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THE WORKS  
OF  
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON





THE WORKS OF  
ALFRED  
LORD TENNYSON  
POET LAUREATE

VOL. V.

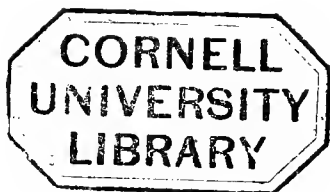
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## ENOCH ARDEN.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,

Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
To watch them overflow'd, or following up  
And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :  
In this the children play'd at keeping house.  
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,  
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times  
Enoch would hold possession for a week :  
'This is my house and this my little wife.'  
'Mine too' said Philip 'turn and turn about :'  
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made  
Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes  
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,  
Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this  
The little wife would weep for company,  
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,  
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,  
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart  
On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,  
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl  
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;

But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,  
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set  
A purpose evermore before his eyes,  
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,  
To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last  
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe  
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year  
On board a merchantman, and made himself  
Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life  
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas :  
And all men look'd upon him favourably :  
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May  
He purchased his own boat, and made a home  
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up  
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
The younger people making holiday,  
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,  
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd  
(His father lying sick and needing him)  
An hour behind ; but as he climb'd the hill,  
Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,

Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,  
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face  
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,  
And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;  
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,  
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life  
Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;  
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,  
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past  
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,  
Seven happy years of health and competence,  
And mutual love and honourable toil ;  
With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,  
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish  
To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
And give his child a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or hers ; a wish renew'd,  
When two years after came a boy to be  
The rosy idol of her solitudes,  
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
Or often journeying landward ; for in truth  
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil  
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,



Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,  
Not only to the market-cross were known,  
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,  
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,  
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human  
change.

Ten miles to northward of the narrow port  
Open'd a larger haven : thither used  
Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;  
And once when there, and clambering on a mast  
In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell :  
A limb was broken when they lifted him ;  
And while he lay recovering there, his wife  
Bore him another son, a sickly one :  
Another hand crept too across his trade  
Taking her bread and theirs : and on him fell,  
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,  
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.  
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,  
To see his children leading evermore  
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,  
And her, he loved, a beggar : then he pray'd  
' Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'  
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship

Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,  
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,  
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,  
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?  
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,  
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place  
And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd  
No graver than as when some little cloud  
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,  
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—  
When he was gone—the children—what to do?  
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;  
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—  
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!  
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—  
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought  
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade  
With all that seamen needed or their wives—  
So might she keep the house while he was gone.  
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go  
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—  
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,  
Become the master of a larger craft,  
With fuller profits lead an easier life,

Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all :  
When moving homeward came on Annie pale,  
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.  
Forward she started with a happy cry,  
And laid the feeble infant in his arms ;  
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,  
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,  
But had no heart to break his purposes  
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt  
Her finger, Annie fought against his will :  
Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,  
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd  
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
For her or his dear children, not to go.  
He not for his own self caring but her,  
Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;  
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,  
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand

To fit their little streetward sitting-room  
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.  
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,  
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,  
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear  
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,  
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—  
The space was narrow,—having order'd all  
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,  
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,  
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell  
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,  
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.  
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man  
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery  
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,  
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes  
Whatever came to him : and then he said  
' Annie, this voyage by the grace of God  
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.  
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'  
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,  
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—

Nay—for I love him all the better for it—  
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees  
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
And make him merry, when I come home again.  
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go.'

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,  
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd  
The current of his talk to graver things  
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,  
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,  
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise;  
And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.  
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,  
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,  
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,

Look to the babes, and till I come again  
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.  
And fear no more for me ; or if you fear  
Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.  
Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these  
Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His,  
The sea is His : He made it.'

Enoch rose,  
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones ;  
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept  
After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said  
'Wake him not ; let him sleep ; how should the  
child  
Remember this ?' and kiss'd him in his cot.  
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt  
A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept  
Thro' all his future ; but now hastily caught  
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,  
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain : perhaps  
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye ;  
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous ;

She saw him not : and while he stood on deck  
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail  
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him ;  
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,  
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
But thro' not in her trade, not being bred  
To barter, nor compensating the want  
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,  
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say ?'  
For more than once, in days of difficulty  
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less  
Than what she gave in buying what she sold :  
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it ; and thus,  
Expectant of that news which never came,  
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,  
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew  
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it  
With all a mother's care : nevertheless,  
Whether her business often call'd her from it,  
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,  
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell  
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,

After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—  
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,  
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace  
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),  
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.  
'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see her now,  
May be some little comfort ;' therefore went,  
Past thro' the solitary room in front,  
Paused for a moment at an inner door,  
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,  
Enter'd ; but Annie, seated with her grief,  
Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
Cared not to look on any human face,  
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.  
Then Philip standing up said falteringly  
'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.'

He spoke ; the passion in her moan'd reply  
'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn  
As I am !' half abash'd him ; yet unask'd,  
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
He set himself beside her, saying to her :

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,



Enoch, your husband : I have ever said  
You chose the best among us—a strong man :  
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.  
And wherefore did he go this weary way,  
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—  
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal  
To give his babes a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or yours : that was his wish.  
And if he come again, vext will he be  
To find the precious morning hours were lost.  
And it would vex him even in his grave,  
If he could know his babes were running wild  
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—  
Have we not known each other all our lives?  
I do beseech you by the love you bear  
Him and his children not to say me nay—  
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again  
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,  
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.  
Now let me put the boy and girl to school :  
This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall  
Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face ;  
I seem so foolish and so broken down.  
When you came in my sorrow broke me down ;

And now I think your kindness breaks me down ;  
But Enoch lives ; that is borne in on me :  
He will repay you : money can be repaid ;  
Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd  
'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,  
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,  
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,  
Then calling down a blessing on his head  
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,  
And past into the little garth beyond.  
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,  
And bought them needful books, and every way,  
Like one who does his duty by his own,  
Made himself theirs ; and tho' for Annie's sake,  
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,  
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
And seldom crøst her threshold, yet he sent  
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,  
The late and early roses from his wall,  
Or conies from the down, and now and then,  
With some pretext of fineness in the meal

To save the offence of charitable, flour  
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :  
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,  
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude  
Light on a broken word to thank him with.  
But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;  
From distant corners of the street they ran  
To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;  
Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;  
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him  
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd  
As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seem'd to them  
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
Down at the far end of an avenue,  
Going we know not where : and so ten years,  
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,  
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd  
To go with others, nutting to the wood,  
And Annie would go with them ; then they begg'd  
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too :  
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,

Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him  
'Come with us Father Philip' he denied ;  
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,  
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,  
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,  
Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
To feather toward the hollow, all her force  
Fail'd her ; and sighing, 'Let me rest' she said :  
So Philip rested with her well-content ;  
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries  
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously  
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge  
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke  
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away  
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other  
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot  
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour  
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life  
He crept into the shadow : at last he said,  
Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,  
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.  
Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word.  
'Tired?' but her face had fall'n upon her hands ;

At which, as with a kind of anger in him,  
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost !  
No more of that ! why should you kill yourself  
And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said  
'I thought not of it : but—I know not why—  
Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.  
Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,  
And it has been upon my mind so long,  
That tho' I know not when it first came there,  
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,  
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living ; well then—let me speak :  
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help :  
I cannot help you as I wish to do  
Unless—they say that women are so quick—  
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—  
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove  
A father to your children : I do think  
They love me as a father : I am sure  
That I love them as if they were mine own ;  
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
That after all these sad uncertain years,  
We might be still as happy as God grants  
To any of his creatures. Think upon it :

For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,  
No burthen, save my care for you and yours :  
And we have known each other all our lives,  
And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie ; tenderly she spoke :  
'You have been as God's good angel in our house,  
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,  
Philip, with something happier than myself.  
Can one love twice ? can you be ever loved  
As Enoch was ? what is it that you ask ?'  
'I am content' he answer'd 'to be loved  
A little after Enoch.' 'O' she cried,  
Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a while :  
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—  
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long :  
Surely I shall be wiser in a year :  
O wait a little !' Philip sadly said  
'Annie, as I have waited all my life  
I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she cried  
'I am bound : you have my promise—in a year :  
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ?'  
And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up  
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day  
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead ;

Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose  
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.  
Up came the children laden with their spoil ;  
Then all descended to the port, and there  
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,  
Saying gently ' Annie, when I spoke to you,  
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,  
I am always bound to you, but you are free.'  
Then Annie weeping answer'd ' I am bound.'

She spoke ; and in one moment as it were,  
While yet she went about her household ways,  
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,  
That he had loved her longer than she knew,  
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,  
And there he stood once more before her face,  
Claiming her promise. ' Is it a year ? ' she ask'd.  
' Yes, if the nuts ' he said ' be ripe again :  
Come out and see.' But she—she put him off—  
So much to look to—such a change—a month—  
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—  
A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes  
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,  
' Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.'  
And Annie could have wept for pity of him ;  
And yet she held him on delayingly

With many a scarce-believable excuse,  
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,  
Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,  
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.  
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her ;  
Some that she but held off to draw him on ;  
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,  
As simple folk that knew not their own minds,  
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung  
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly  
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son  
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish ;  
But evermore the daughter prest upon her  
To wed the man so dear to all of them  
And lift the household out of poverty ;  
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew  
Careworn and wan ; and all these things fell on her  
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced  
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly  
Pray'd for a sign ' my Enoch is he gone ?'  
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night  
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,



Started from bed, and struck herself a light,  
Then desperately seized the holy Book,  
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
'Under the palm-tree.' That was nothing to her :  
No meaning there : she closed the Book and slept :  
When lo : her Enoch sitting on a height,  
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun :  
'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing  
Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines  
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms  
Whereof the happy people strowing cried  
"Hosanna in the highest!"' Here she woke,  
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him  
'There is no reason why we should not wed.'  
'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,  
So you will wed me, let it be at once.'

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,  
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.  
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.  
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,  
She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear,  
She knew not what ; nor loved she to be left  
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.  
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often  
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,

Fearing to enter : Philip thought he knew :  
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,  
Being with child : but when her child was born,  
'Then her new child was as herself renew'd,  
Then the new mother came about her heart,  
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,  
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch ? prosperously sail'd  
The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth  
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook  
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext  
She slipt across the summer of the world,  
Then after a long tumble about the Cape  
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,  
She passing thro' the summer world again,  
The breath of heaven came continually  
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,  
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought  
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,  
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed  
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,  
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head

Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :  
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,  
Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last  
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens  
Till hard upon the cry of ' breakers ' came  
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all  
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,  
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,  
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn  
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,  
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ;  
Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.  
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge  
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,  
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,  
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,  
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,  
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.  
They could not leave him. After he was gone,  
The two remaining found a fallen stem ;  
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,

Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell  
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.  
In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait.'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,  
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran  
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd  
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :  
No sail from day to day, but every day  
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;  
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;

The blaze upon his island overhead ;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;  
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,  
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,  
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,  
A phantom made of many phantoms moved  
Before him haunting him, or he himself  
Moved haunting people, things and places, known  
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;  
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,  
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,  
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,  
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill  
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,  
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,  
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—  
He heard the pealing of his parish bells ;  
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up  
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle  
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
Spoken with That, which being everywhere

Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,  
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head  
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went  
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,  
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,  
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom  
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship  
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,  
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,  
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay :  
For since the mate had seen at early dawn  
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle  
The silent water slipping from the hills,  
They sent a crew that landing burst away  
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores  
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge  
Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,  
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,  
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,  
With inarticulate rage, and making signs  
They knew not what : and yet he led the way  
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;  
And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue  
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand ;

Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard :  
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,  
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,  
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it :  
And clothes they gave him and free passage home ;  
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook  
His isolation from him. None of these  
Came from his country, or could answer him,  
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.  
And dull the voyage was with long delays,  
The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore  
His fancy fled before the lazy wind  
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon  
He like a lover down thro' all his blood  
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath  
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :  
And that same morning officers and men  
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,  
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :  
Then moving up the coast they landed him,  
Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,  
But homeward—home—what home ? had he a home ?  
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,  
Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,  
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,

Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;  
Cut off the length of highway on before,  
And left but narrow breadth to left and right  
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.  
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped  
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:  
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;  
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light  
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,  
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home  
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes  
In those far-off seven happy years were born;  
But finding neither light nor murmur there  
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept  
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,  
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,  
A front of timber-crost antiquity,  
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,  
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone  
Who kept it; and his widow Miriam Lane,  
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;



A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now  
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.  
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,  
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,  
Told him, with other annals of the port,  
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,  
So broken—all the story of his house.  
His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
How Philip put her little ones to school,  
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth  
Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance  
No shadow past, nor motion : any one,  
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale  
Less than the teller : only when she closed  
' Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost '  
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,  
Repeated muttering ' cast away and lost ; '  
Again in deeper inward whispers ' lost ! '

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again ;  
' If I might look on her sweet face again  
And know that she is happy.' So the thought  
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,  
At evening when the dull November day

Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
There he sat down gazing on all below ;  
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
The latest house to landward ; but behind,  
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,  
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd :  
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk  
Of shingle, and a walk divided it :  
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole  
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence  
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs  
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board  
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :  
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;

And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,  
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand  
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,  
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd ;  
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
The mother glancing often toward her babe,  
But turning now and then to speak with him,  
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
And his own children tall and beautiful,  
And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—  
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,  
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd  
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,

Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
And feeling all along the garden-wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

'Too hard to bear ! why did they take me thence ?  
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
A little longer ! aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know.  
Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
My children too ! must I not speak to these ?  
They know me not. I should betray myself.  
Never : No father's kiss for me—the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,  
And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced  
Back toward his solitary home again,  
All down the long and narrow street he went

Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,  
 'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

\ He was not all unhappy. His resolve  
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
 Prayer from a living source within the will,  
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
 Kept him a living soul. ¶ 'This miller's wife'  
 He said to Miriam 'that you spoke about,  
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'  
 'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow!  
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,  
 Why, that would be her comfort;' and he thought  
 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,  
 I wait His time, ¶ and Enoch set himself,  
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live. ¶  
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.  
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought  
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd  
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,  
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;  
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:  
 ¶ Yet since he did but labour for himself,  
 Work without hope, there was not life in it  
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year

Roll'd itself round again to meet the day  
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came  
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually  
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,  
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.  
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.  
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck  
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall  
The boat that bears the hope of life approach  
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw  
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope  
On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,  
Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last.'  
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said  
'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,  
Before I tell you—swear upon the book  
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'  
'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk!  
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'  
'Swear,' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.'  
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.  
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,  
'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?'  
'Know him?' she said 'I knew him far away.  
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street ;

Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'

Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her ;

' His head is low, and no man cares for him.

I think I have not three days more to live ;

I am the man.' At which the woman gave

A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.

' You Arden, you ! nay,—sure he was a foot

Higher than you be.' Enoch said again

' My God has bow'd me down to what I am ;

My grief and solitude have broken me ;

Nevertheless, know you that I am he

Who married—but that name has twice been  
changed—

I married her who married Philip Ray.

Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,

His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,

His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,

And how he kept it. As the woman heard,

Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,

While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly

To rush abroad all round the little haven,

Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;

But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,

Saying only ' See your bairns before you go !

Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose

Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung

A moment on her words, but then replied :

‘Woman, disturb me not now at the last,  
But let me hold my purpose till I die.  
Sit down again ; mark me and understand,  
While I have power to speak. I charge you  
now,  
When you shall see her, tell her that I died  
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;  
Save for the bar between us, loving her  
As when she laid her head beside my own.  
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
So like her mother, that my latest breath  
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.  
And tell my son that I died blessing him.  
And say to Philip that I blest him too ;  
He never meant us any thing but good.  
But if my children care to see me dead,  
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,  
I am their father ; but she must not come,  
For my dead face would vex her after-life.  
And now there is but one of all my blood  
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :  
This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,  
And I have borne it with me all these years.  
And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;  
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,  
My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,  
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :



It will moreover be a token to her,  
That I am he.'

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane  
Made such a voluble answer promising all,  
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her  
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again  
She promised.

Then the third night after this,  
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,  
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,  
There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
That all the houses in the haven rang.  
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad  
Crying with a loud voice ' A sail ! a sail !  
I am saved ;' and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.  
And when they buried him the little port  
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.



# IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;  
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;  
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die ;  
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou :  
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;  
    They have their day and cease to be :  
    They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;  
    For knowledge is of things we see ;  
    And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
    But more of reverence in us dwell ;  
    That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;  
    We mock thee when we do not fear :  
    But help thy foolish ones to bear ;  
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;  
    What seem'd my worth since I began ;  
    For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
 I trust he lives in thee, and there  
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
 Confusions of a wasted youth ;  
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.

1849.

## I.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings  
 To one clear harp in divers tones,  
 That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years  
 And find in loss a gain to match ?  
 Or reach a hand thro' time to catch  
 The far-off interest of tears ?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,  
 Let darkness keep her raven gloss :  
 Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,  
 To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn  
 The long result of love, and boast,  
 'Behold the man that loved and lost,  
 But all he was is overworn.'

II. 3

OLD Yew, which graspest at the stones  
 That name the under-lying dead,  
 Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
 Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,  
 And bring the firstling to the flock;  
 And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
 Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
 Who changest not in any gale,  
 Nor branding summer suns avail  
 To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,  
 Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,  
 I seem to fail from out my blood  
 And grow incorporate into thee.

## III.

O SORROW, cruel fellowship,  
     O Priestess in the vaults of Death,  
     O sweet and bitter in a breath,  
 What whispers from thy lying lip?

‘The stars,’ she whispers, ‘blindly run ;  
     A web is wov’n across the sky ;  
     From out waste places comes a cry,  
 And murmurs from the dying sun :

‘And all the phantom, Nature, stands—  
     With all the music in her tone,  
     A hollow echo of my own, —  
 A hollow form with empty hands.’

And shall I take a thing so blind,  
     Embrace her as my natural good ;  
     Or crush her, like a vice of blood,  
 Upon the threshold of the mind?

## IV.

To Sleep I give my powers away ;  
     My will is bondsman to the dark ;  
     I sit within a helmless bark,  
 And with my heart I muse and say :

O heart, how fares it with thee now,  
 That thou should'st fail from thy desire,  
 Who scarcely darest to inquire,  
 'What is it makes me beat so low?'

Something it is which thou hast lost,  
 Some pleasure from thine early years.  
 Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,  
 That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross  
 All night below the darken'd eyes;  
 With morning wakes the will, and cries,  
 'Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.'

## V.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin  
 To put in words the grief I feel;  
 For words, like Nature, half reveal  
 And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
 A use in measured language lies;  
 The sad mechanic exercise,  
 Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.



In words, like weeds', I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold :  
But that large grief which these enfold  
Is given in outline and no more.

## VI.

ONE writes, that 'Other friends remain,'  
That 'Loss is common to the race'—  
And common is the commonplace,  
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make  
My own less bitter, rather more :  
Too common ! Never morning wore  
To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,  
Who pledgest now thy gallant son ;  
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,  
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save  
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,  
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud  
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought  
At that last hour to please him well ;  
Who mused on all I had to tell,  
And something written, something thought ;

Expecting still his advent home ;  
And ever met him on his way  
With wishes, thinking, ' here to-day,'  
Or ' here to-morrow will he come.'

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,  
That sittest ranging golden hair ;  
And glad to find thyself so fair,  
\Poor child, that waitest for thy love !

For now her father's chimney glows  
In expectation of a guest ;  
And thinking ' this will please him best,'  
She takes a riband or a rose ;

For he will see them on to-night ;  
And with the thought her colour burns ;  
And, having left the glass, she turns  
Once more to set a ringlet right ;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse  
    Had fallen, and her future Lord  
    Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,  
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?  
    And what to me remains of good?  
    To her, perpetual maidenhood,  
And unto me no second friend.

## VII.

DARK house, by which once more I stand  
    Here in the long unlovely street,  
    Doors, where my heart was used to beat  
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—  
    Behold me, for I cannot sleep,  
    And like a guilty thing I creep  
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here ; but far away  
    The noise of life begins again,  
    And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain  
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

## VIII.

A HAPPY lover who has come  
    To look on her that loves him well,  
    Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,  
And learns her gone and far from home ;

He saddens, all the magic light  
    Dies off at once from bower and hall,  
    And all the place is dark, and all  
The chambers emptied of delight :

So find I every pleasant spot  
    In which we two were wont to meet,  
    The field, the chamber and the street,  
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there  
    In those deserted walks, may find  
    A flower beat with rain and wind,  
Which once she foster'd up with care ;

So seems it in my deep regret,  
    O my forsaken heart, with thee  
    And this poor flower of poesy  
Which little cared for fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,  
 I go to plant it on his tomb,  
 That if it can it there may bloom,  
 Or dying, there at least may die.

## IX.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore  
 Sailest the placid ocean-plains  
 With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
 Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn  
 In vain ; a favourable speed  
 Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead  
 Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex  
 Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
 As our pure love, thro' early light  
 Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above ;  
 Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;  
 Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
 My friend, the brother of my love ;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run ;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me.

## X.

I HEAR the noise about thy keel ;  
I hear the bell struck in the night :  
I see the cabin-window bright ;  
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,  
And travell'd men from foreign lands ;  
And letters unto trembling hands ;  
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him : we have idle dreams :  
This look of quiet flatters thus  
Our home-bred fancies : O to us,  
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,  
That takes the sunshine and the rains,  
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God ;

Than if with thee the roaring wells  
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine ;  
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,  
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

## XI.

CALM is the morn without a sound,  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only thro' the faded leaf  
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that redden to the fall ;  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

## XII.

Lo, as a dove when up she springs  
To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,  
Some dolorous message knit below  
The wild pulsation of her wings ;

Like her I go ; I cannot stay ;  
I leave this mortal ark behind,  
A weight of nerves without a mind,  
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,  
And reach the glow of southern skies,  
And see the sails at distance rise,  
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying ; ' Comes he thus, my friend ?  
Is this the end of all my care ?'  
And circle moaning in the air :  
' Is this the end ? Is this the end ?'



And forward dart again, and play  
    About the prow, and back return  
    To where the body sits, and learn  
That I have been an hour away.

## XIII.

TEARS of the widower, when he sees  
    A late-lost form that sleep reveals,  
    And moves his doubtful arms, and feels  
Her place is empty, fall like these ;

Which weep a loss for ever new,  
    A void where heart on heart reposed ;  
    And, where warm hands have prest and  
    closed,  
Silence, till I be silent too.

Which weep the comrade of my choice,  
    An awful thought, a life removed,  
    The human-hearted man I loved,  
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come Time, and teach me, many years,  
    I do not suffer in a dream ;  
    For now so strange do these things seem,  
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears ;

My fancies time to rise on wing,  
    And glance about the approaching sails,  
    As tho' they brought but merchants' bales,  
And not the burthen that they bring.

## XIV.

IF one should bring me this report,  
    That thou hadst touch'd the land to-day,  
    And I went down unto the quay,  
And found thee lying in the port ;

And standing, muffled round with woe,  
    Should see thy passengers in rank  
    Come stepping lightly down the plank,  
And beckoning unto those they know ;

And if along with these should come  
    The man I held as half-divine ;  
    Should strike a sudden hand in mine,  
And ask a thousand things of home ;

And I should tell him all my pain,  
    And how my life had droop'd of late,  
    And he should sorrow o'er my state  
And marvel what possess'd my brain ;

And I perceived no touch of change,  
    No hint of death in all his frame,  
    But found him all in all the same,  
I should not feel it to be strange.

## XV.

TO-NIGHT the winds begin to rise  
    And roar from yonder dropping day :  
    The last red leaf is whirl'd away,  
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,  
    The cattle huddled on the lea ;  
    And wildly dash'd on tower and tree  
The sunbeam strikes along the world :

And but for fancies, which aver  
    That all thy motions gently pass  
    Athwart a plane of molten glass,  
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud ;  
    And but for fear it is not so,  
    The wild unrest that lives in woe  
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,  
 And onward drags a labouring breast,  
 And topples round the dreary west,  
 A looming bastion fringed with fire.

## XVI.

WHAT words are these have fall'n from me?  
 Can calm despair and wild unrest  
 Be tenants of a single breast,  
 Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take  
 The touch of change in calm or storm;  
 But knows no more of transient form  
 In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark  
 Hung in the shadow of a heaven?  
 Or has the shock, so harshly given,  
 Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,  
 And staggers blindly ere she sink?  
 And stunn'd me from my power to think  
 And all my knowledge of myself;

And made me that delirious man  
    Whose fancy fuses old and new,  
    And flashes into false and true,  
And mingles all without a plan ?

## XVII.

THOU comest, much wept for : such a breeze  
    Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer  
    Was as the whisper of an air  
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move  
    Thro' circles of the bounding sky,  
    Week after week : the days go by :  
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,  
    My blessing, like a line of light,  
    Is on the waters day and night,  
And like a beacon guards thee home.

So may whatever tempest mars  
    Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark ;  
    And balmy drops in summer dark  
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

So kind an office hath been done,  
Such precious relics brought by thee ;  
The dust of him I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run.

## XVIII.

'Tis well ; 'tis something ; we may stand  
Where he in English earth is laid,  
And from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little ; but it looks in truth  
As if the quiet bones were blest  
Among familiar names to rest  
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head  
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
And come, whatever loves to weep,  
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,  
I, falling on his faithful heart,  
Would breathing thro' his lips impart  
The life that almost dies in me ;

That dies not, but endures with pain,  
    And slowly forms the firmer mind,  
    Treasuring the look it cannot find,  
The words that are not heard again.

## XIX.

THE Danube to the Severn gave  
    The darken'd heart that beat no more ;  
    They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills ;  
    The salt sea-water passes by,  
    And hushes half the babbling Wye.  
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,  
    And hush'd my deepest grief of all,  
    When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,  
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again  
    Is vocal in its wooded walls ;  
    My deeper anguish also falls,  
And I can speak a little then.

## XX.

THE lesser griefs that may be said,  
That breathe a thousand tender vows,  
Are but as servants in a house  
Where lies the master newly dead ;

Who speak their feeling as it is,  
And weep the fulness from the mind :  
'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find  
Another service such as this.'

My lighter moods are like to these,  
That out of words a comfort win ;  
But there are other griefs within,  
And tears that at their fountain freeze ;

For by the hearth the children sit  
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,  
And scarce endure to draw the breath,  
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit :

But open converse is there none,  
So much the vital spirits sink  
To see the vacant chair, and think,  
'How good ! how kind ! and he is gone.'



## XXI.

I SING to him that rests below,  
    And, since the grasses round me wave,  
    I take the grasses of the grave,  
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,  
    And sometimes harshly will he speak :  
    ‘ This fellow would make weakness weak,  
And melt the waxen hearts of men.’

Another answers, ‘ Let him be,  
    He loves to make parade of pain  
    That with his piping he may gain  
The praise that comes to constancy.’

A third is wroth : ‘ Is this an hour  
    For private sorrow’s barren song,  
    When more and more the people throng  
The chairs and thrones of civil power ?

‘ A time to sicken and to swoon,  
    When Science reaches forth her arms  
    To feel from world to world, and charms  
Her secret from the latest moon ?

Behold, ye speak an idle thing :  
    Ye never knew the sacred dust :  
    I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing :

And one is glad ; her note is gay,  
    For now her little ones have ranged ;  
    And one is sad ; her note is changed,  
Because her brood is stol'n away.

## XXII.

THE path by which we twain did go,  
    Which led by tracts that pleased us well,  
    Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,  
From flower to flower, from snow to snow :

And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
    And, crown'd with all the season lent,  
    From April on to April went,  
And glad at heart from May to May :

But where the path we walk'd began  
    To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
    As we descended following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man ;

Who broke our fair companionship,  
    And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
    And wrapt thee formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see  
    Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,  
    And think, that somewhere in the waste  
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

## XXIII.

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,  
    Or breaking into song by fits,  
    Alone, alone, to where he sits,  
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,  
    I wander, often falling lame,  
    And looking back to whence I came,  
Or on to where the pathway leads ;

And crying, How changed from where it ran  
    Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb ;  
    But all the lavish hills would hum —  
The murmur of a happy Pan :

When each by turns was guide to each,  
 And Fancy light from Fancy caught,  
 And Thought leapt out to wed with  
 Thought  
 Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech ;

And all we met was fair and good,  
 And all was good that Time could bring,  
 And all the secret of the Spring  
 Moved in the chambers of the blood ;

And many an old philosophy  
 On Argive heights divinely sang,  
 And round us all the thicket rang  
 To many a flute of Arcady.

## XXIV.

AND was the day of my delight  
 As pure and perfect as I say ?  
 The very source and fount of Day  
 Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

If all was good and fair we met,  
 This earth had been the Paradise  
 It never look'd to human eyes  
 Since our first Sun arose and set.

And is it that the haze of grief  
    Makes former gladness loom so great?  
    The lowness of the present state,  
That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win  
    A glory from its being far ;  
    And orb into the perfect star  
We saw not, when we moved therein?

## XXV.

I KNOW that this was Life,—the track  
    Whereon with equal feet we fared ;  
    And then, as now, the day prepared  
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move  
    As light as carrier-birds in air ;  
    I loved the weight I had to bear,  
Because it needed help of Love :

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,  
    When mighty Love would cleave in twain  
    The lading of a single pain,  
And part it, giving half to him.

## XXVI.

STILL onward winds the dreary way ;  
I with it ; for I long to prove  
No lapse of moons can canker Love,  
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt  
And goodness, and hath power to see  
Within the green the moulder'd tree,  
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee  
Or see (in Him is no before)  
In more of life true life no more  
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn  
Breaks hither over Indian seas,  
That Shadow waiting with the keys,  
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

## XXVII.

I ENVY not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods :

I envy not the beast that takes  
    His license in the field of time,  
    Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes ;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
    The heart that never plighted troth  
    But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;  
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;  
    I feel it, when I sorrow most ;  
    'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

## XXVIII.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ :  
    The moon is hid ; the night is still ;  
    The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,  
    From far and near, on mead and moor,  
    Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound :

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,  
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,  
I almost wish'd no more to wake,  
And that my hold on life would break  
Before I heard those bells again :

But they my troubled spirit rule,  
For they controll'd me when a boy ;  
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,  
The merry merry bells of Yule.

## XXIX.

WITH such compelling cause to grieve  
As daily vexes household peace,  
And chains regret to his decease,  
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve ;

Which brings no more a welcome guest  
To enrich the threshold of the night  
With shower'd largess of delight  
In dance and song and game and jest ?



Yet go, and while the holly boughs  
    Entwine the cold baptismal font,  
    Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,  
That guard the portals of the house ;

Old sisters of a day gone by,  
    Gray nurses, loving nothing new ;  
    Why should they miss their yearly due  
Before their time ? They too will die.

## XXX.

WITH trembling fingers did we weave  
    The holly round the Christmas hearth ;  
    A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,  
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall  
    We gambol'd, making vain pretence  
    Of gladness, with an awful sense  
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused : the winds were in the beech :  
    We heard them sweep the winter land ;  
    And in a circle hand-in-hand  
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang ;  
    We sung, tho' every eye was dim,  
    A merry song we sang with him  
Last year : impetuously we sang :

We ceased : a gentler feeling crept  
    Upon us : surely rest is meet :  
    ' They rest,' we said, ' their sleep is sweet,'  
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range ;  
    Once more we sang : ' They do not die  
    Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
' Nor change to us, although they change ;

' Rapt from the fickle and the frail  
    With gather'd power, yet the same,  
    Pierces the keen seraphic flame  
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.'

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,  
    Draw forth the cheerful day from night :  
    O Father, touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was born.

## XXXI.

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,  
And home to Mary's house return'd,  
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd  
To hear her weeping by his grave?

'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'  
There lives no record of reply,  
Which telling what it is to die  
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,  
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,  
A solemn gladness even crown'd  
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ !  
The rest remaineth unreveal'd ;  
He told it not ; or something seal'd  
The lips of that Evangelist.

## XXXII.

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
Nor other thought her mind admits  
But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede  
All other, when her ardent gaze  
Roves from the living brother's face,  
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
Borne down by gladness so complete,  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure ;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

## XXXIII.

O THOU that after toil and storm  
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,  
Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,  
Her early Heaven, her happy views ;  
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse  
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,  
 Her hands are quicker unto good :  
 Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood  
 To which she links a truth divine !

See thou, that countest reason ripe  
 In holding by the law within,  
 Thou fail not in a world of sin,  
 And ev'n for want of such a type.

## XXXIV.

My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore,  
 Else earth is darkness at the core,  
 And dust and ashes all that is ;

This round of green, this orb of flame,  
 Fantastic beauty ; such as lurks  
 In some wild Poet, when he works  
 Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I ?  
 'Twere hardly worth my while to choose  
 Of things all mortal, or to use  
 A little patience ere I die ;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
     Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
     To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
 Of vacant darkness and to cease.

## XXXV.

YET if some voice that man could trust  
     Should murmur from the narrow house,  
     ' The cheeks drop in ; the body bows ;  
 Man dies : nor is there hope in dust :'

Might I not say ? ' Yet even here,  
     But for one hour, O Love, I strive  
     To keep so sweet a thing alive :'  
 But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,  
     The sound of streams that swift or slow  
     Draw down Æonian hills, and sow  
 The dust of continents to be ;

And Love would answer with a sigh,  
     ' The sound of that forgetful shore  
     Will change my sweetness more and more,  
 Half-dead to know that I shall die.'

O me, what profits it to put  
    An idle case? If Death were seen  
    At first as Death, Love had not been,  
Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,  
    Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape  
    Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,  
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

## XXXVI.

THO' truths in manhood darkly join,  
    Deep-seated in our mystic frame,  
    We yield all blessing to the name  
Of Him that made them current coin ;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,  
    Where truth in closest words shall fail,  
    When truth embodied in a tale  
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought  
    With human hands the creed of creeds  
    In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
More strong than all poetic thought ;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,  
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
And those wild eyes that watch the wave  
In roarings round the coral reef.

## XXXVII.

URANIA speaks with darken'd brow :  
‘Thou pratest here where thou art least ;  
This faith has many a purer priest,  
And many an abler voice than thou.

‘Go down beside thy native rill,  
On thy Parnassus set thy feet,  
And hear thy laurel whisper sweet  
About the ledges of the hill.’

And my Melpomene replies,  
A touch of shame upon her cheek :  
‘I am not worthy ev'n to speak  
Of thy prevailing mysteries ;

‘For I am but an earthly Muse,  
And owning but a little art  
To lull with song an aching heart,  
And render human love his dues ;



‘ But brooding on the dear one dead,  
 And all he said of things divine,  
 (And dear to me as sacred wine  
 To dying lips is all he said),

‘ I murmur’d, as I came along,  
 Of comfort clasp’d in truth reveal’d ;  
 And loiter’d in the master’s field,  
 And darken’d sanctities with song.’

XXXVIII. ✓

WITH weary steps I loiter on,  
 Tho’ always under alter’d skies  
 The purple from the distance dies,  
 My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives,  
 The herald melodies of spring,  
 But in the songs I love to sing  
 A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here  
 Survive in spirits render’d free,  
 Then are these songs I sing of thee  
 Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

## XXXIX.

faint
 OLD warder of these buried bones,  
 And answering now my random stroke  
 With fruitful cloud and living smoke,  
 Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

And dippest toward the dreamless head,  
 To thee too comes the golden hour  
 When flower is feeling after flower ;  
 But Sorrow—fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of men,—  
 What whisper'd from her lying lips?  
 Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,  
 And passes into gloom again.

XL. ✓

COULD we forget the widow'd hour  
 And look on Spirits breathed away,  
 As on a maiden in the day  
 When first she wears her orange-flower !

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise  
 To take her latest leave of home,  
 And hopes and light regrets that come  
 Make April of her tender eyes ;

And doubtful joys the father move,  
    And tears are on the mother's face,  
    As parting with a long embrace  
She enters other realms of love ;

Her office there to rear, to teach,  
    Becoming as is meet and fit  
    A link among the days, to knit  
The generations each with each ;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
    A life that bears immortal fruit  
    In those great offices that suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern !  
    How often shall her old fireside  
    Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,  
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,  
    And bring her babe, and make her boast,  
    Till even those that miss'd her most  
Shall count new things as dear as old :

But thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low ;  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

## XLI.

THY spirit ere our fatal loss  
Did ever rise from high to higher ;  
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,  
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something strange,  
And I have lost the links that bound  
Thy changes ; here upon the ground,  
No more partaker of thy change.

Deep folly ! yet that this could be—  
That I could wing my will with might  
To leap the grades of life and light,  
And flash at once, my friend, to thee.

For tho' my nature rarely yields  
To that vague fear implied in death ;  
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,  
The howlings from forgotten fields ;

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor  
 An inner trouble I behold,  
 A spectral doubt which makes me cold,  
 That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind  
 The wonders that have come to thee,  
 Thro' all the secular to-be,  
 But evermore a life behind.

## XLII.

I VEX my heart with fancies dim :  
 He still outstript me in the race ;  
 It was but unity of place  
 That made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still,  
 And he the much-beloved again,  
 A lord of large experience, train  
 To riper growth the mind and will :

And what delights can equal those  
 That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
 When one that loves but knows not, reaps  
 A truth from one that loves and knows?

## XLIII.

If Sleep and Death be truly one,  
And every spirit's folded bloom  
Thro' all its intervital gloom  
In some long trance should slumber on ;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,  
Bare of the body, might it last,  
And silent traces of the past  
Be all the colour of the flower :

So then were nothing lost to man ;  
So that still garden of the souls  
In many a figured leaf enrolls  
The total world since life began ;

And love will last as pure and whole  
As when he loved me here in Time,  
And at the spiritual prime  
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

## XLIV.

How fares it with the happy dead ?  
For here the man is more and more ;  
But he forgets the days before  
God shut the doorways of his head.

•

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,  
 And yet perhaps the hoarding sense  
 Gives out at times (he knows not whence)  
 A little flash, a mystic hint ;

And in the long harmonious years  
 (If Death so taste Lethean springs),  
 May some dim touch of earthly things  
 Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,  
 O turn thee round, resolve the doubt ;  
 My guardian angel will speak out  
 In that high place, and tell thee all.

## XLV.

THE baby new to earth and sky,  
 What time his tender palm is prest  
 Against the circle of the breast,  
 Has never thought that 'this is I :'

•

But as he grows he gathers much,  
 And learns the use of 'I,' and 'me,'  
 And finds 'I am not what I see,  
 And other than the things I touch.'

So rounds he to a separate mind  
    From whence clear memory may begin,  
    As thro' the frame that binds him in  
His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,  
    Which else were fruitless of their due,  
    Had man to learn himself anew  
Beyond the second birth of Death.

## XLVI.

WE ranging down this lower track,  
    The path we came by, thorn and flower,  
    Is shadow'd by the growing hour,  
Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it: there no shade can last  
    In that deep dawn behind the tomb,  
    But clear from marge to marge shall bloom  
The eternal landscape of the past ;

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd ;  
    The fruitful hours of still increase ;  
    Days order'd in a wealthy peace,  
And those five years its richest field.



O Love, thy province were not large,  
A bounded field, nor stretching far ;  
Look also, Love, a brooding star,  
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

## XLVII.

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,  
Should move his rounds, and fusing all  
The skirts of self again, should fall  
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet :  
Eternal form shall still divide  
The eternal soul from all beside ;  
And I shall know him when we meet :

And we shall sit at endless feast,  
Enjoying each the other's good :  
What vaster dream can hit the mood  
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,  
Before the spirits fade away,  
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,  
'Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.'

## XLVIII.

IF these brief lays, of Sorrow born,  
    Were taken to be such as closed  
    Grave doubts and answers here proposed,  
Then these were such as men might scorn :

Her care is not to part and prove ;  
    She takes, when harsher moods remit,  
    What slender shade of doubt may flit,  
And makes it vassal unto love :

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,  
    But better serves a wholesome law,  
    And holds it sin and shame to draw  
The deepest measure from the chords :

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,  
    But rather loosens from the lip  
    Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

## XLIX.

FROM art, from nature, from the schools,  
    Let random influences glance,  
    Like light in many a shiver'd lance  
That breaks about the dappled pools :

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,  
    The fancy's tenderest eddy wreath,  
    The slightest air of song shall breathe  
To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way,  
    But blame not thou the winds that make  
    The seeming-wanton ripple break,  
The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears  
    Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,  
    Whose muffled motions blindly drown  
The bases of my life in tears.

## L.

BE near me when my light is low,  
    When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick  
    And tingle ; and the heart is sick,  
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame  
    Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust ;  
    And Time, a maniac scattering dust,  
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,  
     And men the flies of latter spring,  
     That lay their eggs, and sting and sing  
 And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,  
     To point the term of human strife,  
     And on the low dark verge of life  
 The twilight of eternal day.

## LI.

Do we indeed desire the dead  
     Should still be near us at our side?  
     Is there no baseness we would hide?  
 No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,  
     I had such reverence for his blame,  
     See with clear eye some hidden shame  
 And I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :  
     Shall love be blamed for want of faith?  
     There must be wisdom with great Death :  
 The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall :  
 Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours  
 With larger other eyes than ours,  
 To make allowance for us all.

## LII.

I CANNOT love thee as I ought,  
 For love reflects the thing beloved ;  
 My words are only words, and moved  
 Upon the topmost froth of thought.

‘Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,’  
 The Spirit of true love replied ;  
 ‘Thou canst not move me from thy side,  
 Nor human frailty do me wrong.

‘What keeps a spirit wholly true  
 To that ideal which he bears ?  
 What record ? not the sinless years  
 That breathed beneath the Syrian blue :

‘So fret not, like an idle girl,  
 That life is dash’d with flecks of sin.  
 Abide : thy wealth is gather’d in,  
 When Time hath sunder’d shell from pearl.’

## LIII.

How many a father have I seen,  
 A sober man, among his boys,  
 Whose youth was full of foolish noise,  
 Who wears his manhood hale and green :

And dare we to this fancy give,  
 That had the wild oat not been sown,  
 The soil, left barren, scarce had grown  
 The grain by which a man may live ?

Or, if we held the doctrine sound  
 For life outliving heats of youth,  
 Yet who would preach it as a truth  
 To those that eddy round and round ?

Hold thou the good : define it well :  
 For fear divine Philosophy  
 Should push beyond her mark, and be  
 Procress to the Lords of Hell.

## LIV.

*Lead*  
 OH yet we trust that somehow good  
 Will be the final goal of ill,  
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;  
 That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
 When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;  
 That not a moth with vain desire  
 Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;  
 I can but trust that good shall fall  
 At last—far off—at last, to all,  
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?  
 An infant crying in the night :  
 An infant crying for the light :  
 And with no language but a cry.

## LV.

THE wish, that of 'the living whole  
 No life may fail beyond the grave,  
 Derives it not from what we have  
 The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
 That Nature lends such evil dreams?  
 So careful of the type she seems,  
 So careless of the single life ;

That I, considering everywhere  
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
 And finding that of fifty seeds  
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,  
 And falling with my weight of cares  
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
 That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
 And gather dust and chaff, and call  
 To what I feel is Lord of all,  
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

## LVI.

'So careful of the type?' but no.  
 From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone  
 She cries, 'A thousand types are gone :  
 I care for nothing, all shall go.



‘Thou makest thine appeal to me :  
     I bring to life, I bring to death :  
     The spirit does but mean the breath :  
 I know no more.’ And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem’d so fair,  
     Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
     Who roll’d the psalm to wintry skies,  
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed  
     And love Creation’s final law—  
     Tho’ Nature, red in tooth and claw  
 With ravine, shriek’d against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer’d countless ills,  
     Who battled for the True, the Just,  
     Be blown about the desert dust,  
 Or seal’d within the iron hills ?

No more ? A monster then, a dream,  
     A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
     That tare each other in their slime,  
 Were mellow music match’d with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail !  
 O for thy voice to soothe and bless !  
 What hope of answer, or redress ?  
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

## LVII.

PEACE ; come away : the song of woe  
 Is after all an earthly song :  
 Peace ; come away : we do him wrong  
 To sing so wildly : let us go.

Come ; let us go : your cheeks are pale ;  
 But half my life I leave behind :  
 Methinks my friend is richly shrined ;  
 But I shall pass ; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,  
 One set slow bell will seem to toll  
 The passing of the sweetest soul  
 That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
 Eternal greetings to the dead ;  
 And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said,  
 'Adieu, adieu' for evermore.

## LVIII.

IN those sad words I took farewell :  
    Like echoes in sepulchral halls,  
    As drop by drop the water falls  
In vaults and catacombs, they fell ;

And, falling, idly broke the peace  
    Of hearts that beat from day to day,  
    Half-conscious of their dying clay,  
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

The high Muse answer'd : ' Wherefore grieve  
    Thy brethren with a fruitless tear ?  
    Abide a little longer here,  
And thou shalt take a nobler leave.'

## LIX.

O SORROW, wilt thou live with me  
    No casual mistress, but a wife,  
    My bosom-friend and half of life ;  
As I confess it needs must be ;

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,  
    Be sometimes lovely like a bride,  
    And put thy harsher moods aside,  
If thou wilt have me wise and good.

My centred passion cannot move,  
Nor will it lessen from to-day ;  
But I'll have leave at times to play  
As with the creature of my love ;

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,  
With so much hope for years to come,  
That, howsoe'er I know thee, some  
Could hardly tell what name were thine.

## LX.

HE past ; a soul of nobler tone :  
My spirit loved and loves him yet,  
Like some poor girl whose heart is set  
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere,  
She finds the baseness of her lot,  
Half jealous of she knows not what,  
And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn ;  
She sighs amid her narrow days,  
Moving about the household ways,  
In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbours come and go,  
 And tease her till the day draws by :  
 At night she weeps, 'How vain am I !  
 How should he love a thing so low ?'

## LXI.

IF, in thy second state sublime,  
 Thy ransom'd reason change replies  
 With all the circle of the wise,  
 The perfect flower of human time ;

And if thou cast thine eyes below,  
 How dimly character'd and slight,  
 How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,  
 How blanch'd with darkness must I grow !

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,  
 Where thy first form was made a man ;  
 I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can  
 The soul of Shakspeare love thee more.

## LXII.

THO' if an eye that's downward cast  
 Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,  
 Then be my love an idle tale,  
 And fading legend of the past ;

And thou, as one that once declined,  
    When he was little more than boy,  
    On some unworthy heart with joy,  
But lives to wed an equal mind ;

And breathes a novel world, the while  
    His other passion wholly dies,  
    Or in the light of deeper eyes  
Is matter for a flying smile.

## LXIII.

YET pity for a horse o'er-driven,  
    And love in which my hound has part,  
    Can hang no weight upon my heart  
In its assumptions up to heaven ;

And I am so much more than these,  
    As thou, perchance, art more than I,  
    And yet I spare them sympathy,  
And I would set their pains at ease.

So mayst thou watch me where I weep,  
    As, unto vaster motions bound,  
    The circuits of thine orbit round  
A higher height, a deeper deep.

## LXIV.

Dost thou look back on what hath been,  
    As some divinely gifted man,  
    Whose life in low estate began  
And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
    And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
    And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes by force his merit known  
    And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
    To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up from high to higher,  
    Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope  
    The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire ;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,  
    When all his active powers are still,  
    A distant dearness in the hill,  
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,  
While yet beside its vocal springs  
He play'd at counsellors and kings,  
With one that was his earliest mate ;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea  
And reaps the labour of his hands,  
Or in the furrow musing stands ;  
' Does my old friend remember me ?'

## LXV.

SWEET soul, do with me as thou wilt ;  
I lull a fancy trouble-tost  
With ' Love's too precious to be lost,  
A little grain shall not be spilt.'

And in that solace can I sing,  
Till out of painful phases wrought  
There flutters up a happy thought,  
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing :

Since we deserved the name of friends,  
And thine effect so lives in me,  
A part of mine may live in thee  
And move thee on to noble ends.



## LXVI.

You thought my heart too far diseased ;  
    You wonder when my fancies play  
    To find me gay among the gay,  
Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost,  
    Which makes a desert in the mind,  
    Has made me kindly with my kind,  
And like to him whose sight is lost ;

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,  
    Whose jest among his friends is free,  
    Who takes the children on his knee,  
And winds their curls about his hand :

He plays with threads, he beats his chair  
    For pastime, dreaming of the sky ;  
    His inner day can never die,  
His night of loss is always there.

## LXVII.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,  
    I know that in thy place of rest  
    By that broad water of the west,  
There comes a glory on the walls ;

Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
    As slowly steals a silver flame  
    Along the letters of thy name,  
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away ;  
    From off my bed the moonlight dies ;  
    And closing eaves of wearied eyes  
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray :

And then I know the mist is drawn  
    A lucid veil from coast to coast,  
    And in the dark church like a ghost  
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

## LXVIII.

WHEN in the down I sink my head,  
    Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath ;  
    Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,  
Nor can I dream of thee as dead :

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,  
    When all our path was fresh with dew,  
    And all the bugle breezes blew  
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about,  
I find a trouble in thine eye,  
Which makes me sad I know not why,  
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt :

But ere the lark hath left the lea  
I wake, and I discern the truth ;  
It is the trouble of my youth  
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

## LXIX.

I DREAM'D there would be Spring no more,  
That Nature's ancient power was lost :  
The streets were black with smoke and frost,  
They chatter'd trifles at the door :

I wander'd from the noisy town,  
I found a wood with thorny boughs :  
I took the thorns to bind my brows,  
I wore them like a civic crown :

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns  
From youth and babe and hoary hairs :  
They call'd me in the public squares  
The fool that wears a crown of thorns :

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child :  
    I found an angel of the night ;  
    The voice was low, the look was bright ;  
He look'd upon my crown and smiled :

He reach'd the glory of a hand,  
    That seem'd to touch it into leaf :  
    The voice was not the voice of grief,  
The words were hard to understand.

## LXX.

I CANNOT see the features right,  
    When on the gloom I strive to paint  
    The face I know ; the hues are faint  
And mix with hollow masks of night ;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,  
    A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,  
    A hand that points, and palled shapes  
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought ;

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,  
    And shoals of pucker'd faces drive ;  
    Dark bulks that tumble half alive,  
And lazy lengths on boundless shores ;

Till all at once beyond the will  
I hear a wizard music roll,  
And thro' a lattice on the soul  
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

## LXXI.

SLEEP, kinsman thou to death and trance  
And madness, thou hast forged at last  
A night-long Present of the Past  
In which we went thro' summer France.

Hadst thou such credit with the soul?  
Then bring an opiate trebly strong,  
Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong  
That so my pleasure may be whole;

While now we talk as once we talk'd  
Of men and minds, the dust of change,  
The days that grow to something strange,  
In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,  
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,  
The cataract flashing from the bridge,  
The breaker breaking on the beach.

## LXXII.

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again, *15 Sept. 183*  
 And howlest, issuing out of night,  
 With blasts that blow the poplar white,  
 And lash with storm the streaming pane?

Day, when my crown'd estate begun  
 To pine in that reverse of doom,  
 Which sicken'd every living bloom,  
 And blurr'd the splendour of the sun ;

Who usherest in the dolorous hour  
 With thy quick tears that make the rose  
 Pull sideways, and the daisy close  
 Her crimson fringes to the shower ;

Who might'st have heaved a windless flame  
 Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd  
 A chequer-work of beam and shade  
 Along the hills, yet look'd the same.

As wan, as chill, as wild as now ;  
 Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,  
 When the dark hand struck down thro' time,  
 And cancell'd nature's best : but thou,

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows  
    Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,  
    And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,  
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound  
    Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day ;  
    Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,  
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

## LXXIII.

So many worlds, so much to do,  
    So little done, such things to be,  
    How know I what had need of thee,  
For thou wert strong as thou wert true ?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,  
    The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath :  
    I curse not nature, no, nor death ;  
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass ; the path that each man trod  
    Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds :  
    What fame is left for human deeds  
In endless age ? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,  
    Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
    And self-infolds the large results  
Of force that would have forged a name.

## LXXIV.

As sometimes in a dead man's face,  
    To those that watch it more and more,  
    A likeness, hardly seen before,  
Comes out—to some one of his race :

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
    I see thee what thou art, and know  
    Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,  
    And what I see I leave unsaid,  
    Nor speak it, knowing Death has made  
His darkness beautiful with thee.

## LXXV.

I LEAVE thy praises unexpress'd  
    In verse that brings myself relief,  
    And by the measure of my grief  
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd ;



What practice howsoe'er expert  
    In fitting aptest words to things,  
    Or voice the richest-toned that sings,  
Hath power to give thee as thou wert ?

I care not in these fading days  
    To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
    And round thee with the breeze of song  
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,  
    And, while we breathe beneath the sun,  
    The world which credits what is done  
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame ;  
    But somewhere, out of human view,  
    Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

## LXXVI.

TAKE wings of fancy, and ascend,  
    And in a moment set thy face  
    Where all the starry heavens of space  
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end ;

Take wings of foresight ; lighten thro'  
The secular abyss to come,  
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb  
Before the mouldering of a yew ;

And if the matin songs, that woke  
The darkness of our planet, last,  
Thine own shall wither in the vast,  
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers  
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain ;  
And what are they when these remain  
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers ?

## LXXVII.

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme  
To him, who turns a musing eye  
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie  
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time ?

These mortal lullabies of pain  
May bind a book, may line a box,  
May serve to curl a maiden's locks ;  
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,  
    And, passing, turn the page that tells  
    A grief, then changed to something else,  
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darken'd ways  
    Shall ring with music all the same ;  
    To breathe my loss is more than fame,  
To utter love more sweet than praise.



## LXXVIII.

AGAIN at Christmas did we weave  
    The holly round the Christmas hearth ;  
    The silent snow possess'd the earth,  
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve :

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,  
    No wing of wind the region swept,  
    But over all things brooding slept  
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,  
    Again our ancient games had place,  
    The mimic picture's breathing grace,  
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who show'd a token of distress?  
No single tear, no mark of pain:  
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?  
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!  
No—mixt with all this mystic frame,  
Her deep relations are the same,  
But with long use her tears are dry.

## LXXIX.

'MORE than my brothers are to me,'—  
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!  
I know thee of what force thou art  
To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,  
As moulded like in Nature's mint;  
And hill and wood and field did print  
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd  
Thro' all his eddying coves; the same  
All winds that roam the twilight came  
In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,  
    One lesson from one book we learn'd,  
    Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd  
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,  
    But he was rich where I was poor,  
    And he supplied my want the more  
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

## LXXX.

If any vague desire should rise,  
    That holy Death ere Arthur died  
    Had moved me kindly from his side,  
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes ;

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,  
    The grief my loss in him had wrought,  
    A grief as deep as life or thought,  
But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain ;  
    I hear the sentence that he speaks ;  
    He bears the burthen of the weeks  
But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free ;  
 And, influence-rich to soothe and save,  
 Unused example from the grave  
 Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

## LXXXI.

COULD I have said while he was here,  
 ‘ My love shall now no further range ;  
 There cannot come a mellower change,  
 For now is love mature in ear.’

Love, then, had hope of richer store :  
 What end is here to my complaint ?  
 This haunting whisper makes me faint,  
 ‘ More years had made me love thee more.’

But Death returns an answer sweet :  
 ‘ My sudden frost was sudden gain,  
 And gave all ripeness to the grain,  
 It might have drawn from after-heat.’

## LXXXII.

I WAGE not any feud with Death  
 For changes wrought on form and face ;  
 No lower life that earth’s embrace  
 May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,  
 From state to state the spirit walks ;  
 And these are but the shatter'd stalks,  
 Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare  
 The use of virtue out of earth :  
 I know transplanted human worth  
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak  
 The wrath that garners in my heart ;  
 He put our lives so far apart  
 We cannot hear each other speak.

## LXXXIII.

DIP down upon the northern shore,  
 O sweet new-year delaying long ;  
 Thou doest expectant nature wrong ;  
 Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,  
 Thy sweetness from its proper place ?  
 Can trouble live with April days,  
 Or sadness in the summer moons ?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,  
 The little speedwell's darling blue,  
 Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,  
 Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,  
 Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
 That longs to burst a frozen bud  
 And flood a fresher throat with song.

## LXXXIV. ✓

WHEN I contemplate all alone  
 The life that had been thine below,  
 And fix my thoughts on all the glow  
 To which thy crescent would have grown ;

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,  
 A central warmth diffusing bliss  
 In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,  
 On all the branches of thy blood ;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine ;  
 For now the day was drawing on,  
 When thou should'st link thy life with one  
 Of mine own house, and boys of thine



Had babbled 'Uncle' on my knee ;  
    But that remorseless iron hour  
    Made cypress of her orange flower,  
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,  
    To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.  
    I see their unborn faces shine  
Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honour'd guest,  
    Thy partner in the flowery walk  
    Of letters, genial table-talk,  
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest ;

While now thy prosperous labour fills  
    The lips of men with honest praise,  
    And sun by sun the happy days  
Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair ;  
    And all the train of bounteous hours  
    Conduct by paths of growing powers,  
To reverence and the silver hair ;

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,  
 Her lavish mission richly wrought,  
 Leaving great legacies of thought,  
 Thy spirit should fail from off the globe ;

What time mine own might also flee,  
 As link'd with thine in love and fate,  
 And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait  
 To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal,  
 And He that died in Holy Land  
 Would reach us out the shining hand,  
 And take us as a single soul.

What reed was that on which I leant ?  
 Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake  
 The old bitterness again, and break  
 The low beginnings of content.

LXXXV.

THIS truth came borne with bier and pall,  
 I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,  
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
 Than never to have loved at all——

O true in word, and tried in deed,  
    Demanding, so to bring relief  
    To this which is our common grief,  
What kind of life is that I lead ;

And whether trust in things above  
    Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd ;  
    And whether love for him have drain'd  
My capabilities of love ;

Your words have virtue such as draws  
    A faithful answer from the breast,  
    Thro' light reproaches, half exprest,  
And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,  
    Till on mine ear this message falls,  
    That in Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair  
    That range above our mortal state,  
    In circle round the blessed gate,  
Received and gave him welcome there ;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,  
    And show'd him in the fountain fresh  
    All knowledge that the sons of flesh  
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,  
    Whose life, whose thoughts were little  
    worth,  
    To wander on a darken'd earth,  
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,  
    O heart, with kindest motion warm,  
    O sacred essence, other form,  
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul !

Yet none could better know than I,  
    How much of act at human hands  
    The sense of human will demands  
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,  
    I felt and feel, tho' left alone,  
    His being working in mine own,  
The footsteps of his life in mine ;

A life that all the Muses deck'd  
    With gifts of grace, that might express  
    All-comprehensive tenderness,  
All-subtilising intellect :

And so my passion hath not swerved  
    To works of weakness, but I find  
    An image comforting the mind,  
And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,  
    That loved to handle spiritual strife,  
    Diffused the shock thro' all my life,  
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again  
    For other friends that once I met ;  
    Nor can it suit me to forget  
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love : I count it crime  
    To mourn for any overmuch ;  
    I, the divided half of such  
A friendship as had master'd Time ;

Which masters Time indeed, and is  
Eternal, separate from fears :  
The all-assuming months and years  
Can take no part away from this :

But Summer on the steaming floods,  
And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,  
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,  
That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave  
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,  
My old affection of the tomb,  
And my prime passion in the grave :

My old affection of the tomb,  
A part of stillness, yearns to speak :  
' Arise, and get thee forth and seek  
A friendship for the years to come.

' I watch thee from the quiet shore ;  
Thy spirit up to mine can reach ;  
But in dear words of human speech  
We two communicate no more.'

And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain  
The starry clearness of the free?  
How is it? Canst thou feel for me  
Some painless sympathy with pain?'

And lightly does the whisper fall;  
'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;  
I triumph in conclusive bliss,  
And that serene result of all.'

So hold I commerce with the dead;  
Or so methinks the dead would say;  
Or so shall grief with symbols play  
And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,  
That these things pass, and I shall prove  
A meeting somewhere, love with love,  
I crave your pardon, O my friend;

If not so fresh, with love as true,  
I, clasping brother-hands, aver  
I could not, if I would, transfer  
The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart  
    The promise of the golden hours?  
    First love, first friendship, equal powers,  
That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,  
    That beats within a lonely place,  
    That yet remembers his embrace,  
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest  
    Quite in the love of what is gone,  
    But seeks to beat in time with one  
That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,  
    Knowing the primrose yet is dear,  
    The primrose of the later year,  
As not unlike to that of Spring.

## LXXXVI.

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,  
    That rollest from the gorgeous gloom  
    Of evening over brake and bloom  
And meadow, slowly breathing bare



The round of space, and rapt below  
 Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,  
 And shadowing down the horned flood  
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
 The full new life that feeds thy breath  
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,  
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas  
 On leagues of odour streaming far,  
 To where in yonder orient star  
 A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'

## LXXXVII.

I PAST beside the reverend walls  
 In which of old I wore the gown ;  
 I roved at random thro' the town,  
 And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes  
 The storm their high-built organs make,  
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake  
 The prophet blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,  
    The measured pulse of racing oars  
    Among the willows ; paced the shores  
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt  
    The same, but not the same ; and last  
    Up that long walk of limes I past  
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :  
    I linger'd ; all within was noise  
    Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys  
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band  
    Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
    And labour, and the changing mart,  
And all the framework of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,  
    But send it slackly from the string ;  
    And one would pierce an outer ring,  
And one an inner, here and there ;

And last the master-bowman, he,  
     Would cleave the mark. A willing ear  
     We lent him. Who, but hung to hear  
 The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace  
     And music in the bounds of law,  
     To those conclusions when we saw  
 The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow  
     In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;  
     And over those ethereal eyes  
 The bar of Michael Angelo.

## LXXXVIII.

WILD bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,  
     Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,  
     O tell me where the senses mix,  
 O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ  
     Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,  
     And in the midmost heart of grief  
 Thy passion clasps a secret joy :

And I—my harp would prelude woe—  
    I cannot all command the strings ;  
    The glory of the sum of things  
Will flash along the chords and go.

## LXXXIX.

WITCH-ELMS that counterchange the floor  
    Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright ;  
    And thou, with all thy breadth and height  
Of foliage, towering sycamore ;

How often, hither wandering down,  
    My Arthur found your shadows fair,  
    And shook to all the liberal air  
The dust and din and steam of town :

He brought an eye for all he saw ;  
    He mixt in all our simple sports ;  
    They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts  
And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,  
    Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
    To drink the cooler air, and mark  
The landscape winking thro' the heat :

O sound to rout the brood of cares,  
    The sweep of scythe in morning dew,  
    The gust that round the garden flew,  
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
    About him, heart and ear were fed  
    To hear him, as he lay and read  
The Tuscan poets on the lawn :

Or in the all-golden afternoon  
    A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
    Or here she brought the harp and flung  
A ballad to the brightening moon :

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,  
    Beyond the bounding hill to stray,  
    And break the lifelong summer day  
With banquet in the distant woods ;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,  
    Discuss'd the books to love or hate,  
    Or touch'd the changes of the state,  
Or threaded some Socratic dream ;

But if I praised the busy town,  
     He loved to rail against it still,  
     For 'ground in yonder social mill  
 We rub each other's angles down,

'And merge' he said 'in form and gloss  
     The picturesque of man and man.'  
     We talk'd : the stream beneath us ran,  
 The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave ;  
     And last, returning from afar,  
     Before the crimson-circled star  
 Had fall'n into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,  
     We heard behind the woodbine veil  
     The milk that bubbled in the pail,  
 And buzzings of the honied hours.

XC.

HE tasted love with half his mind,  
     Nor ever drank the inviolate spring  
     Where nighest heaven, who first could fling  
 This bitter seed among mankind ;

That could the dead, whose dying eyes  
    Were closed with wail, resume their life,  
    They would but find in child and wife  
An iron welcome when they rise :

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,  
    To pledge them with a kindly tear,  
    To talk them o'er, to wish them here,  
To count their memories half divine ;

But if they came who past away,  
    Behold their brides in other hands ;  
    The hard heir strides about their lands,  
And will not yield them for a day.

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,  
    Not less the yet-loved sire would make  
    Confusion worse than death, and shake  
The pillars of domestic peace.

Ah dear, but come thou back to me :  
    Whatever change the years have wrought,  
    I find not yet one lonely thought  
That cries against my wish for thee.

XCI. 

WHEN rosy plumelets tuft the larch,  
 And rarely pipes the mounted thrush ;  
 Or underneath the barren bush  
 Flits by the sea-blue bird of March ;

Come, wear the form by which I know  
 Thy spirit in time among thy peers ;  
 The hope of unaccomplish'd years  
 Be large and lucid round thy brow.

When summer's hourly-mellowing change  
 May breathe, with many roses sweet,  
 Upon the thousand waves of wheat,  
 That ripple round the lonely grange ;

Come : not in watches of the night,  
 But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,  
 Come, beauteous in thine after form,  
 And like a finer light in light.

XCII. 

IF any vision should reveal  
 Thy likeness, I might count it vain  
 As but the canker of the brain ;  
 Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal



To chances where our lots were cast  
    Together in the days behind,  
    I might but say, I hear a wind  
Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view  
    A fact within the coming year ;  
    And tho' the months, revolving near,  
Should prove the phantom-warning true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,  
    But spiritual presentiments,  
    And such refraction of events  
As often rises ere they rise.

XCIII. 

I SHALL not see thee. Dare I say  
    No spirit ever brake the band  
    That stays him from the native land  
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay ?

No visual shade of some one lost,  
    But he, the Spirit himself, may come  
    Where all the nerve of sense is numb ;  
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range  
     With gods in unconjectured bliss,  
     O, from the distance of the abyss  
 Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter ; hear  
     The wish too strong for words to name ;  
     That in this blindness of the frame  
 My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIV. v

How pure at heart and sound in head,  
     With what divine affections bold  
     Should be the man whose thought would hold  
 An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
     The spirits from their golden day,  
     Except, like them, thou too canst say,  
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
     Imaginations calm and fair,  
     The memory like a cloudless air,  
 The conscience as a sea at rest :

But when the heart is full of din,  
    And doubt beside the portal waits,  
    They can but listen at the gates,  
And hear the household jar within.

XCV. 

By night we linger'd on the lawn,  
    For underfoot the herb was dry ;  
    And genial warmth ; and o'er the sky  
The silvery haze of summer drawn ;

And calm that let the tapers burn  
    Unwavering : not a cricket chirr'd :  
    The brook alone far-off was heard,  
And on the board the fluttering urn :

And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
    And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes  
    That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes  
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes ;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd  
    From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,  
    The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,  
    Withdrew themselves from me and night,  
    And in the house light after light  
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart ; I read  
    Of that glad year which once had been,  
    In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,  
The noble letters of the dead :

And strangely on the silence broke  
    The silent-speaking words, and strange  
    Was love's dumb cry defying change  
To test his worth ; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell  
    On doubts that drive the coward back,  
    And keen thro' wordy snares to track  
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,  
    The dead man touch'd me from the past,  
    And all at once it seem'd at last  
The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd  
    About empyreal heights of thought,  
    And came on that which is, and caught  
The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out  
    The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—  
    The blows of Death. At length my trance  
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame  
    In matter-moulded forms of speech,  
    Or ev'n for intellect to reach  
Thro' memory that which I became :

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd  
    The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,  
    The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field :

And suck'd from out the distant gloom  
    A breeze began to tremble o'er  
    The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering fresher overhead,  
     Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung  
     The heavy-folded rose, and flung  
 The lilies to and fro, and said

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away ;  
     And East and West, without a breath,  
     Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,  
 To broaden into boundless day.

XCVI.      L

You say, but with no touch of scorn,  
     Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes  
     Are tender over drowning flies,  
 You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not : one indeed I knew  
     In many a subtle question versed,  
     Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,  
 But ever strove to make it true :

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,  
     At last he beat his music out.  
     There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,  
    He would not make his judgment blind,  
    He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them : thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own ;  
    And Power was with him in the night,  
    Which makes the darkness and the light,  
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,  
    As over Sinai's peaks of old,  
    While Israel made their gods of gold,  
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

## XCVII.

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees ;  
    He finds on misty mountain-ground  
    His own vast shadow glory-crown'd ;  
He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life—  
    I look'd on these and thought of thee  
    In vastness and in mystery,  
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,  
Their hearts of old have beat in tune,  
Their meetings made December June  
Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never past away ;  
The days she never can forget  
Are earnest that he loves her yet,  
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone, he sits apart,  
He loves her yet, she will not weep,  
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep  
He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,  
He reads the secret of the star,  
He seems so near and yet so far,  
He looks so cold : she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before,  
A wither'd violet is her bliss :  
She knows not what his greatness is,  
For that, for all, she loves him more.



For him she plays, to him she sings  
Of early faith and plighted vows ;  
She knows but matters of the house,  
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,  
She darkly feels him great and wise,  
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,  
'I cannot understand : I love.'

## XCVIII.

You leave us : you will see the Rhine,  
And those fair hills I sail'd below,  
When I was there with him ; and go  
By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,  
That City. All her splendour seems  
No livelier than the wisp that gleams  
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair  
Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me :  
I have not seen, I will not see  
Vienna ; rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts  
    The birth, the bridal ; friend from friend  
    Is oftener parted, fathers bend  
Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey  
    By each cold hearth, and sadness flings  
    Her shadow on the blaze of kings :  
And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town  
    With statelier progress to and fro  
    The double tides of chariots flow  
By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves ; nor more content,  
    He told me, lives in any crowd,  
    When all is gay with lamps, and loud  
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain ;  
    And wheels the circled dance, and breaks  
    The rocket molten into flakes  
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

## XCIX.

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
So loud with voices of the birds,  
So thick with lowings of the herds,  
Day, when I lost the flower of men ;

15 Sept

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red  
On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast  
By meadows breathing of the past,  
And woodlands holy to the dead ;

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves  
A song that slights the coming care,  
And Autumn laying here and there  
A fiery finger on the leaves ;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath  
To myriads on the genial earth,  
Memories of bridal, or of birth,  
And unto myriads more, of death.

O wheresoever those may be,  
Betwixt the slumber of the poles,  
To-day they count as kindred souls ;  
They know me not, but mourn with me.

## C.

I CLIMB the hill : from end to end  
Of all the landscape underneath,  
I find no place that does not breathe  
Some gracious memory of my friend ;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,  
Or low morass and whispering reed,  
Or simple stile from mead to mead,  
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold ;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw  
That hears the latest linnet trill,  
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill  
And haunted by the wrangling daw ;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock ;  
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves  
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,  
That feed the mothers of the flock ;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,  
And each reflects a kindlier day ;  
And, leaving these, to pass away,  
I think once more he seems to die.

## CI.

UNWATCH'D, the garden bough shall sway,  
The tender blossom flutter down,  
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,  
This maple burn itself away ;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,  
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,  
And many a rose-carnation feed  
With summer spice the humming air ;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,  
The brook shall babble down the plain,  
At noon or when the lesser wain  
Is twisting round the polar star ;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,  
And flood the haunts of hern and crake ;  
Or into silver arrows break  
The sailing moon in creek and cove ;

Till from the garden and the wild  
A fresh association blow,  
And year by year the landscape grow  
Familiar to the stranger's child ;

As year by year the labourer tills  
    His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;  
    And year by year our memory fades  
From all the circle of the hills.

## CII.

WE leave the well-beloved place  
    Where first we gazed upon the sky;  
    The roofs, that heard our earliest cry,  
Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,  
    As down the garden-walks I move,  
    Two spirits of a diverse love  
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, 'Here thy boyhood sung  
    Long since its matin song, and heard  
    The low love-language of the bird  
In native hazels tassel-hung.'

The other answers, 'Yea, but here  
    Thy feet have stray'd in after hours  
    With thy lost friend among the bowers,  
And this hath made them trebly dear.'

These two have striven half the day,  
    And each prefers his separate claim,  
    Poor rivals in a losing game,  
That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go : my feet are set  
    To leave the pleasant fields and farms ;  
    They mix in one another's arms  
To one pure image of regret.

## CIII.

ON that last night before we went  
    From out the doors where I was bred,  
    I dream'd a vision of the dead,  
Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,  
    And maidens with me : distant hills  
    From hidden summits fed with rills  
A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.  
    They sang of what is wise and good  
    And graceful. In the centre stood  
A statue veil'd, to which they sang ;

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,  
    The shape of him I loved, and love  
    For ever : then flew in a dove  
And brought a summons from the sea :

And when they learnt that I must go  
    They wept and wail'd, but led the way  
    To where a little shallop lay  
At anchor in the flood below ;

And on by many a level mead,  
    And shadowing bluff that made the banks,  
    We glided winding under ranks  
Of iris, and the golden reed ;

And still as vaster grew the shore  
    And roll'd the floods in grander space,  
    The maidens gather'd strength and grace  
And presence, lordlier than before ;

And I myself, who sat apart  
    And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb ;  
    I felt the thews of Anakim,  
The pulses of a Titan's heart ;



As one would sing the death of war,  
    And one would chant the history  
    Of that great race, which is to be,  
And one the shaping of a star ;

Until the forward-creeping tides  
    Began to foam, and we to draw  
    From deep to deep, to where we saw  
A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,  
    But thrice as large as man he bent  
    To greet us. Up the side I went,  
And fell in silence on his neck :

Whereat those maidens with one mind  
    Bewail'd their lot ; I did them wrong :  
    ‘ We served thee here,’ they said, ‘ so long,  
And wilt thou leave us now behind ?’

So rapt I was, they could not win  
    An answer from my lips, but he  
    Replying, ‘ Enter likewise ye  
And go with us :’ they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep  
     A music out of sheet and shroud,  
     We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud  
 That landlike slept along the deep.

## CIV.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ ;  
     The moon is hid, the night is still ;  
     A single church below the hill  
 Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,  
     That wakens at this hour of rest  
     A single murmur in the breast,  
 That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,  
     In lands where not a memory strays,  
     Nor landmark breathes of other days,  
 But all is new unhallow'd ground.

## CV.

TO-NIGHT ungather'd let us leave  
     This laurel, let this holly stand :  
     We live within the stranger's land,  
 And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

Our father's dust is left alone

And silent under other snows :

There in due time the woodbine blows, *&c. &c.*

The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse

The genial hour with mask and mime ;

For change of place, like growth of time,

Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,

By which our lives are chiefly proved,

A little spare the night I loved,

And hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor,

Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm ;

For who would keep an ancient form

Thro' which the spirit breathes no more ?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast ;

Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown ;

No dance, no motion, save alone

What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.  
    Long sleeps the summer in the seed ;  
    Run out your measured arcs, and lead  
The closing cycle rich in good.

## CVI.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
    The flying cloud, the frosty light :  
    The year is dying in the night ;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
    Ring, happy bells, across the snow :  
    The year is going, let him go ;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
    For those that here we see no more ;  
    Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
    And ancient forms of party strife ;  
    Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
    The faithless coldness of the times ;  
    Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
    The civic slander and the spite ;  
    Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;  
    Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
    Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
    The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
    Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

## CVII.

It is the day when he was born,  
    A bitter day that early sank  
    Behind a purple-frosty bank  
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves  
    To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies  
    The blast of North and East, and ice  
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns  
    To yon hard crescent, as she hangs  
    Above the wood which grides and clangs  
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass  
    To darken on the rolling brine  
    That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,  
Arrange the board and brim the glass ;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,  
    To make a solid core of heat ;  
    Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat  
Of all things ev'n as he were by ;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,  
    With books and music, surely we  
    Will drink to him, whate'er he be,  
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

## CVIII.

I WILL not shut me from my kind,  
And, lest I stiffen into stone,  
I will not eat my heart alone,  
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind :

What profit lies in barren faith,  
And vacant yearning, tho' with might  
To scale the heaven's highest height,  
Or dive below the wells of Death ?

What find I in the highest place,  
But mine own phantom chanting hymns ?  
And on the depths of death there swims  
The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be  
Of sorrow under human skies :  
'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,  
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

## CIX.

HEART-AFFLUENCE in discursive talk  
From household fountains never dry ;  
The critic clearness of an eye,  
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk ;

Seraphic intellect and force  
    To seize and throw the doubts of man ;  
    Impassion'd logic, which outran  
The hearer in its fiery course ;

High nature amorous of the good,  
    But touch'd with no ascetic gloom ;  
    And passion pure in snowy bloom  
Thro' all the years of April blood ;

A love of freedom rarely felt,  
    Of freedom in her regal seat  
    Of England ; not the schoolboy heat,  
The blind hysterics of the Celt ;

And manhood fused with female grace  
    In such a sort, the child would twine  
    A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,  
And find his comfort in thy face ;

All these have been, and thee mine eyes  
    Have look'd on : if they look'd in vain,  
    My shame is greater who remain,  
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.



## CX.

THY converse drew us with delight,  
The men of rathe and riper years :  
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,  
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,  
The proud was half disarm'd of pride,  
Nor cared the serpent at thy side  
To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by,  
The flippant put himself to school  
And heard thee, and the brazen fool  
Was soften'd, and he knew not why ;

While I, thy nearest, sat apart,  
And felt thy triumph was as mine ;  
And loved them more, that they were thine,  
The graceful tact, the Christian art ;

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,  
But mine the love that will not tire,  
And, born of love, the vague desire  
That spurs an imitative will.

## CXI.

THE churl in spirit, up or down  
    Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,  
    To him who grasps a golden ball,  
By blood a king, at heart a clown ;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil  
    His want in forms for fashion's sake,  
    Will let his coltish nature break  
At seasons thro' the gilded pale :

For who can always act? but he,  
    To whom a thousand memories call,  
    Not being less but more than all  
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd  
    Each office of the social hour  
    To noble manners, as the flower  
And native growth of noble mind ;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,  
    Or villain fancy fleeting by,  
    Drew in the expression of an eye,  
Where God and Nature met in light ;

And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

## CXII.

HIGH wisdom holds my wisdom less,  
That I, who gaze with temperate eyes  
On glorious insufficiencies,  
Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room  
Of all my love, art reason why  
I seem to cast a careless eye  
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

For what wert thou? some novel power  
Sprang up for ever at a touch,  
And hope could never hope too much,  
In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought,  
And tracts of calm from tempest made,  
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd  
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

## CXIII.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise ;  
    Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee  
    Which not alone had guided me,  
But served the seasons that may rise ;

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen  
    In intellect, with force and skill  
    To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—  
I doubt not what thou wouldst have been :

A life in civic action warm,  
    A soul on highest mission sent,  
    A potent voice of Parliament,  
A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force,  
    Becoming, when the time has birth,  
    A lever to uplift the earth  
And roll it in another course,

With thousand shocks that come and go,  
    With agonies, with energies,  
    With overthrowings, and with cries  
And undulations to and fro.

## CXIV.

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail  
Against her beauty? May she mix  
With men and prosper! Who shall fix  
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire :  
She sets her forward countenance  
And leaps into the future chance,  
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—  
She cannot fight the fear of death.  
What is she, cut from love and faith,  
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst  
All barriers in her onward race  
For power. Let her know her place ;  
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,  
If all be not in vain ; and guide  
Her footsteps, moving side by side  
With wisdom, like the younger child :

For she is earthly of the mind,  
    But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.  
    O, friend, who camest to thy goal  
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,  
    Who grewest not alone in power  
    And knowledge, but by year and hour  
In reverence and in charity.

## CXV.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
    Now burgeons every maze of quick  
    About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
    The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
    And drown'd in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
    The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
    And milkier every milky sail  
On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
    In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
    The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood ; that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast  
    Spring wakens too ; and my regret  
    Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

## CXVI.

Is it, then, regret for buried time  
    That keenlier in sweet April wakes,  
    And meets the year, and gives and takes  
The colours of the crescent prime ?

Not all : the songs, the stirring air,  
    The life re-orient out of dust,  
    Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust  
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret : the face will shine  
    Upon me, while I muse alone ;  
    And that dear voice, I once have known,  
Still speak to me of me and mine :

Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
 For days of happy commune dead ;  
 Less yearning for the friendship fled,  
 Than some strong bond which is to be.

## CXVII.

O DAYS and hours, your work is this  
 To hold me from my proper place,  
 A little while from his embrace,  
 For fuller gain of after bliss :

That out of distance might ensue  
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet ;  
 And unto meeting when we meet,  
 Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,  
 And every span of shade that steals,  
 And every kiss of toothed wheels,  
 And all the courses of the suns.

## CXVIII.

CONTEMPLATE all this work of Time,  
 The giant labouring in his youth ;  
 Nor dream of human love and truth,  
 As dying Nature's earth and lime ;



But trust that those we call the dead  
    Are breathers of an ampler day  
    For ever nobler ends. They say,  
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,  
    And grew to seeming-random forms,  
    The seeming prey of cyclic storms,  
Till at the last arose the man ;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,  
    The herald of a higher race,  
    And of himself in higher place,  
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more ;  
    Or, crown'd with attributes of woe  
    Like glories, move his course, and show  
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,  
    And heated hot with burning fears,  
    And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly  
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ;  
 Move upward, working out the beast,  
 And let the ape and tiger die.

## CXIX.

DOORS, where my heart was used to beat  
 So quickly, not as one that weeps  
 I come once more ; the city sleeps ;  
 I smell the meadow in the street ;

I hear a chirp of birds ; I see  
 Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn  
 A light-blue lane of early dawn,  
 And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,  
 And bright the friendship of thine eye ;  
 And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh  
 I take the pressure of thine hand.

## CXX.

I TRUST I have not wasted breath :  
 I think we are not wholly brain,  
 Magnetic mockeries ; not in vain,  
 Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death ;

Not only cunning casts in clay :  
    Let Science prove we are, and then  
    What matters Science unto men,  
At least to me? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs  
    Hereafter, up from childhood shape  
    His action like the greater ape,  
But I was *born* to other things.

## CXXI.

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun  
    And ready, thou, to die with him,  
    Thou watchest all things ever dim  
And dimmer, and a glory done :

The team is loosen'd from the wain,  
    The boat is drawn upon the shore ;  
    Thou listenest to the closing door,  
And life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,  
    By thee the world's great work is heard  
    Beginning, and the wakeful bird ;  
Behind thee comes the greater light :

The market boat is on the stream,  
And voices hail it from the brink ;  
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,  
And see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name  
For what is one, the first, the last,  
Thou, like my present and my past,  
Thy place is changed ; thou art the same.

## CXXII.

OH, wast thou with me, dearest, then,  
While I rose up against my doom,  
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,  
To bare the eternal Heavens again,

To feel once more, in placid awe,  
The strong imagination roll  
A sphere of stars about my soul,  
In all her motion one with law ;

If thou wert with me, and the grave  
Divide us not, be with me now,  
And enter in at breast and brow,  
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,  
    And like an inconsiderate boy,  
    As in the former flash of joy,  
I slip the thoughts of life and death ;

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,  
    And every dew-drop paints a bow,  
    The wizard lightnings deeply glow,  
And every thought breaks out a rose.

## CXXIII.

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.  
    O earth, what changes hast thou seen !  
    There where the long street roars, hath been  
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
    From form to form, and nothing stands ;  
    They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
    And dream my dream, and hold it true ;  
    For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,  
I cannot think the thing farewell.

## CXXIV.

THAT which we dare invoke to bless ;  
Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt ;  
He, They, One, All ; within, without ;  
The Power in darkness whom we guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;  
Nor thro' the questions men may try,  
The petty cobwebs we have spun :

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
I heard a voice 'believe no more'  
And heard an ever-breaking shore  
That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear :  
But that blind clamour made me wise ;  
Then was I as a child that cries,  
But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I am beheld again  
    What is, and no man understands ;  
    And out of darkness came the hands  
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

## CXXV.

WHATEVER I have said or sung,  
    Some bitter notes my harp would give,  
    Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live  
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth ;  
    She did but look through dimmer eyes ;  
    Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,  
Because he felt so fix'd in truth :

And if the song were full of care,  
    He breathed the spirit of the song ;  
    And if the words were sweet and strong  
He set his royal signet there ;

Abiding with me till I sail  
    To seek thee on the mystic deeps,  
    And this electric force, that keeps  
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

## CXXVI.

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,  
 And in his presence I attend  
 To hear the tidings of my friend,  
 Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,  
 And will be, tho' as yet I keep  
 Within his court on earth, and sleep  
 Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel  
 Who moves about from place to place,  
 And whispers to the worlds of space,  
 In the deep night, that all is well.

## CXXVII.

AND all is well, tho' faith and form  
 Be sunder'd in the night of fear ;  
 Well roars the storm to those that hear  
 A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,  
 And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again  
 The red fool-fury of the Seine  
 Should pile her barricades with dead.



But ill for him that wears a crown,  
 And him, the lazar, in his rags :  
 They tremble, the sustaining crags ;  
 The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood ;  
 The fortress crashes from on high,  
 The brute earth lightens to the sky,  
 And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell ;  
 While thou, dear spirit, happy star,  
 O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,  
 And smilest, knowing all is well.

## CXXVIII.

THE love that rose on stronger wings,  
 Unpalsied when he met with Death,  
 Is comrade of the lesser faith  
 That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood  
 Of onward time shall yet be made,  
 And throned races may degrade ;  
 Yet O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,  
 If all your office had to do  
 With old results that look like new ;  
 If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,  
 To fool the crowd with glorious lies,  
 To cleave a creed in sects and cries,  
 To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,  
 To cramp the student at his desk,  
 To make old bareness picturesque  
 And tuft with grass a feudal tower ;

Why then my scorn might well descend  
 On you and yours. I see in part  
 That all, as in some piece of art,  
 Is toil cöoperant to an end.

## CXXIX.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,  
 So far, so near in woe and weal ;  
 O loved the most, when most I feel  
 There is a lower and a higher ;

Known and unknown ; human, divine ;  
 Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;  
 Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,  
 Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine ;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;  
 Loved deeper, darker understood ;  
 Behold, I dream a dream of good,  
 And mingle all the world with thee.

## CXXX.

THY voice is on the rolling air ;  
 I hear thee where the waters run ;  
 Thou standest in the rising sun,  
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;  
 But tho' I seem in star and flower  
 To feel thee some diffusive power,  
 I do not therefore love thee less :

My love involves the love before ;  
 My love is vaster passion now ;  
 Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,  
 I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;  
    I have thee still, and I rejoice ;  
    I prosper, circled with thy voice ;  
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

## CXXXI.

O LIVING will that shalt endure  
    When all that seems shall suffer shock,  
    Rise in the spiritual rock,  
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,  
  
That we may lift from out of dust  
    A voice as unto him that hears,  
    A cry above the conquer'd years  
To one that with us works, and trust,  
  
With faith that comes of self-control,  
    The truths that never can be proved  
    Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

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O TRUE and tried, so well and long,  
Demand not thou a marriage lay ;  
In that it is thy marriage day  
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss  
Since first he told me that he loved  
A daughter of our house ; nor proved  
Since that dark day a day like this ;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er  
Some thrice three years: they went and came,  
Remade the blood and changed the frame,  
And yet is love not less, but more ;

No longer caring to embalm  
In dying songs a dead regret,  
But like a statue solid-set,  
And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more  
    Than in the summers that are flown,  
    For I myself with these have grown  
To something greater than before ;

Which makes appear the songs I made  
    As echoes out of weaker times,  
    As half but idle brawling rhymes,  
The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,  
    That must be made a wife ere noon?  
    She enters, glowing like the moon  
Of Eden on its bridal bower :

On me she bends her blissful eyes  
    And then on thee ; they meet thy look  
    And brighten like the star that shook  
Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud,  
    He too foretold the perfect rose.  
    For thee she grew, for thee she grows  
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy ; full of power ;  
    As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,  
    Consistent ; wearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out : the noon is near,  
    And I must give away the bride ;  
    She fears not, or with thee beside  
And me behind her, will not fear.

For I that danced her on my knee,  
    That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,  
    That shielded all her life from harm  
At last must part with her to thee ;

Now waiting to be made a wife,  
    Her feet, my darling, on the dead  
    Their pensive tablets round her head,  
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,  
    The 'wilt thou' answer'd, and again  
    The 'wilt thou' ask'd, till out of twain  
Her sweet 'I will' has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read,  
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,  
By village eyes as yet unborn ;  
The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells  
The joy to every wandering breeze ;  
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees  
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours  
Await them. Many a merry face  
Salutes them—maidens of the place,  
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride  
With him to whom her hand I gave.  
They leave the porch, they pass the grave  
That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me,  
For them the light of life increased,  
Who stay to share the morning feast,  
Who rest to-night beside the sea.



Let all my genial spirits advance  
    To meet and greet a whiter sun ;  
    My drooping memory will not shun  
The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,  
    And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,  
    As drinking health to bride and groom  
We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I  
    Conjecture of a stiller guest,  
    Perchance, perchance, among the rest,  
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on,  
    And those white-favour'd horses wait ;  
    They rise, but linger ; it is late ;  
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark  
    From little cloudlets on the grass,  
    But sweeps away as out we pass  
To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,  
    And talk of others that are wed,  
    And how she look'd, and what he said,  
And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,  
    The shade of passing thought, the wealth  
    Of words and wit, the double health,  
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,

And last the dance ;—till I retire :  
    Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,  
    And high in heaven the streaming cloud,  
And on the downs a rising fire :

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,  
    Till over down and over dale  
    All night the shining vapour sail  
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,  
    And catch at every mountain head,  
    And o'er the friths that branch and spread  
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills ;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,  
    With tender gloom the roof, the wall ;  
    And breaking let the splendour fall  
To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,  
    And, star and system rolling past,  
    A soul shall draw from out the vast  
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,  
    Result in man, be born and think,  
    And act and love, a closer link  
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look  
    On knowledge ; under whose command  
    Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand  
Is Nature like an open book ;

No longer half-akin to brute,  
    For all we thought and loved and did,  
    And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed  
Of what in them is flower and fruit ;

Whereof the man, that with me trod  
    This planet, was a noble type  
    Appearing ere the times were ripe,  
That friend of mine who lives in God,  
  
That God, which ever lives and loves,  
    One God, one law, one element,  
    And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.

END OF VOL. V.

















