

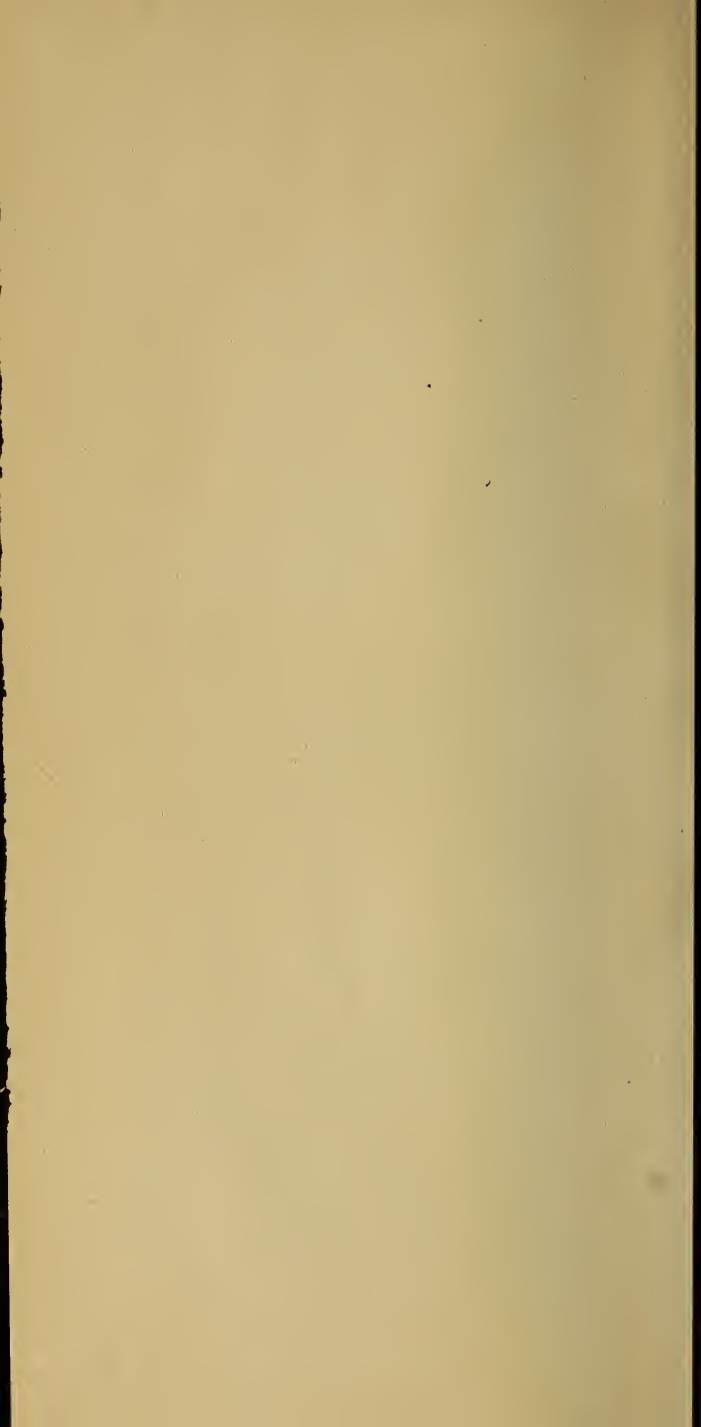




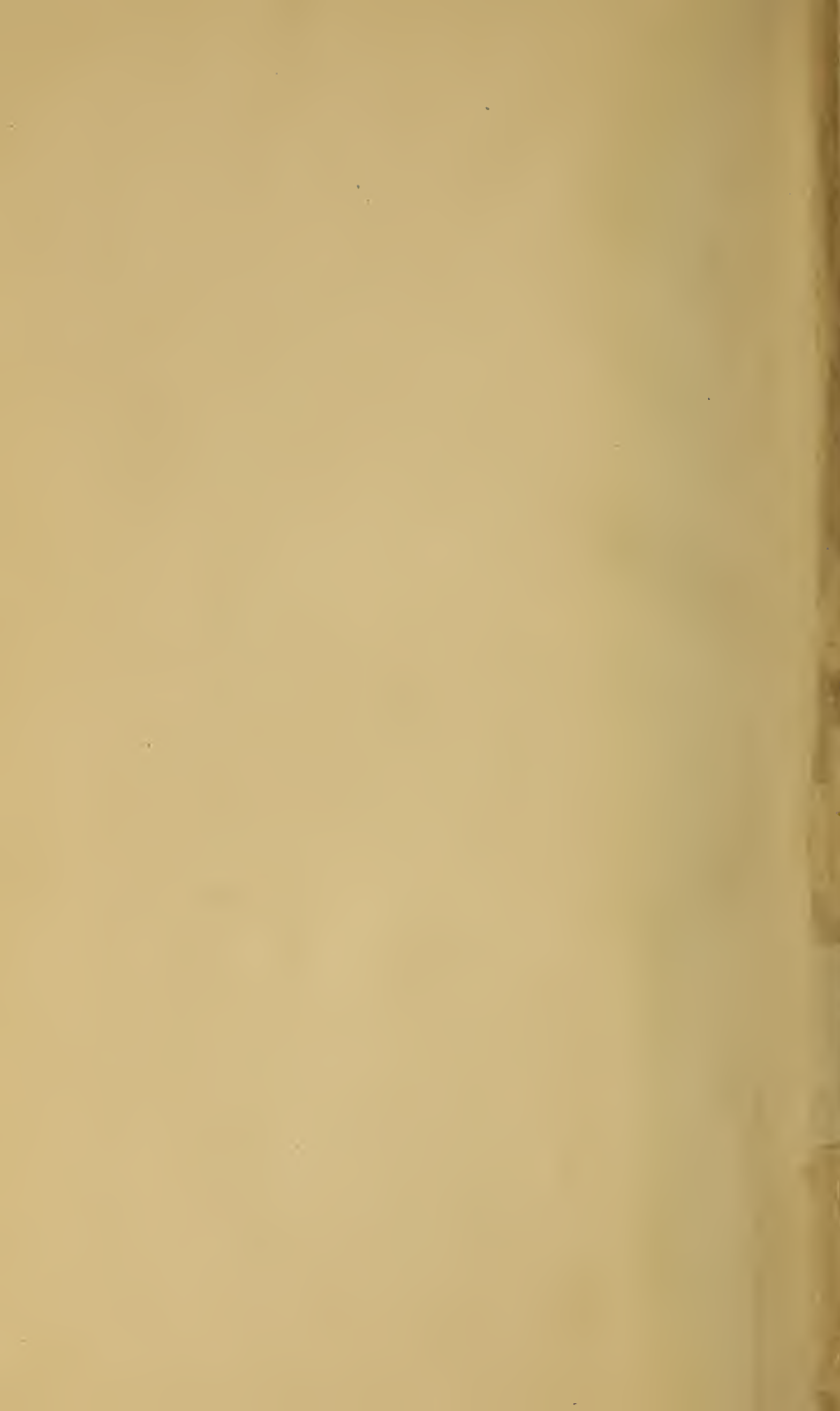
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BY

JOHN SYER BRISTOWE, JUN.



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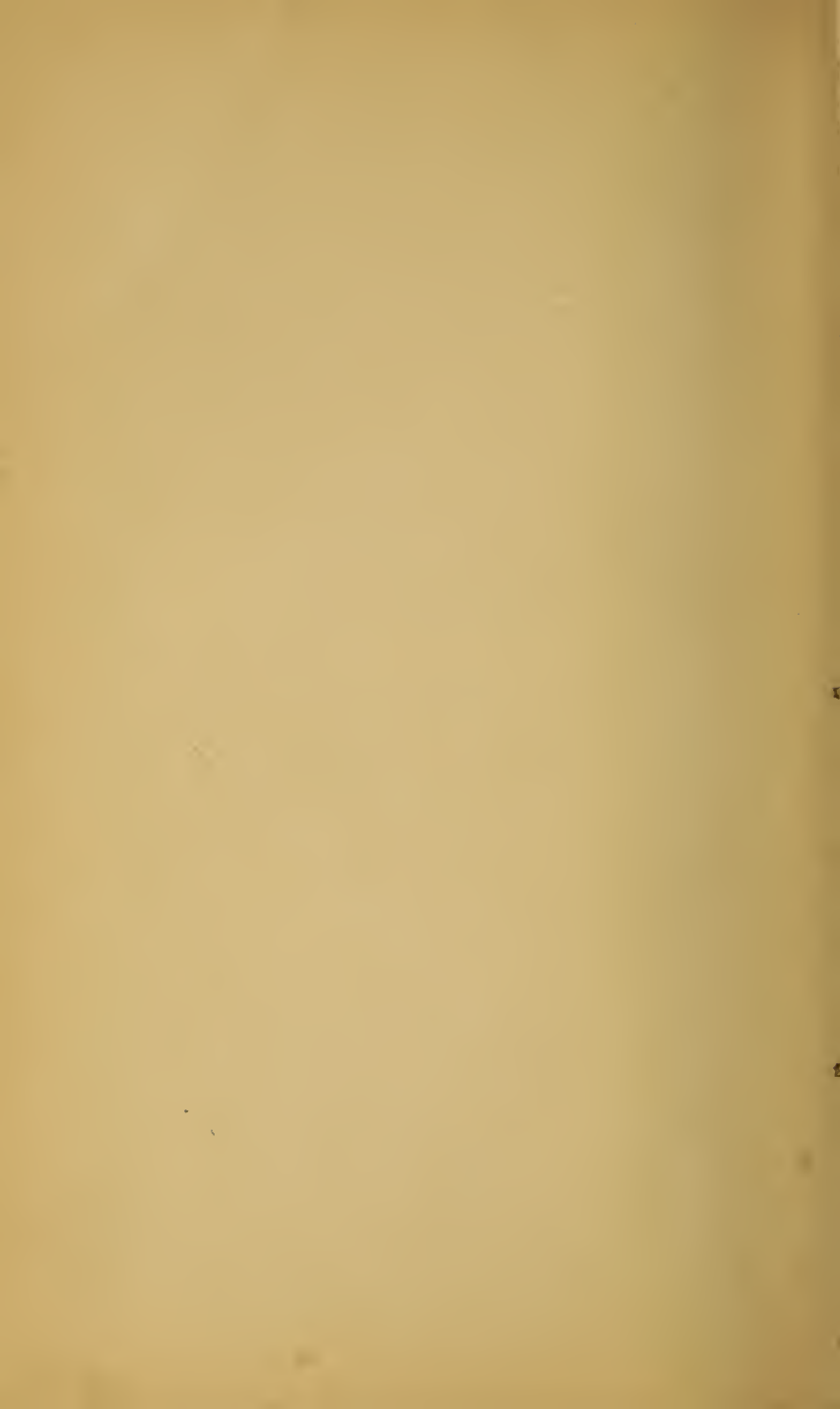
THE story of the "FAIR JULIE" was taken from a prose tale contained in an old Annual, the date of which has been forgotten. The names of the characters and of the localities are retained, and the incidents are but little altered. The other two pieces are original.

*January, 1850.*



CHLORA.

[1843.]



# CHLORA.

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## CANTO I.

FAR distant from all other isle,  
Beneath the sun's eternal smile,  
Surrounded by a placid sea  
As green as emerald, and free  
From raging storm and blust'ring gale  
(That rend to shreds the spreading sail),  
Which never yet the stranger's prow  
Had cleft from Nature's dawn till now,  
The lovely island CHLORA stood.  
On her fair shore unhallowed feud  
Had ne'er unsheathed contention's sword,  
Nor stained with blood the tender sward;  
Nor ever war's destructive rage,  
In any time or any age,

Had left upon her blooming face  
The marks of ruin and disgrace ;  
Nor, kindling with resentful ire,  
Had raised the torch of anger's fire,  
To sweep away from each fair plain  
Those verdant forests that remain,  
The glory of ten thousand years ;  
Nor torn the flood of sorrow's tears  
From the pale mother's bursting eye,  
When her children murdered round her lie—  
When her husband, welt'ring in his gore,  
Stains with his blood the reeking shore ;  
Nor ever had her lofty hills,  
All sparkling with a thousand rills,  
Echoed to other sounds than those  
Which softly rise at evening's close—  
The voice of revel from the vale,  
Borne gently on the whispering gale.

Arrayed before the palace-gate,  
The nobles on their steeds await ;

And one was there of blackest jet,  
That one alone unmounted yet.  
The gates unfold—the king descends,  
And joyous mingles with his friends.  
He comes with youth's elastic steps,  
And on his neighing charger leaps ;  
He scans their ranks, each head is bared,  
No eye to meet his glances dared ;  
Each lance is pointed to the ground,  
Each steed in silence reined around,  
While thus he speaks :

“ My nobles, now  
To me uncover not the brow,  
But point your lances, and prepare  
To rouse the lion from his lair.  
In sceptered state I come not here  
Now as your master, but your peer ;  
Ready alike the toil to bear,  
The danger of the chase to share.”

The island king had scarcely yet  
Attained the years of man's estate ;

But learning stored his eager mind,  
And wisdom all its thoughts refined.  
And yet his heart for love was formed,  
His breast with friendship's ardour warmed,  
His spirit softened at the spell  
    Of loveliness; the deep-drawn sigh  
Of injured innocence would fill  
    His tender heart with sympathy.  
But deeds of infamy or shame  
His soul to vengeance would inflame;  
And deeply would his spirit bleed,  
Till punishment atoned the deed.  
His form was noble as his mind,—  
As lofty and as unconfined.  
Youth's health and fervent blood were there,  
And manhood's strength without its care.  
The lightness of the bounding deer,  
The lion's proud contempt of fear;  
His godlike mien and lofty brow,  
His glancing eyes that shone below,  
Proclaimed the soul that burnt within—  
A soul that scorned the ways of sin.



The bugle echoes loud and shrill ;  
The coursers dash along the hill,  
Fleet as the wind the summit gain.  
They pass ; and now along the plain,  
With flying feet and flowing mane,  
They spring ; and in their viewless speed,  
While the meadow trembles 'neath their tread,  
O'er many a hill and vale they sweep,  
As tempest o'er the rolling deep.

“ Arise ye, and follow  
The joys of the chase,  
Ere beaming Apollo  
Hath dimmed his bright face ;

While the zephyrs are pure  
And the sky is serene,  
And nought of obscure  
Or darkness is seen.

For who knows the morrow,  
What pangs it may bear ?

What grief or what sorrow  
Our bosoms may tear?

Arise, then, while pleasure  
Sits bright on each face;  
For where is the treasure  
That rivals the chase?"

Again the bugle echoes shrill,  
Its notes resound from hill to hill.  
Roused at its voice, the lion starts  
Upon his feet, and round him darts  
His angry eye; when, from a hand  
Unseen among the assembled band,  
An arrow pierced his tawny mane.  
To fury maddened by the pain,  
His foaming jaws give forth a sound  
That makes the forest tremble round.  
An instant looks he on his foes,  
An instant views their well-armed rows,  
Then glancing round him in disdain,  
Bounds swiftly o'er the wooded plain.

He flies, and after him with speed  
Each huntsman spurs his neighing steed.

Hard on his steps the hunters fly  
For many a league with hue and cry ;  
But one proud steed of jet—the king's—  
With ardour burning, urged by skill,  
Outstripping all, as swift as springs  
The lightning's flash from hill to hill,  
Pursues the flying victim. Lo!  
The king leans forward, bends his bow ;  
The arrow, aimed with skilful eye,  
Cleaves the bright air, nor glances by,  
But sinks deep in his reeking hide,  
And quivers in his panting side.  
He stops, and as the crimson gore  
Flows from the wound, he wakes a roar  
Loud as the thunder-clap that peals  
On Pindus' summit. Round he wheels—  
His eyeballs glare upon the king—  
He crouches down to make his spring,—

He springs, but swifter than the eye  
Can follow in its course doth fly  
The unerring dart. Its glancing steel  
His headlong progress must arrest ;  
And, armed with death, his fate must seal.  
It sinks deep in his ample chest ;—  
Backward he tumbles on the ground,  
His life's blood pouring from the wound.  
Again he rises, and again  
In madness shakes his clotted mane ;  
His eyes in savage wildness glare,  
His tail in frenzy beats the air.  
Again, again, to spring he tries ;  
But his members fail him, and he lies  
Convulsed and weltering in his gore—  
One fearful cry—life, all is o'er.

Scarce had the echoes died away  
That answered to the monster's roar ;  
Scarce the responses ceased to play  
Between the mountains and the shore ;

Scarce had he reined his panting steed,  
Or touched the verdure of the mead,  
When gazing round him with surprise,  
    He sees nor steed nor huntsman by;  
Nor in the vale, nor on the rise,  
    A trace or sign to shew them nigh.  
For, in the excitement of the chase,  
With ardour glowing in his face,  
Companions all were left behind,  
As far in distance as in mind.

    As Phœbus yet had scarcely driven  
His golden car o'er half the heaven,  
And weariness began to steal  
    Over his frame, upon a bed  
    Of fragrant flowers his limbs he spread,  
And sleep did soon his eyelids seal.  
He slept; and ere he woke again,  
The sun was drooping towards the main;  
And as he lay, a balmy breath,  
    In sweetness stealing through the vale,  
    Poured on his ear a voice of wail,—  
A trembling note of grief or death.

He listens as the breezes waft  
That murmured voice so sweet and soft ;  
Then starting from the mossy ground,  
Directed by the gentle sound,  
He strikes into the thickest wood,  
Where trees impenetrable stood.

The wood soon opens in a plain,  
Extending to the wide, wide main ;  
But near him, what the clustering trees  
Had hitherto concealed, he sees  
A strong and gloomy fortress rear  
Its time-worn turrets, which appear  
The remnant of some vanished year.  
The king regards with silent awe ;  
Ne'er such stupendous pile he saw,  
Nor ever was aware before  
Such structure stood on Chlora's shore.  
To its dark towers he draws more near,  
And with amazement views and fear ;  
For he could not deem that such a tower  
Was built but by immortal power.

Its height, its strength, each massy stone  
Denied the hand of man alone.  
Hark! still that murmur swells the gale;  
What, Heaven! what is that voice of wail,  
That, trembling from the castle walls,  
So sadly on his senses falls?

“ They say, alas, the soul is free ;  
That though the frame delay,  
Compelled by bonds of slavery,  
The spirit soars away.

Say, is there freedom to the dove  
That sported on the gale,  
Whose joyous limbs forget to move,  
Whose glittering pinions fail?

Then, is there freedom to the soul  
That can no longer soar  
On wings of hope; for which no goal,  
No prize is beaming more?

True, chains of iron can never bind,  
    Though framed with direst skill,  
The subtle essence of the mind,  
    Or bend the sovereign will ;

But when upon the billows tossed  
    Of terrible despair,  
When joys are flown and hope is lost,  
    And all is blackness there ;

When all around is endless night  
    Upon that dreary waste,  
When not a beacon sheds its light  
    To guide us to our rest ;

When helpless, hopeless, and alone  
    We struggle in its wave,  
With not a star to cheer us on,  
    No hope beyond the grave,—

Then in what anguish of distress  
    The shrinking soul must bleed ;



Oh, say not thou 'tis fetterless,—  
'Tis then a slave indeed."

The voice is hushed, upon his ear  
No more its accents tremble clear.  
He waits, that he may hear again  
Its mournful tones; but waits in vain.  
No answer lingers; all is still,  
Save whispering gale and murmuring rill.  
But patience soon his mind forsakes;  
Since that sweet voice is heard no more,  
His own the chilling silence breaks,  
And thus his thoughts their current pour.

"By yonder heaven, by yonder sky,  
By yonder orb that glows on high,  
By this broad earth on which I stand,  
I now entreat thee—nay, command,  
Whate'er thou art, or fiend or fay,  
Or mortal or immortal, say  
Why thou hast visited this shore,  
Where never stranger stood before.

If born of Heaven, I own thy power ;  
If sprung of Satan, I defy thee ;  
If mortal, and misfortunes lower,  
I'll bear thee hence, or perish by thee."

His tongue was mute ; but soon again  
He hears that melancholy strain.

“ Almighty Father ! do I hear  
Sweet music stealing on mine ear  
From human lips ?—is man so near ?  
It seems, methinks, a mortal voice ;  
Its tones recall departed joys,  
Sweet happiness for ever gone ;  
Alas, I am indeed alone !  
Yet, 'tis not so ; it may not be ;  
No mortal here can wander free.  
Where crime and malice spread their blight,  
Oh, what can bloom to glad the sight ?  
How oft have I dreamed  
An accent was heard,  
And hope hath oft gleamed  
At the sound of a word ;

When the sullen moan  
Of the dying gale  
Trembles cold and lone  
On the clanking mail,  
That rusts in darkness on each long wall;  
That moulders, that totters, but cannot fall.  
Oh, would that corruption's fingers of rust  
Could lay these dark towers low in the dust;  
That the lightnings of heaven, the volcanoes that burst  
In earth's bosom might shatter these turrets accursed.  
In the midst of the ruins my latest breath  
Would bless the dark hour that brought me death."

"Oh, answer, whosoe'er thou art;  
Thy griefs, if such thou hast, impart;  
For know a heart is beating here  
Can feel for sorrow's scalding tear;  
And more, if dangers round thee press,—  
If thou art bound and in distress,  
A hand is here can lend its aid,  
Can point the spear and wield the blade,  
And will to serve a weeping maid.

My word hath power to raise a band  
Faithful in heart and strong in hand.  
If such be needed to oppose,  
They shall, though spirits be our foes."

"Again I hear that voice, again  
It strikes mine ear distinct and plain.  
Oh, can my senses still deceive,  
And can that voice be fancy still?  
Can it but seem? and must I grieve,  
And bear in silence every ill?  
Too clear it sounded for a dream,  
Too oft repeated thus to seem.  
Speak, then, oh, speak; a human tongue  
Brings sweetest music to mine ear,  
Sweeter than that which once among  
Lamented friends I loved to hear."

"Yes, lady, 'tis the voice of man  
That breaks the gloom that reigns around thee;  
The voice of one whose prowess can  
Destroy the fetters that have bound thee.

Aweary from the ardent chase,  
By fate impelled, I reached this place ;  
And I, the monarch of this isle,  
Viewed what I ne'er had seen, this pile,—  
This giant pile of gloomy stones,  
And heard the soft and trembling tones  
Of thy silvery voice, that sadly fell  
From the cold black wall of thy silent cell.”

“Then 'tis no fancy ; 'tis no gleam  
Of foolish hope's too transient dream.  
From human lips a human tone  
I hear responsive to mine own.  
Within this dungeon cold and drear,  
How could I hope again to hear  
The notes that in my happier days  
Ne'er sounded but to speak my praise?  
How could I hope, alone and sad,  
In fetters bound, in sackcloth clad,—  
How could I, shut from smiling day,  
From nature's sweets, from Phœbus' ray,—

In sickness, misery, and pain,  
How could I hope for joy again?  
Yet like a shore that from the sea  
Doth greet the hope-sick mariner,  
Or like a momentary ray  
That gilds the waste of waters drear,  
Amidst my misery I bless  
This fleetest ray of happiness."

"Say, lady, say what cruel lot  
Hath placed thee on this dreary spot.  
What fiend hath raised his lawless hand  
To chain thee on a foreign strand?  
What wretch can own a heart so sere  
To all that makes existence dear,  
As thus to spurn a maiden's tear?"

"Why should I, prince, impart my grief  
To one who never suffered woe;  
For who shall minister relief  
To maladies they cannot know?"

Brought up in courts, and born to power,

    The monarch of a happy isle,

Thou hast not drunk affliction sour,

    Thou art not skilled in paltry guile ;

And mayst thou ne'er, by tasting, know

The misery of hopeless woe.

I once was happy, once was gay,

But like a dream, 'tis passed away ;

For towers of strength, and walls of might,

Enclose me here in endless night,

And oceans deep unceasing roar

Between me and my natal shore.

Yes ; I was joyous once, and gay,

    Nor long ago—to me an age ;

Nor deemed I then my joys for aye

Should fade like autumn tints away,

    To feed revenge and foster rage !

The daughter of a king, like thee

I lived in bright prosperity :

Untaught in crime, the sense of shame

To me was but a hated name ;

And vice, like tales of reptile bands,  
Whose venom poisons distant lands,  
Would strike a shudder through my frame,  
Yet seemed so far from my pure lot,  
That with the shudder 'twas forgot,—  
A transient cloud that crossed the mind,  
But left all sunny still behind.  
My father dear, with anxious eyes,  
Watched my gay years from childhood rise ;  
In me he centered all his care,  
For me he breathed each murmured prayer ;  
I was his joy, his hope, his pride,  
No child had he to love beside.  
But childhood vanished, and in frame  
And feelings woman I became ;  
I sported still, and still I bloomed,  
But, oh, my happiness was doomed !  
Among the lords and princes who  
About me smiled my heart to woo,  
A wizard strong and dead to shame  
Upon me urged his odious flame.



I loathed his sight and spurned his vows—  
Oh, never could I be his spouse!  
In vain I strove his search to elude,  
Where'er I wandered, he pursued;  
And still the fiend his passion pressed,  
Though still I shunned him like the pest;—  
Enough—the unequal contest ceased.  
And now, my error to atone,—  
    That error, that I loved him not,—  
His cruel power hath bid me moan  
    My life away in this dread spot!  
His tyrant hand hath chained me here  
Within this dungeon cold and drear,  
For ever shut from genial day,  
To weep eternity away,  
Unless my broken heart relent,  
And I to be his bride consent.  
Now day by day, strong armed for ill,  
    He haunts my dismal cell,  
And strives to bend me to his will  
    By torments terrible!

But never— Oh, he comes again,  
To rack me with unearthly pain.”

“ Who comes? who haunts thee thus, sweet maid?  
Whoe'er it be, my hand and blade  
Are here to succour—”

“ Vain thine aid !”

Exclaims the lady in despair,  
With groans of pain that rend the air ;  
“ In vain, in vain—no mortal power  
Can bear me from this gloomy tower !”

“ Maiden,” he cries, with flashing eye,  
“ I'll strive to save thee, though I die !”

He stops, for he hears her weep again  
As though in agony and pain ;  
He hears her cry in such thrilling strains,  
That the life-blood curdles in his veins.  
Her shrieks his soul with fury fire,  
He draws his sword from its sheath in ire ; .

He flies to aid her, but in vain,  
For how shall he her dungeon gain?  
How through the walls of massive stone  
Shall hew his way unhelped, alone?  
Alas, he feels he cannot save  
The captive from her living grave!  
Again, but helplessly, he cries,  
While the tear-drop trembles in his eyes,  
"Oh, maiden, say! by heaven, oh, tell  
Who, who can save thee from magic spell!"

Her cries of terror and despair  
Still fall upon his aching ear;  
But now her wailings all decrease,  
And for a time her torments cease.  
Yet soon again he hears her strain:

"Fly, stranger, from this gloomy spot,  
Waste not thy pitying breath;  
For ne'er canst thou avert my lot,  
Nor turn the shaft of death!

Nor thinkest thou what hand of might  
Thou darest thus oppose,—  
What pestilence and withering blight  
Thou'rt raising for thy foes!”

“Oh, answer, lady fair! if not,  
I'll rest in this unhallowed spot  
Until I perish, or I be  
Bound down in cruel chains with thee!”

“No hand can save me from the grave,  
No human power, alas!  
But all alone in grief I moan,  
In tears my moments pass;

Except—but that may never be—  
The fairy queen could know;  
But, oh, how little dreameth she  
What torments round me now!

She dwells across the briny wave,  
Ten thousand leagues away;

Yet, though all-powerful to save,  
My grief cannot allay ;

For none who know my woes dare go  
Across the heaving deep,  
Or dare oppose the blasts that blow,  
And o'er its bosom sweep.

And did one dare, 'twould all be vain—  
In vain it were to try ;  
For he must perish in the main,  
Or of wasting famine die !”

Murmuring melts away the sound,  
And cheerless silence reigns around ;  
No more, no more the lady speaks,  
No more the chord of sorrow wakes.  
The king aloud impatient cries,  
But not a word her voice replies ;  
He cries, entreats, and cries again,  
Nought answers but the mountains high.  
At length, as all his fond hopes die,  
New thoughts inspire his burning brain :

“Can she be dead?” for then in vain  
The attempt to free her from her chain.—  
But no; he thinks, and rightly thinks,  
By dread fatigue o’ercome, she sinks;  
That for a space her senses leave,  
To wake once more to pine and grieve.  
And feeling well that man’s frail hand  
Immortal might can ill withstand,  
Now that to calmness he returns,  
And his breast no more with frenzy burns,  
He leaps upon his neighing steed,  
And urges to its utmost speed,  
Regardless of the gory plain  
Where lay the prize his hand had slain,  
The bleeding trophy of his skill.  
He bounds o’er vale and stream and hill,  
Determining, in vessel frail,  
O’er ocean’s wide expanse to sail,  
And either to the fairy queen  
Disclose the crimes his eyes had seen,  
And thus on chance and her rely,  
Or nobly in the attempt to die.

Such thoughts revolving in his soul,  
Where hopes and fears dispute control,  
He reached his marble palace, bent,  
When night its gloomy veil had rent,  
In spite of tears and sighs and sorrow,  
On hastening forward on the morrow,—  
On leaving all the sweets of home,  
A houseless wanderer to roam.

## CANTO II.

---

THE morning breaks on Chlora's hills,  
The mists of darkness fade,  
In music dance her hundred rills,  
That wander in the shade ;

The gilded tenants of the skies  
Now raise their joyous song,  
To hail the morning as it flies  
In loveliness along.

The flowers that drooped the blushing head  
Beneath the veil of night,  
In sweetness now their odours shed,  
To hail the dawning light.

A voice of wailing rends that shore,  
Where never wail was heard before :



The prince—a prince whose gentle mind  
A nation's heart to his could bind  
With love—is gone; his light canoe  
Is fast departing from their view.  
He, forward leaning on his hand,  
Looks sadly towards his native land;  
He looks with sorrow and regret,  
And trembles at impending fate.  
Swiftly he passes by each spot,  
The lofty hill, the shady grot,  
That gave but now to sense and sight  
Unbounded pleasure and delight;  
And as each haunt that home endears  
From his sad vision disappears,  
His cheeks roll down a flood of tears!

Still steers he on—still to his eyes  
The rocks, the cliffs, decrease in size;  
And now the land, so bright and gay,  
Long distance veils in mournful grey.  
He gazes on the misty shore  
Till his eye can bear to gaze no more;

Then sinks his head upon his breast,  
His arms are on his bosom prest,  
Silent he sits, nor moves nor speaks,  
And scarce a sigh the silence breaks.  
Thus long he rests, consumed with grief,  
Ere his sad mind obtains relief:  
He groans; then starting from his seat,  
He gazes back,—no shore to greet  
His eye appears, for all around,  
As far as mortal eye can bound,  
Extends the wide and pathless main,  
One mighty, liquid, heaving plain.  
And here he rides upon the billow,  
Far, far away from home's sweet pillow,—  
Far, far from home's endearing ties,  
And far from mortals' anxious eyes!

“Farewell, my lovely isle,  
Farewell, ye haunts of pleasure!  
Though fairer shores may smile  
To yield their richer treasure,

Though deeper skies may meet  
A brighter ocean's swell,  
They cannot prove so sweet  
As thine,—yet, Fare-thee-well!

Though warmer suns may shine,  
Though purer breezes blow,  
Though fairer flowers than thine  
In richer tints may glow,  
Their bounteous gifts shall ne'er  
Thy softer charms dispel—  
Oh! none can be so fair  
As thine—yet, Fare-thee-well!

I love thee, Isle of Glory,  
I love thy smiling streams,  
I love thy mountains hoary  
That drink the noonday beams;  
I love each shady grove,  
Each sweetly silent dell—  
Oh! none I e'er can love  
As thine—yet, Fare-thee-well!

Farewell, my island home !  
    Though o'er the bounding sea  
Fate bids my vessel roam,  
    I shall remember thee.  
My tears for them I love  
    In vain I strive to quell—  
Oh ! who can ever prove  
    So dear—yet, Fare-thee-well !

Farewell to all who love me,  
    Adieu to friend and foe ;  
The sky is bright above me,  
    The ocean rolls below ;  
My vessel, free and light,  
    Bounds o'er the billows' swell,  
The storm may rise ere night—  
    Still, still, oh ! Fare-thee-well !

I love thee, Isle of Beauty,  
    Thou daughter of the morn ;  
I grieve to part, though duty  
    Forbids me to return ;

The ocean wide will sever,  
And tempests round me yell,  
Yet, if I part for ever,  
For ever Fare-thee-well !”

Still, still his bark glides swiftly on,  
And soon his bitterness is gone ;  
And as he sails, his joy returns,  
Again his breast with courage burns ;  
He thinks not of the shore that's left,  
Nor of the comforts he's bereft,  
But looks with hope to gain the aid  
Of the fairy queen for that sweet maid,  
Who, bound by magic's powerful spell,  
Lies pining in her dungeon-cell.

For many a day and many a night,  
By scorching sun and pale moonlight,  
He'd sailed along the dark-blue sea,  
But still no bound there seemed to be.  
The hopes that had his strength sustained,  
His glowing visions, hourly waned ;

And though the sea was bright and calm,  
And gentle breezes fell like balm  
Upon his spirit, yet the bloom  
Of youth was overcast with gloom :  
He felt, he knew the sparkling wave  
Must prove ere long his lonely grave.  
At times he thought to turn him back,  
Retrace his long and doubtful track ;  
At times, to end his woes and pain  
By plunging in the restless main.  
The first, alas ! he saw would be  
In vain. To cross once more the sea—  
The path he had so long pursued  
To wander back, with scarcely food  
For one poor meal, were madness nigh,  
And he of lingering want must die !  
And should he perish, she must fall ;  
While, stretched along the clammy stones,  
Her lips in vain for mercy call,  
Her spirit breathes unceasing groans ;  
Whereas, if Fortune should permit,  
Some friendly shore might greet him yet,

And he might gain the fairy's aid,  
And for his tortures be repaid,  
And clasp the maiden to his heart,  
Oh, never, never more to part!

On, on he went; but as he flew  
The mass of heaving waters through,  
The deep grew still, the breezes fell,  
Nor longer did his bark propel;  
The sun no more with smiling face,  
As was his wont, the sky did grace,  
But rose each morn and set each night  
One small round globe of smothered light;  
And as the crimson ball each day  
Scowled fiercely o'er the stagnant sea,  
All nature shrunk beneath the gaze,  
And ocean withered in the blaze.  
The prince—alas! his food is gone,  
Of water he hath tasted none;  
His lips, his throat, are parched with thirst,  
His eyeballs from their sockets burst;

He tries to hide him from the sun,  
But still its fury bursts upon  
His frenzied brow ; where'er he turns,  
Destruction frowns and nature burns.  
He leans his forehead o'er the side,  
And laves it in the rolling tide ;  
But, oh ! it brings him no relief,  
Nor cools his temples or his grief,  
For it is hot and clammy too ;  
But, heavens ! discloses to his view  
A shoal of sharks that round him swim,  
And gaze in hungry rage on him.  
He sinks upon the seat with fright,  
His heart's blood curdles at the sight ;  
He tries to weep, no tear will come ;  
He tries to speak, his voice is dumb ;  
His blood-shot eyes roll in despair,  
He gasps for breath the scorching air,  
He stretches forth his hand to take  
The empty vase his thirst to slake,  
And lifts it to his shrivelled lip,  
And long he sips, or tries to sip.



But all in vain—no moisture's there!  
He casts it from him in despair;  
And as it cleaves the poisoned air,  
And sinks into the blackened deep,  
At once the sharks in hundreds leap,  
And as they turn to snatch, disclose  
Their ravening jaws all armed with rows  
Of pointed teeth; and as away  
They slink from their expected prey,  
They fix their greedy eyes on him.  
Sick at the sight, his orbs wax dim,  
Each withered limb to move refuses,  
His mind its wonted vigour loses,  
And sinking down—O blest reprieve!—  
His eyelids close, his senses leave.

How long bereft of sense he lay,  
Nor he, nor any one can say;  
But when he woke he found him stiff  
And helpless stretched along the skiff,  
And all his torture fierce returned,—  
His tongue for drink still vainly burned,

His shrivelled limbs were scorched and frail,  
Uncooled by shower or soothing gale.  
But, oh! his torture ends not here—  
He hears with horror and with fear  
A troop of vultures round him fly,  
With flapping wings and greedy cry,  
And pictures to his tortured mind  
His bones all bleaching to the wind,  
While they who feasted on his corpse  
And drank his blood ere yet the source  
Of life was dry, unwilling yet  
The smallest morsel to forget,  
Each bone turn over one by one,  
And leave to whiten in the sun—  
'Twas too much for his mind to bear.  
The force of terror and despair  
Gave strength to every blighted limb,  
And new light to his vision dim;  
He started up, and saw with dread  
The vultures wheeling round his head;  
But as he screamed they flew away,  
And, disappointed, left their prey.

Yet still he gazed ; and, lo ! anon  
Two lovely birds, whose plumage shone  
With gold and silver hues, sail by,  
Dispersing fragrance as they fly.  
He watches long this happy pair,  
Their gentle gambols in the air—  
Oh, it is sweet to see again,  
When we have crossed the swollen main,  
And gasped in agony for breath,  
And felt the chilling hand of death,  
To see the things on land we've seen,  
However poor, however mean !—  
As thus he watched their cheerful play,  
And heard them carol sweet and gay,  
A murmur trembled on his tongue,  
His thoughts ran thus, and thus he sung :—

“ Oh, would I were a smiling bird,  
With many a shining feather,  
To perch upon the lofty tree,  
Or skip along the heather ;

To roam about where'er I choose,  
And flutter in the breeze—  
To wander o'er the snow-capped mount,  
Or o'er the calm blue seas.

And should the howling wind arouse  
The anger of the deep,  
How soon could I regain my nest,  
And there in safety sleep!

Oh, would I were a smiling bird,  
All free from pain and sorrow,  
To spend my hours in joy and love,  
And careless for the morrow."

Here ended he his murmured lay:  
But scarce the echo died away,  
When, bursting from the clouds above,  
A hawk descended on the dove,  
And bore it in its beak away.  
Its mate, all fearless of the fray,  
Darts fiercely on the bird of prey;

But how, alas! should that avail—

For what can valiant weakness do?

Poor bird! why thus the foe assail,

And, vainly warring, perish too?

“Ah! ’tis an emblem of the fate,”

Exclaims the prince, “that doth await

Me. I, who thus so vainly rove

To save the life of one I love,

Shall end my life as this fair dove;

And *she* will perish as a slave,

While I am lingering on the wave.

But now, I envious wished to be

Yon lovely bird, so fair and free,

And longed to flutter in the air

As joyous and as free from care.

Alas! why should I wish to flee

The lot that hath devolved on me?

Why, why for changes should I sigh,

Since all must end—all, all must die?

And yet these pangs may soon be o’er,

For not the ocean, but the shore

These birds inhabit." So spake he,  
Exhausted, falling on his knee ;  
His transient burst of feeling had  
Left him more feeble and more sad ;  
His nerveless arms, all parched and dried,  
Hung helpless by his withered side.

Yet while he gazed, by sorrows weighed,  
A mist that hung 'twixt earth and skies  
Dispersed by sudden breeze, displayed  
An island to his wondering eyes.

As his bark still glides along the sea,  
He hears the birds sing merrily,  
For scarce a single mile away  
The glowing landscape peaceful lay ;  
The lofty mountains' rugged brows  
All covered with eternal snows ;  
The sloping valley's soft green trees  
All quivering in the odorous breeze,  
And echoing to the birds' sweet glees ;  
The streamlet dancing through the plain,  
Whose amber waves reflect again

The sun's bright image, and the stream  
That proudly gives him beam for beam—  
All smile upon him as he kneels,  
And every inward sorrow heals;  
Yet though his mind is well at ease,  
His feebleness hath no decrease.  
As nearer to the isle he goes,  
Fresh beauties to his eye disclose,  
And every wide and shady tree  
That dips its branches in the sea  
With fruit is laden, sweet to view,  
Of every form and every hue;  
And every tender plant that twines  
Around its branches, or reclines  
Upon the mossy bank,—and each  
Bright herb that rises on the beach  
Is decked with flowers all rich and rare,  
Of odour sweet and colour fair.  
His boat still nearer drew; but while  
He almost touched the verdant isle,—  
And while each sweet and sunny flower,  
And luscious fruit, seemed in his power,

A tide, as unforeseen as strong,  
Another way his bark along  
Impetuously bore; and ere  
His soul could tremble or despair,  
He saw him hurried from the shore,  
Never again to see it more.

The sun was sinking in the west,  
And hasting to its nightly rest;  
And as it neared its watery bed,  
And gently drooped its radiant head,  
Imparting to the azure sky  
The brightness of its beaming eye,  
The spirits of the heaving sea  
Were sporting on its bosom free,  
And lightly whiling time away  
Beneath Apollo's parting ray,  
These in the distance now he spies  
With vacant stare and glassy eyes;  
He sees them dancing in a ring,  
And hears their melting voices sing:



## FIRST VOICE.

“ Sister spirits, come with me,  
And upon the silvery sea,  
In the sun’s departing rays,  
Far from mortals’ impious gaze,  
Let us o’er the bright wave bound  
To the lyre’s delightful sound.  
Now the breeze is softly blowing  
O’er the billow gently flowing,  
Wafting from the fairies’ isles  
(Where eternal summer smiles),  
Bearing on its gentle wings  
Odours from the crystal springs.  
Now the silver moon is seen  
Rising from the waters green—  
And the gloomy shades of night,  
Stealing on the fading light  
Like a mist or mountain gray,  
Stretch along the eastern sea,—  
Softly touch the melting lyre,  
Kindle in each breast desire,

And with willing steps and free  
Trip it o'er the heaving sea."

## ALL.

"Sister spirits, let us sing!  
Let us touch the tuneful string,  
And upon the boundless deep  
Let us dance with joyful step,  
Ere the night  
Shall put to flight  
The lingering light,  
And lull the world to sleep."

## FIRST VOICE.

"Ye spirits, now trip  
O'er the billows of green,  
And sing as ye skip  
The praise of the queen,  
  
Who reigns 'neath the waters,  
For ever in motion,

And rules o'er the daughters  
Of Tethys and Ocean;

Who dwells in the bowers  
Beneath the bright tide,  
Where sea's mossy flowers  
In green clusters ride;

Where coral is growing,  
And pearls dazzle white;  
Where amber is glowing  
With soft yellow light."

## SECOND VOICE.

"While o'er ocean we wing  
At the closing of day,  
Oh, come, let us sing,  
With loud voices and gay,

Her who holds 'neath her reign  
The winds of the north,

And calms the wide main,  
Or kindles its wrath."

## THIRD VOICE.

"How sweetly now,  
O'er ocean's brow  
The zephyrs pour  
From western shore  
Their cooling breath ;  
How unlike the rude blast that bleak Boreas brings,  
Bearing ruin and death

On its dark sable wings!

Or the hot and burning wind  
That frowns upon the sands of Ind,  
And upon its dusky nation  
Scatters death and desolation.

See, as we sweep  
Along the deep,  
How, in each breeze  
That fans the seas,  
Our tresses, bright  
As heaven's light,

Wave unrestrained  
By artful hand;  
Then, ere the sun  
His course hath run—  
Before the night  
Hath quenched the light,  
And spread her gloomy shroud,  
All black with storm, and rain, and cloud—  
We'll quickly bound  
In a fairy round,  
And sing—  
                    But fly,  
A mortal's nigh!"

Soon as the fairy figures fled,  
Bright Phœbus hid his glowing head,  
And from the caverns of the north  
A mighty hurricane bursts forth;  
Black torrents pour from every cloud,  
The mountain billows roar aloud,  
The thunder bellows through the air,  
And the swift lightning's savage glare

Shews, through the tempest and the gloom,  
The monarch hurried to his doom.

How fearful must that moment be,  
When, standing on the misty brink  
Of dark and dim futurity,  
The mind, the soul can dare to think!

How fearful, when one short advance,  
One failing foot, one step amiss,  
May end in death life's gorgeous trance,  
And dash to earth the cup of bliss!

How fearful then to think, to deem  
That life is but an empty dream,  
Whose golden scenes and pictured charms,  
Whose rainbow tints, must fade in gloom,—  
When wakes that morning of alarms,  
That day of doubt, of death, and doom!  
His life must end, he felt, he knew,  
And with it all his sorrows too;  
But though his moments must be few—

And with the thought he was elate—  
Still 'twas decreed by envious fate  
His torments should not yet abate;  
And as the howling tempests urge  
His bark along the boiling surge,  
Far louder than the thunder's growl,  
The ocean's roar, the tempest's howl,  
The stormy demons' maddening yell,  
As though escaped from lowest hell,  
Rings in his ear; and as he cries,  
From wind, from ocean, and the skies,  
A thousand jeering voices rise!  
And as he prays, or tries to pray,  
Their laughter drives his thoughts away;  
With many an oath and many a taunt,  
And yell of scorn.

“Avaunt! avaunt!”

He cries, “ye demons of the deep!  
In peace one moment let me weep,  
And pour before the throne of Heaven  
My suppliant prayer to be forgiven—

The pangs of conscience in me quell—”  
“Ha! ha!” in mockery they yell.  
His words were stopped; but soon again  
He murmurs forth his pleading strain:  
“Oh, Prince of Heaven! attend my prayer;  
Bestow on me thy fostering care;  
And now that I so soon must die,  
Look on me with a smiling eye;  
Sustain me in this awful hour,  
And guard me from temptation’s power.”  
A vivid flash of lightning shewed  
His vessel tossed upon the flood;  
But swifter than its sudden gleam,  
Pursued by many a fiendish scream,  
Borne by the storm, with sudden shock  
His bark was hurled upon a rock,  
And, springing with convulsive leap,  
He sunk beneath the foaming deep.

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### CANTO III.

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UPON the fairies' golden shore,  
Beside the sparkling crystal springs,  
Whose smallest drop from Nature's store  
The brightest gifts of beauty brings ;  
Whose lightest touch to palsied age  
Gives youthful strength, and fire, and rage ;  
And to the victims of disease,  
Whose forms are wasting with decay,  
Restores untainted health and ease,  
And sorrow banishes for aye—  
The monarch lay all cold and wet,  
Nor had returned his senses yet ;

His cheeks were sunk, his eyelids closed,  
As though in death's chill arms reposed.  
And as he thus in coldness lay,  
Beneath the sun's all-gilding ray,  
While flowers of every hue around  
In blooming clusters veiled the ground,  
Three lovely spirits, pure and fair,  
Hovering in the fragrant air,  
While o'er the prostrate prince they hung,  
In sweet and heavenly voices sung :

## ALL.

“Lo! on our lovely isle a stranger  
Is sleeping, and in woe—  
Escaped from death and won from danger,  
Oh, must he perish now?

Wake, dreamer, wake! why wilt thou weep  
When happiness is here?

Why wilt thou tremble in thy sleep,  
With those who love thee near?"

## FIRST.

"I veiled him from the burning sun,  
That in its angry glow  
Destroyed all else it looked upon —  
And shall he perish now?"

## SECOND.

"When vultures in their foul array  
Wheeled round his helpless brow,  
I drove the hungry troop away—  
And shall he perish now?"

## THIRD.

"When ocean heaved the mighty wave  
That 'whelmed his fragile prow,  
I bore him from the foaming grave—  
And shall he perish now?"

ALL.

“Lo! on our lovely isle a stranger  
Is sleeping, and in woe—  
Escaped from death and won from danger,  
He shall not perish now!

Wake, dreamer, wake! the fair one moans  
Within her dungeon drear;  
Oh, soothe her grief, and turn her groans  
To smiles—for aid is near!”

No sooner had they ceased to sing,  
Than, gently lighting from the wing,  
And settling by the prince's side,  
They raise him, and in silence glide,  
And dip him in the crystal tide—  
As when before the sun's bright rays  
In blackness floats the sullen cloud,  
And for a time conceals its blaze,  
And hides it 'neath its misty shroud;

But soon the zephyr lightly springs,  
With health and fragrance on its wings,  
And sweeps the gathering gloom away ;  
    Nor sooner is the blackness fled,  
    Than bright Apollo's glorious head  
    Doth richer beauties round him shed,  
And for the gloom doth more than pay—  
Thus from the water's magic touch  
Arose the youthful monarch ; such  
As when, on Chlora's verdant shore,  
    He strode in majesty along,  
While subjects, all-adoring, pour  
    In joyful words the tide of song.  
Thus rose the prince ; and fear, surprise  
In silent wonder chained his eyes.  
At length—"Where am I? on what shore?  
What land is this around me? Or"—  
As recollection made him scan  
The perils he so lately ran—  
"Oh, is it not some cursed dream  
For torture sent—a hateful beam

Of hope delusive? Oh, forbid  
Sweet slumber to each aching lid!  
Oh, let me not in fancy seem  
    The sharer of immortal bliss!  
Oh, let me not in visions deem  
    My lot is other than it is!—  
To wake and find myself alone,  
By sickness sapped, by tempest blown—  
A fate to hope and pleasure dead,  
And, by comparison, more dread;  
But if I am awake—in truth  
Restored to vigour and to youth—  
What power, what miracle this form,  
All withered by disease and storm,  
Hath thus renewed? On what blest land,  
What glorious country, do I stand?  
My Chlora is both bright and green,  
But not so fair as this I ween;  
Her skies are of the deepest blue,  
Her flow'rets of the brightest hue,  
Her dancing streams are sweet and pure,  
Her hills and vales the step allure;

Yet though my isle is bright and fair,  
No spot so exquisite is there.  
Ye phantoms! sprites! whate'er ye be—  
Who seem, at least, to smile on me—  
I pray ye tell me where am I?  
What shore is this—what azure sky?"

The spirits, then —whose eyes were bright  
As diamonds, their robes as white—  
Who stood beside him silent, mild,  
With look benignant on him smiled,  
And in a soft and melting strain  
Of heavenly harmony replied,  
Gently swelling as the main,  
That undulates with every tide:

"Seest thou yon sun, in brightness how  
Its rays around thee beam?  
And canst thou for a moment think  
That this is but a dream?"

Seest thou yon sky, yon mountain peaks,  
Those groves, these crystal springs?

“These, monarch, wilt thou not confess  
More fair than vision brings?

No, prince, thy senses fail thee not ;  
In beauty dost thou stand—  
Where long thy hopes of joy were placed—  
Upon the fairies’ land.

By that meandering flowery path  
That winds through yonder grove,  
Haste to the attainment of thy hopes,  
Upon the wings of love.

Haste! fly! the least delay may bring  
Destruction to the fair;—  
Hark! even now I hear her shrieks  
Of anguish and despair!”

As thus their silvery accents fell,  
His hopes to raise, his doubts to quell,  
The spirits melted into air,  
But left a balmy fragrance there.



Strong as the thunder-peals that roll  
    Along the snow-clad Alpine peaks,  
His mission bursts upon his soul,  
    And every other feeling breaks ;  
He hastes him onward to his goal.  
The beauties scarce that round him rise,  
    The charms that o'er him wave and coil,  
Allure his senses or his eyes ;  
    He strides in swiftmess o'er the soil  
Of beaming gems ; and now he hath  
Reached the meandering flowery path ;  
He hastes along its winding way—  
And oh ! he cannot help but stay  
At times to gaze upon the scene,  
More bright than mortal eye hath seen ;  
For o'er his head the giant trees,  
    Decked all in autumn's mellow hue,  
And opening to the fragrant breeze,  
    Disclosed their golden crops to view ;  
And round their trunks and branches twined  
The fairest flowers of rarest kind,

In blushing clusters sweetly lying,  
In all their matchless splendour vying;  
And o'er the ground as he was lying,  
At every print his footsteps made  
Beneath the branches' grateful shade,  
The soil discovered to his gaze  
    Many a precious gem or stone,  
    That more than pearl or diamond shone,  
And far surpassed the ruby's blaze;  
And every moment, through the maze  
Of trees and flowers, did landscape dressed  
In fairy charms his eye arrest;  
And by his side, through beds of roses,  
Where many a joyous fay reposes,  
Some softly murmuring cascade,  
In sweetness gliding through the glade,  
In gladness o'er its rich bed dancing,  
And in the sun's bright lustre glancing,  
Poured on his eye its charms entrancing.

Still went he on; and as he passed  
    The peaceful grove in raptures through,

Each step more lovely than the last  
    Upon his wondering vision grew.  
And o'er his head and 'neath his feet  
The sweetest charms of nature meet ;  
And far as vision can extend  
The richest hues and colours blend.  
As farther onward he did rove,  
And neared the confines of the grove,  
The path became more wide and clear,  
The views more lovely did appear ;  
The fruits were tinged with deeper red ;  
The sun more bright his glory shed ;  
Fragrance more sweet the flowers dispersed ;  
More gaily through their channels burst  
The dimpled streams ; and from the sky,  
The distant hills, the woodlands by,  
One voice of heavenly melody  
In sweetness swelled upon his ears,  
Soft as the music of the spheres,  
And seemed to urge him to proceed  
To joys that are the angels' meed.

As when from Chaos' shapeless waste  
Of nothingness and gloom,  
By power divine creation, traced,  
Sprung forth in youth and bloom ;  
When first the charms of Paradise  
In splendour burst on mortal eyes,  
And chained the senses in surprise —  
So did the palace, bright with gold,  
Reared from the earth in heavenly mould,  
Whose domes and minarets on high  
In glory beamed along the sky—  
Whose sculptured columns' gilded height  
Sustained the weight of living light—  
Burst on the king's bewildered sight.  
His senses quailed beneath the blaze ;  
He stood and bent on earth his gaze,  
Nor dared his eye again to raise,  
Till by his side a heavenly sprite,  
Clad in a robe of spotless white,  
With smiling face, and words that fell  
Soft as the dew on Tempe's dell,

Still urged him onward to proceed,  
And follow as her footsteps lead ;  
And, from that sacred store, which never  
From fairy mortal hand can sever,  
Distilled into his aching orbs  
A balm whose power divine absorbs  
All weakness, and for ever grants  
Immortal power to mortal wants.  
His eyes, thus strengthened, for awhile  
Intently gazed upon the pile,  
Then followed he his lovely guide  
(Whose heavenly smile fond hopes supplied,)  
Through pathways girt with trees and flowers,  
And softly luring grotts and bowers,  
And dancing fount and dimpled stream,  
Whose depths with golden myriads teem ;  
And soon, despite the varied charms  
That lured him with enticing arms,  
He reached the first high arch that stood  
The entrance to that blest abode.

Through many a hall and room he passed,  
Each one more gorgeous than the last,

Adorned with glittering chandelier,  
And purer gold and richer gem  
Than shines in monarch's diadem ;  
And often near him would appear  
Some glancing form, whose bright eyes shone  
A moment on him, and was gone—  
Swift as the star that through the skies  
Gleams for a moment's space and dies.  
But now this wandering through the maze  
Of varied charms and brilliant blaze  
Must end ; and following the sprite  
That led him through this world of light,  
He stepped into a high saloon,  
Of sheen less fiery, but more pure ;  
Soft as the halo of the moon,  
But dazzling as the sun at noon,  
When nought of gloom doth its rays obscure ;  
And on a throne of pearl reclining,  
In beauty's native richness shining,  
With gold nor ruby on her dress,  
Nor twined with every roving tress,  
To add false charms to loveliness,

He saw, surrounded by a band  
Of blooming maids, who silent stand  
With lyres and lutes of gold in hand,  
Waking a stream of harmony  
That raised the spirit to the sky,  
The fairy queen. Before her throne  
    He bent his forehead to the ground,  
    By love, by admiration bound,  
Of charms his eye had never known ;  
Nor e'en to speak did he presume,  
Or raise his orbs around the room,  
Till, in a voice of melody  
That filled his soul with ecstasy,  
Sweet as the honey that distils  
On famed Hymettus' marble hills,  
She spake ; and at the heavenly sound  
Immortal silence reigned around,  
Her form majestic nobler seemed,  
Her sparkling eye more brightly beamed :

    " O king, and wherefore art thou come,  
Through scenes of danger and of gloom,

Across the bosom of the deep,  
 Where storms and winds and tempests sweep?  
 What cause, so powerful to urge  
 A monarch through the boiling surge,  
 Hath driven thee from thy native isle,  
 From people's love, from kindred's smile,  
 From power, from happiness, and ease  
 (The fruits of virtue and of peace),  
 To seek across the pathless main  
 Uncertain pleasures, certain pain?—  
 To wander o'er the boisterous wave,  
 With none to help and none to save?—  
 To brave the tempest's poisoned breath—  
 To tempt the unpitying shafts of death?  
 What tale of horror and distress  
     Hath urged thee thus to risk the charms  
 Of life, of health, and happiness,  
     To rove 'mid dangers and alarms?  
 Unbend thy knees—arise—declare  
 What hath depressed thy mind with care;  
 For know thou that this hand hath power  
 To calm thee in affliction's hour,  
 When troubles press, when dangers lower—



Oppression's iron bands to break—  
To help the innocent and weak.  
Then, noble prince, arise! nor fear  
To trust thy griefs to fairy ear;  
However deep the cause be laid,  
Rely on, trust in, our sure aid."

Soothed and exalted by the swell  
Of music on his ears that fell,  
As well as by her words' import,  
His soul the genial impulse caught,  
And rising, shaking from his brow  
The clustered curls that round it hung,  
And burning with a heavenly glow,  
His accents thus in rapture sprung,  
In sweetness flowing from his tongue:  
"O glorious queen! whose power divine  
Is known as far as ocean roars,  
From isles where ceaseless summers shine  
To death's domains and sunless shores;  
Whose mighty aid, benignant hand,  
Is felt, is owned by every land;

Whose wondrous love for ever sheds  
On mortals' undeserving heads  
Those sweets of happiness and heaven  
That crime and sin from them had driven—  
Oh, grant to one whose flesh inherits  
His parents' frailties, sins; nor merits  
The generous aid that he implores—  
    A portion of that love benign,  
    To heal distress and grief of mine—  
To stay the tyranny that pours  
Unceasing floods of grief intense  
To o'erwhelm a heart of innocence.”

“Stay, prince, nor tell the tale of woe;  
Its sad details too well I know:  
I've seen the captive maid confined  
    Within her cell by tyrant power,  
In pain of body, grief of mind,  
    To fade and wither every hour;  
Nor think the tears of agony,  
The scalding drop, the heart-drawn sigh,  
The moisture of that gentle eye,

Could plead in vain. I've seen them all;  
And dearly shall my vengeance fall  
Upon his head. Yet not my hand,  
But thine shall wield th' avenging brand.  
Long would I have ere now depressed  
And laid in dust his haughty crest,  
Hadst thou not risen to her cry,  
And sworn to save her, or to die.  
Nor shall thine oath, prince, be in vain,—  
Thine arm shall burst her iron chain;  
And thine the glory, thine the pleasure,  
To gain, enjoy the priceless treasure.  
Know, monarch, too, that thou hast dared  
And done what few have ere been spared  
To boast; but let not this incline  
Thy mind to think the merit thine;  
But know, when tempests round thee poured—  
When lightnings glared and thunders roared—  
When worlds of waters rolled to drown thee,  
And death appeared on every wave,  
My shield divine was spread around thee,  
My arm was present there to save.

The praise of valour still is thine,  
The power that then sustained it mine ;  
So think not that, without mine arm,  
Thou canst escape unscathed from harm ;  
Nor think thy valour or thy skill  
The maid can save—the tyrant kill.  
But to whatever I command,  
Lend willing heart and ready hand ;  
Nor let thy youthful ardour tempt  
    Thy fiery spirit to aspire  
    To acts that I shall not require ;  
Or, oh, thy cause shall not exempt  
Thee—even when victory seems to grace  
    Thy brow, and honours on thee fall—  
From death, defeat, maybe disgrace,  
    Worse by ten thousand times than all.  
Fly to the hall, thou maiden fair,  
And from the treasures that are there  
Bring forth the shield whose glare alone  
Turns all it looks on into stone ;  
And sword, whose blade of brightness yields  
Such wondrous power to him who wields,

That nought shall conquer him in fight,  
Or mortal or immortal might.  
Prince, place the shield upon thine arm,—  
Thee 'twill defend, the fiend disarm ;  
And in thy hand this sword enclose,  
Nor till thou hast destroyed thy foes,  
And driven them to the latest gasp  
Of life, let it escape thy grasp ;  
For while its broad blade thou shalt wield,  
And hold on high thy circling shield,  
All, all before its stroke must yield.  
The towers' grey turrets, that on high  
In gloomy grandeur reach the sky,  
Shall fall, and from their ruins rise  
A form whose charms shall fill thine eyes—  
That form—the maid, for whom thou hast  
Through all these perils safely passed :  
But if from hand or arm shall fall  
This sword or shield before that all  
Hath been effected.—if before  
His tyrant blood hath stained the shore,

Though joys, success appear to smile —  
Thy corse shall shame, defeat revile.  
Soon shalt thou stand upon thine isle ;  
Nor let my warning be forgot :  
Be not too hasty, waver not .  
Oh, e'en my lightest counsel heed,  
Nor let conceit its force repel ;  
Thou hast succeeded, still succeed :  
Go, prince, and prosper. Fare-thee-well !”

She spake ; and joyful did retire  
The monarch from her presence fair,  
And soon, in chariot of fire,  
He cleft the wide and yielding air.

On Chlora's isle the king doth stand,  
His shield on arm, his sword in hand ;  
With burning breast and flashing eyes  
He sees the towers before him rise ;  
A moment looks he on the wall,  
Fear, hope succeed ; he waves his blade :

Swift as its flash the turrets fall,  
And sink in earth, in vapour fade,  
And from the crumbling ruins springs  
A host of fiends, who, with a scowl  
Of hatred and demoniac howl,  
For flight unfurl their sable wings.  
On high he shakes his shield of gold—  
They quail, they fall, their limbs grow cold ;  
Not yet, not yet his arm must rest,  
Vengeance still rankles in his breast—  
On high his sword of flame he bended ;  
It shook ; but ere its stroke descended,  
A form of light burst on his sight,  
Which yet the fury of the fight,  
The rage of vengeance, had concealed.  
The brightness of that form revealed,  
At once its fierce descent suspended,  
Calmed his revenge, his fury ended ;  
He rushed, he folded in his arms  
In ecstasy her blushing charms,  
And clasped her bosom to his own.  
Their eyes with mutual passion shone,

He felt the beating of her heart,  
He heard the soft and murmured sigh—  
Alas! why, why must mortals part?  
But why, of all, must lovers die?

How heavenly is that hour, how sweet,  
When long-divided lovers meet!—  
When first, after the lapse of years,  
Affection dries her flowing tears—  
When, lighted from the torch above,  
Long years of ecstasy and love  
Tumultuous rush upon the soul,  
And in a torrent madly roll!  
So felt they, though before they ne'er  
Had seen or known the other fair;  
Yet each had pictured to the mind  
Some form superior to its kind;  
And this short interview had given  
To each their hopes, their love, their heaven;  
And, oh, that one, that short embrace,  
Whole worlds of sorrow did efface!



The one bright drop that dimmed the eye,  
The changing cheek, the silent sigh,  
The throbbing of the heaving breast,  
The trembling of the form caressed,  
For every pang, for every pain  
Repaid, and amply paid again ;  
But in that moment's joy and bliss,  
    As grief was banished, so was all,  
And, folding her sweet form to his,  
    His sword, his flaming sword did fall !

    On Chlora is the roar of strife,  
The ringing shield, the clanging knife,  
The groans of death, the shrieks of life.  
Soon as the magic weapon fell,  
The charm was over,—broke the spell,  
And from the chill and death-like sleep  
    That bound their limbs in icy chains,  
The demon bands to vigour leap,  
    And fill with din the joyful plains.  
Too late, oh, prince—alas, too late  
Thou wouldst avoid the stroke of fate—

Thy sword hath fallen ; in its fall  
Know thou hast lost thy love, thine all !

Nobly he reared against his foes  
His haughty crest, and dealt his blows  
With arm of strength and breast of fire,  
That yield not to dismay, nor tire ;  
But yet that form so sweet and fair,  
That sinks in terror and despair,  
And, trembling, nestles in his breast,  
Unconscious, careless of the rest,  
Above the fierce tumultuous strife  
Claims his protection more than life :  
“ Fly, fly from danger, lady, fly !  
Leave me to fate.”

“ With thee I’ll die,”

She said. Upon her faltering tongue  
The sound yet lingered, when a dart  
Upon the shield’s broad surface rung,  
And pierced it, pierced her to the heart ;  
The life-blood from her snowy breast,  
A stream of crimson, stained her vest ;

It flowed, and earth's last sigh was given,  
That sigh conveyed her soul to heaven.

Oh, life is but a dreary waste!—

The tear of anguish on his cheek

Declares the grief his soul must taste,  
And tells of pangs that none can speak ;  
An instant looks he on her face,  
An instant folds her in embrace,  
An instant from the cheek so chill  
Kisses the tear that lingers still,  
And thus his words in sorrow roll,—

The anguish of a breaking soul :

“ Oh, would that in the ocean tide

This heart, this bursting heart had died !

Oh, why, when tempests round me hurled  
Their rage, and shook the trembling world,  
Did fate withhold me from the grave,  
And lend a cruel hand to save ?

Oh, had my spirit then been quenched,  
This dreadful moment had been spared ;

My bosom had not thus been wrenched,  
My inmost feelings thus been bared !

Yet think not, love, my hated breath  
Shall long survive thy pang of death ;  
The horrid gulph, though wide, may sever,  
But cannot part our souls for ever."

Defiance his proud eye expressed,  
He waved in scorn the glittering blade,  
And folding closer to his breast  
The lifeless body of the maid,  
Towards the steep cliff he proudly sped,  
With settled eye and dauntless tread ;

He gazed a moment on the flood  
That flowed in sullenness below ;

He gazed a moment on the brood,  
The scowling legions of the foe ;  
He gazed a moment towards the west,  
Where lay the islands of the blest ;  
The sun was trembling on the wave,—

He leaped into the waters chill,

A splash was heard, and all was still—  
The ocean wide became their grave !  
The sun was hid beneath the water,  
And darkness rose to hide the slaughter.

On Chlora's shore the sun shines bright  
That ends that sad, that gloomy night.

On Chlora's mute and mournful strand  
The fairy and her virgin band  
In silence move, in sorrow stand.  
In beauty's charms above the rest,  
With moistened eye and heaving breast,  
The queen her sorrow thus expressed:  
"O monarch! could not, then, thy hand  
Thy power for one short hour command?"

Oh, could one moment's fault destroy  
For ever—oh, for ever!—  
The visions bright of love and joy,  
That smiled, that darkened never?

Yet thou didst err—ah, thou didst err—  
That sinless fault hath riven  
The hopes of happiness and her  
On earth, to meet in heaven.

Yet why should I in grief survey  
Thine end of pain and sorrow?  
The bitter pang of yesterday  
Hath spared a pang to-morrow.

Though happiness may smile below,  
It smiles but to decay—  
The charms of heaven for ever glow,  
Nor ever pass away ;

And though on earth hath envious fate  
Denied the joys of love,  
Oh, may their souls in happier state  
For ever meet above!

And yet I mourn, my spirit grieves  
That thus thou shouldst have perished ;  
My eyes are filled, my bosom heaves  
For thee, for one so cherished ;

Nor can I think that lofty form,  
That mind, that soul so high,

Were made to bow before the storm,  
Or in their prime to die,

But for some noble end designed,  
The boast, the glory of mankind.

'Tis this, 'tis this I mourn :  
Before that frame to strength was formed,  
Before that soul to glory warmed,  
From earth, from all 'twas torn !

Lovely maidens, who around  
Stand upon this saddening ground,  
Whose charms and innocence may vie  
With the spotless beings of the sky,  
Know, in this circumstance I see  
The ruin of our dynasty.  
An ancient oracle foretold,  
When from the sea a mortal bold  
Should rise, should gain our aid, and by  
His means of happiness should die,  
Our dear, our powerful band should sever,  
And quit the haunts of men for ever.

Our aid was sought, the mortal killed;—  
The oracle must be fulfilled.  
The force of fate, more strong than ours,  
In threatening gloom and darkness lowers,  
Our hearts to crush, our hopes to shatter,  
Our virgin band, sweet maids, to scatter.”

She ceased—a death-like silence reigned,  
And grief each beam of joy restrained;  
At length a soft and murmured wail  
Rose on the pinions of the gale:

## FIRST FAIRY.

“I’ll fly to the depths of the stormy sea,  
Where the breakers are rough and the hurricanes free,  
Where the face of the sun is cold and chill,  
And the breath of each blast the forerunner of ill;  
I’ll fly to caverns where oceans break,  
And the boiling billows in anger shake,—  
Where they wreak their wrath on the gloomy rocks,  
And the wide world trembles beneath their shocks.



Oh, there, 'mid the strife of the winds and the main,  
I'll pass my existence in silence and pain."

## SECOND FAIRY.

"On the soft cloud  
That floats in the air,  
When eve spreads her shroud  
O'er the regions of care ;

When tinged with the gold  
Of Phœbus at rest,  
Its charms shall unfold  
In the crimsoning West ;

Pillowed in pleasure  
My limbs shall repose ;  
My bosom shall treasure  
The beauty that glows

In the blaze of the sun,  
In the tints of the sky,

In the breezes that moan  
For an instant, and die."

## THIRD FAIRY.

"Among the white and trackless snows  
That crown the dreary pole,  
Where nought of living breathes or grows,  
I'll rest my weary soul.

The cheerless sun's pale withering light  
Its rays shall round me shed ;  
The lofty iceberg's frosty height  
Shall be my gloomy bed."

## FOURTH FAIRY.

"On high, on high,  
I'll dwell in the sky,  
And through the wide regions of space will I fly ;

I'll ride on the gale  
That wafts on its wing  
The sweets from the vale  
Of Persia that spring;

I'll sport in the blaze  
That gilds in the noon,—  
I'll recline on the rays  
Of the silvery moon;

In the arch will I dwell  
That encircles the sky,—  
That spans the wide swell  
Of the ocean's dark eye."

## FIFTH FAIRY.

"I'll fly to the dark and lowering cloud,  
Where lightnings flash and thunders are loud,

Where the anger of tempests is ever contending,  
And ruin and darkness and terror are blending.”

As each fair virgin's accents ended,  
With air her glowing figure blended ;  
They all are vanished now, and gone,  
The queen in grief remains alone :  
“And ye are gone, my daughters dear,  
Companions of my happiness,  
Who ne'er before had shed a tear,  
Or smiled in sweetness save to bless !  
Nor long will I on earth delay  
'Midst things of death and forms of clay ;  
My haunts shall not be those of men,  
Or sunny hill or shady glen,  
But far from scenes of crime and death,  
From thunder's roar and tempest's breath,  
I'll dwell in peace : the flaming ball,  
That gilds the sky and brightens all,  
Shall be my palace. There I'll live  
In joys that earth can never give ;

There, 'mid the charms that fill the heaven,  
All pain shall from my breast be driven.  
Yet, Chlora, ere to heaven I fly,  
Thy plains of loveliness must die ;  
Thy plains must perish ere the morrow  
Divulge the tale of woe and sorrow !”

Towards heaven's high arch the fairy spread  
Her wings, and from earth's regions fled ;  
And ere her form was lost in space  
The waters closed o'er Chlora's face ;  
She found a sad and silent grave  
Far, far beneath the azure wave ;  
And nothing raised her funeral dirge,  
Save howling winds and boiling surge,—  
No mark, no sign remains to tell  
Where Chlora stood, where Chlora fell.  
How many a ship and many a bark  
Sail o'er the waters drear and dark,  
But deem not that a sunny shore  
Once stood where now the breakers roar,

Nor think beneath the rolling tide,  
Whose sullen billows darkly glide,  
A thousand bones of such as were  
The brightest of the brave and fair  
Rot in forgetfulness and gloom,  
Unknown to man, unmarked by tomb!

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THE FAIR JULIE.

[1844.]





## THE FAIR JULIE.

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THE night is fair, and Cynthia's crest  
Shines sweetly from afar ;  
And deep and dark the shades that rest  
Along the calm Grand'mare.

Oh, who at midnight's lonely hour  
Can wander from her bed,  
And, far from hall and far from bower,  
'Mid hovering phantoms tread ?

Oh, who at such an hour as this  
Can wander fearlessly ?  
But love is powerful—it is  
The beautiful Julie !

And lightly through the shade she hies,  
And o'er the lake's soft sand,  
And brightly beam her soft blue eyes  
For love of her Roland ;

For, oh, this is the happy night,  
When from a foreign land  
Her love returns to claim his right  
To Julie's heart and hand ;

When, with bright laurels round his brow,  
From distant Palestine  
He comes to lay his palm-tree bough  
At Ouen's sacred shrine.

With gladsome heart and joyous tread  
Hastes on the lovely maid  
Beneath the trees, that round her spread  
A melancholy shade ;

She now perceives between their leaves  
St. Ouen's chapel rise,  
And with a lighter step along  
The gloomy pathway flies.

Full swiftly she arrives, and opes  
The old and massive door ;  
And with a bosom rich in hopes  
Glides o'er the marble floor.

Before the venerable shrine  
She bends her forehead fair,  
And for her love from Palestine  
She breathes a silent prayer ;

Then, rising, steps along the aisle  
And by each gloomy wall,  
And lights with many a sunny smile  
The shades that round her fall ;

And pictures many a glowing dream  
Of love and happiness—  
How cruel must that fortune seem  
That could such love distress!

An hour thus passes swiftly by,  
Yet comes not her Roland;  
And anxious grows her azure eye,  
And cold her trembling hand.

Against the altar for support  
She rests her shaking arm,  
And soon her mind becomes the sport  
Of terror and alarm:

“Oh, hath Roland so soon forgot  
My love, his sacred vows?  
St. Ouen, why returns he not—  
Why comes not back my spouse?”

Through painted glass the pale moon shone  
The vaulted cloisters down,  
And St. Ouen seemed to look upon  
Fair Julie with a frown.

Throughout her soul cold terror stole;  
Such fear she ne'er had felt,  
As each dim form so ghastly shone  
Upon her as she knelt.

The time-worn images that were  
Along the gloomy aisle,  
With stony eyeballs seemed to glare  
On her, and taunting smile.

Cold sweat bedewed her temples o'er,—  
She sunk upon the ground,  
When, lo! St. Ouen's massy door  
Opened with not a sound.

And, lo! a knight in armour cased,  
That in the moon did shine,  
With slow and solemn footsteps paced  
Towards the holy shrine.

A smile of hope lit up her eyes,  
But soon, ah, soon it fled;  
For sound there rose not to apprise  
Her ear of mortal tread.

On, on he came, that spectre knight,  
With slow and solemn step,  
Nor clanked his arms or armour bright,  
Nor moved his bloodless lip!

His right hand held a banner red,  
His left a palm-tree bough;  
His sable plume a darkness shed  
Around his noble brow.

He reached the shrine ; and as he kneeled,  
And raised to heaven his hand,  
The moon that coldly shone revealed  
Her lover, her Roland !

With voice that trembled as the gale  
Adown the cloisters drear,  
She breathed his name, but her accents frail  
Froze on her lips with fear.

When he had made an end of prayer,  
His knees again unbent ;  
And as he came in mystery there,  
In mystery he went.

Fair Julie from that dreadful hour  
In wasting sickness lay ;  
Nor was she seen in hall or bower  
For many a long, long day.

But at length her youth the shock o'ercame  
Her gentle mind received ;  
And to her friends she seemed the same,  
Though silently she grieved.

Again she walked where beauty smiled,  
And smiles her cheek illumed ;  
But none could know, that lovely child  
How inward grief consumed.

And none reverted to that day,  
Or what that day had seen ;  
But silently it passed away  
As something that had been.

And though to memory it was green,  
And awed both old and young,  
It perished as a thing unseen  
From every idle tongue.



Nor did she know, though others knew,  
That when the morrow shone,  
A palm-tree branch, and banner too,  
Lay Ouen's shrine upon.

Nor how the monks had laid them by,  
As relics that might tell  
To future ages of a high  
And wondrous miracle.

Day passed on day, and moon on moon,  
And other suitors came ;  
But soft affection beamed for none—  
For none the tender flame.

Though many a gallant knight, and brave,  
Had sought her heart and hand,  
To none who wooed her love she gave—  
Her heart was with Roland.

One only of the noble train  
At all her thoughts could move;  
He loved her—but could only gain  
Her friendship for his love.

He was the brother of Roland,  
And worthy such a one;  
As such, her friendship did expand,—  
As such, she loved alone.

But Claude had loved the fair Julie  
While yet Roland was there,  
Yet far too honourable he  
His passion to declare.

But now that month on month had fled,  
And sorrow's self was mute,  
Hope raised at length its drooping head,  
And now he pressed his suit.

Her parents urged her to unite  
Her hand with such a lover ;  
And she consented to requite  
Their love, as did behove her.

Dark was the morn that ushered in  
The day that should unite  
Their destinies, and loud the din  
Of storm and tempest's might ;

The rain burst from the gathering clouds,  
And threatened to o'erwhelm,  
And matted fell the plumes like shrouds  
Adown each shining helm.

It seemed not like a marriage-train,  
It was so sad and still,  
But, like a funeral, wound in pain  
Its length along the hill.

So Julie thought as she reclined  
In Claude's too fond embrace,  
And anxious grew her gentle mind,  
And clouded her sweet face.

“Oh, Claude, could not this be delayed  
Till day auspicious for us?  
See, storms against us are arrayed,  
And Heaven frowns darkly o'er us!”

He answered not, but to his breast  
He clasped the fair Julie;  
Yet soon again was her soul oppressed  
With cheerless reverie.

The cavalcade now reach the lake,  
And lurid is the glare  
Of links and torches as they streak  
With red the wide Grand'mare.

“ Claude, seest thou not upon the flood  
Yon skiff so still and drear?”  
“ I’ve marked it, sweetest, and I would  
We had a painter here.”

“ Claude, it reminds me of the boat  
In which thou oft hast said  
The souls of mortals once did float  
To Pluto’s regions dread.”

“ My Julie, let not thoughts like these  
Thy gentle mind possess,—  
Think of the joys that Heaven decrees  
Of future happiness.

Let not reflections boding ill  
Disturb thee past all measure ;  
Nor let sad thoughts thy bosom fill,  
My love, my only treasure !”

Still terrors her sad bosom pained,  
And gloom her brow o'ercast,  
And while she mournèd still, they gained  
St. Ouen's chapel vast.

The train all entered in a crowd,  
Cold, wet; and dim did shine  
One lamp upon them as they bowed  
Before St. Ouen's shrine.

The ceremony had begun,  
And many a bosom felt  
Strange bodings while they looked upon  
The lovers as they knelt.

As Julie breathed a silent vow,  
And gazed upon the shrine,  
Her blue eyes met a palm-tree bough  
Beneath the cross's sign;

She thought that from among the assembled  
    She heard some whisper brand  
A name—oh, heavens! her members trembled—  
    The name was of Roland!

She turned her round with burning brow,  
    And eyes that flashed as flame—  
“Think, sweetest, on thine holy vow,  
    Nor wander thus—for shame!”

She heeded not, nor moved nor spoke,  
    But cold and rigid grew;  
Her eyes were fixed—no colour broke  
    Her face's bloodless hue.

Again he spoke: “My love, forbear—  
    All other thoughts dispel  
Than those of happiness”—“There, there!”  
    She shrieked, and fainting fell.

He caught her in his arms—"Julie!"

But not a sound replied;  
And to the care of bridesmaids he  
Resigned his gentle bride;

And darting to the spot where she  
Had fixed her flashing eyes,  
Against a pillar leaning, he  
A holy monk espies.

His noble form was half revealed  
As moodily he stood,  
But bent his head, and all concealed  
Beneath his falling hood.

"And who art thou," Sir Claude exclaimed,  
"That thou hast dared to move  
My lady thus? Hast, sirrah, gamed  
The feelings of my love?"



Thy saintly garb, monk, shall not save  
Thy back from chastisement;  
Nor flatter thee mine anger, knave,  
Or wrath will soon be spent.

Think'st thou an insult I'd receive  
Though 'neath a saintly cowl?  
Or think'st thou dress can ere retrieve  
A base and coward soul?

Forsooth, no!" and he raised his arm;  
But ere his hand could smite,  
The peasants hurried in alarm  
Between the monk and knight.

He sought in rage to clasp his sword,  
But sword was far away—  
"Sir knight, sir knight, beware, nor smite  
The monk of the Marais!"

“Stand back, or by the cross I kiss  
I’ll make ye dearly pay!”  
“Thou shalt not harm him, knight—it is  
The monk of the Marais!”

When thus he found against the crowd  
Both force and menace failed,  
His anger by degrees was bowed,  
And better sense prevailed.

He turned him from them, and disdained  
The peasants’ noisy roar;  
But motionless the monk remained,  
As he had stood before.

Fair Julie still between the arms  
Of her maids lay motionless,  
And many a heart with pity warms  
For hers and Claude’s distress;

In vain they sprinkle holy water  
    Upon her hueless cheeks,  
In vain her parents cry, "My daughter!"—  
    No accent life bespeaks.

At length her heavy eyelids move,  
    Her eyes stare fearfully;  
But only to their words of love  
    She breathes—"Oh, it was he!"

Claude calls upon her by her name,  
    And weeps her thus to see;  
She heeds not, but does still exclaim  
    In broken sighs—" 'Twas he!"

"Dear Julie, answer, answer me—  
    Is Claude so soon forgot?"  
She looks not up—" 'Twas he, 'twas he!"  
    She sighs, and answers not.

That night lay Julie on her bed  
As she before had lain,  
While many a thought of hope and dread  
Flashed through her burning brain.

The events of all that gloomy day  
Passed dim before her eye,  
With many a shudder of dismay,  
And many a deep-drawn sigh.

Unto that morn of storm and gloom  
Succeeds a lovely night,  
And through the lattice of her room  
The moon is shining bright.

She rises from her bed—for rest  
Had long been stranger there—  
And round her person folds her vest  
To guard her from the air;

Then opens wide the casement, and  
Forth from her chamber hies,  
And with a trembling step and hand  
Along the garden flies —

“Oh, porter, ope the portals; for  
I made a vow this night;  
If I fulfil it not before  
The morning sun is bright,

Another sun will never rise  
To bring my spirit gladness!”  
He oped the portals, but his eyes  
Looked on the maid in sadness;

He saw the wildness of her eye,  
The flush upon her cheek,  
Yet still he dared not to deny  
The lovely maiden's freak.

The moon was standing o'er her head,  
And beaming many a star,  
As she with soft and noiseless tread  
Approached the deep Grand'mare.

A boat, concealed beneath the shade,  
Was resting by the side,  
And in it sprung the gentle maid,  
And loosed it to the tide ;

With force that fever only gave  
She plied the silent oar—  
Her skiff danced o'er the sullen wave,  
And left the sombre shore.

A secret awe subdued her soul  
While riding on the lake ;  
And while the wind in coldness stole  
Upon her burning cheek,

Beneath the shadow of a cliff,  
That beetled o'er the water  
With threatening frown, her silent skiff  
In silent swiftness brought her ;

And through the shade, ahead, appeared  
The rocky crags among  
A point, that o'er the waters reared  
Its form, and threatening hung.

It seemed as from its parent rock  
Suspended by a thread,  
And hung as though the lightest shock  
Must hurl it from its bed.

'Twas on this dread and fearful spot  
The monk of the Marais  
Had built his lone and humble grot,  
To meditate and pray ;

And though around it many a peak,  
More firmly fixed and sure,  
From the high cliff would thundering break,  
This seemed to rest secure.

It seemed as though his piety  
Had shed a halo round,  
And Time could not approach him nigh  
This spot of holy ground.

She stepped upon the barren stone,  
And by a narrow way  
She sought, in silence and alone,  
The monk of the Marais.

She knocked the time-worn door with fingers  
That trembled like a plume ;  
But save her own, no murmur lingers  
Within that dismal room.



Again she knocks, and trembling stands  
With palpitating breast ;  
At length a gloomy voice demands,  
“ Who breaks my hour of rest ? ”

Who breaks his hour of rest indeed !  
Ah ! little doth he know ;  
Or could he wait, or could he need  
Another call ? ah, no !

He closed the good and holy book,  
His solace day and night,  
And trimmed within its aged nook  
The dimly-burning light.

And wondering who without could stand,  
He stepped across the floor,  
And with a slow and trembling hand  
He opened wide the door.

He gazed,—but ere his heart confessed  
    'Twas Julie, and alone,  
The lovely maiden's burning breast  
    Was beating on his own.

He could not chide her murmured sighs,  
    His voice could not reprove;—  
He stood transfixed with cold surprise,  
    And she with joy and love.

She hung upon his neck and sighed,  
    She felt—did he embrace?  
“Forgive me—oh, forgive!” she cried,  
    And hid her burning face.

“Forgive!—and what should I forgive?  
    Is not thy love thine own?  
Suffice it that I still can live  
    Without that love alone.

Another claims thee for his own,—  
Thy vows to him fulfil:  
I loved thee once,—that love has flown,—  
But he may love thee still.”

“Oh, heaven!” she cried, “mine own Roland,  
Oh, speak, speak not like this!  
Thine only is my heart and hand—  
My love it is not his!

The only love that ever burned  
Within this breaking heart  
Was thine—oh, say that love’s returned,  
And never will we part!”

The smile within his eye grew sweet,  
His accent more benign—  
“Oh, wherefore, then, didst thou not meet  
Me at St. Ouen’s shrine?”

“Oh, heaven!” she cried—and from his side  
She sprung with sudden start—  
“I saw thee there; I saw thee come;  
I saw thee, too, depart.

I saw thee, yet I knew thee not—  
I dreamt not it was thou—  
I saw thee on that sacred spot  
Depose thy palm-tree bough.

I saw thee come, without a sound,  
Along the dusky aisle;  
Thine eye was fixed—it looked not round—  
Thy face it did not smile.

I saw thee kneel before the saint—  
Thy lips no murmur crossed;  
I saw thee go—my heart grew faint—  
I thought it was thy ghost!

I know no more—I swooned away,  
    (How long I cannot vouch,)  
But when I woke again, I lay  
    In sickness on my couch.

Time ebb'd away. I thought thee slain;  
    And still that fearful night  
Simoom-like burned within my brain,  
    And seared my heart with blight.

'Twas then that Claude desired my hand;  
    He wooed—I did not love—  
Mine own desire, my sire's command,  
    Within my bosom strove.

My sire prevailed; and I had been  
    A joyless bride at best,  
Had not, Roland, had not I seen  
    That monk—thou know'st the rest!"

He knew the rest! His heart was full—  
He could not speak awhile—  
His eye with love unquenchable  
Upon the maid did smile;

The joy that swelled his bosom then  
He never thought to know,  
So long had it become the den  
Of agony and woe.

He drew her gently to his breast,  
He clasped her hand so fair;  
He gazed, he sighed, and murmuring blest  
The heart that trembled there.

“Dear girl,” he said, with accents sweet,  
“Mine, mine the fault hath been—  
At Ouen’s door I bared my feet  
Before I entered in.

I strode with noiseless steps along,  
And all within was still ;  
The moon shone bright the columns 'mong,  
The air was damp and chill ;

No hand was there to greet, no smile  
A welcome to express ;  
I wondered where thou wast the while—  
Thy love, methought, was less.

I parted, as I went, in grief ;  
But, as I passed by thee,  
I heard a sound—my gaze was brief,  
For nothing could I see.

I thought thee false—O cruel thought!—  
I spurned that heart of thine ;  
But pardon, love!—for grief hath taught  
The falsity was mine.

I left my offerings at the shrine,  
And wandered far away ;  
And nought I heard of thee or thine  
For many a weary day.

At length I learnt—and deemed it was  
A proof thou wast untrue—  
That Claude had sought thy love—alas!  
And thou didst love him too!

I hastened back, and in this cell  
I fixed my poor abode ;  
And as a monk, I sought to quell  
My grief in seeking God.

Thy marriage-day drew round apace—  
I thought all hopes were fled ;  
But joys now beam around the face  
Where joys I thought were dead!”



He drew her closer to his heart,  
As though he trembled yet  
For fear she might again depart,  
And other woes beget.

They passed from out the ruined cell  
That gazed upon the wave,  
And heard the waters' gloomy swell  
The rock beneath them lave ;

They spoke of days long passed away,  
Joys they could ne'er forget,  
And dreamed that many a happier day  
Might smile upon them yet.

They stood and spake, entranced with love—  
With love that all enjoys—  
But, hark! there is a noise above—  
They started at the noise.

They turned, and high above their heads  
They saw a harnessed knight ;  
The moonbeam o'er his armour sheds  
A soft and silver light.

Tw'as Claude. "Julie! is't thou I see?—  
Ah, wherefore art thou come?  
Hath yon false monk allured thee thus  
To leave thy peaceful home?"

The brave Roland signed with his hand,  
Step venture not another ;  
And Julie cried with trembling voice,  
"Oh, Claude, it is thy brother!"

But vain!—too soon, in light of moon,  
His sheathless weapon flashed ;  
And ere the warning accents came,  
From the high rock he dashed.

His iron-girt frame with fearful force  
    Between the lovers fell ;  
His armour rattled loud and hoarse,  
    And clanged their funeral-knell ;

For, oh, the force with which he sprung  
    Their feeble footing brake—  
A moment tottering it hung,  
    Then rolled into the lake !

A moment more, and in the wave  
    Their figures might be seen ;  
A moment more, it was their grave—  
    They, things that once had been !

Thus fled to eternity—  
    So ancient legends say—  
The noble Claude, the fair Julie,  
    The monk of the Marais !

And still, they say, when midnight's hour  
    Frowns o'er the smiling scene,  
When darkness and its gloomy power  
    Obscure the water's sheen,

Three forms upon the wave appear—  
    A knight, a monk, a maid—  
They struggle, shriek, and into air  
    Their phantom-figures fade!

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A

DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

IN THREE ACTS.

[1847.]



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WEAK must that mind and cold that bosom be,  
That, gazing on the blue and vaulted sky,  
Sees the red sun sink slowly in the sea,  
Its last fond tints along the mountains die—  
Beholds the veil of darkness steal apace  
O'er smiling earth's, o'er dimpled ocean's face,  
And marks the chill, the solitude that then  
Succeeds the heat of day, the hum of men,—  
Nor feels in every charm that dies away  
A brighter power more wonderful than they;  
Nor feels in gloom, nor owns in solitude,  
That same high hand, that power still bright and good!  
Oh, fearful! if, as some bold sceptics say,  
No guardian hand directs, no power above  
Guides through the firmament this ball for aye,  
Nor watches lest to other suns it rove!

How dreadful, then, to contemplate the day  
When death shall mould us to our pristine clay!—  
How dreadful, then, to think, that when the dust  
Receives our bodies—as receive it must—  
The soaring spirit and the lofty mind  
Must die, must perish as the idle wind!—  
How awful, then, when fades the shadowy eve,  
To feel that we earth's smiling plains must leave—  
Leave her bright valleys and her fairy bowers,  
The friends we love, the hearts entwined with ours—  
Leave all we prize, leave all we hold most dear,  
Without a thought to bless, a hope to cheer!  
Yon sun departs; that sun shall rise again,  
And other beauties swell its golden train;  
The grateful smile of summer may not stay,  
And winter's frost shall melt in spring away;  
But other summers yet shall paint with bloom,  
And other winters steep the world in gloom;  
E'en yon sere leaf, that by the zephyrs torn,  
Far from its parent stem alone is borne—  
E'en that poor fluttering leaf shall rise again  
To deck in other form the flowery plain;—



What, then, shall man, shall man alone decay,  
Denied the prospect of a sunnier day?—  
What, then, shall man, the noblest of them all,  
Alone hopeless, alone unheeded fall?  
Well might the epicure his hours consume  
In pleasures till he sink into the tomb;  
Well might the drunkard quaff the sparkling wine  
To banish cares that round his heart entwine;  
But, oh, far wiser would that spirit be;  
That, gazing onward through futurity,  
Feels not a hope, could cut the thread of life—  
That thread of woe and bitterness and strife!

O God! that man can stand so coldly by,  
And call these hideous dreams Philosophy!  
Strange, when he looks upon the dusky wood,  
The purple mountain, and the rolling flood,—  
Strange, when he scans creation's vast abyss,  
Sees other worlds more wonderful than this,—  
Sees other suns more glorious than our own,  
For ever roaming onward and alone;

And sees those fierce and meteor stars that trace  
An endless pathway through the realms of space—  
Nor feels, nor owns, nor traces in their course  
The hand of God, their guardian and their source!

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## Dramatis Personae.

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THE WANDERING JEW.

THE KING OF THE EARTH.

HARAN . . . . . } *the King's Sons.*  
ANAK (a Hunchback) }

TAMAR (and Babe), *Haran's Wife.*

REVELLERS.

WORSHIPPERS.

SPIRITS.



A

DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

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ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.

*The top of a Mountain. The Wanderer alone.*

WANDERER.

O God! it is a fearful thing to live,  
And roam the world an alien and a stranger;  
To wander on for ever and for ever,  
From clime to clime, without a roof to shelter,  
A home to gladden or a voice to welcome!  
O God! it is a fearful thing to dwell,  
Unknowing and unknown, with beings fashioned

Like to oneself—alike in all things save  
Satiety and immortality!  
To be immortal, nor to know its joys;  
To be a man, yet not to share his pleasures.  
When first I heard my heavy doom, my heart  
Leapt high with pleasure at the joyful dream  
Of endless life, and undecaying strength  
To share the happiness my hopes foretold.  
I sought excesses, and I plunged in vice,  
Whose very names I once had feared to whisper:  
For death no longer was before my eyes,—  
What feared I else? I gloried in my shame:  
Of base the basest—vilest of the vile.  
But time and surfeit brought satiety,—  
Satiety, disgust. I turned my thoughts  
To other joys, and in a gentle spouse  
I found those sweets that vice and dissipation  
Had failed to bear. I left the poisoned berries  
To taste the sweeter unobtrusive fruit;  
But scarce had I begun to know her worth,  
To feel her value and her want, when death  
Plucked the fair flower away. I was immortal!

So did I ever find it, when my heart  
Had warmed to aught more fair or beautiful  
Than meets each day the eye—be 't flower or bird,  
Or beast or man, alas, it perished first!  
It seemed as though mine eye, and most when beaming  
Affection and solicitude, had power  
To wither up their springs of life, and doom  
Their beauty to destruction;—like the morn,  
That smiles and hangs its roses in the east  
To hide the tempest. But at length my heart  
Grew cold and callous to the world; its snares,  
Its beauties were no longer so to me.  
I roamed it o'er, but not to see its mountains,  
Its plains, its valleys, or its crowded cities:  
I wandered, wrapped in bitter thoughts and dreams  
Of endless misery. No ray of hope  
Allured me onward through my thorny path;  
No smiling angel beckoned from afar  
To cheer my labours, or to soothe my pangs;  
But, like the blazing star that sweeps the skies,  
A terror and a mystery to man,  
That once appears, then through the depths of space

Pursues its long and solitary way,  
For ages, without bound or end, I roamed.  
I hoped not—but I hope. The smiling angel  
Shines like a star upon the far horizon,  
Beckoning me onwards to the rest I seek!  
Trembling and madness, terror and despair,  
Have seized upon the puny sons of men:  
The few who have survived the dread attacks  
Of tempest, earthquake, thunderbolt, and fire,  
To die of pestilence or famine! Earth  
Is changed—and oh, how terrible the change!  
The raging flames that on her entrails fed  
Have forced their way, and, with the fires of heaven,  
Swept o'er her smiling surface, and destroyed  
The flowers and trees that were so beautiful,  
The fruits that nourished,—and their charred remains  
Blacken her vales. The fountains of the deep,  
And all its wandering streams, are dry. Yet now,  
When all beside despair, I hope—I hope!  
Our end is come—that end so long foredoomed,  
So long foretold, and yet man heeded not.  
The thousand stars that gleam from heaven's concave



Shine not less brightly than in ages past,  
And yet we die! Jehovah, must we die!  
And must our sun, with its dependent worlds,  
Pass like a shadow from the chart of time,  
And in oblivion sink, nor leave behind  
A relic to declare to distant worlds  
A world's demise? Who of those thoughtless souls  
That whiled their hours in pleasure's giddy whirl—  
Who of those tyrants whose uplifted arm  
Made nations quake, whose frown their death decreed,  
Deemed that this world and they should melt away,  
Nor leave a void in nature's vast designs?

*[A mist passes between him and the sun.]*

What change is this? The sun, the pallid sun,  
Looks red and angry in its feebleness,  
As some bold warrior, conquered in the fight,  
Still breathes defiance with his parting breath.  
It seems as though its few and sickly rays  
Were dimly struggling through some gathering mist.  
But whence that mist, and what its import? See!  
It moves, and gathers substance as it moves,  
And yet no gale to guide it in its course.

It comes: how is it that my members quake?  
Why sinks my heart, and why do terrors seize me?  
I feel its icy breath—cold, deadly cold;  
Its horrors thrill through all my frame—I sink!

*[The mist envelopes him, and he sinks with  
his face to the earth.]*

A VOICE.

Mortal!

WANDERER.

I tremble at thy voice, yet speak;  
Whate'er thou art, speak on, thy servant heareth.

VOICE.

Mortal! why hidest thou thine eyes? and why  
Art thou recumbent on the earth? Look up!

WANDERER.

Why should I look, when all is darkness round?

VOICE.

Why should'st thou not, when darkness folds a veil  
Round glory that thine eye could not else suffer?

## WANDERER.

There was a time, when, standing at my door,  
The Son of God passed by, bearing His cross.  
His look, though meek, bespoke His suffering ;  
His frame was tottering 'neath the cursèd load.  
I read the look that asked a moment's rest,  
I heard His heavenly voice the boon entreat ;  
But I, unfeeling wretch, His misery mocked,  
And joined the crowd that hooted at His heels—  
Denying Him that interval of peace  
His wounded soul and bleeding limbs required.  
My curse flew harmless from His guiltless head,  
But fell with frightful force upon my own.  
My punishment I tell not, for thou know'st it.  
I saw the Lord, yet were my eyes not dazzled ;  
I heard my sentence, yet I did not quail !  
So, in more distant ages—in the time  
Of Moses and the Prophets, and before—  
The angels of the Lord did oft appear  
To holy men with messages divine ;  
And yet their glory, though supremely bright,

Was not so bright as to forbid their gaze.  
And who art thou?

## VOICE.

Vain mortal, dost thou think  
The form of man so beautiful and fair,  
That angels in their blest abodes should wear it?  
True, that of things of earth and forms of clay  
The frame of man is first in grace and beauty,  
A worthy tenement for that it holds—  
A worthy temple for the Lord who made it;  
But it shall die, while nought of heaven decays.  
Think'st thou that angels wear a thing like that?  
That form of which thou boastest is the chain,—  
And though with flowerets decked, a chain no less,—  
Which binds thy spirit to the earth. When God  
Made man in His own image, was it this,  
Or was it not that nobler part, the soul,  
That bore the impress of His majesty?  
And hast thou seen the soul? No. There are things  
For ever hidden from the sight of men;  
And this is one. Thou knowest it by its works;

But 'tis a mystery that thou canst not solve.  
When thou hast seen the soul, then shalt thou say  
Thou knowest an angel by his form.—Art thou  
So filled with pride as to believe that He  
Who made thee what thou art — who formed the  
    globe,  
And built the spangled heaven, with all its worlds—  
Exhausted on thy frame His wondrous powers,  
And lavished there for thee His utmost skill?  
Nay; for I tell thee that His lightest breath  
Could bring to life a thousand shapes, as far  
Superior to yourselves in grace and beauty  
As ye are to the worms that crawl the dust.  
But let that pass.—Thou knowest that when Pharaoh  
Forbade the sons of Israel to go forth,  
The Lord sent plagues to terrify his heart  
And tame it to submission; last of all,  
He sent His angel to destroy the first-born  
Of all the hosts of Egypt;—I am he!  
Again: when David, in his pride of heart,  
Numbered the tribes, Jehovah, for that sin,  
Sent forth His angel, armed with pestilence,

To mow them down like stubble;—it was I!  
Know thou that I am the destroying angel!

WANDERER.

Spirit, I yield to thine authority—  
I wait thy stroke!

VOICE.

Hast thou forgotten, then,  
So soon the doom that was imposed upon thee?—  
Thou art the last of mortals I shall smite!

WANDERER.

Oh, disappointment!—I had thought to die,  
And still I linger.

VOICE.

But thy time is short;—  
Waste not the fleeting hours that yet are thine  
In angry murmurs and unjust complainings:  
I come to thee with messages from heaven.  
“Go,” saith the Lord, “unto the king, to Haran,  
And say to him, Thus saith the Lord thy God:  
Haste thou to build an altar on this hill;

With stones shalt thou erect it—stones unhewn—  
And gather there the remnant of my people,  
That ye may offer sacrifice and prayer ;  
For never after may the sons of men  
In concert pray, in concert praise their Lord!"—  
This do.

[*The mist rolls away, leaving the Wanderer  
still kneeling.*]

WANDERER.

O Lord, I thank Thee that I am  
Thy chosen messenger of peace and love!  
I know myself unworthy for the task ;  
I know that I am sinful in thy sight ;  
Yet pour on me the wisdom that I need,  
So, in performing this thy gracious charge,  
My powers may not prove weaker than my will,  
Nor either feebler than thy glory needs!

## SCENE II.

*The foot of the Mountain.*

THE KING, HARAN, TAMAR, *and* BABE.

KING.

I feel that I am dying, Haran!—for  
The fever that has been on me of late  
Preys on my vitals; as the burning tide  
Whirls through my temples, every throb it makes  
Rings in my maddened ear the knell of death.  
The plague is on me!

HARAN.

God forbid it, father!

TAMAR.

Sire, say not so. I totter even now  
Beneath my weight of misery; and wilt thou  
So add unto it that it crush me quite?  
Thy cares of late, dear father, have been great;  
Thy people's sufferings thou hast made thine own;  
And, in thy love for them, hast not sufficiently



Regarded thine own health. Go, rest awhile,  
And drown thy cares in sleep; if not for thine,  
At least for our sake do so, I entreat thee;  
For though thine heart would bid thee labour on,  
Thine age and thine infirmities forbid it.—  
Refresh thyself with sleep, for that thou needest.

## HARAN.

I join my own entreaties to my Tamar's;  
Let us not, O my father, plead in vain!

## KING.

I know, my children, in your warm affection,  
That ye would fain persuade yourselves and me  
That I shall live; but no—my end approaches.  
Think ye the raging furnace in my breast,  
My burning temples, thirst unquenchable,  
The horrors, lassitude, and agony,  
That make my spirit and my frame their prey,  
Are but fatigue? Alas, that it is not so!  
Look in my face, and mark its livid hue;  
Nay, bring yon torch more near—by the sun's pale  
light

Thou canst not look on me as I would have thee.  
'Tis well—nay, start not—say, is this fatigue?

HARAN.

Alas!

KING.

My daughter, thou art pale—or is it  
My sight that fails me?—See, she fainteth, Haran!

TAMAR.

'Tis past—'tis nought.—Hush, pretty babe! oh, hush!  
'Tis well thou canst not share our wretchedness.  
Thou know'st not that thy brother's soul is flown,  
Nor that a father's life is doom'd; and then—  
The thought is madness—Sleep, sweet innocent.—  
Now am I nerved to all that may befall me!

KING.

My earthly days are drawing to a close,  
But ere death calls me, I would speak with you.  
My life has been a long and prosperous life,  
My reign a happy one; and I have swayed  
The sceptre to the best of my abilities.  
The world might say, that few were my transgressions;  
And so I thought. But now the approach of death

Brings to my mind a multitude of sins  
That I had overlook'd and heeded not :  
May God forgive me! 'Tis not for myself  
I grieve ; for I have lived the allotted time  
Of man, and threescore years and ten have blunted  
My appetite for carnal lusts and pleasures.  
I grieve, my son, that thou shalt not succeed me :  
Had it been so ordained, my duty now  
Would be to leave thee my experience ;  
To teach thee how prosperity is won,  
To warn thee of those snares and of those errors  
In which I've fallen. But that pleasing task  
Is not for me.—Come hither, O my son,  
And thou, my daughter. Kneel ye at my feet,  
That I may breathe on you a father's blessing—  
For I have nought else left that I can give you.

BOTH.

What can we value, father, as thy blessing?

KING (*placing his hands on their heads*).

My son in name, thou hast been a son in deed.  
In all the filial offices of love

And duty thou hast been pre-eminent ;—  
The joy of my prime, the prop of my old age,  
And now the guardian angel of my deathbed.  
Such as it is, my son, receive my blessing!—  
To thee, my daughter dear, what shall I add?  
For all the praises due unto thine husband  
Are due to thee. How well hast thou deserved them!  
What shall I add?—That thou hast earned the titles,  
The purest, proudest titles, wife and mother,  
With all the love, the virtue, and respect,  
With which the heart of man, in all its fondness,  
Delights to paint them. Oh, my child, I bless thee!  
—Two have I blessèd, yet there is a gap.

HARAN.

Father, it is my brother.

KING.

Where is he,  
That I may likewise bless him?

HARAN.

Lo, I seek him.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

*A Cave lit with Torches.*

ANAK *and his* COMPANIONS.

ANAK.

What think ye of our palace and our cheer?  
Methinks this rugged cavern better suits  
Our boisterous tempers than a princely home.  
I would not change the glare of these our torches  
For all the chandeliers of fretted gold  
That shone resplendent in my father's palace:  
Nor while the depths of yon capacious jars  
Yield us the ruby nectar of the vine,  
Will I forsake it. No: let others tremble,  
And offer prayers and make themselves unhappy  
Because their hours are few. But we will drink:  
Come, fill the goblet!

FIRST.

Hear him—we will fill.

ANAK.

Our gloomy brethren who have chosen woe,



ANAK.

God save thee, man—their health?

I say, God save thee, and it is a curse!

Nay, listen, for I have a word to say t' ye;

The fumes of wine that revel in my brain

Have not yet drowned the feelings of my heart.

My father is a dotard, whose endeavours

Have been at best to curb me in my will,

And check my pleasures: shall I drink his health?

My brother is my elder, and in that

Hath stood between me and my father's throne;

Again, we sought the self-same woman's hand,—

More comely than myself, he gained her love:

Think ye that I would drink unto his health?

His wife too spurned me, as the world hath spurned,

Because I bore a hunch upon my shoulders:

And ye for that would have me drink their health?

Yes, I will drink to them—and so shall ye.

Fill high the bowl, and drain it to the dregs;

I drain the sparkling cup to their—Damnation!

FIRST.

We drink to their—

P

ANAK.

Damnation! I repeat.

FIRST.

So be it.

THIRD.

God! it is an awful toast,—

I dare not.

ANAK.

Dare not! does thy courage fail thee?

Drink deeper still, and arm thyself with wine;  
Or if thou hast a lingering thought of heaven,  
We drink to thine. Thou canst not thither fly,  
With all thy crimes like millstones round thy neck;  
No, thou art doomed with all of us to hell,  
Nor will this toast convey thee there the sooner:  
Drink it, then, fool, as we have done.

THIRD.

I drink it.

ANAK.

Lo! I have yet a toast, and only one;



But I will not propose it to you now,  
For I perceive that some are cowards still.

## FIRST.

No, by my soul, I swear that we are not,  
And what thou willest us to drink we'll drink,  
Were it a hundred times our own damnation,  
And were this crimson wine the flames of hell.  
Surely none here of these our boon companions,  
By shirking it, will prove my words a lie!  
No, no: swear with me, then, to drink the toast.

## ANAK.

Ay, let them swear; and he who breaks the oath  
Shall have no place in this our paradise,  
But, at my word, the rest with ropes shall bind him,  
And cast him from this cavern. Such the doom  
To which we will consign rebellious spirits.

## ALL.

Amen, amen—we swear to drink the toast!

## ANAK.

'Tis well; but we're not yet prepared to have it.

Drink deep, and quaff the purple tide—drink deep,  
Till the few torches that are blazing round us  
Grow to a countless host before our eyes,  
And till our little band becomes a legion!  
Then shall ye drink the toast that I shall give;  
Thus, too, will we defy the lord our tyrant;  
And while he sweeps the nations from the earth,  
The midwife wine shall make of us a nation.

FIRST.

Oh, but we are prepared. I raise my glass;  
Say you 'tis one—I tell you there are twenty;  
Would I had twenty mouths to drink withal!

ANAK.

Then ye are ready, and will drink it—all?  
I give you, then, my toast,—I give the—Plague!

ALL.

The Plague!

[*A pause.*]

ANAK.

What is it that hath made you all  
So dull and silent—is there none will speak?

## FIRST.

Ay, that will I: yon craven, see ye him?  
He gazes in his glass, and hath not drunk.—  
Hell! man, what is't thou look'st at so intently?  
Is the wine poisoned that thou wilt not drink it?

## ANAK.

While I reign here my laws shall be obeyed:  
Drink, or we cast thee from our presence, madman!

## SECOND.

Perchance he hath become enamoured of  
The bright reflection of his own sweet face.

## ANAK.

Wilt thou not drink?

## THIRD.

Have mercy on me, Lord!

## ANAK.

The man is mad! Why dost thou pray to Him,—  
To Him whom we have banished from among us?

THIRD.

O Christ! to die, and be for ever damned!

ANAK.

We know thou shalt be damned, and so shall we.—  
Away with him!

THIRD.

I have not long to speak;  
Then hear me. As I raised my bowl to drink,  
I saw a face reflected from its depths,  
Not red with wine, but ghastly with disease:  
'Twas mine, and on it were the marks of death.  
At the same instant, through my awe-struck frame,  
I felt as though hell-fire were blazing in me.  
'Tis not the ferment of the wine within me,  
But 'tis the plague! O God! it is the plague!  
Have mercy on my soul! I die—I die.

*[Falls down, writhing in agony.]*

ANAK.

Still, fool-like, wilt thou call upon that name?  
Call thou on Satan, and I will forgive thee:  
Heaven thou hast lost, then smooth thy way to hell.

THIRD.

O God, I sink to hell! Thou wilt not save me—  
Oh, for some water to appease my thirst!

ANAK.

Nay, give him none; 'twere well he were inured  
To the sufferings that await his soul below.

THIRD.

The flames of hell begin to compass me:  
No hope is left me.—Satan, I am thine!

ANAK.

Ay, that is well—I charge thee with a message:  
Bid him appoint a legion to escort us,  
And hold a feast in honour of our coming;  
For we will follow thee ere long.

*[Third man dies: a long pause ensues.]*

Again

Ye hold your peace; surely ye do not suffer  
Yon coward's death to weigh upon your spirits.  
Give me the goblet he refused to quaff,  
And fill your own, for we will drink to him,—

Ay, drink him all the joys that hell affords,  
For he hath earned them.

*Enter* HARAN.

Who is this intruder?

HARAN.

Thy brother.

ANAK.

Nay, I claim no kindred with thee;  
These are my brethren whom thou seest around,  
Not thou. But if thou dost aspire to such  
An honour, drink, and fill thyself with wine!

HARAN.

My brother, thou art not thyself; the fumes  
Of wine have made thee mad. Arouse thee, break  
The chain that binds thy spirit to destruction.  
Call to thy mind the doom that threatens us:  
That night hath come on which no light shall dawn!

ANAK.

Oh, 'tis a jovial night that knows no morn!

Yes, brother—since that name delights thee most—  
The morn at best is ever an intruder,  
Bringing too soon our revels to a close.  
Oh, then, I bless the night that knows no morn ;  
Our revels shall continue to the end ;  
Then, on a sea of wine we'll float away,  
Float on its purple tide—the Lord knows whither.

HARAN.

My brother, 'tis the wine that speaks, not thou :  
May God forgive thee !

ANAK.

Wine's the god I serve.

HARAN.

Alas ! perchance my words will bring thee reason :  
The pestilence hath fallen on our father ;  
His life is fast departing. Ere he die,  
He would impart a blessing to his children.  
Me he hath blessed ; now would bless thee too.  
Oh, then, my brother, haste thee back with me !

ANAK.

Are these the words, then, that thou hast to say ?

Now listen to my words, and weigh them well:  
Seest thou yon hideous corse that lies before thee?  
A minute past, and he was one of us;  
But he is gone our messenger to hell,  
To bid its king prepare for our reception.  
Go, bid my father follow him, and bear  
The self-same message; tell him that, from me,  
I do not need his unavailing blessings.

HARAN.

O brother, brother! is it come to this?

ANAK.

Art thou still discontented? Take thyself  
The extra blessing that he has for me.  
I say, I loathe it, as I loathe thy presence;  
Then leave me—leave me!

[*Exit* HARAN.]

Ah, he goes at length!

Once more, my friends, we'll quaff the purple vintage;  
Pour, pour the wine; fear not to let it spill,  
For the thirsty earth shall join us in our orgies!



## SCENE IV.

TAMAR *alone.*

TAMAR.

The time hath come, O Lord my God! when all  
The fondest ties that bound my heart to earth  
Are breaking, leaving desolation there!  
My loneliness hath preyed upon my spirit,  
And wrought a change, a wondrous change therein.  
When first faint rumours of the plague were whispered,  
I heeded not; but when its dire attacks  
Swept hosts away, until the few survivors  
Availed not to inter the festering corpses,  
A gloomy terror seized upon my heart,  
And sad forebodings filled it with alarm.  
'Twas then my eldest born was taken sick—  
Yon ghastly form was once my darling boy!

*[She points to the corpse, which lies on the  
ground near her.]*

His pouting lips had just begun to lisp,  
His tiny limbs to bear their tender burden;  
I watched the lovely floweret in its growth,

I saw its charms grow brighter with its age,  
And marked fresh graces every season added ;  
I built bright hopes upon his early promise,  
Which fond imagination realised.  
Then came the blight—the blight of pestilence ;  
I saw him droop—he faded, and was gone !—  
He died ! My terrors then became despair ;  
And, oh, the agony my soul endured !  
But then I had a father and a spouse ;  
And their despair was not less great than mine.  
In soothing theirs, I learnt to soothe my own ;  
In soothing them, I learnt to look on death,  
Not as the fell destroyer of our pleasures,  
But as the hand which leads us to a home  
Where all our pleasures here are perfected,  
Where all our sorrows terminate in bliss.  
And now my sire is dead ! I mourn his loss ;  
I grieve his death—these tears attest my grief—  
But 'tis not with the horrors of despair.

*Enter HARAN.*

What ails thee, Haran ? Is our brother too  
Become a victim ?

HARAN.

Would to heaven it were so!  
Where is my father?

TAMAR.

His body is before thee;  
His soul in heaven.

HARAN.

Thank God! and yet I would  
That I had closed his eyes. Thank God, he lives not!

TAMAR.

What aileth thee, dear Haran? what, alas!  
Is our poor brother dead, that such dejection  
Appeareth in thy face, thy words, and utterance?

HARAN.

Dear Tamar, would that I had died, and thou,  
Ere witnessing what I have witnessed now!

TAMAR.

What sight so dreadful is it thou hast seen?  
Doth he still live? I do not comprehend thee.

HARAN.

Too soon thou wilt: he lives, but not to God.  
I found him, after long and weary search,  
In a deep cave, with others like himself,  
Drunken with wine and surfeited with liquor,  
With blasphemies and curses on his tongue.

TAMAR.

Alas!

HARAN.

I warned him of our father's death;  
I bid him come with me, yet he refused,  
And sent him back by me so foul a message,  
I dare not give it utterance. God forgive him!  
Oh, had my sire survived for my return,  
How deep the wound his spirit had received!  
Ah, now thou art dead, my father, and at peace!  
Thank heaven, thou hast not lived to know of this  
Too hideous mockery of thy sorrows!

TAMAR.

What!

Did not our sire's too fast approaching end  
Move him?

## HARAN.

It moved him to blaspheme. He shed  
No tear, but spurned his proffered blessing. Listen!  
The plague had stricken one of his companions  
E'en as he raised the goblet to his lips—  
Down in the midst the hideous carcass lay.  
They left it as it fell—a thing to jeer at;—  
It brought no warning to their drunken souls;  
Or if it did, it made them drink the deeper.  
Think'st thou the story of a father's death  
Could move him, when so sad a scene availed not?  
Ah, no!

## TAMAR.

And think'st thou not he could be saved?  
May we not snatch him from the brink he stands on?  
I once had influence o'er his wayward heart,—  
Perchance a little yet remains to me.  
I will unto him.

HARAN.

Stay; thou shalt not go.

While the fumes of wine excite his soul to madness,  
No human hand hath power to hold him back;  
Besides, thou wouldst expose thyself to insult,  
And witness scenes from which thy purity  
Would shrink as from the leprosy. Go not;  
But we will pray for him unto the Lord,  
Who only hath the power to save his soul.

[WANDERER *enters.*]

King Haran!

HARAN.

Hast thou come to mock me, that  
Thou call'st me king? Lo! here my father's corse!  
Within the last few moments he hath perished,  
And yet thou call'st me king! For shame, old man!  
To mock my wretchedness and fallen state:  
Wretched—for see a father and a son  
Lie lifeless at my feet; fallen—for, of all  
That flattered and obeyed my lightest word,  
Not one is left me to inter their corses!

WANDERER.

King Haran!

HARAN.

Yet thou call'st me king again!  
Be thankful that I have nor will nor power  
To punish insolence. Rail on; my spirit,  
Subdued and broken by calamity,  
Can bear the venom'd taunts that malice dictates.

WANDERER.

Hearken, O king! for unto him who bears  
The title which thou seemest to resent,  
Alone I speak. The gift of prophecy  
Hath long departed from the world; that gift  
Hath, at its closing, been again vouchsafed us.  
Like the blest tidings of salvation, which  
Cheer once again the sinner on his deathbed,  
After long years of infamy and crime  
Have from his mem'ry almost wiped away  
The self-same words of truth that blessed his childhood,  
That mantle which descended on Elisha,  
That wondrous gift hath on thy servant fallen!

HARAN.

Art thou a prophet of the Lord our God?  
I know thee not. What fearest thou, dear Tamar,  
That thou seek'st my bosom like a startled fawn?

TAMAR.

Alas! I know him; we have met ere this.

HARAN.

And why, alas?

TAMAR.

Twice have I seen the stranger—  
But twice. I saw him once; and from that hour—  
That very hour—thy mother drooped away,  
And died. Again I saw him at the time  
That sickness mowed our smiling cherub down.—  
What more of ill art thou preparing for us,  
Mysterious stranger?

WANDERER.

Misery and death,  
Great God! surround me wheresoe'er I roam,—



Surround me in an atmosphere of ruin !  
Like the fabled tree, that bloomed in loveliness,  
Yet breathed far round the seeds of pestilence.  
Alas, fair queen, alas ! thy words are true ;  
Nor know I what calamity will follow,  
What dreadful change my advent shall attend.

## TAMAR.

Speak as the Lord hath bidden. Whatsoe'er  
Befal, we bear it ; for our God hath willed it !

## WANDERER.

Ye do speak well, my children. Whatsoe'er  
Of woe betide you in this end of time,  
Endure it as the Lord would have you ; for,  
By so enduring, at the consummation  
Of all our woe—the earth's and our demise—  
Your pains shall be a portion of your joys ;  
As evening vapours, gilded by the sun,  
Become a portion of its parting splendour.—  
But let that go. The Lord hath spoken to me  
By His dread angel, His minister of wrath :

“Go,” saith the Lord, “unto the king, to Haran,  
And say to him, Thus saith the Lord thy God,  
Go, build an altar on yon hill thou seest ;  
With stones shalt thou erect it—stones unhewn—  
And gather there the remnant of my people,  
That ye may offer sacrifice and prayer ;  
For never after may the sons of men  
In concert pray, in concert praise their God!”—  
This do ; and thou shalt meet me there again.  
Seek not a victim for the sacrifice—  
The Lord will find one.

## HARAN.

At what hour shall we  
Repair to yonder mountain—we, the few  
The reapers have neglected, and who have  
Escaped the watchful gleaners hitherto.

## WANDERER.

When yonder sun, that flickers even now,  
Doth in the socket die, as soon it shall ;  
When, like a rocket, whose momentary burst

At once proclaims its being and its end,  
Yon sun's pale beams a moment's brightness yield—  
A token of lost glory and of death;  
When all is dark, on yonder mountain's brow  
Thou shalt behold a pale, unearthly light—  
Then shall ye hasten; for the time is come!

[*Exit.*

HARAN.

The man of grief hath brought a joyful message.  
'Tis sweet to have communion in prayer;  
'Tis sweet in fellowship to praise the Lord.  
Our time is short; we must not waste the hours;  
But haste to do the bidding of our Maker.

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## ACT II.

## SCENE FIRST.

*The Cave.* HARAN and TAMAR.

HARAN (*at the entrance*).

The sun hath perished from the vault of heaven,  
And we are left on earth in cold and darkness;  
The very torch that we had lit to guide us  
Hath failed, as though unable to survive  
Its parent's death. How long a time have we  
Wandered in darkness, seeking for this cave;  
And all this time that strange unearthly light  
Hath burned on yonder hill to bid us hasten!  
And that we must. We may not stay, dear Tamar,  
Or the wrath of God may light upon our heads  
For disobedience of His word.

TAMAR.

Not yet,

My Haran, let us part from hence ; for though  
Darkness and silence have usurped the place  
Of revelry and sin, the revellers  
May still remain. Let us assure ourselves  
That they be gone, or that they still be here ;  
And if here, whether overcome by death,  
Or stupified with wine.

HARAN.

Nay ; let us go.

See how the glory rests on yonder hill !  
Haste we to share it, or perchance we lose it  
For ever.

TAMAR.

Let us lose it, then, for ever,  
Rather than lose the brighter joys of heaven.  
How much more gratefully our prayers shall rise  
When joined with those of a repentant brother !  
Oh, let us search for him a little space,  
For he may listen now to what thou sayest.

HARAN.

Stay where thou art, and I will seek the table ;  
For when last here I saw thereon wherewith  
To strike a light.

*[He finds it, and lights his torch.]*

Ho, I have found it! See,  
It yields a spark—the spark becomes a flame!  
It breaks upon me, as in some sweet dream,  
The long-lost voice of a departed friend.  
The torch is lighted once again, dear Tamar ;  
How gratefully its beams fall on my sight,  
And how its warmth invigorates my frame!

TAMAR.

How its feeble light serves but to shew more plainly  
The horrors of this place! O Lord! no seat  
Can boast an occupant—I see not one  
Of all who revelled!

HARAN.

Look not to the seat:  
If any in this dismal cave remain,

Upon the ground their bodies will be stretched ;  
And here is one—my God, it is a corse!—  
The bloated features purpled still with wine ;  
The broken goblet that his hand still clutches  
Shew it was not the pestilence that slew him,  
But wine. Ah, here another! and 'tis he  
Whom in his revelry the plague destroyed—  
He whom I spoke of. How his agony  
His features and his members hath distorted!  
'Tis not the agony of death alone.

TAMAR.

Lo, here our brother Haran!—I have found him.  
I know not if he lives—thy torch bring hither ;  
Nay, hold it back : he breathes—he moves—he lives!  
Hold back the light : I tremble to behold  
The traces of debauchery on him.

ANAK (*restless in his sleep*).

Fill me the bowl!

TAMAR.

He speaks! Dear brother, speak!

R

ANAK.

Fill it up high with floods of liquid flame!

TAMAR.

Brother!

ANAK.

'Tis a sweet voice for such a place ;  
I knew not Satan had so good a taste.  
Here, gentle Hebe, fill me up the goblet!

HARAN.

He dreams—I will arouse him from his slumber.  
Brother, awake! this is no time for sleep.

ANAK (*starts up, gazing wildly around him, though still dreaming*).

I did not call on thee, thou foul tormentor!  
Give me not up to torture ere my time.  
I called on her that spoke so softly.

HARAN.

Still

He wanders. Anak!



ANAK.

Give me a little grace.

Ah, do I dream? A moment past, and I  
Was hemmed by flames, that wreathed around my head  
Like angry serpents, greedy to devour me;  
And hideous monsters, making them their steeds,  
Glanced by me, howling hatred and derision!  
Ah, what a change!—portends it some new torture?  
Sink I still deeper in the bottomless pit?  
O God!—Nay, Satan, leave me yet awhile!  
He leaves me not—

[*Points at HARAN.*

Look, look! he haunts me still!

I see him, though he shade his burning brand—  
Avaunt, dread fiend, avaunt! touch, touch me not:  
Thy fingers scorch my flesh like burning iron.  
Away! I can't support thy awful presence!  
Oh, had I wine to blunt my conscience now,  
Or could I flee thee by a second death!  
Annihilation were a blessing for me  
Greater than heaven for them who strive to gain it!  
Avaunt, thou devil!—dost thou still approach?

I feel thy breath upon my tortured limbs—  
Ay, fiercer than the hot simoom I feel it.  
Oh, God! oh, hell! oh, misery! I cannot,  
I cannot longer bear this! Oh, my God!

*[He falls on the ground.]*

HARAN.

Oh, brother! not for torment am I come;  
But we are here to comfort and to soothe thee.

ANAK (*awakes*).

There is a mist before my eyes; my mind  
Is in confusion. Where am I?

HARAN.

O Anak!

Thou still art where I left thee, in the cavern.  
I bring thee hope; and thou hast felt despair.  
Heaven grant that thou art more prepared to listen!  
I come to thee, sent hither by the Lord,  
To bring thee peace, and offer thee forgiveness:  
The price of these is penitence.

TAMAR.

Attend,

Dear brother, to the words of comfort—listen :  
Sleep hath restored thee to thy better mind ;  
Then do not spurn the blessings that we offer.  
Repent, and thou shalt live !

ANAK.

Speak on.

HARAN.

The Lord  
Hath sent his servant, bidding me to gather  
The few survivors, that we may together  
Offer our prayers and bless His holy name.

ANAK.

What shall I pray for? Wherefore should I bless?

TAMAR.

Pray for repentance; bless Him for His mercies.

ANAK.

Pray for repentance which I do not feel?  
Bless Him for mercies which I never knew?

TAMAR.

Repentance must precede forgiveness, even  
As showers precede the opening of the flower.

ANAK.

If He were merciful, He would forgive me,  
E'en though my stubborn heart refused to sue.  
Call you that mercy which would blot your crimes  
When tired with importunities and prayer,  
Would blot them out to still your pestering tongues?  
Nay, mercy would forget our sins unasked.

TAMAR.

And hast thou nought for which to bless His name?  
Hath He not given thee an immortal soul,  
And made thee what thou art?—

ANAK.

A hideous hunchback!

Yes, He hath made me what I am—a hunchback!  
Yes, He hath given me an immortal soul,  
With mind and sense to know I am a hunchback!  
Cursed be He that made, and she that bare me!  
Had He, when He bestowed on me this form,  
Denied intelligence, and left an idiot,  
I might have lived regardless of my body,  
And smiled when grinning fools derided me.  
But 'tis not so; for, oh, I have a soul  
Which whispers ever my deformities!  
And, oh, I have a heart to feel the taunts  
That jeering lips and scornful looks convey—  
A heart, ay, like a grindstone, whence the knives  
At every touch become more sharp and deadly!  
For all these mercies wouldst thou have me bless Him?  
I tell you I would rather take the chance  
Of hell and all the torments it contains  
Than be the willing slave of such a tyrant!  
If hell is but the annihilation of  
The soul, as some pretend, I long for it;  
And if, as others say, it is the stings  
Of conscience overwrought, I dread it not—

My heart is callous to its venom'd tooth ;  
If it be flames of fire, as cowards deem,  
My breast is steel'd, and I will bear it all !  
Ay, I have labour'd, and I labour still,  
For hell ; and all your words shall not avail  
To change my purpose. Go ; your sight offends me !

HARAN.

My brother, thou art not the hardened wretch  
Thou wouldst appear ; for when we enter'd here,  
Wast thou not dreaming ? And thy dream was hell !  
Nay, do not frown : that hell, though but a dream,  
Was far too terrible for thy endurance.  
It was thy conscience conjur'd up that vision ;  
And hell is far more terrible than that.

ANAK.

Depart, I tell ye ! I have weapons here ;  
And, by the Lord, 'twere better ye were gone.

HARAN.

We go in sorrow.

ANAK.

That ye ever came!

Go! I will fill my goblet for the revels.

[*Exeunt* HARAN and TAMAR.

It will refresh me, for I'm parched and thirsty;

Besides, my soul is hardened by the wine,

As lifeless flesh is by the purer spirit.

Their presence hath oppressed me. I will drink;

'Twill drown misgivings. Ah, that single draught

Hath moved a mountain from my shoulders! Wine

Is like a lever, at which a single pull

Will raise a burden else immovable.

Ho, comrades! sleeping still? Wake! let's carouse.

Ye who are dead, carouse in lowest hell;

But ye who live shall crown the bowl with me!

## SCENE II.

*The mountain top ; a phosphorescent light beams  
from the altar.*

*The WANDERER and the WORSHIPPERS.*

## WANDERER.

The time is come, and yet are all not here.  
The precious moments fleet like mists away,  
The noiseless harbingers of doom and death ;  
Like the last drops of water in the spring  
To some lone wanderer of the trackless desert  
Are our few hours, and yet we heed them not,  
But waste them waiting for our lingering brethren.  
O Lord, forgive us that we use them not ;  
And e'en as Thou didst bless the widow's cruse,  
So bless the hours, that they may serve us till  
Our prayers and praises have approached Thy throne,  
Borne on the wings of penitence and faith!—



Brethren, we may not wait; the hour is come  
For those devotions which have called us hither.  
Haran your king is absënt, and his spouse;  
Their absence pains me. But we have tarried long;  
We must no longer wait—nay, not for them.  
The wondrous brightness which yon altar breathes  
Already waxes dim, as though in wrath  
At our indifference.

ALL.

They come.

WANDERER.

'Tis well.

*Enter. HARAN and TAMAR.*

My children, ye are late; yet, being here,  
I will not chide you for your tardiness.

HARAN.

We are indeed; yet 'tis not from neglect.

WANDERER.

Our time is short, and we must pray.

ALL.

Amen!

WANDERER.

O Triune God!—our King, our Lord, our Maker!—  
Almighty God! who from Thy lofty throne,  
Thy heaven of heavens, regardest us below,  
Look down, and as Thou look'st, forgive, forgive!  
O Lord, our sins against Thee have been great,  
And guilty conscience holds them in array;  
Yet, trusting in Thy promises, O Lord,  
We pray Thee blot them from Thine awful page,  
For Jesus' sake; and, oh, forgive, forgive!

ALL.

Oh, blot them, Father, from Thine awful page,  
For Jesus' sake; and, oh, forgive, forgive!

WANDERER.

For all the blessings which Thy bounteous hand  
Hath poured on us, like manna, from above—  
For all the mercies which Thy fostering care

Hath shed like sunbeams round our hardened hearts—  
We magnify Thy name—we bless, we bless Thee!

## ALL.

For all Thy blessings and for all Thy mercies  
We praise Thee, Lord—we bless Thy holy name!

## WANDERER.

That Thou may'st change the hardness of our hearts,  
And so illumine us with Thy Holy Spirit,  
That when our lives are brought unto a close,  
And the bright dawning of eternity  
Breaks on our spirits in a flood of light,  
We may be cleansed, and fitted to enjoy  
The bliss that waits the righteous soul in heaven—  
To join the joyful hosts that throng Thy courts;  
In endless strains at once to celebrate  
Thy goodness and our happiness, we pray!

## ALL.

That thus Thy grace may rest upon our heads  
And in our hearts, we pray Thee, O Jehovah!

## WANDERER.

O God, our Father and our Lord!

Who broodedst o'er the night,  
And made it pregnant, at Thy word,  
With hope and life and light ;

At whose command, from empty gloom  
The teeming myriads sprung,  
And infant worlds, in infant bloom,  
With acclamations rung ;—

Look down from heaven, Thy dwelling-place ;  
According to Thy word,  
Have mercy on our fallen race—  
Have mercy on us, Lord !

And, O Jehovah! at whose breath  
The wonders thou'st designed  
Are swept away in doubt and death,  
Nor leave a trace behind ;

Whose voice hath formed man from the sod,  
Whose voice now bids him die,

With this wide earth on which he trod  
In proud security ;—

Look down, Jehovah, from Thy throne,  
And from Thy precious hoard  
Let blessings on Thy sons be strewn—  
Have mercy on us, Lord!

## ALL.

Thou who hast made, and Thou who wilt destroy,  
Have mercy on Thy sons—have mercy on us!

## HARAN.

Great God! Thou madest man to dwell  
In endless peace and pleasure ;  
Yet his vain spirit did rebel,  
And lost the priceless treasure.

Thou sent'st Thy Son, the virgin-born,  
To die upon the tree—  
To suffer hatred, pain, and scorn,  
For man's iniquity ;

Yet still he erred, and still we err.

Ungrateful though we live,  
Oh, hearken, Lord! oh, hear our prayer!  
And while we sin, forgive!

Our hearts are hard, our tongues are slow  
To give Thee just acclaim;—  
Renew them, change them, Lord, that so  
We love and bless Thy name.

Oh, breathe Thy Spirit on our heads,  
Like gentle dew from heaven;  
And let the peace its influence sheds  
Attest we are forgiven.

And though we sin, Thy judgment spare,  
That so our souls may live:  
Oh, hearken, Lord! oh, hear our prayer!  
And while we sin, forgive.

ALL.

O God! who hast forgiven, forgive us now,  
E'en though our sins be great and numberless.

## TAMAR.

Almighty and eternal King!

The languid stars, the blazing sun,  
Thy power display, Thy wonders sing—  
The wonders that Thy hand hath done.

The tempest terrible and strong,  
The moaning wind, the fragrant gale,  
Bear on their breath the tide of song,  
And Thee, their Lord and Maker, hail!

The ocean wide, in every wave  
That plays or breaks upon its face  
(Though powerful ever, still Thy slave),  
Tells of Thy might and sings Thy grace.

So we, O Lord! with feeble tongue,  
Thy glorious attributes proclaim:  
Oh, let us sing as they have sung,  
And bless Thee, Lord, and bless Thy name!

The giant mountains wrapped in snow,  
That rise majestically grand,

Are monuments thy might to shew,  
And temples formed by Nature's hand.

The forest in its still retreats,  
The songster in its joyous lays,  
The floweret in its lavish sweets,  
Conspire to bless and sing Thy praise.

And even now, when all are gone,  
And lost for ever to our gaze,  
Darkness hath caught the echoed tone,  
And softly whispers still Thy praise.

Then we, O Lord! will lift our voice  
In hymns Thy glory to proclaim:  
And while we in Thy love rejoice,  
We bless Thee, Lord, we bless Thy name!

## ALL.

Great God, we bless, we bless Thy holy name;  
We praise, we hallow, magnify, and bless Thee!



## WANDERER.

We know that we are sinners, Lord,  
Iniquitous and vile ;  
Yet, oh ! to us Thy grace afford,  
And bless us with Thy smile.

We know our crimes for vengeance call,  
Yet may they be forgiven ;  
That when, by death mown down, we fall,  
Our souls may rise to heaven.

HARAN *and* TAMAR.

We know that all the prayers, O Lord !  
Which our polluted lips have poured  
Before Thine awful throne,  
Without Thy grace could ne'er suffice  
To wash out our iniquities,  
Our errors to atone.

Yet, oh, if ever brother's prayer  
Hath checked Thy wrath, and bid Thee spare  
A brother in his guile,

Then, Lord our God! the boon repeat,  
And change his heart while we entreat,  
Although our own be vile!

TAMAR (*aside*).

Dear Haran, let my absence grieve thee not.  
I pray thee put no check upon my going,  
Nor ask me whither; I shall soon return—  
I hope ere others have my absence noted.

HARAN (*aside*).

My Tamar, I had rather thou should'st stay;  
For in this awful darkness which prevails  
'Tis hard to choose the path where safety lies,  
So that thou stumble not against the rock,  
Nor tumble headlong down the precipice.

TAMAR (*aside*).

The heart that trusteth on the Lord can fear  
No evil. He will lead my wandering steps.

HARAN (*aside*).

Amen! If love can guide thee on thy way,

Thou shalt not err ; but, oh, take heed—take heed!

[*Exit* TAMAR.

Lo! man of God, the altar is erected;

According to thy word, so we have made it;—

But where the victim for the sacrifice?

WANDERER.

In God's good time the victim shall appear ;

For He hath spoken, and His word is truth.

E'en as He found the ram for Abraham,

He will provide a sacrifice for us.

[*A star appears, which rapidly approaches.*

FIRST VOICE.

Look, look!

SECOND.

At what?

FIRST.

Seest thou not yonder star

That seems so bright ; for 'tis the only one.

Look at it narrowly. Doth it not seem

To grow upon the sight?

THIRD.

Indeed it doth;  
With every look its magnitude increases.

WANDERER.

Lo! it approaches every instant nearer!

*[A pause; during which time it approaches  
and settles on the altar, and, unfolding,  
discloses an angel.]*

ALL.

Our eyes are dazzled with excess of light!

*[They fall on their faces.]*

ANGEL.

All hail, ye children of the Eternal King,  
Who here are met to honour and to worship!—  
All hail! who, trusting to His sov'reign grace,  
Await the victim that the Lord shall send you—  
Who wait to offer sacrifice to Him!  
The blood of bulls, the flesh of rams and goats  
And fragrant incense, yield Him no delight—

A sad and contrite heart, a broken spirit,  
Are offerings far more grateful in His sight  
Than all the blood of spotless hecatombs!  
The broken sigh, which in its bosom bears  
A sinner's penitence, a sinner's grief,  
Is perfume far more fragrant to His nostrils  
Than all the spice of odorous Araby,  
Or all the sweets of golden Ind can yield.  
These have ye offered, and your sacrifice  
Hath been acceptable unto the Lord.  
Though ye are few, and though your griefs are many,  
Your heavenly Father hath not passed you by ;  
And though His wrath be waxed so hot against  
The sons of men for their iniquities,  
That He doth from creation blot the world,  
E'en as ye cast a leper from your sight,  
Or from a filthy spot your garment cleanse,  
He will not hide His face, or hold His mercy  
From them who trust upon His saving strength,—  
Who look to Him for pardon and for succour.  
Yet a short space, oh ! put your faith in Him ;  
And though He heap fresh trials in your path,

And pour new sorrows in your wounded spirits,  
Yet trust ye to His love ; for whom He loveth  
He chasteneth. Thus as a furnace smothered  
By fuel doth in after-time become  
A brighter flame ; so shall it be with you.  
Continue, therefore, as ye have begun ;  
And as the traveller in aërial car,  
Soaring through clouds with rain and thunder black,  
Bursts into skies serene and joyous sunshine,  
Your souls shall rise triumphant from the grave,  
And burst in glory from the gloom of death  
Into the sunshine of eternity,  
To vie in brightness with the seraphim—  
Those blessed spirits, of whom I am the least.  
Hark, hark ! e'en now I hear their symphonies ;  
Their heavenly music swells upon mine ear.  
It summons me from hence—I must away !  
So shall your souls, when they have laid aside  
The chains and trammels of mortality,  
Wing their glad flight to that unclouded shore,  
Where all the host of heaven shall greet their  
coming—

That glorious band, to whom is higher joy  
For one poor sinner that repenteth, than  
For ninety-and-nine just men that need it not.

*[The angel disappears, and all is dark.]*

HARAN.

The vision hath departed—all is dark!

WANDERER.

Without is darkness; but within, within  
The splendour of the vision still remains.  
The light hath shed its glory in our hearts:  
There let it rest, O Lord!

HARAN.

Amen!

ALL.

Amen!

## ACT III.

## SCENE FIRST.

*Top of the Mountain.*

HARAN *alone.*

HARAN.

The dream hath ended, and I am alone.  
Here on the top of this high hill, whereon  
The Majesty of Heaven but now appeared,  
I stand alone—alone in awful shade.  
The man of God hath gone—I know not whither—  
And they, my fellow-worshippers, are not ;  
For when the vision had departed from us,  
And our prophet-priest had left us secretly,  
A damp, cold cloud descended on our heads,



Encircling us as 'twere in liquid ice,  
And carrying with it, even to our vitals,  
The chill, the horror, the despair of death.  
I sunk beneath its influence to the earth,  
Where, alike bereft of consciousness and power,  
I lay—how long, my memory serves me not;  
But now it hath been borne from us away,  
And I awake to find myself alone;  
For all the souls of them who worshipped here,  
Whose voices joined with mine in prayer and song,  
Have in that mist of death been borne away  
To that bright shore for which my bosom longs.  
And I am left alone, alone, alone!—  
By festering corse and hideous carcass hemmed—  
Alone in life, for all around is death;  
Surviving still, though wedded to decay.  
O Tamar! loved one, wherefore art thou gone?  
Why hast thou left me lonesomely to die?  
Oh, had I gone with thee—hadst thou remained—  
The only joy mortality could give  
Had been for us,—the happiness to die  
Locked in the sweet embrace of mutual love—

To render up, with breath still faltering praise,  
Our souls to Him whose hand created them.  
In vain I long; for doubtless thou hast fallen,  
In the deep shade that smooths the path of danger,  
From some high crag. Would I had perished with  
thee!

O God! forgive me that my trust in Thee  
Hath scarcely power to hold me, in my madness,  
From leaping headlong down some precipice,  
And so to draw these sorrows to a close.  
But one dread thought restrains me from the deed—  
The dreadful certainty that with that end  
Must end my dreams of joy, my hope of heaven.  
Lo! I will go. While life is in my veins,  
Ere plague hath laid its heavy hand upon me,  
I may discover yet that form to which  
Her soul gave life and innocence her heart,  
That so our corsees may be joined in death,  
E'en though our spirits mingled not.

## SCENE II.

*Cavern.*TAMAR *and* ANAK.

TAMAR.

O Anak! I have left the worshippers—  
Ay, in the midst of their devotions left them—  
To come to thee, with gentle words and kind,  
To lead thy wandering spirit back from error;  
And yet thou wilt not listen. I have come  
Along the devious path of gloom and danger,  
Leaving behind me all on whom I doat,  
Except this babe, which draws its life from me—  
Have challenged death, and braved my Haran's loss,  
To speak with thee—and yet thou wilt not listen!

ANAK.

Say, did I bid thee come? I bade thee go;

And yet thou wilt return, in spite of all,  
Unwelcome as the messenger of death.

TAMAR.

O Anak, Anak! 'tis not grief I bring—  
I bear glad tidings of exceeding joy;  
I come through perils, that thou lose them not;—  
For thy soul's sake, and thy salvation, come.

ANAK.

Indeed! Feelst thou an interest in my welfare?  
Hadst thou but shewn the same solicitude  
For my well-being in a bygone time,  
Nor, when I asked thy love, my love rejected,  
There had been no need for thee to come to me,  
And, perhaps, no need of my repentance!

TAMAR.

Oh,  
My brother, I was young and giddy then.  
I dreamt not, thought not that the words I uttered—  
Words I've forgotten now, nor heeded then—

Would be so treasured in that breast of thine,  
So graven on thy heart.

ANAK.

I loved thee then ;  
But 'twas not love that stamped thy idle words  
Upon the marble of my heart. No, no ;  
The wounds of love are like the passing breath  
That dims the polished brightness of the mirror—  
'Twas hatred ; ay, 'twas hatred of myself,  
Of thee, of him who gained what I had lost,—  
Of him who wooed and won the hand that spurned  
me—  
'Twas hatred stamped them thus upon my heart.  
The seeds of hate have germinated there ;  
The stony soil hath fed and fostered them.

TAMAR.

Anak ! dear Anak !

ANAK.

Dost thou call me dear?—

Thou, who in scorn hast turned thy back upon me—  
Thou, who hast spurned me for the unsightly burden  
Which God hath heaped upon my helpless shoulders?  
Dear!—dear, forsooth! Keep such delightful titles  
For him whom thou hast chosen—not for me.

TAMAR.

Anak, my brother! talk not thus, I pray;  
If I have sinned against thee, pardon me:  
In that I bring thee peace, forgive me, Anak.  
Oh, by the love thou once didst bear for me,  
Forgive me, and forget!

ANAK.

Forget! thou sayest;  
'Tis well for them who work an injury  
To bid their victim hide it in oblivion:  
As well mightst thou demand the blasted tree  
To bring forth blossoms and to perfect fruit.  
As though, in the refinement of thy malice,  
Thy presence in itself could not suffice  
To call up wrongs that have been heaped upon me,

Thou bringest in thine arms yon sleeping infant,  
The pledge of love to him whom I detest—  
Of love at my humiliation purchased.  
Good God! to think that it should come to this,  
That I must be the sport of such as thou!

TAMAR.

Lo! at thy knees I throw myself, dear Anak,  
That thou mayst yet forgive me, and forget!

*[She throws herself on her knees, and he  
pushes her from him.]*

ANAK.

E'en like a pestilence I cast thee from me!

TAMAR.

O brother!

ANAK.

Call me brother if thou wilt,  
Thou'rt not the less offensive in my sight:  
The sleek-skinned cat is none the less a tyrant  
Because it plays and dallies with its victim!

Yes, I was once a suppliant at thy feet,  
And thou, a woman, spurnedst me with words :  
But now 'tis changed, and thou the suppliant art.  
I am a man, and do not deal in words,  
Or I might spurn thee as thou spurnedst me :  
No ; with the power that was bestowed on me,  
E'en strength of arm, I cast thee from my feet.

*[He pushes her away with great violence.]*

TAMAR.

Oh, Anak !—Hush, poor babe, nor with thy cries  
Increase my misery ; oh, slumber still !—  
Am I, then, Anak, wrong in that I thought  
Thy nature noble, though misled by error ?  
I held thee so ; and never did I deem  
That thou wouldst lift thy hand against a woman,  
Or that thy hate would fall upon an infant.  
Yet, Anak, I forgive thee from my heart ;  
I leave thee not in anger, but in sorrow,  
And pray to God repentance may be shewn,  
While yet 'tis time, by thine obdurate heart.  
Farewell !

*[Exit TAMAR.]*



ANAK.

And she is gone, the hated woman.

To be relieved from her accursèd speech  
Is well; and yet I do not like this place.  
Is it that I have now outlived its pleasures,  
And none is left to share them with me? or  
Is it that I'm encompassed by the dead?  
I see them by the torch's sickly light;  
I shudder at the horrid vacant stare  
They fix upon me with their glassy eyes.  
I know not why, and yet I dare not look—  
Their sight unmans me. God! I cannot stay:  
I'll follow her—'twere better there than here.  
Farewell, ye corses; I'll no longer be  
The centre for your eyes to rest upon.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Half way down the Mountain.*

HARAN *alone.*

HARAN.

I have borne my weary members from the summit,  
And fain would drag them onward; but they fail me.  
What is it makes my limbs so stiff and feeble?  
What is it makes me weak? O God! 'tis strange  
That I, so longing for the hand of death,  
Should dread to meet it when at length it comes—  
That I, who have prayed for shortness of my days,  
Should shudder to compose myself to rest,  
To calmly wait the advent of my doom.  
Yet so it is,—though longing for decease,  
My spirit strives against approaching fate.  
Perchance, if I had friends around my couch,  
Whose kindly lips would soothe me at my end,

I might with less reluctance meet it now.  
I know not; but, alas! I am alone—  
Maybe, of all created creatures, last;—  
And though I long, and though I pray for death,  
'Tis hard for things of perishable clay,  
Whose flesh is formed to feel acutest pain,  
To look it in the face without a shudder;  
To think, with nought attention to distract—  
Nay more, with all around to concentrate  
Our thoughts on gloom, on terrors, and on pains—  
To think of all the pangs by mortals suffered,  
And which, of all the direst, waiteth us!  
I look for peace, and yet I fear to pass  
The Rubicon beyond whose stream it lies;  
E'en as a vessel hovers round the shore,  
Yet fears to tempt the breakers that defend it.  
Thou who didst carry Enoch to thy bosom,  
And bear Elijah from this world of woe,  
Oh, save me from the misery of death!—  
The silence round me is so still and fearful,  
That any sound except mine own is strange;  
And yet I hear a footstep, or mine ear

Deceives me.—Who art thou?

[*Enter* WANDERER.

WANDERER.

I am a man.

HARAN.

Does any live but me?

WANDERER.

I live, alas!

HARAN.

Thou longest, then, for death?

WANDERER.

I long to close

A tedious life of misery and woe—

A life whose highest pleasure was the want

Of pain; whose greatest pain, the want of death.

My speech is strange—thou understandest not:

I speak of times when I had strayed from God.—

But let that pass. I long with thee for death.

HARAN.

O prophet!--for I know thee who thou art—

Tell me, if God hath given thee power to know—  
Tell me of my belovèd one, my wife.  
Thou knowest, perchance, she left me on the mount,  
Intending to return. She came not back ;  
And I have wandered with a lingering hope  
That I might meet with her upon the way.  
But I have strayed, and know not where I am ;  
And, lo ! I feel—why should I fear to name it ?—  
I feel the pestilence hath hold upon me !

## WANDERER.

My son, the Lord who with a cloud by day  
And fire by night did lead the Israelites,  
Will guide us unto her.

## HARAN.

O man of God !

Have pity on thy miserable servant—  
Support my wandering steps to where she is ;  
For, oh, methinks, embosomed in her arms,  
Death would for me be shorn of half his terrors.  
Good father, I entreat thee grant this boon,  
And God will bless thy charity.

WANDERER.

My son,  
I'll lead thee, and the Lord will guide us thither.  
Rest on me thus—fear not to trust thy weight;  
For in this arm, so aged seemingly,  
A strength remains surpassing that of youth.

HARAN.

My limbs do tremble, and my head is dizzy.

WANDERER.

Lean on my arm, and trust thou to my guidance.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE IV.

ANAK *alone.*

ANAK.

What have I done? O God! that Lethe's stream  
Were here, so I might plunge myself therein;

Or that oblivion in its misty whirlpool  
Would swallow up the past, with all its crimes.  
Oh, what a long array of foul offences  
My frenzied spirit conjures up before me!  
Oh, what a list of infamies and shame  
Rises in judgment! Would I might forget!  
Where'er I turn, where'er I strive to flee,  
They face me still, and still, and still pursue me.  
All, all is darkness—all is silence round;  
And yet I see gaunt spectres staring at me,  
And hear shrill voices loud in accusation.  
Christ, I would pray! If prayers might yet avail,  
I'd pray for death—yet not that death which leads  
To life, but that which is annihilation.  
Oh, that I now might sink into the dust,  
And with it melt into forgetfulness!

*[Dim spectre forms pass before him.]*

Away, ye spectres! 'tis not yet the hour;  
I am not hell's till death shall give me up.  
O God! their sight is madness to my soul;  
I shut my eyes, and still they pass before me.  
Away, away! I tell you that I live.

Why will ye thus torment me in my lifetime?  
O Satan! have compassion on my soul;  
Put chains awhile on these my dread tormentors;—  
Give me some respite. Oh, they leave me not!

*[His father's shade passes before him.]*

Whose is this grey-haired ghost that rises now?  
Oh, what a look its venerable features  
Fix upon me! My father! O my father!  
Turn not thy back upon thine offspring thus,  
But leave one blessing—that which once I spurned.—  
Stay, stay, my father! Ah, it is too late!

*[The shades of his fellow-revellers now appear.]*

And who are these, these hideous spectre forms,  
That from the womb of night spring into life?  
Why do you fix your horrid gaze on me,  
And stretch your hands as though to tear me piece-  
meal?

Away, away! I know you who ye are—  
Away, and glut your ire on other victims!

*[They disappear.]*

E'en thus at my command the spectres flee;



But, as they fade, more terrible succeed.

*[The shades of Tamar and her babe  
appear.]*

What are these forms that rise in judgment now?

They are but two, and blood is on their limbs—

The one a babe; the other, she that bare it.

Oh, by that look of kindness in your eyes—

Oh, by that pity which I cannot claim—

Shew me the mercy which I shewed you not,

And leave me. God! the horrid deed itself,

The blood of murder, lifts its voice against me;

The dread accuser shrieks into mine ear

Damnation—the reward of my offences!

Have pity—oh, have mercy, and depart;

Let not your presence add unto my pangs.

*[They leave him.]*

A VOICE.

Anak!

ANAK.

Have not sufficient accusations

Been brought against me to condemn me quite

To lowest hell, with all the scum and outcasts  
That earth hath harboured? Why, then, doth it loose  
Its hounds upon me? See, they're in full cry!  
E'en at my heels they pant to run me down.  
What fresh accuser rises up against me,  
And what new crime hast thou to charge upon me?  
It cannot sink me deeper into hell!

VOICE.

Anak!

ANAK.

Speak on.

VOICE.

I come not to condemn thee:  
I bring no crime, I heap no charges on thee;  
I rather come to soothe thy injured spirit.

ANAK.

Methinks there is a mist before mine eyes,  
Or I should see thy form, as I have seen  
The horrid phantoms that but now have left me.

VOICE.

There is no mist before thee, save the darkness  
That reigns throughout the earth.

ANAK.

How, then, should I  
So plainly see those sights which terrified me?

VOICE.

Frail mortal, 'twas but thine imagination,  
O'erheated and diseased, which conjured up  
Those dreams of horror: in thy mind alone,  
Unreal as the fears that prey upon thee,  
Those phantoms dwelt.

ANAK.

If they, then, were unreal,  
How can I know that 'tis not so with thee?

VOICE.

I am no offspring of thy wanton fancy.  
If I had been, thou wouldst have given to me,

As unto them, consistency and form :  
I am a spirit.

ANAK.

Therefore thou canst mock  
The sufferings that attend mortality.

VOICE.

Not so: I tell thee I have come to soothe thee.  
Why art thou sad?

ANAK.

If thou art what thou sayest,  
Thou knowest.

VOICE.

Yea: it is that thou hast given  
A rich oblation unto him thou servest;  
It is that thou hast slain a sacrifice  
More meet for him than rams—more sweet than goats.  
Why, then, art thou opprest with groundless fears?  
Why art thou sad?

ANAK.

The voice of conscience cries  
Aloud, and tells me of my foul offence.

VOICE.

Fool! dost thou think to dally with me thus?  
Till now thou hast served me well, in that thou hast  
Forsaken God to bow thyself to me,  
Because His chains were galling to thy nature.  
And dost thou dream, then, of returning now  
To Him? It is too late, too late, too late!

ANAK.

I know it.

VOICE.

And know that, in submitting to  
His will, thou dost oppose thyself to mine.

ANAK.

Oh, the foretaste of hell that conscience paints  
Doth make a coward of me!

VOICE.

Hell, forsooth!

Hast thou believed, then, in that book of lies  
Which *He* hath given to terrify mankind?  
On earth the Lord hath power to work thee harm,  
But after death I claim thee for myself;  
And that foul book of blasphemies and lies,  
Which He hath heralded through all the earth,  
Is but to frighten man into submission,  
And to deter the weak from serving me.  
Nay, more: that conscience which torments thee now  
Is but a portion of the shameful scheme  
By which He strives to rob me of your service;  
And 'tis the last outpourings of the spite  
With which He visiteth the sons of clay.  
Believe me, too, I have an antidote  
Against that conscience and its foul effects.

ANAK.

Give me that antidote.

VOICE.

'Tis but a word,

Which, whispered in thine ear, shall give thee strength  
To do my will, and laugh His threats to scorn.

ANAK.

I ask it.

VOICE.

Dost thou swear to worship me?

ANAK.

I do.

VOICE.

Dost thou repent that thou hast murdered  
Thy brother's wife?

ANAK.

Repentance I have none ;  
But when alone, those dreadful thoughts oppress me,  
Which make me shrink within myself, and drive  
Me mad. Steel me against such dreams, and I  
Will do thy bidding ; for thy will is mine.  
Give me the antidote.

[*A pause.*

VOICE.

I hear the approach  
Of footsteps. Slowly to this spot they tend,  
And one is he whom thou dost justly hate ;  
For he hath ever frustrated thy plans,  
And ever mocked, insulted, and despised thee :  
'Twas he who robbed thee of that woman's love  
Whose corse is here.

ANAK.

My brother!

VOICE.

Ay, thy brother.  
He comes to curse thee for the deed ; he comes  
With loud upbraidings framed upon his tongue.—  
Shall he revile thee?

ANAK.

Have I e'er submitted  
To bear rebuke? Not while I've strength of arm,  
Or while I have a weapon to my hand.



VOICE.

The moment comes wherein thou canst avenge  
All the contumelies he hath heaped upon thee ;  
But if that moment slip, 'tis gone for ever.

ANAK.

Oh, for that potion which doth silence conscience !

VOICE.

Prepare the knife, and when its work is done,  
Then will I still the monitor that haunts thee ;  
And till 'tis finished, I will hold a veil  
Betwixt thee and all human eyes ; for one  
Is near whose eye can pierce the gloom of night.

[ANAK becomes invisible.

HARAN (*without*).

Oh, let me rest, I pray thee ! for I feel  
A growing weakness stealing through my frame,—  
Oh, let me rest, for death is hard upon me.

WANDERER (*without*).

A moment more, and this thy toil shall cease ;

For we are close upon the spot to which  
The Spirit of the Lord directed me.  
Fear not to bear thy weight upon my arm.

*[They enter.]*

Oh, what a spectacle doth burst upon me!  
My God, I sicken at the awful sight.

HARAN.

Surely thou now hast brought me to the spot.—  
Where is my wife?

WANDERER.

Who hath accomplished this?  
Whose hand hath wrought this deed of infamy?

HARAN.

Why dost thou terrify me? Tell me, tell me,—  
Where is my spouse? My Tamar, if thou hearest,  
Speak to me, answer me, I do beseech thee!

WANDERER.

O Haran, Haran! I have brought thee hither,  
With fruitless toil, upon a fruitless errand.

HARAN.

Where is she gone?

WANDERER.

Her body is before thee.

HARAN.

Dead?

WANDERER.

Dead—ay, murdered, and by human hands!

HARAN.

O Christ!

WANDERER.

But who hath raised his arm against her  
I know not. Lord, have mercy on her soul!

HARAN.

I die, I die!—oh, lead me unto her!  
Spirit of her whom once I called my wife,  
Where'er thou art—whether upon the wings  
Of joy thou soarest to the courts of heaven,  
Or lingering still, with fond solicitude,

Thou hoverest round me like a guardian angel—  
 I pray thee stay, that, in their flight, our souls  
 May be united, as in life our hearts!

[ANAK *stabs him, and immediately  
 becomes visible.*

I die—I perish! I am murdered! Help!  
 My God, I come!

[*He dies.*

WANDERER.

The murderer stands confessed!

The veil is moved which Satan held before him;  
 In all the foul deformity of guilt,  
 In all the naked loathsomeness of vice,  
 He stands an outcast and a murderer!  
 Well may'st thou quail beneath my gaze, and shrink  
 Within thyself at my accusing words:  
 But not for peace; for from thy bosom speaks  
 A voice more terrible than mine. Look, wretch,  
 Look on thy handiwork; look on those forms—  
 That beauty thy polluted hands have marred!  
 See how the blood is streaming from their wounds!  
 Ay, hide thy hands, for they are red with it.

That blood doth rise in judgment, fiend, against thee,  
And every gaping wound doth scream thy doom!  
Hell yawns beneath thee, greedy to engulf thee,  
E'en as the earth sucks in thy victims' gore,  
And none shall save thee. The tottering arch which  
                  hung

'Twixt thee and heaven hath by thy brother's blood  
Been swept away, which now for ever rolls  
Like some black flood 'twixt thee and happiness,  
Like some hoarse torrent which thou shalt not pass.  
The agony of conscience thou endurest  
Shall never cease. Strike him, ye lightnings, strike!

*[He is struck dead by a flash of  
lightning.]*

So, great Jehovah, let the godless perish!—  
And now, O God! the end hath come upon us.  
How the heart sickens at the contemplation  
Of all the strife, impiety, and sin  
With which Thy creatures have Thy love repaid!  
E'en at its birth did sin pollute the world,  
And at its ending sin pollutes it still.  
The same foul deed that stained its infancy

Doth stamp a plague-spot on it at its close :  
The first, last crime—a brother's blood ! And now,  
Angel of death, impatient for thy stroke,  
I wait thy presence ; for my hour is come !  
Sated with life, I long for thy approach ;  
Yearning for death, I cry to thee for help.

*[The mist appears, and approaches.]*

Lo, lo ! it comes, the mist, the mist of death !  
Welcome its horrors, for they bring me joy !  
I feel its breath, I sink beneath its chill.  
The harmony of heaven doth greet my coming—  
I die, I die ! My King, my God, I come !

*[The mist envelopes him, and he dies.]*

THE END.

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