke ;
 ‘ As long as these waves in foam have broke,
 It has been the haunt of us fisher folk.’

Five hundred years roll’d by, as before :
 I was standing upon that spot once more.

“ A tall spreading forest there I found,
 And a woodman old in its shadows drear ;
 The strokes of his axe broke the silence round :
 I ask’d : ‘ How old is the forest here ?’
 He said : ‘ All the days of my life I have known
 This forest a forest, and dwelt alone
 ’Mong trees that ever were growing or grown.’
 Five hundred years roll’d by, as before :
 I was standing upon that spot once more.

“ ’Twas a city now, where the hum resounded
 Of crowds on a festive holiday :
 I ask’d : ‘ What time was the city founded ?
 The forest, the sea, and pipe—where are they ?’
 They cried, of my question taking no thought,
 ’Twas ever the same as now—this spot,
 And so it will be till time is not.’
 And when five hundred years have roll’d by, as before,
 I’ll be standing upon that spot once more.”

THE GRAVE OF DIMOS.

FROM THE ROMAIC.



HE sun is setting 'mong the hills : "Bring water,"
 Dimos said—
 "Bring water, oh, my children ! your evening meal
 is spread ;

And thou, Lampraki, nephew mine, here sit thee down by
 me—

There !—take these weapons I have borne, and henceforth
 captain be.

"But you, my children, take my blade—my widow'd blade—
 and go,

Cut down the branches for a bed, where I may lay me low,
 And bring me quick a holy man—confession I would make,
 And number all my sins to him, while yet I am awake.

"Full thirty years an Armatole—full twenty summers I
 A Klepht have been, but now I feel my time has come to die.
 Oh ! make my tomb, and make it both broad and high, that so
 I may have space to battle, if need be, with the foe !

"And in the wall upon the right an open window make,
 That when beneath the melting snows the Spring begins to
 wake,

The swallows fluttering by to me the joyful news may bring,
 And I may hear the nightingales in May's fair morning sing !"

CHARON AND THE SOULS.

FROM THE ROMANTIC.



HERE is darkness on the mountains, a dark and
lowering veil—

Is it the rain is falling there? or beats the driving
hail?

'Tis not the hail is driving there, 'tis not the falling rain,
But Charon passing o'er them with his melancholy train.

He drives the young before him, and behind the old men
go,

And he leads the tender little ones link'd to his saddle-bow;
The old men lift their hands to him, imploring him to stay,
And with a voice of wail the young cry out, and thus they
say:

“ Oh, Charon, stay! dear Charon! by yonder little town,
By the fountain cool that near the gate is wimpling sweetly
down,
Fain would the old its waters drink, the young the disc would
fling,
And the tender little children pluck bright flow'rets by the
spring.”

“ Push on, push on ! I will not stay by yonder little town,
By the fountain cool that near the gate is wimpling sweetly
 down ;
The mothers coming to the spring would know the babes they
 bore,
And wives and husbands meeting there would ne'er be parted
 more.”



IOTIS DYING. A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE ROMAINC.



ROSE up in the morning, two hours ere break of
 day,
 And o'er the rocks to wash me in the fountain took
 my way ;

I heard a moaning 'mong the pines, a sound of heavy grief :
 Within the tents the robbers were weeping for their chief.


Rise up, rise up, Iotis mine, shake off this heavy sleep,
 The soldiers are upon us,—they hew us down like sheep.
 “ What shall I say, brave comrades ? Here is but sorry cheer,
 This wound of mine is mortal,—these balls are burning here !

“ Here ! Lift me up, my children, and place me on a seat,
 And bring to me a cup of wine, old mountain wine, and sweet,
 That I may drink and warm away this deadly chill, and sing
 A song, before I leave you, of dirge and sorrowing.

“ Oh, were I on the mountains, beneath the forest's shade,
 And heard the bleating of the sheep from every grassy glade !”

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

FROM THE FRENCH.

T midnight, from the sullen sleep of death the
 drummer rose,
 The night-winds wail, the moonbeams pale are hid
 as forth he goes ;
 With solemn air and measured step he paces on his rounds,
 And ever and anon with might the doubling drum he sounds.

His fleshless arms alternately the rattling sticks let fall,
 By turns they beat in rattlings meet reveillé and roll-call ;
 Oh, strangely drear fell on the ear the echoes of that drum,
 Old soldiers from their graves start up, and to its summons
 come.

They who repose 'mong northern snows, in icy cerements
 lapp'd,
 Or in the mould of Italy all sweltering are wrapp'd,
 Who sleep beneath the oozy Nile, or desert's whirling sand,
 Break from their graves, and armèd all spring up at the
 command.

And at midnight from death's sullen sleep the trumpeter arose,
 He mounts his steed, and loud and long his pealing trumpet
 blows.

Each horseman heard it, as he lay, deep in his gory shroud,
 And to the call these heroes all on airy coursers crowd.

Deep gash and scar their bodies mar—they were a ghastly
file—

And underneath the glittering casques their blench'd skulls
grimly smile.

With haughty mien they grasp their swords within their bony
hands ;

'Twould fright the brave to see them wave their long and
gleaming brands.

And at midnight from the sullen sleep of death the chief arose,
Behind him move his officers as slowly forth he goes.

His hat is small,—upon his coat no star or crest is strung,
And by his side a little sword—his only arms—is hung.

The wan moon threw a livid hue across the mighty plain,
As he that wore the little hat stepp'd proudly forth again,—
And well these grizzly warriors their little chieftain knew,
For whom they left their graves that night to muster in review.

“ Present—recover arms ! ” the cry runs round in eager
hum ;—

Before him all that host defiles, while rolls the doubling drum.

“ Halt ! ”—then he calls,—his generals and captains cluster
near,—

He turns to one that stands beside, and whispers in his ear.

From rank to rank, from rear to flank it rings along the Seine,
The word that chieftain gives is “ FRANCE ! ”—the answer,

SAINTE-HELENE ! ”

And thus departed Cæsar holds at midnight hour away

The grand review of his old bands in the Champs Elysées.

THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN REBOUL.



N angel over a cradle stood,
 His face was bright with an inward gleam,
 And he seem'd on his own fair form to brood
 In the mirror pure of a glassy stream.

“ Oh, come to my home, sweet babe so fair,”
 He murmur'd, “ Come ! come with me now !
 Oh, we shall be happy together there,
 The earth is unworthy of such as thou.

“ Its gladness is never without alloy,
 Some pang from its best delights will rise,
 There moans a wail through its shouts of joy,
 And all its pleasures are clogg'd with sighs.

“ O'er every feast is the fear of doom,
 No sky so clear and serene, but may
 Be blacken'd and riven with storm and gloom
 Before the dawn of another day.

“ On that pure brow shall the trouble pass
 Of hopes deceived, and of haunting fears ?
 Shall those blue eyes be bedimm'd, alas !
 By the bitter baptismal rain of tears ?

“ No, no ! dear babe, through the fields of space
Thou wilt fly with me to a brighter sphere,
God will not exact in His boundless grace
The days that else thou hadst linger'd here.


“ No soil of sorrow, no taint of sin,
From thy sojourn here on thy heart shall rest ;
The smiles, that usher'd thy young life in,
Shall follow thee home to yon region blest.

“ No cloud on thy brow shall its shadow fling,
Nor the darkness there of the grave forecast,
Of so unspotted and pure a thing
The loveliest morning is still the last.”


And, slowly unfurling his wings snow-white,
The angel ceased, and aloft he sped
To the blest abodes of eternal light :
Ah, poor mother ! Thy child is dead !



FROM CEHLENSCHLÄGER'S SOCRATES.


 WHY should the thought of death disturb thee so?
 One of two things it must be, that is certain;
 Something or nothing, Cebes. If it but took
 Our consciousness away, our power to feel,
 Were it a sleep, wherein the sleeper's brain
 Is rack'd not even by the filmiest dream,
 It were a boon beyond all mortal price.
 For surely I do think, breathes not the man,
 Who, weighing such a night of peace with those
 Long nights and days of sorrow and of pain,
 This earthly life is doom'd to undergo,
 That would not rather choose this blissful peace.
 But if death leaves our consciousness untouch'd,
 If it be but a change, a going forth,
 A journey of the soul to happier realms,
 Where we again shall meet all those we love,
 Think, what delight, what transport it will be,
 There to abide, and to converse with Gods,
 With Hesiod, Orpheus, Homer, and with all
 The mighty, who on earth have dwelt of yore!

FROM PETRARCH.*


 HERE be the tearful strains of callow youth,
 The wound bewailing, which the quiver'd boy
 Struck deep in one as boyish as himself.
 All that is ours, Time's ever-busy hand
 Wears grain by grain away,—our very life
 To Death is ministrant, and while our bark
 Seems as it rode in some safe anchoring bay,
 'Tis sweeping down a tide that bears still on.
 My very self contrasted with myself
 Shall seem no more the same. The brow is strange,
 The manners strange—the mind of different stamp,
 The very voice sounds with another tone.
 Pitying with ice-cold heart a lover's fires,
 We blush to think, how we have glow'd of yore.
 The tranquil soul abhors its old unrest,
 And, musing o'er its lays of former years,
 Deems them the follies of another's lyre.

* See Petrarch's Works, vol. iii, p. 76, edit. 1581.

SONNETS BY ARIOSTO.

THE net was made of yonder golden twine,
 Which in its folds my fancy's pinions took ;
 Yon eyebrow was the bow, the shaft yon look,
 And the fell archer yonder eyes divine.

Oh, I am struck, emprison'd closely round,
 My heart sinks down, death-stricken to the core,—
 Strong are my gyves, yet still do I adore
 Both that which struck me, and which took me bound.
 For the sweet cause that makes me languish so
 Even unto death, if death such pains might bring,
 I triumph in my pains, and long to die,
 That she, unweeting of the joys that flow
 To me from all this heavenly sorrowing,*
 May deign me one kind glance, one single sigh.

What man is he shall worthily declare
 Thy charms, angelic and divine that be,
 Since that all words seem weak and poor to me,
 To tell the beauty of thy tresses fair.
 The lofty phrase, the sweet and gentle air,
 Which in the bards of Greece and Rome we treasure,

* "This sorrow's heavenly! It strikes
 Where it doth love."

Othello, act v. sc. 2.

Would not suffice to reach unto the measure
Of all their praise,—these waves of golden hair ;
Their glittering sheen, as down thy throat they stray
In long smooth threads of gold luxuriantly,
Might give the theme for an unending lay.
Oh, had I like the Ascrean, ate the bay,
I'd sing of them so long, that swanlike I
Should die, nor die as now without a word away.

When first those golden tresses met my view,
Those sweetest eyes, the roses fragrant-warm
Of thy red lips, and every other charm,
That me hath made idolatrous of you,
Lady, oh then, methought, the loveliness
Thou took'st from heav'n was such, that never more
Might rarer beauty come these eyes before,
For surely none could more supremely bless.
But, since, thy mind hath pour'd on mine its light
Serene and clear, and in my breast it well
Might hold o'er all charms else triumphant place.
Which is most dear, I may not judge aright :
But this I know, that never yet did dwell
A soul so fair in form of so much grace.

THE TAVERN DANCING GIRL.

ASCRIBED TO VIRGIL.



SEE the Syrian girl, her tresses with the Greek tiara
 bound,
 Skill'd to strike the castanets, and foot it to their
 merry sound,
 Through the tavern's reeky chamber, with her cheeks all
 flush'd with wine,
 Strikes the rattling reeds, and dances, whilst around the
 guests recline !
 " Wherefore thus, footsore and weary, plod through sum-
 mer's dust and heat ?
 Better o'er the wine to linger, laid in yonder cool retreat !
 There are casks, and cans, and goblets,—roses, fifes, and
 lutes are there,—
 Shady walks, where arching branches cool for us the sultry
 air.
 There from some Mænalian grotto, all unseen, some rustic
 maid
 Pipes her shepherd notes that babble sweetly through the lis-
 tening glade.
 There, in cask pitch'd newly over, is a vintage clear and
 strong ;
 There, among the trees, a brooklet brawls with murmur hoarse
 along ;

There be garlands, where the violet mingling with the crocus
blows,

Chaplets of the saffron twining through the blushes of the rose ;
Lilies, too, which Acheloës shall in wicker baskets bring,
Lilies, fresh and sparkling, newly dipp'd within some virgin
spring.

There are little cheeses also, laid between the verdant rushes,
Yellow plums, the bloom upon them, which they took from
Autumn's blushes,

Chestnuts, apples ripe and rosy, cakes which Ceres might
applaud,

Here, too, dwelleth gentle Amor, here, with Bacchus, jovial god !
Blood-red mulberries, and clusters of the trailing vine between,
Rush-bound cucumbers are there, too, with their sides of
bloomy green.

There, too, stands the cottage guardian, in his hand a willow-
hook,

But he bears no other weapon ; maidens unabash'd may look.

Come, my Alibida, hither ! See, your ass is fairly beat !

Spare him, as I know you love him. How he's panting with
the heat !

Now from brake and bush is shrilling the cicada's piercing note ;
E'en the lizard now is hiding in some shady nook remote.

Lay ye down !—to pause were folly—by the glassy fountain's
brink,

Cool your goblet in the crystal, cool it ever, ere you drink.

Come, and let your wearied body 'neath the shady vine
repose,

Come, and bind your languid temples with a chaplet of the
rose !

Come, and ye shall gather kisses from the lips of yon fair
girl ;

He, whose forehead ne'er relaxes, ne'er looks sunny, is a
churl !

Why should we reserve these fragrant garlands for the thank-
less dust ?

Would ye that their sweets were gather'd for the monumental
bust ?

Wine there !—Wine and dice !—To-morrow's fears shall
fools alone benumb !

By the ear Death pulls me, “ Live ! ” he whispers softly,
“ Live ! I come ! ”



Like most young men, steep'd to the lips in vices foul and
 shameless,
 I tread the broad way that leads down to a place that shall be
 nameless,
 And eager more for pleasure, than to be in morals blameless,
 I cultivate my outward man, and mind my inward's claim less.

A love affair appears to me of grave and weighty moment,
 A labyrinth of pleasant fears, and cheerfully I roam in't;
 The toil that Venus doth enjoin is pleasant toil, and so meant
 For men of *nous* alone; your fools were never yet at home
 in't;

Oh, saintly father, pardon me, forgive my agitation,
 I faint, I die, I'm going off in pleasant trepidation!
 The beauty of these girls, it tears my heart to laceration,
 I'm kissing the whole lot of them, the dears, in contemplation!

'Tis no such very easy thing to keep one's nature's down, sir,
 And not to feel a little queer in looking on a gown, sir,
 Especially when in it is a maid of nutty brown, sir;
 Young flesh and blood must needs break out, though saints
 may fret and frown, sir.

Set a man within a fire, will the flames not singe him?
 Who can live in this vile world, nor let its vileness tinge him,
 When Venus plants on every side her traps and snares to
 twinge him,
 And rosy lips and sparkling eyes and sunny locks unhinge
 him?

The second charge against me is, that I am given to diceing,
But most unfortunate am I that very pleasant vice in ;
And, when clean'd out, I find my wits so very sharp and
 slicing,
That floods of song roll in on me in measure most enticing.

The tavern's pleasures are the next that do my spirit lumber,
They always have stuck fast to it and always will encumber,
Until I see the cherubim approach in goodly number,
To sing my poor departing soul into eternal slumber.

In a tavern I shall die, unless my purpose misses,
With old wine upon my lips to cheer me with its kisses,
And, when the angels come to take my soul away to blisses,
They'll say, "The Lord be merciful to a toper such as this is !"

Wine in brimming bumpers bears the spirit's richest ores up,
And, on nectar-moisten'd wings to the stars it soars up ;
Greatly I prefer the can, mine host against me scores up,
To the cup our cellarer with cold water pours up.

There be some small poets who, shunning public places,
Woo in shady solitudes the Muse's pensive graces ;
There they toil, and sweat, and moil, and make most dire
 grimaces ;
Yet, after all, what they produce in very piteous case is.

There be bards that put themselves on thinnest water gruel,
Fly the world's loud bickerings, its strife, and jarrings cruel ;
Toil for immortality, and, as they grasp the jewel,
Die off from inanition, like your fire from lack of fuel.

With one's own peculiar whims Nature still doth mould one ;
 When my genius is starved, 'tis a very cold one :
 Any boy might beat me then, nor need be a bold one,—
 Oh, I hate your fasting-days, as I do the Old One !

Every man by nature hath his own gifts and mission ;
 I'm one of those that need good wine to aid my composition,
 Then my genius doth attain unto its full fruition,
 And my language overflows, even unto repletion.

As my liquor floweth good, goodly verses flow so,
 But unless I eat as well they will never go so.
 With a bottle in my belt, then my measures glow so,
 That Ovidius Naso's are, compared with them, but so so.

Never is there given to me poetic inspiration,
 Till I've eat and drank my fill, even to saturation !
 Bacchus then within my brain hath the domination,
 And Phœbus rusheth into me, to general admiration.

Lo ! I have told how ill I've lived, how wickedly and vainly ;
 For had I not, your servants would, and that's my reason
 mainly.
 They, sneaking rogues, will never speak their evil thoughts
 out plainly,
 Nor e'er confess the sins they love and revel in profanely.

But now I meckly stand before my blessed lord the bishop,
 And all my sins and naughtiness canonically dish up :

Let him cast a stone at me who ne'er had wicked wish up-
On his heart, nor now can find a single fault to fish up.

I have mention'd every sin that I know about me,
And the venom, cherish'd long, cast away from out me.
The ancient Adam I abjure : infidels may flout me.
Man sees the face but Jove the heart, what matter though they
doubt me?

Vice I hate : the virtues all, how pleasant surely they be !
My inward man regenerate, this shall a glorious day be.
On the tender milk of grace I'm fed like new-born baby,
That my heart of vanity the seat no longer may be.

Lord Bishop, pray, be merciful to me, and from the treasure
Of thy abundant goodness yield thy suppliant good measure ;
Forgive my sins, and I'll perform, at my very earliest leisure,
Whatever penance you enjoin, with a very great deal of plea-
sure.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE MONK'S DREAM.*

“ Si secundum carnem vixeritis, moriemini: si autem spiritu facta carnis mortificaveritis, vivetis.”—*Beati Pauli Epist. ad Romanos.*



ONCE as I lay upon a winter night,
And chid the laggard coming of the day,
Before my eyes there came a dismal sight,
That settled there, and would not pass away:

All on a bier a clay-cold Body lay;
A Knight's it was, who, in the o'erblown pride
Of youth and lustihed, not cared to pay

* Among the poems preserved in the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, is one called "The Desputisoun bituen the Bodi and the Soule," supposed to have been written about the commencement of the fourteenth century. The following poem is founded upon this singular and very powerful conception of the Ancient Muse. The subject was a favourite one among the monkish writers; and poems, more or less resembling that in question, exist both in Latin and in the vernacular language of various parts of Europe. See the poem *Dialogus inter Corpus et Animam*, printed in *The Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter de Mapes*; published by the Camden Society, 1841, p. 95, and Note E in the same volume, pp. 34 *et seq.*

God's service, but his gracious hests defied ;
 And now the parting Ghost stood by the Body's side.

But, ere it parted on its flight, it turn'd
 Back to the Body, as 'twere loth to leave
 The home wherein it whilom had sojourn'd,
 But to its haunt familiar fain would cleave ;
 And, looking sadly on it, seemed to grieve,
 And thus it said—" Alas, and well-a-wo !

What could thee now of all thy sense bereave,
 Thou fickle flesh—why liest thou rotting so,
 That erst so high of heart and bearing went to go ?

" Thou, that wert ever wont on prancing steed
 To ride abroad, by country or by town ;
 Thou, that wert known for many a shining deed
 Of high emprise a knight of fair renown :
 How are thy swelling honours stricken down,
 Thy heart of lion-daring lowly bowed !

Where now is thy imperious voice, thy frown
 Of withering hate ? Thou, that wert once so proud,
 What dost thou lying here, wrapt in a vulgar shroud ?

" Where is thy arras stiffening with gold,
 Thy couches all with gorgeous hangings strew'd,
 Thy ambling jennets, and thy destrier bold,
 Thy hawks and hounds, that came to thee for food ?
 Where now the troops of friends that round thee stood ?
 Where thy swollen treasure-heaps, thy jewels worn
 About the proud brows of thine altitude ?

Ah! thou, whose banner once, in field upborne,
Shook terror, now liest low, of all thy lustre shorn!

“ Where are thy cooks, whose curious skill did whet
Thy glutton lust, made thy lewd flesh to swell,
That now with worms in rottenness must fret,
While I must bide the bitter pangs of hell?
Thy towers that look so fair o'er wood and dell,
Thy chambers with sweet flowers all garlanded,
Thy vestments rare of pall and purple—tell,
What shall they all thy wretched corse bestead,
That in the dull dark grave to-morrow shall be laid?

“ Where be thy gleemen, that did crown thy cheer
With minstrel song and merry jargonning
Of viol, tabor, and the trumpet clear,
Whilst to them aye rich largess thou wouldst fling
Of robes or the red gold, and bid them sing
Thy praises wide by cottage, bowèr, or hall?
Thou, who brought'st ever wail and sorrowing
On poor men's hearths, that cursed thy tyrant thrall,
Who is there at this hour to sorrow o'er thy fall?

“ The morsel won by the o'ertoilèd brow
Of poverty thou took'st to feed the state
Of revellers, that fatten'd were enow.
The rich were ever welcome at thy gate,
But blows and spurns did still the poor await.
Wretch, who now thanks or blesses thee? Ere morn
From the high palace where thou ruledst late,

From wealth, and rank, and kin, thou shalt be borne,
To make thy bed with worms, in loathsome pit forlorn.

“Thou, for whose wild ambition's sateless grasp
The world's dominion seemèd scarce too wide,
A few poor feet of earth shall soon enclasp
Thy wretched limbs, and to thee nought beside
Of all thou'st won so dearly shall abide.

There others now shall play the ruler's part.

All's lost to thee, that erewhile was thy pride ;
Gone is all vaunting joyaunce from thy heart :
Oh ! I could weep to see how fallen and poor thou art !

“A joyful day to thy false heir is this,
This day to us so woful-sad and drear ;
He would not yield one rood of thine, I wis,
To bring us out of bale to blissful cheer.
No more shall weep for thee thy wedded fere,—
Her eye courts a new mate ; nor may she sleep
This night for thinking him her side anear.
Soon shall that new lord to her bosom creep,
To revel there, when thou in clay art buried deep.

“Now may thy neighbours live secure from ill,
And all the wrongs thy vengeful malice wrought :
Hunted were those that stoop'd not to thy will,
Till they to meagre penury were brought.
The thousand curses on thy head besought
By day and night shall cling thee now !” With this
Down fell the Soul, and cried, as sore distraught,

“ Woes me ! that I, who ne'er did aught amiss,
Should be for thy foul deeds for aye thrust out from bliss ! ”

When thus the Soul had spoke with rueful cheer,
The Body, ghastly thing ! lift up anon
Its head, there as it lay upon the bier,
And heaving, as 'twere sick, a piteous groan,
“ Art thou my ancient mate, that mak'st this moan ? ”
It cried. “ Oh, why upbraid me thus, my Soul,
With this my sore mishap ? Am I alone,
Of all men, doom'd to dree death's bitter dole ?
No ! e'en the haughtiest brows must veil to its control.

“ Full well I know that I must rot, for thus
Did Alexander and great Cæsar fare,
Ne was there left of wights so glorious
One jot to tell of that which once they were.
The very mother, too, which did them bear,
Worms fed upon her throat so marble white ;
So shall they feed on mine, I know, for ne'er
Where once the biting shaft of death did smite,
Came cheer or pleasance more to heart of mortal wight.

“ My youth was hot within me, and I sped
With mirth and revelry the flying hours,
Nor deem'd life's summer-time would e'er have fled,
And torn me from my halls and pleasant bowers.
Woods, waters, lands I bought, and stately towers,
And lived as life were all a holiday,
When death, that lays in dust the bravest powers,

Stole on my joys, and hurried me away
From all my fair domains, which others now shall sway.

“Soul, chide not me, that thou art brought to shame,
And that in torments drear we both must bide,
Thou, and thou only, art for this to blame :
Wisdom and wit did God to thee confide,
And set thee up my keeper and my guide ;
I was no more but bond-slave to thy will,
Working its bidding morn and eventide ;
In all I did thou wert my tutor still,
Then blame thyself alone that thou art brought to ill.”

“Peace, Body !” cried the Soul, “who hath thee taught
To heap on me reproaches most unfit ?
What ! think'st thou, wretch, though thou art come to naught,
And thy foul flesh must rot in noisome pit,
That therefore thou so lightly shalt go quit
Of thy misdeeds ? No ! Though aneath men's feet
Thy dust be trod, and wild winds scatter it,
Yet we again, as once we were, shall meet
To abide our woful doom, before God's judgment seat.

“For I was given thee, but to do thy hest :
Thou shook'st my counsel from thee with disdain,
Spurning the curb that would have tamed thy crest,
And in thy wicked track dash'd on amain
To shame and sorrow. When I've been full fain
To bid thee think of thy Soul's needs, at mass,
Matin, or even-song—‘Let fools go sain
Their souls, so go not I,’ thine answer was,
And forth with shout to field or greenwood thou wouldst pass.

“The winding horn, that rang the struck stag’s knell,
 More pleased thine ear than chaunt of holy men ;
 More dear the dance, and music’s gladsome swell,
 And smiles to bright eyes that smiled back again.
 Well dost thou know, my rede thou reck’dst not when
 I told thee, ’twould not evermore be so :

I gave up all to do thee pleasure then,
 Yet now thou’dst purchase thine own ease, although
 I should be doom’d to pine in everlasting woe.

“No more or beast or bird shall fly thy mark,
 No more thy horn through merry greenwood ring :
 Thy heart is cleft in twain, thine eyes are dark,
 And thou liest there, mute, moveless, festering.
 What lady bright, of those that used to cling
 To thee, would lay her by thy side to-night,
 Or press her sweet lips to so foul a thing ?
 Go out into the street, and in affright
 Thy friends will fly from thee, thou’rt so abhorr’d a sight.”

“Soul ! Soul ! thou wrong’st me,” cried the Body, “so
 To charge thy fall from heaven’s delights on me !
 Whate’er I did or said, for weal or woe,
 Thou know’st full well was ever seen by thee.
 Where’er I went, I bore thee with me ; we
 Were loving co-mates then, blythe was my cheer,
 I lack’d for nought, and time went merrily.
 O woeful time ! since thou hast left me here,
 A dull unmoving clod, upon my joyless bier.”

“’Tis true, that thou didst bear me,” said the Soul,
“With thee at all times, as thou wert my steed.
So was I helpless bound in your control,—
I could not else but stoop to thee, as need
Must be whose fate is to his hand decreed.
I loved thee ! We had grown from infancy
Together, and I durst not cross thy rede,
Afeard of losing thee, for where by me
Might a new home be found, if once thrown off by thee ?

“I saw thee fair and goodly to the view,
And on thee all my love I cast. Methought
Thou couldst not err ; and so thy passions grew
Headstrong and fierce, nor would not e’er be taught.
It had been vain, that with thee I had fought.
Greed, envy, hatred, pride, that did defy
E’en God, possess’d thy heart ; thou didst besot
Thyself in lust and gluttony : and I,
Must fast in fires for this. Well may I wail and cry !

“Oft were we threaten’d with the coming doom,
Yet little heed took’st thou of that, when thou
Saw’st dead men laid to moulder in the tomb.
The world and its temptations held thee now,
And to thy lusts I servilely must bow.
Thou say’st I made thee bond-slave to my will,—
Thee, the untamed, the imperious ! Well I trow,
Of all thy wasteful crimes the thought was still
Thine own. Bctide what may, I ne’er did aught of ill.

“ Oh! hadst thou, Jesu, on me timely thrown
 The griping fangs of hunger, frost, and cold,
 Purged me, and brought my vaulting spirit down!
 But what I learn'd when young I did when old,
 Chain'd to a will impure and overbold.
 Thou knew'st me prone to sin, as men are all,
 And shouldst my erring wishes have controll'd—
 Have bound me fast, nor left me to their thrall;
 But when blind lead the blind, both in the ditch must fall.”

Then 'gan the Soul to weep, and cried, “ Alas!
 Alas! that ever, Body, I did see
 Thee, who hast brought me to this woeful pass,
 That wrought in love thy pleasure cheerfully.
 But thou wert ever a false churl to me:
 When I bade shrive thee, and in dust and tears
 Turn from thy sins, the foul Fiend whisper'd thee,
 ‘ So young, to quit thy joys for gloom and fears!
 Be merry, take thine ease—thou'rt sure of many years.’

“ And when I bade thee with the dawn arise,
 And care for thy Soul's health, then thou wouldst say,
 Leave me to dream, with half unclosèd eyes,
 Of joys to be upon the morrow-day.
 And when I bade thee fling thy pride away,
 ‘ Bear,’ said the Fiend, ‘ a fierce and haughty mien,
 Robe thee in purple and all rich array,
 Not, beggar-like, in russet gaberdine,
 And on fair-harness'd steed of fire abroad be seen.’

“ Oh! had I been a beast, that ranged at will,
 Ate, drank, and utterly was slain at last,
 Then had I never known or good or ill,
 Or for the sins which thou, thou only, hast
 Wrought in thy body, into hell been cast.
 And though all men beneath the moon should try
 To ease the pains that on us shall be pass'd,
 Nor power nor wile our least release shall buy;—
 Hell's hounds will soon be here, nor may I from them fly.”

And when it saw the Soul thus wail its doom,
 The Body cried, “ Oh, that my heart had burst,
 When I was taken from my mother's womb,
 And I been cast to snakes in pit accursed!
 Then had I ne'er in worldly sins been nursed,
 Nor now been borne away to torments dire.
 Is there no saint, to call on Him who erst
 Did for our sakes on bloody cross expire,
 To free us by His grace from hell's consuming fire?”

“ Nay, Body, nay, to pray is now too late,
 Thy tongue is mute, reft utterly of speech;
 And even now the wain is at the gate.
 Our pains are past remede of mortal leech;
 That woeful pit of doom we both must reach.
 Oh! hadst thou, whilst life yet remain'd, but lent
 Thine ear to Heaven, and turn'd thee to beseech
 Kind Jesu's grace, and so the Fiend yshent,
 Though thou wert dyed in guilt, he would us help have sent.

" But though all living men were priests to sing
 Masses for thee, and wives and widows all
 Their hands for thee in agony should wring,
 They could not our lost happiness recall.
 But I must leave thee in thy dusky pall :
 I hear the hell-hounds bark, and through the gloom
 Come countless fiends, prepared on me to fall,
 And bear me off to hell. But thou shalt come
 To speak again with me upon the day of doom."

Scarce had it spoken, and in wild dismay
 Turn'd as 't would flee, but knew not where to go,
 When on it sprung a thousand fiends, and they
 Grasp'd it with hooks and tugg'd it to and fro.
 O Heaven ! their eyes shot out a fiery glow.
 Rough were their limbs, plague-spotted, and long-nail'd
 Their talons were ; and, till it howl'd with woe,
 Their quivering prey they limb by limb assail'd.
 " Oh mercy, God ! " it cried, but nought its cry avail'd.

Some thrust its jaws apart, and cried, " Drink, drink ! "

While molten lead was pour'd adown its throat.
 Then came there one, the master fiend, I think,
 And with a burning spear its heart he smote.
 Then through sides, back, and breast, they plunged red-hot
 Faulchions of steel, till all their points did meet
 In the heart's core ; and they did cry, and gloat
 Upon its pangs—" This heart, that once did beat
 So hot with pride, ho ! feels it now another heat ? "

" Oh, thou wert fain in robes of costly woof
 To vaunt thyself," they said, and straightway flung
 A shirt of mail upon it, massy proof,
 And all aglow, with clasps that firmly clung
 To back and breast. Then forth a charger sprung,
 Breathing out flames from throat and nostrils wide,
 And loud and fearfully its neighings rung.
 Its back a saddle bore, for him to ride,
 With spikes of burning steel stuck o'er on every side.

Into it he was flung, the fiendish rout
 Pursuing close behind with blow and yell;
 As from a blazing brand the sparks flew out,
 Whilst on him blow on blow redoubling fell.
 Then they let slip the baying hounds of hell;
 On, on they hunted him, nor did not slack,
 And, as they flew, they tore him flesh and fell.
 Behind them ran a long bloodstainèd track,
 Till to hell's throat they came, grim, sulphurous, and black.

The earth did split, and there came roaring out
 Fierce sulphurous flames in many a whirling wreath,
 That blasted all the air for miles about.
 Oh! woe is them, that toss in fires beneath!
 And when the Soul saw the wild flashes seethe,
 " O Jesu Lord!" it cried, " look from on high,
 And mercy on Thy wretched creature breathe;
 Thine own hand's work, like other men, am I,
 Whom thou hast ta'en to bliss, and set Thyself anigh.

“Thou God, that knewest all things from the first,

Why madest Thou me for wrath, and to be torn
By bloody fiends, a creature all accursed ?

Well may I wail that ever I was born,
For I am here unfriended and forlorn,
Left without hope in sore distressful case !”

Then cried the fiends, and laugh'd loud laughs of scorn,
“It boots not thee to call on Jesu's grace,
Thou art for ever shut out from before His face.

“For thou our servant wert in times of yore,
And of thy labour thou shalt reap the fruit,
As others do that love our master's lore !”

Ended was now the demons' mad pursuit,
And catching up their victim head and foot
They hurl'd him headlong down that murky pit,
Where never sun its blessed rays can shoot.
And downwards straight they all sank after it ;
The earth closed up again, as though it ne'er had split.

And now drew on apace the welcome day—

Cold drops of sweat stood on each several hair,
And nigh distraught with agony I lay.

Then did I call on Jesu blest in prayer,
And thank'd His grace that our afflictions bare,
And saved me from the fiend and fires of bale.

Now sinners quit your sins, and shrive you ere
Too late, and your past guilt with tears bewail !
No sin so great, but Christ's dear love shall more prevail.

TO MISS HELEN FAUCIT, AS ROSALIND.

BLESSINGS on the glorious spirit, lies in poesy
 divine !
 Blessings, lady, on the magic of that wondrous
 power of thine !

I have had a dream of summer, summer in the golden time,
 When the heart had all its freshness, and the world was in
 its prime ;

I have been away in Arden, and I still am ranging there ;
 Still I feel the forest breezes fan my cheek, and lift my hair ;
 Still I hear the stir and whisper which the arching branches
 make,

And the leafy stillness broken by the deer amid the brake !
 Where along the wood the brooklet runs, upon its mossy
 brink,

Myself a stricken deer I've laid me, where the stricken came
 to drink.

There be Amiens and his co-mates, up, yon giant stems be-
 tween,

Yonder, where the sun is shining 'neath the oak upon the
 green.

Hark ! the throstle-cock is singing ! And he turns his merry
 note,

Carolling in emulation of the sweet bird's joyous throat.

Lightly let them troll their wood notes, fleet the careless time
away!

What know they of love's emotion? No sweet Rosalind have
they!

I will down by yonder dingle—none shall steal upon us there—
Heavenly, heavenly Rosalinda! Thou art with me every-
where!

Ever is thy voice beside me, ever on thy brow I gaze,
One such glorious dream about thee all the world beside out-
weighs.

See, young Ganymede awaits me. Blessings on that roguish
boy,

How he lightens my love's sadness with a sweet and pensive joy!
Yet the charms, the playful graces, that show bright in him,
I find,

Only cluster round the image of my heavenly Rosalind.
So would Rosalind have won me,—so have look'd and so have
smiled,

With such blithe and open spirit me of all my heart be-
guiled.

Ever deeper grows my passion, restless more my eager heart—
“I can live no more by thinking,* from my Rosalind apart!”
“Then to-morrow thou shalt see her, see her, wed her, if you
will!”

Oh, ye gods, let that to-morrow shine in golden numbers still!

* *Orlando*. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind. I will weary you, then, no longer by talking * * *. If
you do love Rosalind so near your heart as your gesture cries it out, when
your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her.—*As You Like It*,
act v. sc. 2.

For it gave her to my bosom, and, at length, when there re-
clined,
By the proudest name I claim'd her as my own, "my Rosa-
lind!"*


Such, dear lady, was the vision, such the passion strong
and deep,
Which thy magic wrought within me, laying meaner thoughts
to sleep.
I have been the young Orlando, and though but a dream it
were,
Never from my heart shall vanish what hath struck so deeply
there!

* *Orlando*. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

As You Like It, act v. sc. 4.



THE DYING GIRL'S SONG.


 ALL no sullen bell for me,
 None, when I am dying,
 Let my spirit's requiem be
 But the zephyr's sighing,
 And the woodbirds' melody,
 When the day is dying.

Rear no solemn marble, where
 Low my head reposes,
 Let earth's sweet flowers blossom there,
 Lilies pure and roses,
 And beside it children fair
 Sport and gather posies.

I have loved, and life was dear
 All its pulses thorough,
 He is dead, and life is drear,
 Why, then, should ye sorrow?
 Strew no cypress on my bier,
 We shall meet to-morrow.

THE INTERMENT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

JULY, 1844.



SEE, what eager throngs are pouring inwards from
the busy street !

Lo, the Abbey's hush is broken with the stir of
many feet !

Hark ! St. Margaret's bell is tolling, but it is no common clay,
To that dull and rueful anthem, shall be laid in dust to-day !
In yon Minster's hallow'd corner, where the bards and sages
rest,

Is a silent chamber waiting to receive another guest.

There is sadness in the heavens, and a veil against the sun ;
Who shall mourn so well as Nature, when a poet's course is
run ?

Let us in and join the gazers, meek of heart and bare of
brow,

For the shadows of the mighty dead are hovering o'er us now !
Souls that kept their trust immortal, dwelling from the herd
apart,

Souls that wrote their noble being deep into a nation's heart ;
Names, that on great England's forehead are the jewels of
her pride,

Brother Scot, be proud, a brother soon shall slumber by their
side !

Ay, thy cheek is flushing redly, tears are crowding to thine
eyes,

And thy heart, like mine, is rushing back where Scotland's
mountains rise ;

Thou, like me, hast seen another grave would suit our poet
well,

Greenly braided by the breckan, in a lonely Highland dell,
Looking on the solemn waters of a mighty inland sea,

In the shadow of a mountain, where the lonely eagles be ;

Thou hast seen the kindly heather blown around his simple
bed ;

Heard the loch and torrent mingle dirges for the poet dead ;

Brother, thou hast seen him lying, as it is thy hope to lie,

Looking from the soil of Scotland up into a Scottish sky ;

It may be such grave were better, better rain and dew should
fall,

Tears of hopeful love to freshen Nature's ever verdant pall,

Better that the sun should kindle on his grave in golden smiles,

Better, than in palsied glimmer stray along these sculptured
aisles ;

Better aftertimes should find him,—to his rest in homage
bound,

Lying in the land that bore him, with its glories piled around !

Such, at least, must be the fancy that in such a time must
start,

For we love our country dearly,—in each burning Scottish
heart ;

Yet a rest so great, so noble, as awaits the minstrel here,

'Mong the best of England's children, can be no unworthy
bier.

Hark ! A rush of feet ! They bear him, him, the singer, to
his tomb ;

Yonder what of him is mortal rests beneath yon sable plume.

Tears along mine eyes are rushing, but the proudest tears
they be,

Which on manly eyes may gather,—tears 'twere never shame
to see ;

Tears that water lofty purpose ; tears of welcome to the fame
Of the bard that hath ennobled Scotland's dear and noble name.

Sadder, sadder let the anthem yearn aloft in wailing strain,

Not for him, for he is happy, but for us and all our pain !

Louder, louder let the organ like a seraph anthem roll,

Hymning to its home of glory our departed brother's soul !

He has laid him down to slumber, to awake to nobler trust,

Give his frame to kindred ashes, earth to earth, and dust to
dust !

Louder yet, and yet more loudly, let the organ's thunder rise !

Hark ! A louder thunder answers, deepening inwards to the
skies !

Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing on from east to west,

Never grander music anthem'd poet to his home of rest !

THE END.

ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

Page 2. *Delete* semicolon at the end of 7th line, second
verse.

Page 72, line 3, *for* "gliding" *read* "striding." Line 6,
for "sliding" *read* "gliding."

Page 98, line 22, *for* "see it" *read* "see them."

Page 162, line 1, *for* "wait" *read* "await."

Page 173, line 23, *for* "lowering" *read* "louring."

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