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B A L L A D S

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON

LONDON

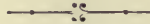
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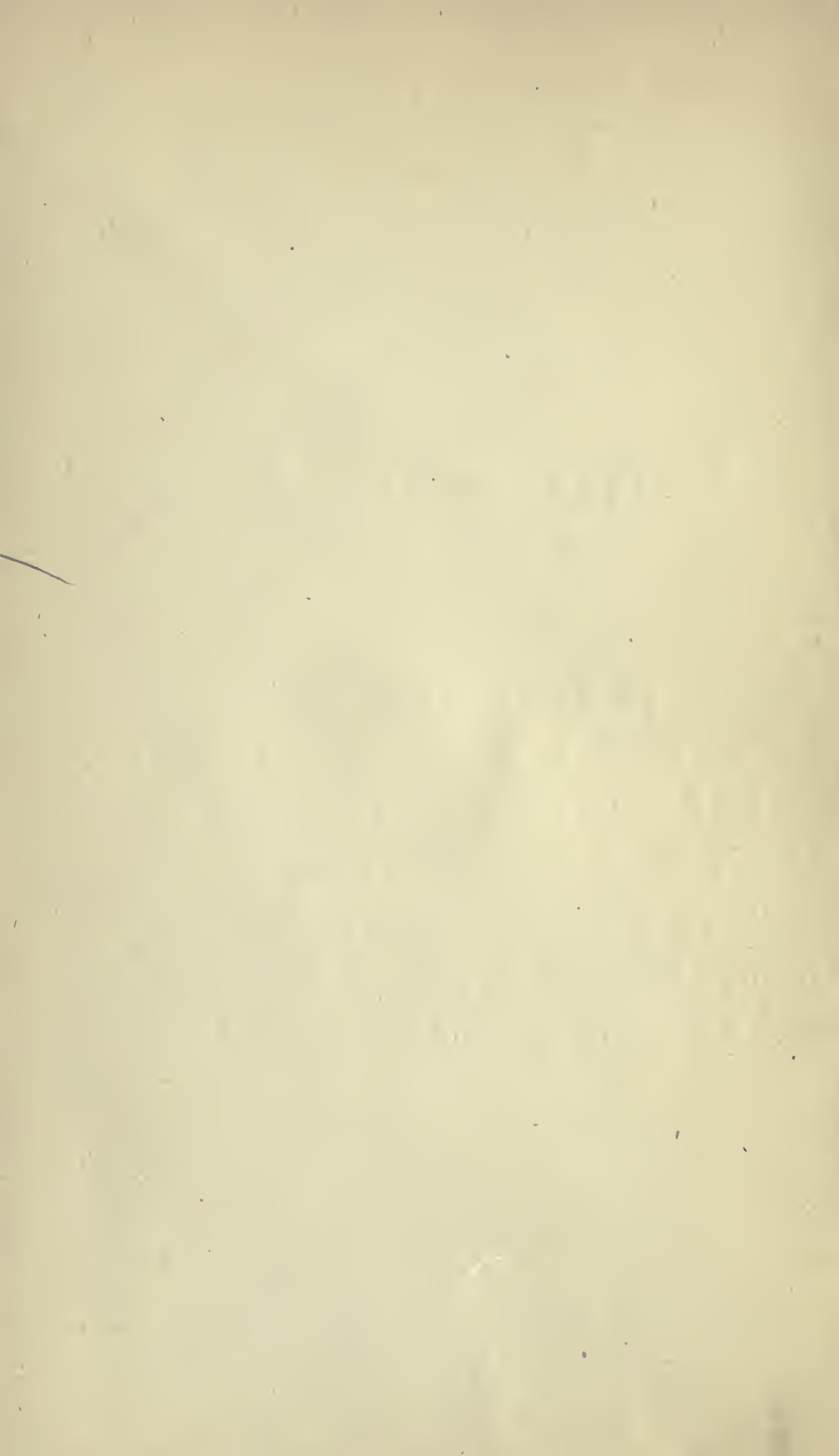
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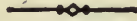
TO  
ALFRED TENNYSON  
MY GRANDSON



Golden-hair'd Ally whose name is one with mine,  
Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine,  
Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,  
O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,  
Glorious poet who never hast written a line,  
Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine.  
May'st thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine!



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*THE FIRST QUARREL.*

(IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.)

I.

‘WAIT a little,’ you say, ‘you are sure it ’ll all come  
right,’

But the boy was born i’ trouble, an’ looks so wan an’  
so white :

Wait! an’ once I ha’ waited—I hadn’t to wait for long.  
Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry.—No, no, you are  
doing me wrong!

Harry and I were married: the boy can hold up his  
head,

The boy was born in wedlock, but after my man was  
dead ;

4)

B

I ha' work'd for him fifteen years, an' I work an' I  
wait to the end.

I am all alone in the world, an' you are my only friend.

## II.

Doctor, if *you* can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my  
life.

When Harry an' I were children, he call'd me his own  
little wife ;

I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he  
was away,

An' when we play'd together, I loved him better than  
play ;

He workt me the daisy chain—he made me the cows-  
lip ball,

He fought the boys that were rude an' I loved him  
better than all.

Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home in disgrace,  
grace,

I never could quarrel with Harry—I had but to look  
in his face.

## III.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's kin, that  
had need

Of a good stout lad at his farm; he sent, an' the  
father agreed;

So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire farm for years  
an' for years;

I walked with him down to the quay, poor lad, an'  
we parted in tears.

The boat was beginning to move, we heard them  
a-ringing the bell,

'I'll never love any but you, God bless you, my own  
little Nell.'

## IV.

I was a child, an' he was a child, an' he came to harm ;  
There was a girl, a hussy, that workt with him up at  
the farm,  
One had deceived her an' left her alone with her sin  
an' her shame,  
And so she was wicked with Harry ; the girl was  
the most to blame.

## V.

And years went over till I that was little had grown  
so tall,  
The men would say of the maids 'Our Nelly's the  
flower of 'em all.'  
I didn't take heed o' *them*, but I taught myself all I  
could  
To make a good wife for Harry, when Harry came  
home for good.



## VI.

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often as happy too,  
For I heard it abroad in the fields 'I'll never love any  
but you ;'  
'I'll never love any but you' the morning song of the  
lark,  
'I'll never love any but you' the nightingale's hymn  
in the dark.

## VII.

And Harry came home at last, but he look'd at me  
sidelong and shy,  
Vext me a bit, till he told me that so many years had  
gone by,  
I had grown so handsome and tall—that I might ha'  
forgot him somehow—  
For he thought—there were other lads—he was fear'd  
to look at me now.

## VIII.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married o'

Christmas day,

Married among the red berries, an' all as merry as

May—

Those were the pleasant times, my house an' my man

were my pride,

We seem'd like ships i' the Channel a-sailing with

wind an' tide.

## IX.

But work was scant in the Isle, tho' he tried the

villages round,

So Harry went over the Solent to see if work could be

found;

An' he wrote 'I ha' six weeks' work, little wife, so

far as I know;

I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' kiss you before I

go.'

## X.

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming  
that day?

An' I hit on an old deal-box that was push'd in a  
corner away,

It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter along wi'  
the rest,

I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornets' nest.

## XI.

'Sweetheart'—this was the letter—this was the letter  
I read—

'You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish  
I was dead—

Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you haven't done it,  
my lad,

An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that  
I had.'

## XII.

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant times that had  
past,  
Before I quarrell'd with Harry—*my* quarrel—the first  
an' the last.

## XIII.

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that  
drove me wild,  
An' he told it me all at once, as simple as any child,  
'What can it matter, my lass, what I did wi' my  
single life?  
I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife;  
An' *she* wasn't one o' the worst.' 'Then,' I said, 'I'm  
none o' the best.'  
An' he smiled at me, 'Ain't you, my love? Come,  
come, little wife, let it rest!

The man isn't like the woman, no need to make such  
a stir.'

But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said 'You were  
keeping with her,

When I was a-loving you all along an' the same as  
before.'

An' he didn't speak for a while, an' he anger'd me  
more and more.

Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, 'Let by-  
gones be !'

'By-gones ! you kept yours hush'd,' I said, 'when you  
married me !

By-gones ma' be come-agains ; an' *she*—in her shame  
an' her sin—

You'll have her to nurse my child, if I die o' my lying  
in !

You'll make her its second mother ! I hate her—an'  
I hate you !'

Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha' beaten me  
black an' blue

Than ha' spoken as kind as you did, when I were so  
crazy wi' spite,

'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'ill all come right.

## XIV.

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watch'd him,  
an' when he came in

I felt that my heart was hard, he was all wet thro' to  
the skin,

An' I never said 'off wi' the wet,' I never said 'on  
wi' the dry,'

So I knew my heart was hard, when he came to bid  
me goodbye.

'You said that you hated me, Ellen, but that isn't  
true, you know ;

I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss me before  
I go ?'

## XV.

‘Going ! you’re going to her—kiss her—if you will,’

I said,—

I was near my time wi’ the boy, I must ha’ been light

i’ my head—

‘I had sooner be cursed than kiss’d !’—I didn’t know

well what I meant,

But I turn’d my face from *him*, an’ he turn’d *his* face

an’ he went.

## XVI.

And then he sent me a letter, ‘I’ve gotten my work

to do ;

You wouldn’t kiss me, my lass, an’ I never loved any

but you ;

I am sorry for all the quarrel an’ sorry for what she

wrote,

I ha’ six weeks’ work in Jersey an’ go to-night by

the boat.’

## XVII.

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out  
at sea,

An' I felt I had been to blame; he was always kind  
to me.

Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'ill all come  
right'—

An' the boat went down that night—the boat went  
down that night.



*RIZPAH.*

17—.

I.

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and  
 sea—

And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother, come out  
 to me.'

Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that  
 I cannot go?

For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon  
 stares at the snow.

## II.

We should be seen, my dear ; they would spy us out  
of the town.

The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing  
over the down,

When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the  
creak of the chain,

And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself  
drenched with the rain.

## III.

Anything fallen again ? nay—what was there left to  
fall ?

I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones,  
I have hidden them all.

What am I saying ? and what are *you* ? do you come  
as a spy ?

Falls ? what falls ? who knows ? As the tree falls so  
must it lie.

## IV.

Who let her in ? how long has she been ? you—what  
have you heard ?

Why did you sit so quiet ? you never have spoken a  
word.

O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of their  
spies—

But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to  
darken my eyes.

## V.

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should *you*  
know of the night,

The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost  
and the fright ?

I have done it, while you were asleep—you were only  
made for the day.

I have gather'd my baby together—and now you may  
go your way.

## VI.

Nay—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old  
dying wife.

But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour  
of life.

I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to  
die.

'They dared me to do it,' he said, and he never has  
told me a lie.

I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was  
but a child—

'The farmer dared me to do it,' he said; he was  
always so wild—

And idle—and couldn't be idle—my Willy—he never  
could rest.

The King should have made him a soldier, he would  
have been one of his best.

## VII.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never  
would let him be good ;

They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he  
swore that he would ;

And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when  
all was done

He flung it among his fellows—I'll none of it, said  
my son.

## VIII.

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I  
told them my tale,

God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him  
for robbing the mail.

They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had always  
borne a good name—

To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—isn't  
that enough shame ?

Dust to dust—low down—let us hide ! but they set  
him so high

That all the ships of the world could stare at him,  
passing by.

God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls  
of the air,

But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him  
and hang'd him there.

## IX.

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my  
last goodbye ;

They had fasten'd the door of his cell. ' O mother !'

I heard him cry.

I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had something  
further to say,  
And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced me  
away.

## X.

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy  
that was dead,  
They seized me and shut me up: they fasten'd me  
down on my bed.  
'Mother, O mother!'—he call'd in the dark to me  
year after year—  
They beat me for that, they beat me—you know that  
I couldn't but hear;  
And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid  
and still  
They let me abroad again—but the creatures had  
worked their will.

## XI.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was  
left—

I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you  
call it a theft?—

My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones  
that had laughed and had cried—

Theirs? O no! they are mine—not theirs—they had  
moved in my side.

## XII.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd  
'em, I buried 'em all—

I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night, by the  
churchyard wall.

My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of  
judgment 'ill sound,

But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy  
ground.



## XIII.

They would scratch him up—they would hang him  
again on the cursed tree.

Sin? O yes—we are sinners, I know—let all that be,  
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will  
toward men—

'Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord'—let me  
hear it again;

'Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering.' Yes,  
O yes!

For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour  
lives but to bless.

*He'll* never put on the black cap except for the worst  
of the worst,

And the first may be last—I have heard it in church  
—and the last may be first.

Suffering—O long-suffering—yes, as the Lord must  
know,

Year after year in the mist and the wind and the  
shower and the snow.

## XIV.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never  
repented his sin.

How do they know it? are *they* his mother? are *you*  
of his kin?

Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the  
downs began,

The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that  
'ill moan like a man?

## XV.

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all very well.  
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him  
in Hell.

For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has  
look'd into my care,  
And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy;  
I know not where.

## XVI.

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all  
your desire :

Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be  
gone to the fire ?

I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may  
leave me alone—

You never have borne a child—you are just as hard  
as a stone.

## XVII.

Madam, I beg your pardon ! I think that you mean  
to be kind,

But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice  
in the wind—

The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call  
in the dark,

And he calls to me now from the church and not  
from the gibbet—for hark !

Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking  
the walls—

Willy—the moon's in a cloud——Good night. I am  
going. He calls.

*THE NORTHERN COBBLER.*

I.

WAÄIT till our Sally cooms in, fur thou mun a' sights<sup>1</sup>  
to tell.

Eh, but I be maäin glad to seeä tha sa 'arty an' well.

'Cast awaäy on a disolut land wi' a vartical soon<sup>2</sup>!'

Strange fur to goä fur to think what saäilors a' seëan  
an' a' doon;

'Summat to drink—sa' 'ot?' I 'a nowt but Adam's  
wine:

What's the 'eät o' this little 'ill-side to the 'eät o' the line?

---

<sup>1</sup> The vowels *aï*, pronounced separately though in the closest conjunction, best render the sound of the long *i* and *y* in this dialect. But since such words as *craïin'*, *daïin'*, *whaï*, *aï* (I), &c., look awkward except in a page of express phonetics, I have thought it better to leave the simple *i* and *y*, and to trust that my readers will give them the broader pronunciation.

<sup>2</sup> The *oo* short, as in 'wood.'

## II.

‘What’s i’ tha bottle a-stanning theer?’ I’ll tell tha.

Gin.

But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun goä fur it down  
to the inn.

Naay—fur I be maäin-glad, but thaw tha was iver sa  
dry,

Thou gits naw gin fro’ the bottle theer, an’ I’ll tell  
tha wny.

## III.

Meä an’ thy sister was married, when wur it? back-  
end o’ June,

Ten year sin’, and wa ’greed as well as a fiddle i’ tune :  
I could fettle and clump owd booöts and shoes wi’ the  
best on ’em all,

As fer as fro’ Thursby thurn hup to Harmsby and  
Hutterby Hall.

We was busy as beeäs i' the bloom an' as 'appy as  
'art could think,

An' then the babby wur burn, and then I taäkes to  
the drink.

## IV.

An' I weänt gäänsaäy it, my lad, thaw I be hafe  
shaämed on it now,

We could sing a good song at the Plow, we could  
sing a good song at the Plow ;

Thaw once of a frosty night I slither'd an' hurted my  
huck,<sup>1</sup>

An' I coom'd neck-an-crop soomtimes slaäpe down i'  
the squad an' the muck :

An' once I fowt wi' the Taäilor—not hafe ov a man,  
my lad—

Fur he scrawm'd an' scatted my faäce like a cat, an'  
it maäde 'er sa mad

---

<sup>1</sup> Hip.

That Sally she turn'd a tongue-banger,<sup>1</sup> an' raated ma,

'Sottin' thy braäins

Guzzlin' an' soäkin' an' smoäkin' an' hawmin'<sup>2</sup> about

i' the laanes,

Soü sow-droonk that tha doesn not touch thy 'at to

the Squire ;'

An' I loök'd cock-eyed at my noäse an' I seeäd 'im a-

gittin' o' fire ;

But sin' I wur hallus i' liquor an' hallus as droonk as

a king,

Foälks' coostom flitted awaäy like a kite wi' a brokken

string.

v.

An' Sally she wesh'd foälks' cloäths to keep the wolf

fro' the door,

Eh but the moor she riled me, she druv me to drink

the moor,

---

<sup>1</sup> Scold.

<sup>2</sup> Lounging.



Fur I fun', when 'er back wur turn'd, wheer Sally's  
owd stockin' wur 'id,  
An' I grabb'd the munny she maäde, and I weär'd it  
o' liquor, I did.

## VI.

An' one night I cooms 'oäm like a bull gotten loese at  
a faäir,  
An' she wur a-waäitin' fo'mma, an' cryin' and teärin'  
'er 'aäir,  
An' I tumbled athurt the craädle an' sweär'd as I'd  
breäk ivry stick  
O' furnitur 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gied our Sally a kick,  
An' I mash'd the taäbles an' chairs, an' she an' the  
babby beäl'd,<sup>1</sup>  
Fur I knaw'd naw moor what I did nor a mortal  
beäst o' the feäld.

---

<sup>1</sup> Bellowed, cried out.

## VII.

An' when I waäked i' the murnin' I seeäd that our  
 Sally went laämed  
 Cos' o' the kick as I gied er, an' I wur dreädful  
 ashaämed ;  
 An' Sally wur sloomy <sup>1</sup> an' draggle-taäil'd in an owd  
 turn gown,  
 An' the babby's faäce wurn't wesh'd an' the 'ole 'ouse  
 hupside down.

## VIII.

An' then I minded our Sally sa pratty an' neät an  
 sweeät,  
 Straät as a pole an' cleän as a flower fro' 'eäd to feeät :  
 An' then I minded the fust kiss I gied 'er by Thursby  
 thurn ;  
 Theer wur a lark a-singin' 'is best of a Sunday at  
 murn,

---

<sup>1</sup> Sluggish, out of spirits.

Couldn't see 'im, we 'eärd im a-mountin' oop 'igher  
an' 'igher,

An' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e shined like a  
sparkle o' fire.

'Doesn't tha see 'im,' she axes, 'fur I can see 'im?'  
an I

Seeäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er  
pratty blue eye ;

An' I says 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an' Sally says  
'Noä, thou moänt,'

But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother, an' Sally says  
'doänt !'

## IX.

An' when we coom'd into Meeätin', at fust she wur  
all in a tew,

But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn together like birds on a  
beugh ;

An' Muggins 'e preäch'd o' Hell-fire an' the loov o'  
 God fur men,

An' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally gied me a kiss ov  
 'ersen.

## X.

Heer wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick like Saätan as fell  
 Down out o' heaven i' Hell-fire—thaw theer's naw  
 drinkin' i' Hell;

Meä fur to kick our Sally as kep the wolf fro' the  
 door,

All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er as well as afoor.

## XI.

Sa like a graät num-cumpus I blubber'd awaäy o' the  
 bed—

'Weänt niver do it naw moor;' an' Sally looökt up an'  
 she said,

‘I’ll upowd it<sup>1</sup> tha weänt; thou’rt laike the rest o’ the  
men,

Thou’ll goä sniffin’ about the tap till tha does it agäan.

Theer’s thy hennemy, man, an’ I knaws, as knaws tha  
sa well,

That, if tha seeäs ’im an’ smells ’im tha’ll foller ’im  
slick into Hell.’

## XII.

‘Naäy,’ says I, ‘fur I weänt goä sniffin’ about the  
tap.’

‘Weänt tha?’ she says, an’ mysen I thowt i’ mysen  
‘mayhap.’

‘Noa:’ an’ I started awaiy like a shot, an’ down to  
the Hinn,

An’ I browt what tha seeäs stannin’ theer, yon big  
black bottle o’ gin.

---

<sup>1</sup> I’ll uphold it.

## XIII.

‘That caps owt,’<sup>1</sup> says Sally, an’ saw she begins to cry,  
But I puts it inter ’er ’ands an’ I says to ’er, ‘Sally,’

says I,

‘Stan’ ’im theer i’ the naäme o’ the Lord an’ the  
power ov ’is Graäce,

Stan’ ’im theer, fur I’ll loök my hennemy straät i’ the  
faäce,

Stan’ ’im theer i’ the winder, an’ let ma locök at ’im  
then,

E’ seeäms naw moor nor watter, an’ ’e’s the Divil’s  
oän sen.’

## XIV.

An’ I wur down i’ tha mouth, couldn’t do naw work  
an’ all,

Nasty an’ snaggy an’ shaäky, an’ poonch’d my ’and wi’  
the hawl,

---

<sup>1</sup> That’s beyond everything.

But she wur a power o' coomfut, an' sattled 'ersen o'  
 my knee,  
 An' coäxd an' coodled me oop till agëan I feel'd mysen  
 free.

## XV.

An' Sally she tell'd it about, an' foälk stood a-gawmin'<sup>1</sup>  
 in,  
 As thaw it wur summat bewitch'd istancead of a quart o'  
 gin;  
 An' some on 'em said it wur watter—an' I wur  
 chousin' the wife,  
 Fur I couldn't 'owd 'ands off gin, wur it nobbut to  
 saave my life;  
 An' blacksmith 'e strips me the thick ov 'is airm, an'  
 'e shaws it to me,  
 'Feéal thou this! thou can't grow this upo' watter!'  
 says he.

---

<sup>1</sup> Staring vacantly.

An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as candles was  
lit,

'Thou moänt do it,' he says, 'tha mun breäk 'im off  
bit by bit.'

'Thou'rt but a Methody-man,' says Parson, and laäys  
down 'is 'at,

An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, 'but I respecks tha  
fur that ;'

An' Squire, his oän very sen, walks down fro' the 'All  
to see,

An' 'e spansks 'is 'and into mine, 'fur I respecks tha,'  
says 'e ;

An' coostom ageän draw'd in like a wind fro' far an'  
wide,

And browt me the bocöts to be cobbled fro' hafe the  
coountryside.



## XVI

An' theer 'e stans an' theer 'e shall stan to my dying  
daäy ;

I 'a gotten to loov 'im ageän in anoother kind of a  
waäy,

Proud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I keeäps 'im cleän an'  
bright,

Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im  
back i' the light.

## XVII.

Wouldn't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart      Naw  
doubt :

But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi' an' fowt it out.

Fine an' meller 'e mun be by this, if I cared to taäste,

But I moänt, my lad, and I weänt, fur I'd feäl mysen  
cleän disgräaced.

## XVIII.

An' once I said to the Missis, ' My lass, when I cooms  
to die,

Smash the bottle to smithers, the Divil's in 'im,'  
said I.

But arter I chaänged my mind, an' if Sally be left  
aloän,

I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taäke 'im afoor the  
Throän.

## XIX.

Coom thou 'eer—yon laädy a-steppin' along the  
streeät,

Doesn't tha 'knav 'er—sa pratty, an' feät, an' neät,  
an' sweeät?

Look at the cloäths on 'er back, thebbe ammost  
spick-span-new,

An' Tommy's faäce is as fresh as a codlin 'at's wesh'd  
i' the dew.

## XX.

'Ere's our Sally an' Tommy, an' we be a-goin to dine,  
Baäcon an' taätes, an' a beslings-puddin'<sup>1</sup> an' Adam's  
wine;

But if tha wants ony grog tha mun goä fur it down  
to the Hinn,

Fur I weänt shed a drop on 'is blood, noa, not fur  
Sally's oän kin.

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<sup>1</sup> A pudding made with the first milk of the cow after calving.

*THE REVENGE.*

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

## I.

AT FLORES in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from  
far away :

' Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-  
three !'

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : 'Fore God I am  
no coward ;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of  
gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow  
quick.

We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-  
three ?'

## II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : ' I know you are  
no coward ;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.  
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick  
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my  
Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

## III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war  
that day,  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer  
heaven;

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from  
the land

Very carefully and slow,

Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down below ;

For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not  
left to Spain,

To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the  
Lord.

#### IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and  
to fight,

And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard  
came in sight,

With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather  
bow.

‘ Shall we fight or shall we fly ?

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die !

There’ll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.’

And Sir Richard said again : ‘ We be all good  
English men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the  
devil,

For I never turn’d my back upon Don or devil yet.’

v.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh’d, and we roar’d a  
hurrah, and so

The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of  
the foe,

With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety  
sick below ;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left  
were seen,  
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-  
lane between.

## VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their  
decks and laugh'd,  
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad  
little craft  
Running on and on, till delay'd  
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen  
hundred tons,  
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning  
tiers of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.



## VII.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us  
like a cloud

Whence the thunderbolt will fall

Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-  
board lay,

And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

## VIII.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought her-  
self and went

Having that within her womb that had left her ill  
content ;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought  
us hand to hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and  
musqueteers,

And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that  
shakes his ears

When he leaps from the water to the land.

## IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far  
over the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and  
the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built  
galleons came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-  
thunder and flame ;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with  
her dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so  
could fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world  
before ?

## X.

For he said ' Fight on ! fight on ! '  
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;  
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer  
night was gone,  
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly  
dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and  
the head,  
And he said ' Fight on ! fight on ! '

## XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far  
    over the summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us  
    all in a ring ;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd  
    that we still could sting,  
So they watch'd what the end would be.  
And we had not fought them in vain,  
But in perilous plight were we,  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate  
    strife ;  
And the sick men down in the hold were most of  
    them stark and cold,  
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder  
    was all of it spent ;

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the  
side ;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,

‘ We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again !

We have won great glory, my men !

And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die—does it matter when ?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her  
in twain !

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of  
Spain !’

## XII.

And the gunner said ‘ Ay, ay,’ but the seamen made  
reply :

‘ We have children, we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to  
let us go ;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another  
blow.'

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the  
foe.

## XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore  
him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard  
caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly  
foreign grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :

' I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant  
man and true ;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!’

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

## XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant  
and true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so  
cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his English  
few ;

Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they  
knew,

But they sank his body with honour down into the  
deep,

And they mann’d the Revenge with a swarthier  
alien crew,

And away she sail’d with her loss and long’d for her  
own ;

When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke  
from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to  
moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-  
quake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their  
masts and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-  
shatter'd navy of Spain,  
And the little Revenge herself went down by the  
island crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.



*THE SISTERS.*

THEY have left the doors ajar ; and by their clash,  
And prelude on the keys, I know the song,  
Their favourite—which I call ‘ The Tables Turned.’  
Evelyn begins it ‘ O diviner Air.’

EVELYN.

O diviner Air,  
Thro’ the heat, the drowth, the dust, the glare,  
Far from out the west in shadowing showers,  
Over all the meadow baked and bare,  
Making fresh and fair  
All the bowers and the flowers,  
Fainting flowers, faded bowers,

Over all this weary world of ours,  
Breathe, diviner Air !

A sweet voice that—you scarce could better that.  
Now follows Edith echoing Evelyn.

## EDITH.

O diviner light,  
Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon with night,  
Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding showers,  
Far from out a sky for ever bright,  
Over all the woodland's flooded bowers,  
Over all the meadow's drowning flowers,  
Over all this ruin'd world of ours,  
Break diviner light !

Marvellously like, their voices—and themselves !  
Tho' one is somewhat deeper than the other,

As one is somewhat graver than the other—  
Edith than Evelyn. Your good Uncle, whom  
You count the father of your fortune, longs  
For this alliance : let me ask you then,  
Which voice most takes you ? for I do not doubt  
Being a watchful parent, you are taken  
With one or other : tho' sometimes I fear  
You may be flickering, fluttering in a doubt  
Between the two—which must not be—which might  
Be death to one : they both are beautiful :  
Evelyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says  
The common voice, if one may trust it : she ?  
No ! but the paler and the graver, Edith.  
Woo her and gain her then : no wavering, boy !  
The graver is perhaps the one for you  
Who jest and laugh so easily and so well.  
For love will go by contrast, as by likes.

No sisters ever prized each other more.  
Not so : their mother and her sister loved  
More passionately still.

But that my best  
And oldest friend, your Uncle, wishes it,  
And that I know you worthy everyway  
To be my son, I might, perchance, be loath  
To part them, or part from them : and yet one  
Should marry, or all the broad lands in your view  
From this bay window—which our house has held  
Three hundred years—will pass collaterally.

My father with a child on either knee,  
A hand upon the head of either child,  
Smoothing their locks, as golden as his own  
Were silver, 'get them wedded' would he say.  
And once my prattling Edith ask'd him 'why?'  
Ay, why? said he, 'for why should I go lame?'

Then told them of his wars, and of his wound.  
For see—this wine—the grape from whence it flow'd  
Was blackening on the slopes of Portugal,  
When that brave soldier, down the terrible ridge  
Plunged in the last fierce charge at Waterloo,  
And caught the laming bullet. He left me this,  
Which yet retains a memory of its youth,  
As I of mine, and my first passion. Come!  
Here's to your happy union with my child!

Yet must you change your name: no fault of mine!  
You say that you can do it as willingly  
As birds make ready for their bridal-time  
By change of feather: for all that, my boy,  
Some birds are sick and sullen when they moult.  
An old and worthy name! but mine that stir'd  
Among our civil wars and earlier too  
Among the Roses, the more venerable.

*I* care not for a name—no fault of mine.

Once more—a happier marriage than my own!

You see yon Lombard poplar on the plain.

The highway running by it leaves a breadth

Of sward to left and right, where, long ago,

One bright May morning in a world of song,

I lay at leisure, watching overhead

The aerial poplar wave, an amber spire.

I dazed; I woke. An open landaulet

Whirl'd by, which, after it had past me, show'd

Turning my way, the loveliest face on earth.

The face of one there sitting opposite,

On whom I brought a strange unhappiness,

That time I did not see.

Love at first sight

May seem—with goodly rhyme and reason for it—

Possible—at first glimpse, and for a face  
Gone in a moment—strange. Yet once, when first  
I came on lake Llanberris in the dark,  
A moonless night with storm—one lightning-fork  
Flash'd out the lake; and tho' I loiter'd there  
The full day after, yet in retrospect  
That less than momentary thunder-sketch  
Of lake and mountain conquers all the day.

The Sun himself has limn'd the face for me.  
Not quite so quickly, no, nor half as well.  
For look you here:—the shadows are too deep,  
And like the critic's blurring comment make  
The veriest beauties of the work appear  
The darkest faults: the sweet eyes frown: the  
lips  
Seem but a gash. My sole memorial  
Of Edith—no the other,—both indeed.

So that bright face was flash'd thro' sense and  
soul

And by the poplar vanish'd—to be found  
Long after, as it seem'd, beneath the tall  
Tree-bowers, and those long-sweeping beechen boughs  
Of our New Forest. I was there alone :  
The phantom of the whirling landaulet  
For ever past me by : when one quick peal  
Of laughter drew me thro' the glimmering glades  
Down to the snowlike sparkle of a cloth  
On fern and foxglove. Lo, the face again,  
My Rosalind in this Arden—Edith—all  
One bloom of youth, health, beauty, happiness,  
And moved to merriment at a passing jest.

There one of those about her knowing me  
Call'd me to join them ; so with these I spent  
What seem'd my crowning hour, my day of days.



I woo'd her then, nor unsuccessfully,  
The worse for her, for me! was I content?  
Ay—no, not quite; for now and then I thought  
Laziness, vague love-longings, the bright May,  
Had made a heated haze to magnify  
The charm of Edith—that a man's ideal  
Is high in Heaven, and lodged with Plato's God,  
Not findable here—content, and not content,  
In some such fashion as a man may be  
That having had the portrait of his friend  
Drawn by an artist, looks at it, and says,  
'Good! very like! not altogether he.'

As yet I had not bound myself by words,  
Only, believing I loved Edith, made  
Edith love *me*. Then came the day when I,  
Flattering myself that all my doubts were fools  
Born of the fool this Age that doubts of all—

Not I that day of Edith's love or mine—  
Had braced my purpose to declare myself :  
I stood upon the stairs of Paradise.  
The golden gates would open at a word.  
I spoke it—told her of my passion, seen  
And lost and found again, had got so far,  
Had caught her hand, her eyelids fell—I heard  
Wheels, and a noise of welcome at the doors—  
On a sudden after two Italian years  
Had set the blossom of her health again,  
The younger sister, Evelyn, enter'd—there,  
There was the face, and altogether she.  
The mother fell about the daughter's neck,  
The sisters closed in one another's arms,  
Their people throng'd about them from the hall,  
And in the thick of question and reply  
I fled the house, driven by one angel face,  
And all the Furies.

I was bound to her ;

I could not free myself in honour—bound

Not by the sounded letter of the word,

But counterpressures of the yielded hand,

That timorously and faintly echoed mine,

Quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of her eyes

Upon me when she thought I did not see—

Were these not bonds ? nay, nay, but could I wed her

Loving the other ? do her that great wrong ?

Had I not dream'd I loved her yestermorn ?

Had I not known where Love, at first a fear,

Grew after marriage to full height and form ?

Yet after marriage, that mock-sister there—

Brother-in-law—the fiery nearness of it—

Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood—

What end but darkness could ensue from this

For all the three ? So Love and Honour jarr'd

Tho' Love and Honour join'd to raise the full

High-tide of doubt that sway'd me up and down  
Advancing nor retreating.

Edith wrote :

' My mother bids me ask ' (I did not tell you—  
A widow with less guile than many a child.  
God help the wrinkled children that are Christ's  
As well as the plump cheek—she wrought us harm,  
Poor soul, not knowing) ' are you ill? (so ran  
The letter) ' you have not been here of late.  
You will not find me here. At last I go  
On that long-promised visit to the North.  
I told your wayside story to my mother  
And Evelyn. She remembers you. Farewell.  
Pray come and see my mother. Almost blind  
With ever-growing cataract, yet she thinks  
She sees you when she hears. Again farewell.'

Cold words from one I had hoped to warm so far

That I could stamp my image on her heart !  
' Pray come and see my mother, and farewell.'  
Cold, but as welcome as free airs of heaven  
After a dungeon's closeness. Selfish, strange !  
What dwarfs are men ! my strangled vanity  
Utter'd a stifled cry—to have vexed myself  
And all in vain for her—cold heart or none—  
No bride for me. Yet so my path was clear  
To win the sister.

Whom I woo'd and won.

For Evelyn knew not of my former suit,  
Because the simple mother work'd upon  
By Edith pray'd me not to whisper of it.  
And Edith would be bridesmaid on the day.

But on that day, not being all at ease,  
I from the altar glancing back upon her,  
Before the first ' I will ' was utter'd, saw  
The bridesmaid pale, statuelike, passionless—

‘No harm, no harm,’ I turn’d again, and placed  
My ring upon the finger of my bride.

So, when we parted, Edith spoke no word,  
She wept no tear, but round my Evelyn clung  
In utter silence for so long, I thought  
‘What will she never set her sister free?’

We left her, happy each in each, and then,  
As tho’ the happiness of each in each  
Were not enough, must fain have torrents, lakes,  
Hills, the great things of Nature and the fair,  
To lift us as it were from commonplace,  
And help us to our joy. Better have sent  
Our Edith thro’ the glories of the earth,  
To change with her horizon, if true Love  
Were not his own imperial all-in-all.

Far off we went. My God, I would not live  
Save that I think this gross hard-seeming world  
Is our misshaping vision of the Powers  
Behind the world, that make our griefs our gains.

For on the dark night of our marriage-day  
The great Tragedian, that had quench'd herself  
In that assumption of the bridesmaid—she  
That loved me—our true Edith—her brain broke  
With over-acting, till she rose and fled  
Beneath a pitiless rush of Autumn rain  
To the deaf church—to be let in—to pray  
Before *that* altar—so I think ; and there  
They found her beating the hard Protestant doors.  
She died and she was buried ere we knew.

I learnt it first. I had to speak. At once  
The bright quick smile of Evelyn, that had sunn'd

The morning of our marriage, past away :  
And on our home-return the daily want  
Of Edith in the house, the garden, still  
Haunted us like her ghost ; and by and by,  
Either from that necessity for talk  
Which lives with blindness, or plain innocence  
Of nature, or desire that her lost child  
Should earn from both the praise of heroism,  
The mother broke her promise to the dead,  
And told the living daughter with what love  
Edith had welcomed my brief wooing of her,  
And all her sweet self-sacrifice and death.

Henceforth that mystic bond betwixt the twins—  
Did I not tell you they were twins?—prevail'd  
So far that no caress could win my wife  
Back to that passionate answer of full heart  
I had from her at first. Not that her love,



Tho' scarce as great as Edith's power of love,  
Had lessen'd, but the mother's garrulous wail  
For ever woke the unhappy Past again,  
Till that dead bridesmaid, meant to be my bride,  
Put forth cold hands between us, and I fear'd  
The very fountains of her life were chill'd ;  
So took her thence, and brought her here, and here  
She bore a child, whom reverently we call'd  
Edith ; and in the second year was born  
A second—this I named from her own self,  
Evelyn ; then two weeks—no more—she joined,  
In and beyond the grave, that one she loved.

Now in this quiet of declining life,  
Thro' dreams by night and trances of the day,  
The sisters glide about me hand in hand,  
Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell  
One from the other, no, nor care to tell  
One from the other, only know they come,

They smile upon me, till, remembering all  
The love they both have borne me, and the love  
I bore them both—divided as I am  
From either by the stillness of the grave—  
I know not which of these I love the best.

But *you* love Edith ; and her own true eyes  
Are traitors to her ; our quick Evelyn—  
The merrier, prettier, wittier, as they talk,  
And not without good reason, my good son—  
Is yet untouch'd : and I that hold them both  
Dearest of all things—well, I am not sure—  
But if there lie a preference eitherway,  
And in the rich vocabulary of Love  
' Most dearest ' be a true superlative—  
I think *I* likewise love your Edith most.

*THE VILLAGE WIFE; OR, THE ENTAIL.*<sup>1</sup>

I.

'OUSE-KEEPER sent tha my lass, fur New Squire coom'd  
last night.

Butter an' heggs—yis—yis. I'll goä wi' tha back : all  
right ;

Butter I warrants be prime, an' I warrants the heggs  
be as well,

Hafe a pint o' milk runs out when ya breäks the shell.

II.

Sit thysen down fur a bit : hev a glass o' cowslip wine !

I liked the owd Squire an' 'is gells as thaw they was  
gells o' mine,

---

<sup>1</sup> See note to 'Northern Cobbler.'

Fur then we was all es one, the Squire an' 'is darters  
an' me,

Hall but Miss Annie, the heldest, I niver not took to  
she :

But Nelly, the last of the cletch,<sup>1</sup> I liked 'er the fust  
on 'em all,

Fur hoffens we talkt o' my darter es died o' the fever  
at fall :

An' I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but Miss Annie  
she said it wur draäins,

Fur she hedn't naw coomfut in 'er, an' arn'd naw thanks  
fur 'er pääins.

Eh ! thebbe all wi' the Lord my childer, I han't gotten  
none !

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäil in 'is 'and, an' owd  
Squire's gone.

---

<sup>1</sup> A brood of chickens.

## III.

Fur 'staäte be i' taäil, my lass : tha dosn' knaw what  
that be ?

But I knaws the law, I does, for the lawyer ha tow'd  
it me.

' When theer's naw 'eäd to a 'Ouse by the fault o' that  
ere maäle—

The gells they counts fur nowt, and the next un he  
taäkes the taäil.'

## IV.

What be the next un like ? can tha tell ony harm on  
'im lass ?—

Naay sit down—naw 'urry—sa cowl !—hev another  
glass !

Straänge an' cowl fur the time ! we may happen a  
fall o' snaw—

Not es I cares fur to hear ony harm, but I likes to  
knav.

An' I 'oäps es 'e beänt boooklarn'd : but 'e dosn not  
 coom fro' the shere ;

We'd anew o' that wi' the Squire, an' we haätes boook-  
 larnin' ere.

## V.

Fur Squire wur a Varsity scholard, an' niver lookt  
 arter the land—

Whoäts or turmuts or taätes—'e 'ed hallus a boöök i'  
 'is 'and,

Hallus aloän wi' 'is boööks, thaw nigh upo' seventy  
 year.

An' boööks, what's boööks? thou knaws thebbe ney-  
 ther 'ere nor theer.

## VI.

An' the gells, they hedn't naw taäils, an' the lawyer he  
 towd it me

That 'is taäil were soä tied up es he couldn't cut down  
 a tree!

‘Drat the trees,’ says I, to be sewer I haätes ’em, my  
lass,  
Fur we puts the muck o’ the land, an’ they sucks the  
muck fro’ the grass.

## VII.

An’ Squire wur hallus a-smilin’, an’ gied to the tramps  
goin’ by—

An’ all o’ the wust i’ the parish—wi’ hoffens a drop in  
’is eye.

An’ ivry darter o’ Squire’s hed her awn ridin-erse to  
’ersen,

An’ they rampaged about wi’ their grooms, an’ was  
’untin’ arter the men,

An’ hallus a-dallackt <sup>1</sup> an’ dizen’d out, an’ a-buyin’ new  
cloäthes,

While ’e sit like a graät glimmer-gowk <sup>2</sup> wi’ ’is glasses  
athurt ’is noäse,

---

<sup>1</sup> Overdrest in gay colours.

<sup>2</sup> Owl.

An' 'is noäse sa grufted wi' snuff es it couldn't be  
scroob'd awaäy,

Fur atween 'is reädin' an' writin' 'e sniff't up a box in  
a daäy,

An' 'e niver runn'd arter the fox, nor arter the birds  
wi' 'is gun,

An' 'e niver not shot one 'are, but 'e leäved it to  
Charlie 'is son,

An' 'e niver not fish'd 'is awn ponds, but Charlie 'e  
cotch'd the pike,

Fur 'e warn't not burn to the land, an' 'e didn't take  
kind to it like ;

But I eärs es 'e'd gie fur a howry <sup>1</sup> owd book thutty  
pound an' moor,

An' 'e'd wrote an owd book, his awn sen, sa I knaw'd  
es 'e'd coom to be poor ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Filthy.



An' 'e gied—I be fear'd fur to tell tha 'ow much—fur  
an owd scratted stoän,

An' 'e digg'd up a loomp i' the land an' 'e got a brown  
pot an' a böän,

An' 'e bowt owd money, es wouldn't goä, wi' good  
gowd o' the Queen,

An' 'e bowt little statutes all-naäkt an' which was a  
shaame to be seen ;

But 'e niver loökt ower a bill, nor 'e niver not seed  
to owt,

An' 'e niver knawd nowt but booöks, an' booöks, as  
thou knaws, beänt nowt.

## VIII.

But owd Squire's läädy es long es she lived she kep  
'em all clear,

Thaw es long es she lived I niver hed none of 'er  
darters 'ere ;

But arter she died we was all es one, the childer  
an' me,

An' sarvints runn'd in an' out, an' offens we hed 'em  
to tea.

Lawk ! 'ow I laugh'd when the lasses 'ud talk o' their  
Missis's waäys,

An' the Missisis talk'd o' the lasses.—I'll tell tha  
some o' these daäys.

Hoänly Miss Annie were saw stuck oop, like 'er  
mother afoor—

'Er an' 'er blessed darter—they niver derken'd my  
door.

## IX.

An' Squire 'e smiled an' e' smiled till 'e 'd gotten a  
fright at last,

An' 'e calls fur 'is son, fur the 'turney's letters they  
foller'd sa fast ;

But Squire wur afear'd o' 'is son, an' 'e says to 'im,  
meek as a mouse,

'Lad, thou mun cut off thy taäil, or the gells 'ull goä  
to the 'Ouse,

Fur I finds es I be that i' debt, es I 'oäps es thou'll  
'elp me a bit,

An' if thou'll 'gree to cut off thy taäil I may saäve  
mysen yit.'

## x.

But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e sweärs, an' 'e  
says to 'im 'Noa.'

'I've gotten the 'staäte by the taäil an' be dang'd if I  
iver let goa !

Coom ! coom ! feyther,' 'e says, 'why shouldn't thy  
booöks be sowd ?

I hears es soom o' thy booöks mebbe worth their weight  
i' gowd.'

## XI.

Heäps an' heäps o' booöks, I ha' see'd 'em, belong'd  
to the Squire,

But the lasses 'ed teärd out leaves i' the middle to  
kindle the fire ;

Sa moäst on 'is owd big booöks fetch'd nigh to nowt  
at the saäle,

And Squire were at Charlie ageän to git 'im to cut  
off 'is taäil.

## XII.

Ya wouldn't find Charlie's likes—'e were that out-  
dacious at 'oäm,

Not thaw ya went fur to räake out. Hell wi' a small-  
tooth coämb—

Droonk wi' the Quoloty's wine, an' droonk wi' the  
farmer's aäle,

Mad wi' the lasses an' all—an' 'e wouldn't cut off the  
taäil.

## XIII.

Thou's coom'd oop by the beck ; and a thurn be  
a-grawin' theer,

I niver ha seed it sa white wi' the Maäy es I see'd it  
to-year—

Theerabouts Charlie joompt—and it gied me a scare  
tother night,

Fur I thowt it wur Charlie's ghoäst i' the derk, fur  
it looökt sa white.

'Billy,' says 'e, 'hev a joomp !'—thaw the banks o  
the beck be sa high,

Fur he ca'd 'is 'erse Billy-rough-un, thaw niver a hair  
wur awry ;

But Billy fell bakkuds o' Charlie, an' Charlie 'e brok  
'is neck,

So theer wur a hend o' the taäil, fur 'e lost 'is taäil i'  
the beck.

## XIV.

Sa 'is taäil wur lost an' 'is booöks wur gone an' 'is boy  
wur deäd,

An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled, but 'e niver not  
lift oop 'is eäd :

Hallus a soft un Squire ! an' 'e smiled, fur 'e hedn't  
naw friend,

Sa feyther an' son was buried together, an' this wur  
the hend.

## XV.

An' Parson as hesn't the call, nor the mooney, but  
hes the pride,

'E reäds of a sewer an' sartan 'oäp o' the tother side ;

But I beänt that sewer es the Lord, howsiver they  
praäy'd an' praäy'd,

Lets them inter 'eaven eäsy es leäves their debts to  
be päid.

Siver the mou'ds rattled down upo' poor owd Squire  
 i' the wood,  
 An' I cried along wi' the gells, fur they weänt niver  
 coom to naw good.

## XVI.

Fur Molly the youngest she walkt awaäy wi' a hoffi-  
 cer lad,  
 An' nawbody 'eärd on 'er sin, sa o' coorse she be gone  
 to the bad !  
 An' Lucy wur laäme o' one leg, sweet-'arts she niver  
 'ed none—  
 Straänge an' unheppen <sup>1</sup> Miss Lucy ! we naämed her  
 ' Dot an' gaw one !'  
 An' Hetty wur weak i' the hattics, wi'out ony harm  
 i' the legs,  
 An' the fever 'ed baäked Jinny's 'eäd as bald as one o'  
 them heggs,

---

<sup>1</sup> Ungainly, awkward.

An' Nelly wur up fro' the craädle as big i' the mouth  
as a cow,

An' saw she mun hammergrate,<sup>1</sup> lass, or she weänt git  
a maäte onyhow !

An' es fur Miss Annie es call'd me afoor my awn  
foälks to my faäce

' A hignorant village wife as 'ud hev to be larn'd her  
awn plaäce,'

Hes fur Miss Hannie the heldest hes now be a-grawin'  
sa howd,

I knaws that mooch o' sheä, es it beänt not fit to be  
towd !

## XVII.

Sa I didn't not taäke it kindly ov owd Miss Annie to  
saäy

Es I should be talkin ageän 'em, es soon es they went  
awaäy,

---

<sup>1</sup> Emigrate.



Fur, lawks ! 'ow I cried when they went, an' our  
Nelly she gied me 'er 'and,  
Fur I'd ha done owt fur the Squire an' 'is gells es  
belong'd to the land ;  
Booöks, es I said afoor, thebbe neyther 'ere nor theer !  
But I sarved 'em wi' butter an' heggs fur huppuds o'  
twenty year.

## XVIII.

An' they hallus päaid what I hax'd, sa I hallus deal'd  
wi' the Hall,  
An' they knaw'd what butter wur, an' they knaw'd  
what a hegg wur an' all ;  
Hugger-mugger they lived, but they wasn't that eäsy  
to pleäse,  
Till I gied 'em Hinjian curn, an' they laäid big heggs  
es tha seesas ;

An' I niver puts saäme <sup>1</sup> i' *my* butter, they does it at  
 Willis's farm,  
 Taäste another drop o' the wine—tweänt do tha naw  
 harm.

## XIX.

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäil in 'is 'aud, an'  
 owd Squire's gone ;  
 I heard 'im a roomlin' by, but arter my nightcap wur  
 on ;  
 Sa I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fur he coom'd last  
 night sa laäte—  
 Pluksh !!! <sup>2</sup> the hens i' the peäs ! why didn't tha hesp  
 the gaäte ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Lard.

<sup>2</sup> A cry accompanied by a clapping of hands to scare trespassing fowl.

*IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.*

EMMIE.

I.

OUR doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen  
him before,

But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come  
in at the door,

Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other  
lands—

Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless  
hands!

Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too  
of him

He was happier using the knife than in trying to save  
the limb,

And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse  
and so red,

I could think he was one of those who would break  
their jests on the dead,

And mangle the living dog that had loved him and  
fawn'd at his knee—

Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such  
things should be!

## II.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children  
would die

But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the  
comforting eye—

Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of  
its place—

Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case :

And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and his face were not kind,

And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,

And he said to me roughly ' The lad will need little more of your care.'

' All the more need,' I told him, ' to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer ;

They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own :'

But he turn'd to me, ' Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone ?'

Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say

' All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.'

## III.

Had ? has it come ? It has only dawn'd. It will come  
by and by.

O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the  
world were a lie ?

How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome  
smells of disease

But that He said Ye do it to me, when ye do it to  
these' ?

## IV.

So he went. And we past to this ward where the  
younger children are laid :

Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek  
little maid ;

Empty you see just now ! We have lost her who loved  
her so much—

Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to  
the touch ;

Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to  
tears,

Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a  
child of her years—

Nay you remember our Emmie ; you used to send her  
the flowers ;

How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to  
'em hours after hours !

They that can wander at will where the works of the  
Lord are reveal'd

Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out  
of the field ;

Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can  
know of the spring,

They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of  
an Angel's wing ;

And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin  
hands crost on her breast—

Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought

her at rest,

Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said ‘Poor little

dear,

Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll never live thro'

it, I fear.’

V.

I walk'd with our kindly old Doctor as far as the

head of the stair,

Then I return'd to the ward ; the child didn't see I

was there.

VI.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and

so vext !

Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot

to the next,



‘He says I shall never live thro’ it, O Annie, what shall I do?’

Annie consider’d. ‘If I,’ said the wise little Annie, ‘was you,

I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,

It’s all in the picture there: “Little children should come to me.”’

(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please

Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)

‘Yes, and I will,’ said Emmie, ‘but then if I call to the Lord,

How should he know that it’s me? such a lot of beds in the ward!’

That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider’d and said:

'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em  
outside on the bed—

The Lord has so *much* to see to ! but, Emmie, you tell  
it him plain,

It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the  
counterpane.'

## VII.

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch  
her for four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no  
more.

That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it  
never would pass.

There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on  
the glass,

And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost  
about,

The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the  
darkness without ;

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dread-  
ful knife

And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would  
escape with her life ;

Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood  
by me and smiled,

And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see  
to the child.

## VIII.

He had brought his ghastly tools : we believed her  
asleep again—

Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the  
counterpane ;

Say that His day is done! Ah why should we care  
what they say?

The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie  
had past away.

*DEDICATORY POEM TO THE  
PRINCESS ALICE.*

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that, which lived  
 True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,  
 Born of true life and love, divorce thee not  
 From earthly love and life—if what we call  
 The spirit flash not all at once from out  
 This shadow into Substance—then perhaps  
 The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise  
 From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm,  
 Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,  
 Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees  
 Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom  
 Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,

And thine Imperial mother smile again,  
May send one ray to thee ! and who can tell—  
Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou  
Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag  
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear  
But that some broken gleam from our poor earth  
May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay  
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds  
Of England, and her banner in the East ?

*THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.*

I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of  
Britain, hast thou

Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-  
cry!

Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd  
thee on high

Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of  
Lucknow—

Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised  
thee anew,

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of  
England blew.

## II

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we  
held with our lives—

Women and children among us, God help them, our  
children and wives !

Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty  
at most.

‘ Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at  
his post ! ’

Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the  
best of the brave :

Cold were his brows when we kiss’d him—we laid  
him that night in his grave.

‘ Every man die at his post ! ’ and there hail’d on our  
houses and halls

Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their  
cannon-balls,



Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our  
slight barricade,  
Death while we stood with the musket, and death  
while we stooped to the spade,  
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for  
often there fell  
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot  
and their shell,  
Death—for their spies were among us, their marks-  
men were told of our best,  
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that  
could think for the rest ;  
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets  
would rain at our feet—  
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that  
girdled us round—  
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth  
of a street,

Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace,  
and death in the ground !

Mine ? yes, a mine ! Countermine ! down, down ! and  
creep thro' the hole !

Keep the revolver in hand ! you can hear him—the  
murderous mole !

Quiet, ah ! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be  
thro' !

Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again  
than before—

Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is  
no more ;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of Eng-  
land blew !

## III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it  
chanced on a day

Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap  
echo'd away,

Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many  
fiends in their hell—

Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell  
upon yell—

Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.

What have they done? where is it? Out yonder.

Guard the Redan!

Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate!  
storm, and it ran

Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side

Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd  
by the tide—

So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who  
shall escape ?

Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are  
soldiers and men !

Ready ! take aim at their leaders—their masses are  
gapp'd with our grape—

Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave  
flinging forward again,

Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they  
could not subdue ;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of Eng-  
land blew.

#### IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in  
heart and in limb,

Strong with the strength of the race to command, to  
obey, to endure,

Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung  
but on him ;

Still—could we watch at all points ? we were every  
day fewer and fewer.

There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper  
that past :

‘ Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold  
unawares—

Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive  
us at last—

Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall  
into theirs !’

Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy  
sprung

Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor  
palisades.

Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your  
hand be as true !

Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your  
flank fusillades—

Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to  
which they had clung,

Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive  
them with hand-grenades ;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of Eng-  
land blew.

## v.

Then on another wild morning another wild earth-  
quake out-tore

Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good  
paces or more.

Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the  
light of the sun—

One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: ' Follow  
me, follow me !'—

Mark him—he falls ! then another, and *him* too, and  
down goes he.

Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but  
the traitors had won ?

Boardings and rafters and doors — an embrasure !  
make way for the gun !

Now double-charge it with grape ! It is charged and  
we fire, and they run.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face  
have his due !

Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us,  
faithful and few,

Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them,  
and smote them, and slew,

That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India  
blew.

## VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do.

We can fight

But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro'  
the night—

Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying  
alarms.

Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and  
soundings to arms,

Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,

Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,

Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-  
holes around,

Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in  
the ground,

Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract  
skies,



Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of  
flies,

Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an  
English field

Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not  
be heal'd,

Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless  
knife,—

Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save  
us a life.

Valour of delicate women who tended the hospital  
bed,

Horror of women in travail among the dying and  
dead,

Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment  
for grief,

Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,  
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that  
we knew—

Then day and night, day and night, coming down on  
the still-shatter'd walls

Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-  
balls—

But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England  
blew

## VII.

Hark cannonade, fusillade ! is it true what was told  
by the scout,

Outram and Havelock breaking their way through  
the fell mutineers ?

Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our  
ears !

All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,  
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with con-  
quering cheers,

Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children  
come out,

Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's  
good fusileers,

Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet  
with their tears !

Dance to the pibroch !—saved ! we are saved !—is it  
you ? is it you ?

Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the bless-  
ing of Heaven !

' Hold it for fifteen days ! ' we have held it for eighty-  
seven !

And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of  
England blew.

*SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD COBHAM.*

(IN WALES.)

My friend should meet me somewhere hereabout  
To take me to that hiding in the hills.

I have broke their cage, no gilded one, I trow—  
I read no more the prisoner's mute wail  
Scribbled or carved upon the pitiless stone ;  
I find hard rocks, hard life, hard cheer, or none,  
For I am emptier than a friar's brains ;  
But God is with me in this wilderness,  
These wet black passes and foam-churning chasms,—  
And God's free air, and hope of better things.

I would I knew their speech ; not now to glean,  
Not now—I hope to do it—some scatter'd ears,  
Some ears for Christ in this wild field of Wales—  
But, bread, merely for bread. This tongue that wagg'd  
They said with such heretical arrogance  
Against the proud archbishop Arundel—  
So much God's cause was fluent in it—is here  
But as a Latin Bible to the crowd ;  
' Bara ! '—what use ? The Shepherd, when I speak,  
Vailing a sullen eyelid with his hand  
' Dim Saesneg ' passes, wroth at things of old—  
No fault of mine. Had he God's word in Welsh  
He might be kindlier : happily come the day !

Not least art thou, thou little Bethlehem  
In Judah, for in thee the Lord was born ;  
Nor thou in Britain, little Lutterworth,  
Least, for in thee the word was born again.

Heaven-sweet Evangel, ever-living word,  
Who whilome spakest to the South in Greek  
About the soft Mediterranean shores,  
And then in Latin to the Latin crowd,  
As good need was—thou hast come to talk our isle.  
Hereafter thou, fulfilling Pentecost,  
Must learn to use the tongues of all the world.  
Yet art thou thine own witness that thou bringest  
Not peace, a sword, a fire.

What did he say,

My frighted Wiclif-preacher whom I crost  
In flying hither? that one night a crowd  
Throng'd the waste field about the city gates:  
The king was on them suddenly with a host.  
Why there? they came to hear their preacher. Then  
Some cried on Cobham, on the good Lord Cobham;  
Ay, for they love me! but the king—nor voice  
Nor finger raised against him—took and hang'd,

Took, hang'd and burnt—how many—thirty-nine—  
Call'd it rebellion—hang'd, poor friends, as rebels  
And burn'd alive as heretics ! for your Priest  
Labels—to take the king along with him—  
All heresy, treason : but to call men traitors  
May make men traitors.

Rose of Lancaster,  
Red in thy birth, redder with household war,  
Now reddest with the blood of holy men,  
Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster—  
If somewhere in the North, as Rumour sang  
Fluttering the hawks of this crown-lusting line—  
By firth and loch thy silver sister grow,<sup>1</sup>  
That were my rose, there my allegiance due.  
Self-starved, they say—nay, murder'd doubtless dead.  
So to this king I cleaved : my friend was he,  
Once my fast friend : I would have given my life

---

<sup>1</sup> Richard II.

To help his own from scathe, a thousand lives  
To save his soul. He might have come to learn  
Our Wiclif's learning : but the worldly Priests  
Who fear the king's hard common-sense should find  
What rotten piles uphold their masonwork,  
Urge him to foreign war. O had he will'd  
I might have stricken a lusty stroke for him,  
But he would not ; far liever led my friend  
Back to the pure and universal church,  
But he would not : whether that heirless flaw  
In his throne's title make him feel so frail,  
He leans on Antichrist ; or that his mind,  
So quick, so capable in soldiership,  
In matters of the faith, alas the while !  
More worth than all the kingdoms of this world,  
Runs in the rut, a coward to the Priest.



Burnt—good Sir Roger Acton, my dear friend !  
Burnt too, my faithful preacher, Beverley !  
Lord give thou power to thy two witnesses !  
Lest the false faith make merry over them !  
Two—nay but thirty-nine have risen and stand,  
Dark with the smoke of human sacrifice,  
Before thy light, and cry continually—  
Cry—against whom ?

Him, who should bear the sword  
Of Justice—what ! the kingly, kindly boy ;  
Who took the world so easily heretofore,  
My boon companion, tavern-fellow—him  
Who gibed and japed—in many a merry tale  
That shook our sides—at Pardoners, Summoners,  
Friars, absolution-sellers, monkeries  
And nunneries, when the wild hour and the wine  
Had set the wits aflame.

Harry of Monmouth,  
Or Amurath of the East ?

Better to sink  
Thy fleurs-de-lys in slime again, and fling  
Thy royalty back into the riotous fits  
Of wine and harlotry—thy shame, and mine,  
Thy comrade—than to persecute the Lord,  
And play the Saul that never will be Paul.

Burnt, burnt ! and while this mitred Arundel  
Dooms our unlicensed preacher to the flame,  
The mitre-sanction'd harlot draws his clerks  
Into the suburb—their hard celibacy,  
Sworn to be veriest ice of pureness, molten  
Into adulterous living, or such crimes  
As holy Paul—a shame to speak of them—  
Among the heathen—

Sanctuary granted

To bandit, thief, assassin—yea to him  
Who hacks his mother's throat—denied to him,  
Who finds the Saviour in his mother tongue.  
The Gospel, the Priest's pearl, flung down to swine—  
The swine, lay-men, lay-women, who will come,  
God willing, to outlearn the filthy friar.  
Ah rather, Lord, than that thy Gospel, meant  
To course and range thro' all the world, should be  
Tether'd to these dead pillars of the Church—  
Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,  
Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack heart, and life  
Pass in the fire of Babylon ! but how long,  
O Lord, how long !

My friend should meet me here.

Here is the copse, the fountain and—a Cross !  
To thee, dead wood, I bow not head nor knees.  
Rather to thee, green boscaje, work of God,  
Black holly, and white-flower'd wayfaring-tree !

Rather to thee, thou living water, drawn  
 By this good Wiclif mountain down from heaven,  
 And speaking clearly in thy native tongue—  
 No Latin—He that thirsteth, come and drink !

Eh ! how I anger'd Arundel asking me  
 To worship Holy Cross ! I spread mine arms,  
 God's work, I said, a cross of flesh and blood  
 And holier. That was heresy. (My good friend  
 By this time should be with me.) 'Images ?'  
 'Bury them as God's truer images  
 Are daily buried.' 'Heresy.—Penance ?' 'Fast,  
 Hairshirt and scourge—nay, let a man repent,  
 Do penance in his heart, God hears him.' 'Heresy—  
 Not shriven, not saved ?' 'What profits an ill Priest  
 Between me and my God ? I would not spurn  
 Good counsel of good friends, but shrive myself  
 No, not to an Apostle.' 'Heresy.'

(My friend is long in coming.) ‘Pilgrimages?’

‘Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil’s-dances, vice.

The poor man’s money gone to fat the friar.

Who reads of begging saints in Scripture?’—‘Heresy’—

(Hath he been here—not found me—gone again?)

Have I mislearnt our place of meeting?) ‘Bread—

Bread left after the blessing?’ how they stared,

That was their main test-question—glared at me!

‘He veil’d Himself in flesh, and now He veils

His flesh in bread, body and bread together.’

Then rose the howl of all the cassock’d wolves,

‘No bread, no bread. God’s body!’ Archbishop,

Bishop,

Priors, Canons, Friars, bellringers, Parish-clerks—

‘No bread, no bread!’—‘Authority of the Church,

Power of the keys!’—Then I, God help me, I

So mock’d, so spurn’d, so baited two whole days—

I lost myself and fell from evenness,

And rail'd at all the Popes, that ever since  
 Sylvester shed the venom of world-wealth  
 Into the church, had only prov'n themselves  
 Poisoners, murderers. Well—God pardon all—  
 Me, them, and all the world—yea, that proud Priest,  
 That mock-meek mouth of utter Antichrist,  
 That traitor to King Richard and the truth,  
 Who rose and doom'd me to the fire.

Amen !

Nay, I can burn, so that the Lord of life  
 Be by me in my death.

Those three ! the fourth  
 Was like the son of God. Not burnt were they.  
 On *them* the smell of burning had not past.  
 That was a miracle to convert the king.  
 These Pharisees, this Caiaphas-Arundel  
 What miracle could turn ? *He* here again,  
*He* thwarting their traditions of Himself,

*He* would be found a heretic to Himself,  
And doom'd to burn alive.

So, caught, I burn.

Burn ? heathen men have borne as much as this,  
For freedom, or the sake of those they loved,  
Or some less cause, some cause far less than mine ;  
For every other cause is less than mine.

The moth will singe her wings, and singed return,  
Her love of light quenching her fear of pain—

How now, my soul, we do not heed the fire ?

Faint-hearted ? tut !—faint-stomach'd ! faint as I am,  
God willing, I will burn for Him.

Who comes ?

A thousand marks are set upon my head.

Friend ?—foe perhaps—a tussle for it then !

Nay, but my friend. Thou art so well disguised,

I knew thee not. Hast thou brought bread with thee ?

I have not broken bread for fifty hours.

None ? I am damn'd already by the Priest  
For holding there was bread where bread was none—  
No bread. My friends await me yonder ? Yes.  
Lead on then. *Up* the mountain ? Is it far ?  
Not far. Climb first and reach me down thy hand.  
I am not like to die for lack of bread,  
For I must live to testify by fire.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> He was burnt on Christmas Day, 1417.



*COLUMBUS.*

CHAINS, my good lord : in your raised brows I read  
Some wonder at our chamber ornaments.

We brought this iron from our isles of gold.

Does the king know you deign to visit him  
Whom once he rose from off his throne to greet  
Before his people, like his brother king ?  
I saw your face that morning in the crowd.

At Barcelona—tho' you were not then  
So bearded. Yes. The city deck'd herself  
To meet me, roar'd my name ; the king, the queen

Bad me be seated, speak, and tell them all  
The story of my voyage, and while I spoke  
The crowd's roar fell as at the 'Peace, be still!'  
And when I ceased to speak, the king, the queen,  
Sank from their thrones, and melted into tears,  
And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice  
In praise to God who led me thro' the waste.  
And then the great 'Laudamus' rose to heaven.

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean! chains  
For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,  
As holy John had prophesied of me,  
Gave glory and more empire to the kings  
Of Spain than all their battles! chains for him  
Who push'd his prows into the setting sun,  
And made West East, and sail'd the Dragon's mouth,  
And came upon the Mountain of the World,  
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains ! we are Admirals of the Ocean, we,  
 We and our sons for ever. Ferdinand  
 Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic queen—  
 Of the Ocean—of the Indies—Admirals we—  
 Our title, which we never mean to yield,  
 Our guerdon not alone for what we did,  
 But our amends for all we might have done—  
 The vast occasion of our stronger life—  
 Eighteen long years of waste, seven in your Spain,  
 Lost, showing courts and kings a truth the babe  
 Will suck in with his milk hereafter—earth  
 A sphere.

Were *you* at Salamanca? No.

We fronted there the learning of all Spain,  
 All their cosmogonies, their astronomies :  
 Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but the golden guess  
 Is morning-star to the full round of truth.

No guess-work ! I was certain of my goal ;  
Some thought it heresy, but that would not hold.  
King David call'd the heavens a hide, a tent  
Spread over earth, and so this earth was flat :  
Some cited old Lactantius : could it be  
That trees grew downward, rain fell upward, men  
Walk'd like the fly on ceilings ? and besides,  
The great Augustine wrote that none could breathe  
Within the zone of heat ; so might there be  
Two Adams, two mankinds, and that was clean  
Against God's word : thus was I beaten back,  
And chiefly to my sorrow by the Church,  
And thought to turn my face from Spain, appeal  
Once more to France or England ; but our Queen  
Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses  
Were half-assured this earth might be a sphere.

All glory to the all-blessed Trinity,  
All glory to the mother of our Lord,  
And Holy Church, from whom I never swerved  
Not even by one hair's-breadth of heresy,  
I have accomplish'd what I came to do.

Not yet—not all—last night a dream—I sail'd  
On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights  
Of my first crew, their curses and their groans.  
The great flame-banner borne by Teneriffe,  
The compass, like an old friend false at last  
In our most need, appall'd them, and the wind  
Still westward, and the weedy seas—at length  
The landbird, and the branch with berries on it,  
The carven staff—and last the light, the light  
On Guanahani ! but I changed the name ;  
San Salvador I call'd it ; and the light  
Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad sky

Of dawning over—not those alien palms,  
The marvel of that fair new nature—not  
That Indian isle, but our most ancient East  
Moriah with Jerusalem ; and I saw  
The glory of the Lord flash up, and beat  
Thro' all the homely town from jasper, sapphire,  
Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius,  
Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase,  
Jacynth, and amethyst—and those twelve gates,  
Pearl—and I woke, and thought—death—I shall die—  
I am written in the Lamb's own Book of Life  
To walk within the glory of the Lord  
Sunless and moonless, utter light—but no !  
The Lord had sent this bright, strange dream to me  
To mind me of the secret vow I made  
When Spain was waging war against the Moor—  
I strove myself with Spain against the Moor.  
There came two voices from the Sepulchre,  
Two friars crying that if Spain should oust

The Moslem from her limit, he, the fierce  
Soldan of Egypt, would break down and raze  
The blessed tomb of Christ ; whereon I vow'd  
That, if our Princes harken'd to my prayer,  
Whatever wealth I brought from that new world  
Should, in this old, be consecrate to lead  
A new crusade against the Saracen,  
And free the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Gold? I had brought your Princes gold enough  
If left alone! Being but a Genovese,  
I am handled worse than had I been a Moor,  
And breach'd the belting wall of Cambalu,  
And given the Great Khan's palaces to the Moor,  
Or clutch'd the sacred crown of Prester John,  
And cast it to the Moor : but *had* I brought  
From Solomon's now-recover'd Ophir all  
The gold that Solomon's navies carried home,

Would that have gilded *me*? Blue blood of Spain,  
Tho' quartering your own royal arms of Spain,  
I have not : blue blood and black blood of Spain,  
The noble and the convict of Castile,  
Howl'd me from Hispaniola ; for you know  
The flies at home, that ever swarm about  
And cloud the highest heads, and murmur down  
Truth in the distance—these outbuzz'd me so  
That even our prudent king, our righteous queen—  
I pray'd them being so calumniated  
They would commission one of weight and worth  
To judge between my slander'd self and me—  
Fonseca my main enemy at their court,  
They send me out *his* tool, Bovadilla, one  
As ignorant and impolitic as a beast—  
Blockish irreverence, brainless greed—who sack'd  
My dwelling, seized upon my papers, loosed  
My captives, feed the rebels of the crown,



Sold the crown-farms for all but nothing, gave  
All but free leave for all to work the mines,  
Drove me and my good brothers home in chains,  
And gathering ruthless gold—a single piece  
Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castellanos—so  
They tell me—weigh'd him down into the abysm—  
The hurricane of the latitude on him fell,  
The seas of our discovering over-roll  
Him and his gold ; the frailer caravel,  
With what was mine, came happily to the shore.  
*There* was a glimmering of God's hand.

And God

Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O my lord,  
I swear to you I heard his voice between  
The thunders in the black Veragua nights,  
' O soul of little faith, slow to believe !  
Have I not been about thee from thy birth ?

Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-sea ?  
Set thee in light till time shall be no more ?  
Is it I who have deceived thee or the world ?  
Endure ! thou hast done so well for men, that men  
Cry out against thee : was it otherwise  
With mine own Son ?'

And more than once in days  
Of doubt and cloud and storm, when drowning hope  
Sank all but out of sight, I heard his voice,  
' Be not cast down. I lead thee by the hand,  
Fear not.' And I shall hear his voice again—  
I know that he has led me all my life,  
I am not yet too old to work his will—  
His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord,  
I lying here bedridden and alone,

Cast off, put by, scouted by court and king—  
The first discoverer starves—his followers, all  
Flower into fortune—our world's way—and I,  
Without a roof that I can call mine own,  
With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,  
And seeing what a door for scoundrel scum  
I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust,  
Villany, violence, avarice, of your Spain  
Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles—  
Their kindly native princes slain or slaved,  
Their wives and children Spanish concubines,  
Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in blood,  
Some dead of hunger, some beneath the scourge,  
Some over-labour'd, some by their own hands,—  
Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature, kill  
Their babies at the breast for hate of Spain—  
Ah God, the harmless people whom we found  
In Hispaniola's island-Paradise!

Who took us for the very Gods from Heaven,  
And we have sent them very fiends from Hell ;  
And I myself, myself not blameless, I  
Could sometimes wish I had never led the way.

Only the ghost of our great Catholic Queen  
Smiles on me, saying, ' Be thou comforted !  
This creedless people will be brought to Christ  
And own the holy governance of Rome.'

But who could dream that we, who bore the Cross  
Thither, were excommunicated there,  
For curbing crimes that scandalised the Cross,  
By him, the Catalonian Minorite,  
Rome's Vicar in our Indies ? who believe  
These hard memorials of our truth to Spain  
Clung closer to us for a longer term

Than any friend of ours at Court? and yet  
Pardon—too harsh, unjust. I am rack'd with pains.

You see that I have hung them by my bed,  
And I will have them buried in my grave.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are God's  
Own voice to justify the dead—perchance  
Spain once the most chivalric race on earth,  
Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest realm on earth,  
So made by me, may seek to unbury me,  
To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,  
Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain.  
Then some one standing by my grave will say,  
'Behold the bones of Christopher Colòn'—  
'Ay, but the chains, what do *they* mean—the  
chains?'—

I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain

Who then will have to answer, ' These same chains  
Bound these same bones back thro' the Atlantic sea,  
Which he unchain'd for all the world to come.'

O Queen of Heaven who seest the souls in Hell  
And purgatory, I suffer all as much  
As they do—for the moment. Stay, my son  
Is here anon: my son will speak for me  
Ablier than I can in these spasms that grind  
Bone against bone. You will not. One last word.

You move about the Court, I pray you tell  
King Ferdinand who plays with me, that one,  
Whose life has been no play with him and his  
Hidalgos—shipwrecks, famines, fevers, fights,  
Mutinies, treacheries—wink'd at, and condoned—  
That I am loyal to him till the death,  
And ready—tho' our Holy Catholic Queen,

Who fain had pledged her jewels on my first voyage,  
Whose hope was mine to spread the Catholic faith,  
Who wept with me when I return'd in chains,  
Who sits beside the blessed Virgin now,  
To whom I send my prayer by night and day—  
She is gone—but you will tell the King, that I,  
Rack'd as I am with gout, and wrench'd with pains  
Gain'd in the service of His Highness, yet  
Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,  
And readier, if the King would hear, to lead  
One last crusade against the Saracen,  
And save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted: you have dared  
Somewhat perhaps in coming? my poor thanks!  
I am but an alien and a Genovese.

*THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.*

(FOUNDED ON AN IRISH LEGEND. A.D. 700.)

## I.

I WAS the chief of the race—he had stricken my father  
dead—

But I gather'd my fellows together, I swore I would  
strike off his head.

Each of them look'd like a king, and was noble in  
birth as in worth,

And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest  
race upon earth.

Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero  
of song,

And each of them liefer had died than have done one  
another a wrong.



*He* lived on an isle in the ocean—we sail'd on a  
Friday morn—

He that had slain my father the day before I was  
born.

## II.

And we came to the isle in the ocean, and there on  
the shore was he.

But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a  
boundless sea.

## III.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had  
touch'd at before,

Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore,  
And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without  
sound, and the long waterfalls

Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base of the  
mountain walls,

And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm  
flourish'd up beyond sight,

And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an un-  
believable height,

And high in the heaven above it there flicker'd a  
songless lark,

And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't  
low, and the dog couldn't bark.

And round it we went, and thro' it, but never a  
murmur, a breath—

It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death,  
And we hated the beautiful Isle, for whenever we  
strove to speak

Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flitter-  
mouse-shriek ;

And the men that were mighty of tongue and could  
raise such a battle-cry

That a hundred who heard it would rush on a  
thousand lances and die—

O they to be dumb'd by the charm!—so fluster'd  
with anger were they  
They almost fell on each other; but after we sail'd  
away.

## IV.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we landed, a  
score of wild birds

Cried from the topmost summit with human voices  
and words;

Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their  
voices peal'd

The steer fell down at the plow and the harvest  
died from the field,

And the men dropt dead in the valleys and half of  
the cattle went lame,

And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling  
broke into flame;

And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the  
hearts of my crew,

• Till they shouted along with the shouting and seized  
one another and slew ;

But I drew them the one from the other ; I saw that  
we could not stay,

And we left the dead to the birds and we sail'd with  
our wounded away.

## v.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers : their breath met  
us out on the seas,

For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on  
the lap of the breeze ;

And the red passion-flower to the cliffs, and the dark  
blue clematis, clung,

And starr'd with a myriad blossom the long con-  
volvulus hung ;

And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in  
lieu of snow,

And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out  
below

Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of  
gorse, and the blush

Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a  
thorn from the bush ;

And the whole isle-side flashing down from the peak  
without ever a tree

Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the  
blue of the sea ;

And we roll'd upon capes of crocus and vaunted our  
kith and our kin,

And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and chanted the  
triumph of Finn,

Till each like a golden image was pollen'd from head  
to feet

And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the  
middle-day heat.

Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but  
never a fruit !

And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle  
that was mute,

And we tore up the flowers by the million and flung  
them in bight and bay,

And we left but a naked rock, and in anger we sail'd  
away.

VI.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits : all round from  
the cliffs and the capes,

Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of  
grapes,

And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the  
tawny sand,

And the fig ran up from the beach and rioted over  
the land,

And the mountain arose like a jewell'd throne thro'  
the fragrant air,

Glowing with all-colour'd plums and with golden  
masses of pear,

And the crimson and scarlet of berries that flamed  
upon bine and vine,

But in every berry and fruit was the poisonous  
pleasure of wine ;

And the peak of the mountain was apples, the hugest  
that ever were seen,

And they prest, as they grew, on each other, with  
hardly a leaflet between,

And all of them redder than rosiest health or than  
uttestest shame,

And setting, when Even descended, the very sunset  
    afame ;

And we stay'd three days, and we gorged and we  
    madden'd, till every one drew

His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they  
    struck and they slew ;

And myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I  
    sunder'd the fray,

Then I bad them remember my father's death, and we  
    sail'd away.

## VII.

And we came to the Isle of Fire : we were lured by  
    the light from afar,

For the peak sent up one league of fire to the  
    Northern Star ;



Lured by the glare and the blare, but scarcely could  
stand upright,

For the whole isle shudder'd and shook like a man in  
a mortal affright ;

We were giddy besides with the fruits we had  
gorged, and so crazed that at last

There were some leap'd into the fire ; and away we  
sail'd, and we past

Over that undersea isle, where the water is clearer  
than air :

Down we look'd : what a garden ! O bliss, what a  
Paradise there !

Towers of a happier time, low down in a rainbow deep  
Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep !

And three of the gentlest and best of my people,  
whate'er I could say,

Plunged head down in the sea, and the Paradise  
trembled away.

## VIII.

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where the  
    heavens lean low on the land,  
And ever at dawn from the cloud glitter'd o'er us a  
    sunbright hand,  
Then it open'd and dropt at the side of each man, as  
    he rose from his rest,  
Bread enough for his need till the labourless day dipt  
    under the West ;  
And we wander'd about it and thro' it. O never was  
    time so good !  
And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and the boast  
    of our ancient blood,  
And we gazed at the wandering wave as we sat by the  
    gurgle of springs,  
And we chanted the songs of the Bards and the  
    glories of fairy kings ;

But at length we began to be weary, to sigh, and to  
stretch and yawn,  
Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the sunbright  
hand of the dawn,  
For there was not an enemy near, but the whole  
green Isle was our own,  
And we took to playing at ball, and we took to  
throwing the stone,  
And we took to playing at battle, but that was a  
perilous play,  
For the passion of battle was in us, we slew and we  
sail'd away.

## IX.

And we came to the Isle of Witches and heard their  
musical cry—  
'Come to us, O come, come' in the stormy red of a  
sky

Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn on the  
    beautiful shapes,  
For a wild witch naked as heaven stood on each of the  
    loftiest capes,  
And a hundred ranged on the rock like white sea-  
    birds in a row,  
And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced on the wrecks  
    in the sand below,  
And a hundred splash'd from the ledges, and bosom'd  
    the burst of the spray,  
But I knew we should fall on each other, and hastily  
    sail'd away.

## x.

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the  
    Double Towers  
One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved all over with  
    flowers

But an earthquake always moved in the hollows under  
the dells,

And they shock'd on each other and butted each other  
with clashing of bells,

And the daws flew out of the Towers and jangled and  
wrangled in vain,

And the clash and boom of the bells rang into the  
heart and the brain,

Till the passion of battle was on us, and all took sides  
with the Towers,

There were some for the clean-cut stone, there were  
more for the carven flowers,

And the wrathful thunder of God peal'd over us all  
the day,

For the one half slew the other, and after we sail'd  
away.

## XI.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sail'd  
with St. Brendan of yore,

He had lived ever since on the Isle and his winters  
were fifteen score,

And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his  
eyes were sweet,

And his white hair sank to his heels and his white  
beard fell to his feet,

And he spake to me, 'O Maeldune, let be this purpose  
of thine !

Remember the words of the Lord when he told us  
" Vengeance is mine ! "

His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or in single  
strife,

Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taken a life  
for a life,

Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the  
murder last ?

Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the Past to be  
Past.'

And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard and we pray'd  
as we heard him pray,

And the Holy man he assoil'd us, and sadly we sail'd  
away.

## XII.

And we came to the Isle we were blown from, and  
there on the shore was he,

The man that had slain my father. I saw him and  
let him be.

O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife  
and the sin,

When I landed again, with a tithe of my men, on the  
Isle of Finn.

*DE PROFUNDIS.*

## THE TWO GREETINGS.

## I.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
 Where all that was to be, in all that was,  
 Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast  
 Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddying light—  
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
 Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,  
 And every phase of ever-heightening life,  
 And nine long months of antenatal gloom,  
 With this last moon, this crescent—her dark orb  
 Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest, darling  
 boy ;



Our own ; a babe in lineament and limb  
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man ;  
Whose face and form are hers and mine in one,  
Indissolubly married like our love ;  
Live, and be happy in thyself, and serve  
This mortal race thy kin so well, that men  
May bless thee as we bless thee, O young life  
Breaking with laughter from the dark ; and may  
The fated channel where thy motion lives  
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy course  
Along the years of haste and random youth  
Unshatter'd ; then full-current thro' full man ;  
And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,  
By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,  
To that last deep where we and thou are still.

## II.

## I.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
From that great deep, before our world begins,  
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he will—  
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
From that true world within the world we see,  
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore—  
Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,  
With this ninth moon, that sends the hidden sun  
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling boy.

## II.

For in the world, which is not ours, They said  
'Let us make man' and that which should be man,  
From that one light no man can look upon,  
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and moons  
And all the shadows. O dear Spirit half-lost  
In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign  
That thou art thou—who wailest being born  
And banish'd into mystery, and the pain  
Of this divisible-indivisible world,  
Among the numerable-innumerable  
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space  
In finite-infinite Time—our mortal veil  
And shatter'd phantom of that infinite One,  
Who made thee unconceivably Thyself  
Out of His whole World-self and all in all—  
Live thou! and of the grain and husk, the grape

And ivyberry, choose ; and still depart  
From death to death thro' life and life, and find  
Nearer and ever nearer Him, who wrought  
Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite,  
But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,  
With power on thine own act and on the world.

## THE HUMAN CRY.

## I.

HALLOWED be Thy name—Halleluiah!—

Infinite Ideality!

Immeasurable Reality!

Infinite Personality!

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!

## II.

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee;

We feel we are something—*that* also has come from

Thee;

We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help us

to be.

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!

*PREFATORY SONNET*

TO THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

THOSE that of late had fleeted far and fast  
 To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill  
 Of others their old craft seaworthy still,  
 Have charter'd this ; where, mindful of the past,  
 Our true co-mates regather round the mast ;  
 Of diverse tongue, but with a common will  
 Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil  
 And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast ;  
 For some, descending from the sacred peak  
 Of hoar high-templed Faith, have leagued again  
 Their lot with ours to rove the world about ;  
 And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek  
 If any golden harbour be for men  
 In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt.

TO THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD.

BROOKS, for they call'd you so that knew you best,  
 Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,  
 How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes !  
 How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,  
 Would echo helpless laughter to your jest !  
 How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,  
 Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,  
 Who loved you well ! Now both are gone to rest.  
 Yon man of humourous melancholy mark,  
 Dead of some inward agony—is it so ?  
 Our kindlier, trustier Jaques, past away !  
 I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark :  
 Σκιᾶς ὄναρ—dream of a shadow, go—  
 God bless you. I shall join you in a day.

*MONTENEGRO.*

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle sails,  
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,  
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night  
Against the Turk ; whose inroad nowhere scales  
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,  
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight  
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone fight  
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.  
O smallest among peoples ! rough rock-throne  
Of Freedom ! warriors beating back the swarm  
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,  
Great Tsernogora ! never since thine own  
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm  
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.



*TO VICTOR HUGO.*

VICTOR in Drama, Victor in Romance,  
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,  
French of the French, and Lord of human tears ;  
Child-lover ; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance  
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,  
Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers ;  
Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years  
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France !  
Who dost not love our England—so they say ;  
I know not—England, France, all man to be  
Will make one people ere man's race be run :  
And I, desiring that diviner day,  
Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy  
To younger England in the boy my son.



TRANSLATIONS, ETC.



## BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

Constantinus, King of the Scots, after having sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading England, was defeated by Athelstan and his brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunanburh in the year 937.

### I.

<sup>1</sup> ATHELSTAN King,  
Lord among Earls,  
Bracelet-bestower and  
Baron of Barons,  
He with his brother,  
Edmund Atheling,

---

<sup>1</sup> I have more or less availed myself of my son's prose translation of this poem in the *Contemporary Review* (November 1876).

Gaining a lifelong  
Glory in battle,  
Slew with the sword-edge  
There by Brunanburh,  
Brake the shield-wall,  
Hew'd the lindenwood,<sup>1</sup>  
Hack'd the battleshield,  
Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.

## II.

Theirs was a greatness  
Got from their Grandsires—  
Theirs that so often in  
Strife with their enemies  
Struck for their hoards and their hearths and their  
homes.

---

<sup>1</sup> Shields of lindenwood.

## III.

Bow'd the spoiler,  
Bent the Scotsman,  
Fell the shipcrews  
Doom'd to the death.

All the field with blood of the fighters

Flow'd, from when first the great  
Sun-star of morningtide,  
Lamp of the Lord God  
Lord everlasting,

Glode over earth till the glorious creature

Sunk to his setting.

## IV.

There lay many a man  
Marr'd by the javelin,

Men of the Northland

Shot over shield.

There was the Scotsman

Weary of war.

v.

We the West-Saxons,

Long as the daylight

Lasted, in companies

Troubled the track of the host that we hated,

Grimly with swords that were sharp from the grind-  
stone,

Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before us.

vi.

Mighty the Mercian,

Hard was his hand-play,



Sparing not any of  
Those that with Anlaf,  
Warriors over the  
Weltering waters  
Borne in the bark's-bosom,  
Drew to this island,  
Doom'd to the death.

## VII.

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-stroke,  
Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf  
Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,  
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

## VIII.

Then the Norse leader,  
Dire was his need of it,

Few were his following,  
Fled to his warship :  
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king in it,  
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

## IX.

Also the crafty one,  
Constantínus,  
Crept to his North again,  
Hoar-headed hero !

## X.

Slender reason had  
*He* to be proud of  
The welcome of war-knives—  
He that was reft of his  
Folk and his friends that had

Fallen in conflict,  
Leaving his son too  
Lost in the carnage,  
Mangled to morsels,  
A youngster in war !

## XI.

Slender reason had  
*He* to be glad of  
The clash of the war-glaive—  
Traitor and trickster  
And spurner of treaties—  
He nor had Anlaf  
With armies so broken  
A reason for bragging  
That they had the better  
In perils of battle  
On places of slaughter—

The struggle of standards,  
 The rush of the javelins,  
 The crash of the charges,<sup>1</sup>  
 The wielding of weapons—  
 The play that they play'd with  
 The children of Edward.

## XII.

Then with their nail'd prows  
 Parted the Norsemen, a  
 Blood-redden'd relic of  
 Javelins over  
 The jarring breaker, the deepsea billow,  
 Shaping their way toward Dyflen <sup>2</sup> again,  
 Shamed in their souls.

---

<sup>1</sup> Lit. 'the gathering of men.'

<sup>2</sup> Dublin.

## XIII.

Also the brethren,  
King and Atheling,  
Each in his glory,  
Went to his own in his own West-Saxonland,  
Glad of the war.

## XIV.

Many a carcase they left to be carrion,  
Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin—  
Left for the white-tail'd eagle to tear it, and  
Left for the horny-nibb'd raven to rend it, and  
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and  
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

## XV.

Never had huger  
Slaughter of heroes  
Slain by the sword-edge—  
Such as old writers  
Have writ of in histories—  
Hapt in this isle, since  
Up from the East hither  
Saxon and Angle from  
Over the broad billow  
Broke into Britain with  
Haughty war-workers who  
Harried the Welshman, when  
Earls that were lured by the  
Hunger of glory gat  
Hold of the land.

*ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.*

ILIAD, xviii. 202.

So saying, light-foot Iris pass'd away.

Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus ; and round

The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas flung

Her fringed ægis, and around his head

The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden cloud,

And from it lighted an all-shining flame.

As when a smoke from a city goes to heaven

Far off from out an island girt by foes,

All day the men contend in grievous war

From their own city, but with set of sun

Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the glare

Flies streaming, if perchance the neighbours round  
May see, and sail to help them in the war ;  
So from his head the splendour went to heaven.  
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood, nor join'd  
The Achæans—honouring his wise mother's word—  
There standing, shouted, and Pallas far away  
Call'd ; and a boundless panic shook the foe.  
For like the clear voice when a trumpet shrills,  
Blown by the fierce beleaguèrers of a town,  
So rang the clear voice of Æakidês ;  
And when the brazen cry of Æakidês  
Was heard among the Trojans, all their hearts  
Were troubled, and the full-maned horses whirl'd  
The chariots backward, knowing griefs at hand ;  
And sheer-astounded were the charioteers  
To see the dread, unweariable fire  
That always o'er the great Peleion's head  
Burn'd, for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.



Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty shout,  
Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and allies ;  
And there and then twelve of their noblest died  
Among their spears and chariots.

*TO THE PRINCESS FREDERICA  
ON HER MARRIAGE.*

O you that were eyes and light to the King till he past  
away

From the darkness of life—

He saw not his daughter—he blest her : the blind King  
sees you to-day,

He blesses the wife.

*SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.*

ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Not here ! the white North has thy bones ; and thou,  
Heroic sailor-soul,  
Art passing on thine happier voyage now  
Toward no-earthly pole.

*TO DANTE.*

(WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF THE FLORENTINES.)

KING, that hast reign'd six hundred years, and grown  
In power, and ever growest, since thine own  
Fair Florence honouring thy nativity,  
Thy Florence now the crown of Italy,  
Hath sought the tribute of a verse from me,  
I, wearing but the garland of a day,  
Cast at thy feet one flower that fades away.



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