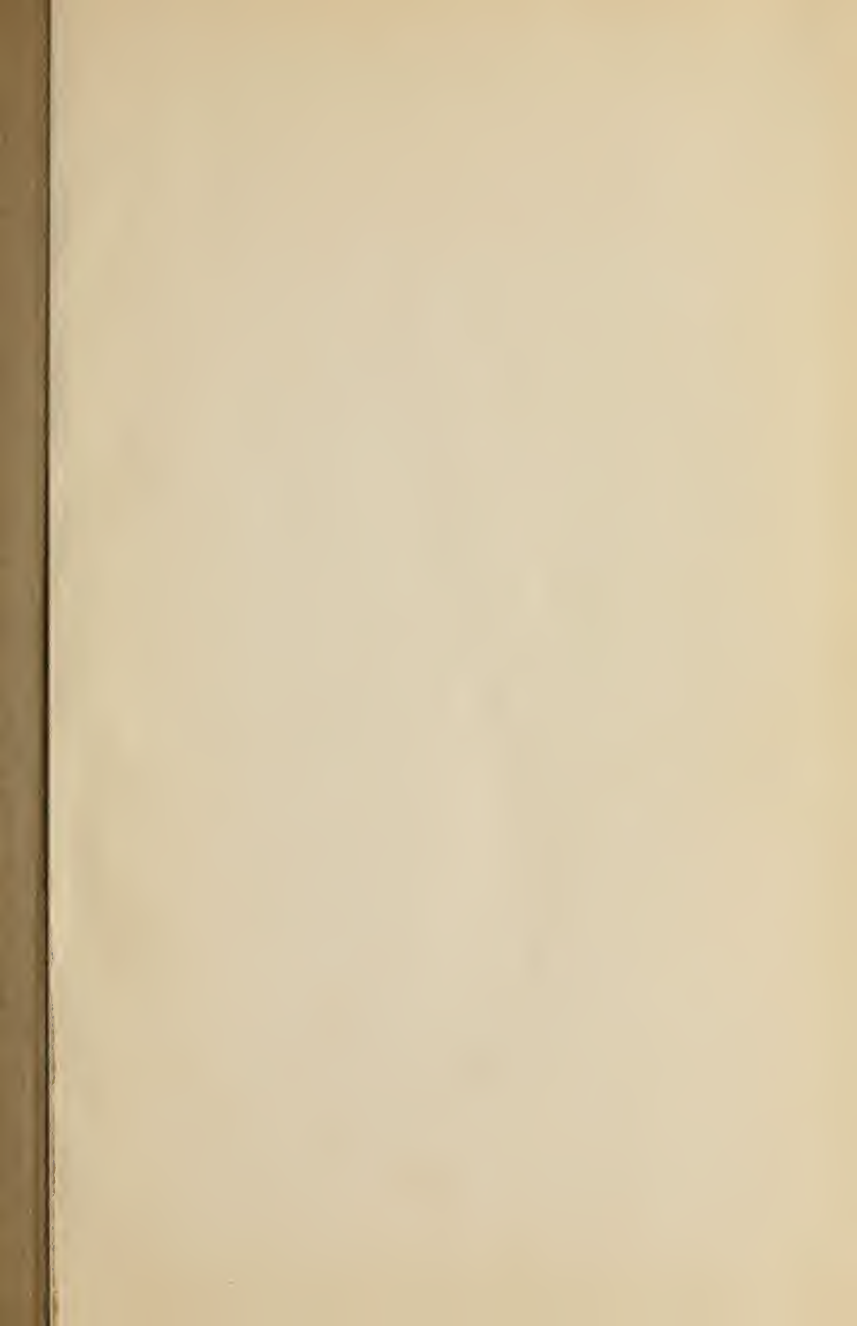


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TO THE  
ANNALS



Engraved by

W. B. Fryer sculp.

Robert Southey

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OXFORD EDITION

. Poems. of  
ROBERT SOUTHEY

CONTAINING

THALABA, THE CURSE OF KEHAMA  
RODERICK, MADOC, A TALE OF PARAGUAY  
AND SELECTED MINOR POEMS

EDITED BY

MAURICE H. FITZGERALD, M.A.



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## EDITOR'S PREFACE

'Few people,' it has been said, 'have written so much and so well as Southey, and have been so little read.' The remark refers to his work as a whole—in prose as well as in verse—but it is singularly applicable to his poetry. As a poet Southey is now scarcely known, save as the author of the lines beginning: 'My days among the Dead are past,' and of a few ballads such as *The Battle of Blenheim* and *The Inchcape Rock*, which are learnt by children in the nursery. The general estimation in which he is held may be illustrated by the *obiter dictum* in a recent review, that 'it is impossible to take Southey as a poet seriously'; and he is usually condemned as unreadable without a trial. But it is surely impossible to accept so summary a verdict—a verdict, be it remarked, which is in direct contradiction to that pronounced upon Southey's poetry by the most competent judges of his own day. No one, indeed, would pretend that Southey was one of the greatest of English poets. His position in our poetical hierarchy is far more modest. But a man may attain to an honourable place on the roll of Parnassus, although he fall considerably short of the highest rank, and in his lifetime Southey had no cause to fear the judgement of his peers. The praise bestowed upon his poetry by S. T. Coleridge, and by W. S. Landor, might perhaps be discounted on the ground that each of these two critics was influenced by close personal friendship for its author. But we may cite the opinions of other men free from any suspicion of such bias and equally well qualified to speak. In 1813 Sir Walter Scott declined the laureateship which had been offered him, (though without the Regent's knowledge or approval), by Lord Liverpool; and in declining he suggested to Croker that the post should be offered to Southey. On September 4 of that year he writes to Southey to explain what he has done, and to make it clear, as he expresses it, that he has not himself refused the laurel from any foolish prejudice against the situation: otherwise, how durst mention it to you, my elder brother in the muse?—but from a sort of paternal hope that they would give it to you, upon whom it would be so much

more worthily conferred. For I am not such an ass as not to know that you are my better in poetry, though I have had, probably but for a time, the tide of popularity in my favour' (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chap. xxvi). Now, no doubt in this letter Scott was anxious to say pleasant things in a pleasant manner. But he was no humbug. He would never have gone out of his way to coin a false and empty compliment, and he could not have written as he did, unless he had felt a sincere admiration for Southey's poetical powers. Byron, again, whose principles were as opposed to those of Southey in poetry as they were in politics, morality, and religion, was yet constrained to admit the Laureate's claims to admiration as a poet. 'Of his poetry,' he wrote in his journal for November 22, 1813, 'there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation; —posterity will probably select. He has *passages* equal to anything' (Moore's *Life of Byron*, chap. xviii). And at a later date he spoke of *Roderick* as 'the first poem of the time'. To this testimony we may add the witness of another political adversary of Southey, in the person of Macaulay. The young champion of the *Edinburgh Review* was not the man to deal tenderly with the leading writer of the opposing party. He must have felt towards Southey something of that desire to 'dust the varlet's jacket for him in the next number of the Blue and Yellow', which, a year later, animated his notorious attack upon John Wilson Croker. And in his review of Southey's *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society* he criticizes his opponent's writings both in prose and verse with unsparing severity. Yet in the midst of his censure he makes the following remarkable admission: 'His poems, taken in the mass, stand far higher than his prose works. His official Odes, indeed, among which the *Vision of Judgement* must be classed, are, for the most part, worse than Pye's and as bad as Cibber's; nor do we think him generally happy in short pieces. But his longer poems, though full of faults, are nevertheless very extraordinary productions. We doubt greatly whether they will be read fifty years hence; but that, if they are read, they will be admired, we have no doubt whatever.' And, to come down to more recent times, we may cite in conclusion the favourable judgements pronounced upon Southey as a poet by men so eminent and so different from one another, as Cardinal Newman and Thomas Carlyle. The influence exercised upon the former by *Thalaba* is well known. '*Thalaba*', he wrote in 1850, 'has ever been to my feelings the most sublime of English poems—(I don't know Spenser)—I mean morally sublime. The versification of *Thalaba* is most melodious too—many persons will not perceive they are reading blank verse.' (Quoted in *Lord Acton and his Circle*, ed. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., p. xix.) Carlyle, though far from being unqualified in

his praise, tells us in his *Reminiscences* how his early prejudice against Southey, derived from the *Edinburgh Review*, was overcome by the reading of his chief poems. 'It must have been a year or two later,' he says, 'when his *Thalaba*, *Curse of Kehama*, *Joan of Arc*, &c., came into my hands, or some one of them came, which awakened new effort for the others. I recollect the much kindlier and more respectful feeling these awoke in me, which has continued ever since. I much recognize the piety, the gentle deep affection, the reverence for God and man, which reigned in these pieces: full of soft pity, like the wailings of a mother, and yet with a clang of chivalrous valour finely audible too.' (T. Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii, Appendix, p. 311 [1881].)

Each of us ought doubtless to form his own opinions on literary questions, as on others, without a slavish deference to authority, however great. But the criticisms quoted above from men so well qualified to judge may at least give us pause before we decide to condemn Southey to oblivion as no better than a laborious poetaster.

Meanwhile there can be little doubt that it is more difficult for us than it was for his contemporaries adequately to appreciate such a writer as Southey. We are under the influence of greater and very different minds. We shall not find in Southey the creative imagination, the philosophic insight, of Browning or of Tennyson. We shall miss in him the dramatic power of the one, and the mastery of diction, the *curiosa felicitas*, of the other. Southey plumbs no depths of thought. He soars to no heights of lyric capture. The sensuous element is almost wholly absent from his writings. It is not his to stir the deepest feelings of our nature; and many of his poems may justly be charged with a lack of human interest. Again, his imagination is not always completely master of the materials with which he works. He can construct rather than create. His exuberant fancy leads him at times unconsciously to cross the borderland which separates what is strange and striking from what is merely strange and grotesque. His fiction is wanting in those 'inevitable' touches which mark the work of all really great poets. His style is apt to be diffuse; and he has a tendency to preach too obviously. But, when full allowance has been made for all defects, there remains in Southey's poetry much that is wholly admirable. He may utter no very profound message to the world; he may not see very far into the mystery of human life. But he has seen enough to inspire him to high and unfaltering action. The spirit of Christian Stoicism which animated his whole life breathes through all his writings. In them Southey has given noble expression to the power of the human will, based on religious faith, to resist evil and to rise superior to all untoward circumstance. His

poetry, as all else that he wrote, reveals a firm trust in the ultimate triumph of good, a cheerful courage to endure suffering, a passion to resist all tyranny and oppression, an unshakable resolve to cleave to all that is fair and pure and true. Such a spirit is far removed from certain tendencies of modern thought. But, while it is content to leave much unexplained, it will seem to many to have laid hold upon the larger portion of the truth.

But other qualifications go to make a poet besides nobility of thought and aim ; and in such qualifications Southey is not wanting. He commands a flexible and ample diction, a style which can rise and fall in accordance with its subject. His imagination is rich and powerful, if at times somewhat undisciplined. Many of his characters are finely conceived and clearly presented to the reader's mind. This is more especially true of *Roderick*. Indeed, there are few scenes in English poetry of a more intense dramatic feeling than that in which Florinda confesses to the guilty king, changed beyond recognition in his hermit's garb, the story of their common fall. Add to this that Southey is a master of spirited narrative ; that his hoards of curious learning furnish him with a wealth of exotic and picturesque ornament and illustration ; that he possesses great metrical dexterity, and a vein of real, if somewhat simple, humour ; and it will easily be understood that he commands a great variety of range. Nor, in trying to form a just estimate of Southey's poetry, must we forget to take into consideration his historical importance as a factor in the development of our literature. This is perhaps generally underrated. Southey did far more than is usually recognized in breaking the fetters which had been riveted upon our poetry by the genius and authority of Pope. Cowper, Crabbe, and, still more, Burns, had already begun to teach men to admire what is simple and natural instead of worshipping exclusively a glittering and artificial perfection of form ; but Southey was almost the first to strike out an entirely new line. *Joan of Arc* is not a good poem, but it heralded the dawn of the romantic school. *Thalaba* was published four years before *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. At that time Southey's verse was far more widely read than that of Wordsworth or Coleridge, and he did much to make smooth the way for greater poets than himself. His English Eclogues, again, and his Monodramas—crude and uninspired as in themselves they are—furnished the rough models for some of the most striking work of Browning and of Tennyson. And in some of his Ballads his humorous treatment of mediæval fables and his mastery of rhyme and metre are a distinct anticipation of the *Ingolfsby Legends*. It would be most misleading to judge of Southey's historical importance as a poet by looking solely at his reputation to-day.



One further caution must be added. All poets—even the greatest—have written a quantity of verse that is comparatively worthless. Southey himself frankly admitted that many of his shorter pieces were fit for little but the flames. But he could at least plead in excuse that he had written them under pressure of sheer necessity, in order to earn money wherewith to maintain his own family and others dependent upon his generosity. For several years he wrote verses for the *Morning Post* at a guinea a week; and these and other like pieces of task-work could not be expected to reach a very high level of merit. The necessity for doing such task-work to some extent spoiled Southey as a poet. But those who have learnt to know and to love him can hardly wish that it had been otherwise. For the noble self-denial, the ceaseless industry, the unflinching cheerfulness with which he bore this burden, are among the most attractive features in his character. If Southey missed greatness as a poet, he attained it as a man: and to know him as a man is to gain immensely in appreciation of his poetry, for his character is stamped upon everything that he wrote. In this connexion let us listen to the witness of Sir Henry Taylor, himself a poet and a man of a keen critical faculty. He had been the intimate friend of Southey's later years and had known him as he was; and this is how he writes of him:—

‘If he expected for himself a larger measure of attention from posterity than may now seem likely to be accorded him, it should be remembered that, though as long as his mind lasted he “lived laborious days” for the sake of his family and of others whom, in the generosity of his heart, he helped to support, yet all the labours of all the days did not enable him to do more than make preparations for the three great works which it was the object and ambition of his life to accomplish.

‘Of what he did accomplish a portion will not soon be forgotten. There were greater poets in his generation, and there were men of a deeper and more far-reaching philosophic faculty; but take him for all in all—his ardent and genial piety, his moral strength, the magnitude and variety of his powers, the field which he covered in literature, and the beauty of his life—it may be said of him, justly and with no straining of the truth, that of all his contemporaries he was the greatest MAN.’ (*The English Poets*, ed. T. H. Ward, iv, p. 164.)

It does not fall within the scope of this series to give critical estimates of the authors whose works are published in it. But it seemed worth while to say so much in order to justify the inclusion of Southey among the ‘Oxford Poets’. The nature of the present volume may now be briefly explained.

In 1837-8 Southey published his collected Poetical Works in ten volumes. That edition included a few pieces not previously printed, and all those poems already published which Southey thought, for any reason, worthy of preservation. It was originally intended to reprint in the present volume all the poems published in 1837-8 together with the following additions:—

1. '*Oliver Newman: a New-England Tale* (unfinished): With Other Poetical Remains.' A volume under this title was published in 1845, after Southey's death, by Herbert Hill, his cousin and son-in-law; and the poems contained in it were subsequently included in a one-volume reprint of the collected edition of 1837-8.

2. *Robin Hood, Part I; The Three Spaniards; and March*; all of which appeared in 1847 in a small volume published by Mrs. Southey, entitled '*Robin Hood: . . . A Fragment*. By the late Robert Southey and Caroline Southey. With Other Fragments and Poems by R.S. and C.S.'

3. The *Inscription for a Coffee-Pot* and the *Lines to Charles Lamb* (see pp. 378 and 402).

It was discovered, however, that such an edition would demand a volume of no less than 1,100 pages. It therefore became clear that some system of selection must be adopted. The loss involved in this change of plan was the less important since, as has been noticed above, Southey was impelled by the stern necessity of winning his daily bread to write for the newspapers great quantities of verse admittedly of very little merit. Such productions of uninspired drudgery may safely be disregarded in forming an estimate of a poet's true worth. Again, while in the case of a Shakespeare or a Milton there may be some justification for gathering together every line of verse that the author ever wrote, the same argument does not apply to the works of lesser men. The office of a literary Resurrection Man has little to recommend it. And a poet may fairly claim that the reputation due to the best that he has given us should not be buried beneath a mass of writings which he would himself wish forgotten. Further, it should be remembered in the present instance that Southey himself set the example of making a selection from his own poems: for there were many of his early pieces which he deliberately did not republish in 1837-8.

The necessity of selection once admitted, it was clear that the only rational principle on which that selection could be based was the literary merit of each particular poem. Upon that principle I have tried to act in preparing the present volume. I have, indeed, retained a few pieces which have no great claim to survival except as they serve to illustrate Southey's own personality or the development of his art. And no poem here printed appears in a mutilated form. But I believe that I have omitted nothing of

permanent value as literature. Indeed, I doubt whether Southey himself would have fought very strenuously for the retention of any of the poems excluded, apart from the *Vision of Judgement*. In that particular instance, it must be admitted, we should probably have failed to convince him: and we should have been reduced to retort upon him his own reply to certain critics of the *Vision*, that 'de gustibus non est disputandum'. A word, however, should perhaps be said as to the omission of *Joan of Arc*. On grounds of historical interest I wish it had been possible to retain the poem by which Southey first made his name. But considerations of space demanded its sacrifice, and no serious plea could be advanced in support of its literary excellence. Even the historical interest of *Joan of Arc*, as it appeared in 1837, is comparatively small. The poem was practically re-written no less than three times after its first publication, and in its final form it presents but a pale reflexion of the sentimental ardours which mark the original version of 1796. Of Southey's longer poems, as it is the earliest, so it is from a literary standpoint the least worthy of preservation. And it may therefore be the more readily omitted from an edition intended for lovers of poetry in general rather than for the professional student. Two pieces only will be found in the present volume which have not previously appeared in any collected edition of Southey's Poems—the *Lines to Charles Lamb* and the *Inscription for a Coffee-Pot*. The reasons for reprinting these verses are given in the Notes.

For the convenience of any students of our literature who may wish to gain an acquaintance with the whole extent of Southey's verse I have added in the Appendix the chief sources in which poems not reprinted in this volume may be found. But, as stated above, none of those pieces can be regarded as making any serious contribution towards Southey's poetical reputation.

The poems have been arranged in the present edition upon the following plan. In the first 378 pages will be found grouped together *Thalaba*, *The Curse of Kehama*, and *Roderick*, the three finest of Southey's long poems, and also a small selection of the best of his minor pieces. It is hoped that this arrangement may be a help to the reader, who will find most of Southey's best work brought together in a convenient form, instead of having to hunt it out for himself from the entire mass of the poetry. It was inevitable that such a selection should produce a certain effect of incongruity; and this is more especially the case, since one or two lighter pieces have been included in it, rather as being characteristic of the writer than as making any claim to poetical merit. But the end may in this case justify the means; and the very variety of style and subject serves to illustrate the extent

of Southey's range. After the Selected Minor Poems the arrangement is that adopted by Southey in 1837-8—with the addition, as mentioned above, of the *Lines to Charles Lamb*.

The editor of Southey's poems finds himself free from one great difficulty common to editors: he is called upon to decide no question of variant readings. The text of the poems as revised by Southey himself in 1837-8 is clearly final. In reprinting that text I have made no change, apart from the correction of one or two plain misprints, and of certain obvious inadvertencies in punctuation. I have not thought it worth while to alter a few archaisms of spelling. Such forms as 'chuse', 'controul', or 'gulph', can confuse no one; and, as Southey preferred to use these forms, there seems no good reason why we should revise them for him.

It may here be noted in passing that, while Southey spared no pains in correcting his earlier poems, when once he had mastered his craft, he wrote little which he afterwards saw cause to alter. Thus *Joan of Arc* was practically rewritten at least three times; the second edition of *Thalaba* is an immense improvement on the first, and is in its turn far inferior in symmetry and polish to the final version of the poem as it appeared in 1838; and many of the early minor pieces were recast after their first publication in almost every line. On the other hand, the variations between the first and later editions of *Madoc* are comparatively few and unimportant, and the latest text of *The Curse of Kehama* and of *Roderick* differs scarcely at all from that originally published. In such cases as *Joan of Arc* and *Thalaba* it is not without interest to trace the alterations introduced by Southey into successive editions of the poems; but to have cumbered the present volume with an Apparatus Criticus would have been only to annoy the general reader in order to gratify the literary pedant. I have, however, reprinted Southey's Prefaces to the first nine volumes of the ten-volume edition of 1837-8, both on account of the light which they throw upon the composition of many of the poems and for their great personal interest. But the Preface to the tenth volume has been omitted, as it is wholly concerned with a discussion of criticisms directed against the *Vision of Judgement*—a poem which is not included in the present edition.

Southey usually printed at the beginning of his shorter pieces full quotations from the sources whence the subjects of the different poems had been drawn. In a few instances I have preserved these quotations *in extenso*, but for the most part, in order to save space, I have contented myself with giving the reference. I have been able in many cases to give the date and place of the first publication of particular poems, but I have



not attempted to do so in all. Probably it would not be possible to attain completeness in this respect; nor would any important object be served by doing so. But I have endeavoured to trace the first publication of all the more notable of the shorter pieces; and I regret that in one or two such instances my search has not met with success. For all those notes which are enclosed in square brackets at the beginning of particular poems I am responsible. The date appended at the foot of any poem is that of its original composition, as printed by Southey in 1837-8.

Southey published with his poems an immense mass of illustrative notes, consisting for the most part of extracts from different authors collected in the course of his wide and varied reading. These notes are full of curious information, but are not always particularly relevant to the poems to which they are attached. From considerations of space they have been almost entirely omitted in the present edition. Some of them, however, will be found quoted—in whole or in part—in the Notes at the end of this volume; the substance of a few others is given in an abridged paraphrase. The letter (S.) after any Note shows that either its actual words or its substance may be found in Southey's note on the passage in question; and in the case of actual quotation the words quoted are marked by inverted commas.

For those Notes which are not followed by the letter (S.) I am responsible. As has been explained above, no textual questions can arise in connexion with Southey's poetry. I have therefore confined myself to inserting a few Notes in order to explain various allusions, to give information as to the composition and publication of certain poems, or to add a touch of personal or critical interest connected with them. In so doing I can hardly hope to escape the charge of having on occasion either inserted or omitted too much. But I trust that, in spite of mistakes, my object has been in great measure attained.

The Chronological Table of Southey's life on pp. xxi-xxviii may perhaps be found useful. In preparing it I have been much indebted to a similar Table in Mr. T. Hutchinson's edition of Wordsworth in the present series.

Of the imperfections of this edition of Southey's Poems I am very sensible. They may be explained in part by the fact that I have been obliged to prepare it at a distance from libraries and in the occasional intervals of other and very different work. Under these circumstances I am the more grateful to those friends without whose help my task could hardly have been completed. In particular my thanks are due to the Reverend Canon Rawnsley for kindly allowing me to see his Southey MSS.; to Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald for the work that she has done on my behalf at the British Museum,

and also for her help in reading through some of the proofs; and to Mr. E. H. Coleridge for his great kindness in answering my requests for information on various points and in making many useful suggestions. But above all I desire to express my gratitude to Professor Dowden. In preparing this edition I have received from him most generous help in counsel and encouragement. But I owe him a debt of far longer standing; for it was he who, by his delightful volume in the 'English Men of Letters' series, first taught me to know and to love Robert Southey.

M. H. F. G.

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## LIST OF AUTHORITIES

THE list of books given below makes no pretence to being a complete bibliography. It is intended to refer the reader to (a) the principal authorities for Southey's life: and (b) a few books and essays which are of special interest from their bearing upon Southey's character and writings.

### (a) AUTHORITIES

1. *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*. Edited by his son, the Rev. C. C. Southey, 6 vols., 1849-50.
2. *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*. Edited by J. W. Warter, 4 vols., 1856.
3. *The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles*. Edited by E. Dowden, 1881.
4. *Letters from the Lake Poets*—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth, Robert Southey—to Daniel Stuart, editor of *The Morning Post* and *The Courier*, 1800-38. Printed for private circulation, 1889.
5. *The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Edited by E. H. Coleridge, 2 vols., 1895.
6. *Reminiscences of S. T. Coleridge and R. Southey*. By Joseph Cottle, 1847. [A recast of Cottle's *Early Recollections* (1837) with additions.]
7. *The Life and Writings of William Taylor of Norwich*. By J. W. Robberds, 2 vols., 1843.
8. *The Life of W. S. Landor*. By John Forster, 2 vols., 1869 (reprinted in vol. i of Landor's *Works and Life*, 1876).
9. *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*. Edited by E. V. Lucas, 1903-5, vols. vi and vii, (containing C. Lamb's Correspondence).

### (b) MISCELLANEOUS

- ✓ 1. *Southey*. By E. Dowden ('English Men of Letters' series), 1879.
2. *The Literary Associations of the English Lakes*. By the Rev. Canon H. D. Rawnsley, vol. i, 1894.
3. De Quincey's *Recollections of the Lake Poets*, and *Autobiography*.
4. Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*.
5. *The Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of H. Crabb Robinson*. Edited by T. Sadler, 3 vols., 1869.
6. T. Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii, Appendix, pp. 309-29, 1881.
7. *Robert Southey*: an essay by Sir Henry Taylor in *The English Poets* (ed. T. H. Ward), vol. iv, pp. 155-64, 1880.
- ✓ 8. *Poems by Robert Southey*. Edited, with an Introduction, by E. Dowden ('Golden Treasury' series), 1895.
9. *Selections from the Poems of Robert Southey*. Edited with a biographical and critical Introduction, by Sidney R. Thompson ('Canterbury Poets'), 1888.



## BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE

CONTAINING THE CHIEF EVENTS OF SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND SOME  
IMPORTANT DATES IN THE LIVES OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

S. = Robert Southey, the Poet.  
Thomas, &c. S. = Thomas, &c. Southey.  
S. T. C. = Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A.D.	ÆT.	
1735	—	About this year Thomas Southey, son of a yeoman farmer of Wellington in Somerset, settles on a farm at Holford, a village in the Quantock Hills.
1754	—	[George Crabbe born.]
1762	—	[William Lisle Bowles born.]
1763	—	[Samuel Rogers born.]
1764	—	[ <i>The Traveller</i> (O. Goldsmith).]
1765	—	[Percy's <i>Reliques</i> .]
1770	—	[William Wordsworth born. James Hogg born. Chatterton died. <i>The Deserted Village</i> (Goldsmith).]
1771	—	[Gray died. Scott born. <i>The Minstrel</i> (Beattie).]
1772	—	Robert Southey, a linen-draper at Bristol, (born 1745, second son of Thomas S.), married Margaret Hill. To them were born nine children, five of whom died young. The surviving children were Robert, Thomas, Henry Herbert, and Edward. [S. T. Coleridge born.]
1774	—	ROBERT SOUTHEY born at Bristol, August 12, his parents' second and eldest surviving child.
1775	1	[Charles Lamb born. W. Savage Landor born.]
1776	2	During 1776-80 S. spends most of his time with his mother's half-sister, Miss Tyler, at Bath.
1777	3	Thomas S. born. [H. Hallam born. Thomas Campbell born.]
1778	4	[W. Hazlitt born.]
1779	5	[Thomas Moore born.]
1780	6	S. sent as a day-boy to a school kept by a Mr. Foot at Bristol.
1781	7	S. removed to a school at Corston, nine miles from Bristol. [ <i>The Library</i> (Crabbe).]
1782	8	(Or Jan. 1783) S. placed as a day-boarder at a school at Bristol kept by a Mr. Williams, spending his holidays in general with Miss Tyler. From 1778 onwards Miss Tyler regularly takes him to the theatre. He reads Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher before he is eight years old. He also reads <i>The Faerie Queene</i> about this time. [Cowper's first volume of <i>Poems</i> .]
1783	9	Henry Herbert Southey born (d. 1865). S. begins to write verses, Epics on the Trojan Brutus, Egbert, &c. [ <i>The Village</i> (Crabbe).]
1784	10	[Dr. Johnson died. Leigh Hunt born.]
1785	11	[De Quincey born. Thomas Love Peacock born. Henry Kirke White born. <i>The Task</i> (Cowper).]

A. D.	ÆT.	
1786	12	At the end of this year or early in 1787 S. sent as a day-boy to a Mr. Lewis, a clergyman in Bristol, who took pupils. [ <i>Poems</i> (Robert Burns, Kilmarnock ed.). Caroline Bowles born.]
1788	14	S. goes to school at Westminster, where his chief friends are C. W. W. Wynn, subsequently Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and G. C. Bedford. [Byron born.]
1789	15	[ <i>Sonnets</i> (W. L. Bowles). <i>The Loves of the Plants</i> (Darwin).]
1790	16	[ <i>Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution.</i> ]
1791	17	[John Wesley died.]
1792	18	S. expelled from Westminster for writing an article in a school newspaper, <i>The Flagellant</i> , ascribing the invention of flogging to the devil. He returns to Miss Tyler at Bristol. His father fails in business, and dies just after S., having been refused admission at Christ Church on account of the expulsion from Westminster, has matriculated at Balliol College. [Shelley born. Keble born. <i>Pleasures of Memory</i> (Rogers).]
1793	19	S. goes into residence at Balliol (Jan.), his expenses (as at Westminster) being paid by his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon. Reads and is much influenced by Epicetetus. Friendship with Edmund Seward. S. writes first draft of <i>Joan of Arc</i> in Long Vacation. Shocked by the fate of the Girondins, and especially by the execution of Brissot (Oct. 31). Begins to think of retiring to America, there to live an Arcadian life in the forest. [ <i>Evening Walk and Descriptive Sketches</i> (Wordsworth). <i>Tam o' Shanter</i> , &c. (Burns). Felicia Hemans born.]
1794	20	S. decides that he cannot conscientiously take Orders, as his uncle, Mr. Hill, had wished. His religious opinions at this time Unitarian. Meets S. T. Coleridge for the first time at Oxford (June). Together with four or five friends they form a scheme for a communistic settlement in America—Pantisocracy. S. writes Acts II and III of <i>The Fall of Robespierre</i> , S. T. C. supplying Act I. <i>Wat Tyler</i> written. <i>Madoc</i> begun. Miss Tyler breaks off all relations with S. on hearing of Pantisocracy and of his engagement to Edith Fricker (Oct.). S. proposes that for financial reasons Pantisocracy should first be tried in Wales instead of in America. <i>Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey</i> published (autumn: dated on title-page, 1795).
1795	21	S. introduced to C. Lamb by S. T. C. (Jan.). S. and S. T. C. lecture at Bristol. Death of Edmund Seward (June). S. definitely declines Mr. Hill's proposal that he should take Orders, and decides to read for the bar. Abandons Pantisocracy, thereby causing a breach with S. T. C. Marries Edith Fricker, Nov. 14, and immediately after the wedding starts with Mr. Hill for Lisbon, leaving Mrs. S. in the care of Cottle's sisters. The marriage for the time kept secret. S. T. C. marries Sarah Fricker (Oct. 4). [Keats born. T. Carlyle born.]
1796	22	<i>Joan of Arc</i> published by Joseph Cottle. S. returns from Lisbon in May and settles with his wife at Bristol. Partial reconciliation with S. T. C. Death of S.'s brother-in-law, Lovell. S. writing <i>Letters from Spain and Portugal</i> and contributing also to <i>The Monthly Magazine</i> . Reads William Taylor's translations from German writers. [Burns died. Hartley Coleridge born. <i>Poems</i> , 1st ed., S. T. C.]



A. D.	ÆT.	
1797	23	<i>Letters from Spain and Portugal and Poems</i> published. S. in London and at Burton (near Christchurch in Hampshire) studying law. Becomes acquainted with J. Rickman, afterwards one of his closest friends. C. Lamb visits S. at Burton. S. receives an annuity of £160 from C. W. W. Wynn.
1798	24	S. writes verses for <i>The Morning Post</i> at a guinea a week, which he continues to do up to 1803. Visits Norwich, where he makes acquaintance with William Taylor and Dr. Sayers. Settles at Westbury, two miles from Bristol (June). In constant intercourse with Humphry Davy. Editing first vol. of <i>The Annual Anthology</i> . Second ed. of <i>Joan of Arc</i> . S. in indifferent health at end of this year. [ <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> (Coleridge and Wordsworth). <i>Gebir</i> (W. S. Landonor).]
1799	25	Westbury; London; Burton. <i>Madoc</i> finished (July 11). <i>Thalaba</i> begun (July 12). More complete reconciliation with S. T. C. (Aug.). S. and his wife visit the Coleridges at Nether Stowey. Walking tour with S. T. C. in Devonshire. First volume of <i>The Annual Anthology</i> and second volume of <i>Poems</i> published. S. reads and greatly admires <i>Gebir</i> . His health still unsatisfactory. [T. Hood born. <i>Pleasures of Hope</i> (Campbell).]
1800	26	S. collaborates with J. Cottle in preparing an edition of Chatterton's <i>Works</i> for the benefit of the latter's sister. Leaves England for Portugal with Mrs. S. for the benefit of his health (April). <i>Thalaba</i> finished (July). S. begins to collect materials for a <i>History of Portugal</i> . S. T. C. settles at Greta Hall, Keswick (Aug.). Second volume of <i>The Annual Anthology</i> published. [Cowper died. Macaulay born. Henry Taylor born.]
1801	27	<i>Thalaba</i> published. <i>Curse of Kehama</i> begun (May). S. returns to England (June). Completely abandons all idea of adopting the law as a profession. Begins to review again, a task-work from which he is unable to free himself for the rest of his active life. Stays with S. T. C. at Keswick (Sept.). Accepts post of private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland. [ <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , 2nd ed. (pub. Jan.). <i>Poems</i> ('Thos. Little'). <i>Tales of Wonder</i> (M. G. Lewis).]
1802	28	Death of S.'s mother (Jan.). S. resigns his post as secretary. At Bristol (May). Birth of his first child, Margaret (Sept.). S. translating <i>Amadis of Gaul</i> , writing portions of a <i>History of Portugal</i> , reviewing, and continuing <i>Curse of Kehama</i> . Chatterton's <i>Works</i> (ed. Southey and Cottle) published by subscription. Peace of Amiens. This of critical importance in the development of S.'s political opinions. 'It restored in me the English feeling which had been deadened; it placed me in sympathy with my country, bringing me thus into that natural and healthy state of mind upon which time, and knowledge, and reflection were sure to produce their proper and salutary effect.' ( <i>Walter</i> , iii, 320.) [Erasmus Darwin died.]
1803	29	Bristol. <i>Amadis of Gaul</i> published. Death of Margaret S. (Aug.). S. and his wife go to stay with S. T. C. at Keswick (Sept.).
1804	30	Keswick. S. T. C. starts for Malta (April 2). Edith May S. born (May 1). S. finally correcting <i>Madoc</i> for the press. <i>Letters from England by Don Manuel Espriella</i> begun.

A. D.	ÆT.	
1805	31	<i>Madoc and Metrical Tales and Other Poems</i> published. S. visits Scotland, and stays with Sir W. Scott at Ashestiel (Oct.). Plans to go to Lisbon for two years in the following spring. [ <i>Lay of the Last Minstrel</i> (Scott). <i>The Prelude</i> finished (Wordsworth).]
1806	32	<i>Curse of Kehama</i> resumed. S. visits William Taylor at Norwich (April). Hopes to be given the Secretaryship of the Legation at Lisbon. S. T. C. returns to England (Aug.). <i>Chronicle of the Cid</i> and <i>Palmerin of England</i> begun. Herbert S. born (Oct. 11). S. undertakes to edit Henry Kirke White's <i>Remains</i> gratuitously for the White family. [ <i>Simonidea</i> (Landor). <i>Odes and Epistles</i> (T. Moore). Elizabeth Barrett born.]
1807	33	Wynn obtains for S. a pension from Government of £144 net per annum, and S. therefore resigns the annuity of £160 paid him by Wynn since 1797. S. declines Scott's suggestion that he should contribute to the <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , on the ground of his complete disagreement with its principles. Decides to settle permanently at Greta Hall. <i>Palmerin of England</i> , <i>Letters from England by Don Manuel Espriella</i> , <i>Remains of Henry Kirke White</i> , and <i>Specimens of the later English Poets</i> (edited in conjunction with G. C. Bedford) published. <i>Madoc</i> , 2nd ed. S. begins to write the <i>History of Brazil</i> as the first part of his projected <i>History of Portugal</i> . Plans an edition of the <i>Morte d'Arthur</i> . [ <i>Poems in Two Volumes</i> (Wordsworth). <i>The Parish Register</i> (Crabbe). <i>Hours of Idleness</i> (Byron).]
1808	34	Emma S. born (Feb.). S. meets W. S. Landor for the first time at Bristol. Landor urges him to continue his mythological poems, and offers to pay for the printing. Stung by this generous offer, S. resumes <i>The Curse of Kehama</i> , though without thought of accepting Landor's proposal. Prophesies that Spain will eventually prove Buonaparte's destruction. Plans a poem on Pelayo. S. T. C. domesticated with Wordsworth at Allan Bank, Grasmere (Sept.). <i>The Quarterly Review</i> planned. S. writes an article on the Baptist Mission in India for the first number, published Feb. 1809. <i>Chronicle of the Cid</i> published. [ <i>Marmion</i> (Scott).]
1809	35	Bertha S. born (March 27), Emma S. died (May). S. T. C. publishes first number of <i>The Friend</i> at Penrith (June 1). S. takes a lease of Greta Hall for twenty-one years. Continues <i>History of Brazil</i> . Corresponds with Ebenezer Elliott, who asks him to criticize his poems. Undertakes to write the historical part of Ballantyne's new <i>Edinburgh Annual Register</i> at a salary of £400 a year. Finishes <i>Curse of Kehama</i> . Plans a poem on Robin Hood. <i>Roderick</i> begun (Dec. 2). <i>Thalaba</i> , 2nd ed. [Tract on the Convention of Cintra (Wordsworth). <i>English Bards and Scotch Reviewers</i> (Byron). <i>Gertrude of Wyoming</i> (Campbell). A. Tennyson, Charles Darwin, and W. E. Gladstone born.]
1810	36	<i>Curse of Kehama</i> and first vol. of <i>History of Brazil</i> published. Katharine S. born. S. T. C. spends four or five months at Greta Hall before leaving in October for London with Basil Montagu. Breach between S. T. C. and Wordsworth. [ <i>The Borough</i> (Crabbe). <i>The Lady of the Lake</i> (Scott).]

A. D.	ÆT.	
1811	37	S. plans <i>Oliver Newman</i> and <i>The Book of the Church</i> . At work on <i>Life of Nelson</i> , an expansion of an article in the fifth number of the <i>Quarterly Review</i> . Visits Landor at Llanthony (July?). Shelley at Keswick, winter of 1811-12. S. writes an article in the <i>Quarterly</i> (Oct.) on the Bell and Lancaster system of Education, advocating the establishment in every parish of a national school. This article subsequently enlarged and published separately. <i>Curse of Kchama</i> , 2nd ed. [Thackeray born. <i>Don Roderick</i> (Scott).]
1812	38	S. T. C. at Greta Hall, Feb. 23-March 26,—his last visit to the Lake Country. Isabel S. born (Nov.). Dr. Bell at Keswick. <i>Omniana</i> published. [Charles Dickens and Robert Browning born. <i>Tales in Verse</i> (Crabbe). <i>Count Julian</i> (Landor). <i>Childe Harold</i> , Cantos i and ii (Byron). <i>Rejected Addresses</i> (J. and H. Smith).]
1813	39	S. ceases to write for the <i>Edinburgh Annual Register</i> owing to irregularity of payment. Visits Streatham and London (Sept.). Meets Lord Byron at Holland House. Appointed Poet Laureate (partly on Scott's recommendation) on Scott declining the office (Oct.). <i>Life of Nelson</i> published. <i>The Doctor</i> begun. <i>Ode Written during Negotiations with Buonaparte</i> . [ <i>Rokeby</i> ; <i>The Bridal of Triermain</i> (Scott). <i>Remorse</i> (S. T. C.) performed at Drury Lane (Jan.).]
1814	40	S. endeavours, through Cottle, to induce S. T. C. to return to Greta Hall (April). Failing even to get an answer from S. T. C. to his letters, he gets up a subscription among friends and relations to pay Hartley C.'s college expenses (autumn). Begins correspondence with Bernard Barton. <i>Roderick</i> published. S. appointed Member of the Royal Academy of Madrid. <i>A Tale of Paraguay</i> begun. [ <i>The Excursion</i> (Wordsworth). <i>The Feast of the Poets</i> (Leigh Hunt).]
1815	41	<i>Oliver Newman</i> begun. <i>Minor Poems</i> (rearranged, &c.) published 3 vols. <i>Roderick</i> , 2nd ed. Tour in Holland and Belgium with Mrs. and Edith S. and Edward Nash, the artist (Sept.-Oct.). [First collective ed. of Wordsworth's poems published. <i>The White Doe of Rylstone</i> (Wordsworth). <i>The Lord of the Isles</i> (Scott).]
1816	42	Death of Herbert S. (April 17),—a blow from which S. never recovers. <i>The Poet's Pilgrimage</i> and <i>The Lay of the Laureate</i> published. An endeavour made by the Ministry to induce S. to conduct a political journal in London in opposition to revolutionary principles. This proposal S. declines. At this time S. advocates as palliatives of social distress the establishment of savings banks and a national system of education, the colonization of waste lands in the British Isles, and the encouragement of emigration. [ <i>Alastor</i> (Shelley). <i>Christabel</i> (S. T. C.). <i>The Story of Rimini</i> (Leigh Hunt). <i>Childe Harold</i> , Canto iii (Byron).]
1817	43	<i>Wat Tyler</i> surreptitiously published (spring). S., in consequence, attacked by William Smith, member for Norwich, in House of Commons as 'a renegado' (March 14). Replies in a letter to <i>The Courier</i> (reprinted in his <i>Essays</i> ), and is defended in that paper by S. T. C. Declines a proposal that he should write chief leading article in <i>The Times</i> , (and, apparently, act in some measure as editor), at a salary of £2,000 a year, together with a share in the profits. Tour through



A.D.	ÆT.	
		Switzerland to Italian Lakes and back through Black Forest, Cologne, and Brussels (May-Aug.). <i>Life of Wesley</i> begun. <i>Morte d'Arthur</i> and <i>History of Brazil</i> , vol. ii, published. [ <i>Sibylline Leaves</i> ; <i>Biographia Literaria</i> (S. T. C.). <i>Poems</i> (Keats). <i>Lalla Rookh</i> (Moore). <i>Harold the Dauntless</i> (Scott). <i>The Whistlecraft Poem</i> (J. H. Frere).]
1818	41	S. refuses the offer of the post of Librarian to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Caroline Bowles writes to him (April 25) to ask his opinion of a MS. poem, thr's beginning a correspondence continued without interruption until their marriage in 1839. [ <i>Childe Harold</i> , Canto iv (Byron). <i>Revolt of Islam</i> (Shelley). <i>Poems</i> (C. Lamb, in his collected Works). <i>Foliage</i> (Leigh Hunt). <i>Endymion</i> (Keats).]
1819	45	Cuthbert S. born (Feb.). Tour in Scotland with Rickman and Telford (autumn). <i>History of Brazil</i> , vol. iii, published. S. learns from Wynn of the existence of the Dedication of <i>Don Juan</i> . [ <i>Peter Bell</i> and <i>The Waggoner</i> (Wordsworth). <i>Don Juan</i> , Canto i, &c. (Byron). <i>Tales of the Hall</i> (Crabbe). <i>Dramatic Scenes</i> (Procter). <i>Poems, Rosalind and Helen, The Euganean Hills, Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, The Cenci</i> (Shelley). J. Ruskin, A. H. Clough, and Charles Kingsley born.]
1820	46	<i>Colloquies on the Prospects of Society</i> and <i>Book of the Church</i> begun. In Wales and London (April, May, and June). Meets Caroline Bowles for the first time at Chelsea. D.C.L., Oxford Univ. (June 14). <i>Life of Wesley</i> published. [ <i>The River Duddon</i> ; <i>A Series of Sonnets</i> (Wordsworth). <i>Lamia, Isabella, Hyperion, &amp;c.</i> (Keats). <i>Prometheus Bound</i> (Shelley). <i>Ellen Fitzarthur</i> (Caroline Bowles).]
1821	47	<i>Vision of Judgement</i> published. Its Preface involves S. in a public controversy with Byron. Hearing that his friend John May has lost his fortune, S. makes over to him his entire savings, amounting to £625. <i>Expedition of Orsua</i> published. [Keats died. <i>Adonais</i> (Shelley). <i>Cain, &amp;c.</i> (Byron).]
1822	48	<i>History of the Peninsular War</i> , vol. i, published. [ <i>Ecclesiastical Sketches</i> (Wordsworth). <i>Hellas</i> (Shelley). <i>The Widow's Tale</i> (Caroline Bowles). Shelley drowned.]
1823	49	Caroline Bowles at Greta Hall (Sept.). S. writes to her (Nov. 4) to suggest that they should collaborate in a poem on <i>Robin Hood</i> . Visits London (Nov.). Renews his friendship with C. Lamb, which had been momentarily interrupted through the latter misunderstanding a reference by S. in the <i>Quarterly</i> to the <i>Essays of Elia</i> . [ <i>The Loves of the Angels</i> (T. Moore). <i>Essays of Elia</i> (Lamb).]
1824	50	<i>Robin Hood</i> begun. <i>The Book of the Church</i> and <i>History of the Peninsular War</i> , vol. ii, published. [Byron died. <i>Imaginary Conversations</i> , vols. i and ii (Landor).]
1825	51	<i>Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ</i> begun,—an answer to C. Butler's reply to <i>The Book of the Church</i> . S. now, as always, strongly opposed to Catholic Emancipation. Tour in Belgium and Holland with Henry Taylor and two other friends (June and July). S. is laid up with an injured foot at Leyden, and stays there for a fortnight with the poet Bilderdijk, whose wife had translated <i>Roderick</i> into Dutch verse. <i>A Tale of Paraguay</i> published.

A.D.	ÆT.	
1826	52	S. visits Caroline Bowles at Buckland, near Lymington. Tours in Holland (June) with H. Taylor and Rickman. During his absence is returned to Parliament for the borough of Downton, through the influence of Lord Radnor; but refuses to accept the honour. Death of Isabel S. (July 16). From this last blow Mrs. S. never really recovers. <i>Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ</i> published. [ <i>Solitary Hours</i> (Caroline Bowles).]
1827	53	S. undertakes to edit the poems of John Jones, a servant in a Yorkshire family, for Jones's benefit, and to prefix a sketch of the lives of uneducated poets. Mrs. S. plainly failing in health. [ <i>Poems</i> (T. Hood). <i>The Christian Year</i> (Keble). <i>Poems by Two Brothers</i> (A. and C. Tennyson).]
1828	54	In London in order to undergo an operation (May). His portrait painted by Sir T. Lawrence for Sir R. Peel. Visits Caroline Bowles at Buckland. Death of his uncle, Mr. Hill (Sept.). Is paid £150 by Murray for a paper in the <i>Quarterly</i> on the Roman Catholic Question and Ireland, strongly opposing Catholic Emancipation. [ <i>History of Peninsular War</i> , vol. i (Sir W. Napier).]
1829	55	<i>Lives of Uneducated Poets</i> —Prefixed to <i>Verses by John Jones</i> published. <i>All for Love</i> and <i>The Legend of a Cock and a Hen</i> (1 vol.), and <i>Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society</i> published. Mrs. Coleridge and Sara C. leave Greta Hall on the marriage of the latter to H. N. Coleridge, Mrs. C. subsequently taking up her residence with her daughter and son-in-law. S. continues to advocate the establishment of Co-operative Societies. [ <i>Chapters on Churchyards</i> (Caroline Bowles). <i>Imaginary Conversations</i> , second series (Landor).]
1830	56	S. engaged in writing <i>Life of Bunyan</i> and <i>Naval History of England</i> . <i>Life of Bunyan</i> published, prefixed to an edition of <i>Pilgrim's Progress</i> . [Hazlitt died. <i>Poems, Chiefly Lyrical</i> (A. Tennyson).]
1831	57	S. visits Caroline Bowles at Buckland (Jan.). Visits Dr. Bell at Cheltenham (June). <i>Select Works of British Poets from Chaucer to Jonson</i> published. S. continues (as, like Wordsworth, he had done from the first) strongly to oppose Parliamentary Reform. [ <i>Corn Law Rhymes</i> (Ebenezer Elliott).]
1832	58	<i>Essays, Moral and Political</i> published (Jan. or ? Dec. 1831). <i>History of the Peninsular War</i> , vol. iii, published. Death of Dr. Bell, who leaves S. £1000, with a request that he should write his Life. S. refuses offer of a Professorship of History at Durham University. Landor visits S. at Keswick (June). [Sir W. Scott died. Crabbe died. Bentham died. Dr. Arnold buys Fox How.]
1833	59	Correspondence with Lord Ashley on Factory Legislation. S. begins to work at Dr. Bell's <i>Life and Correspondence</i> . <i>Naval History of England</i> , vols. i and ii, published. [ <i>Pauline</i> (R. Browning). <i>Poems</i> (Hartley Coleridge).]
1834	60	<i>The Doctor, &amp;c.</i> , vols. i and ii, published. Edith May S. marries the Rev. J. W. Warter (Jan.). <i>Naval History</i> , vol. iii, published. <i>Life of Cowper</i> begun. Mrs. S. loses her reason (Sept.) and is removed to the asylum at York. [S. T. C. died (July 25). C. Lamb died (Dec. 27). <i>Philip van Artevelde</i> (H. Taylor).]

A.D.	ÆT.	
1835	61	S. declines the offer of a baronetcy from Sir R. Peel, who then obtains for him an additional pension of £300 a year. Mrs. S., though without regaining her reason, so far recovers as to be allowed to return to Keswick (March). Publication of <i>Life and Works of Couper</i> (15 vols., 1835-37) begun. [ <i>Yarrow Revisited and other Poems</i> (Wordsworth). Mrs. Hemans died. James Hogg died. <i>Paracelsus</i> (R. Browning).]
1836	62	Tour in West of England with Cuthbert S. (Oct.-Feb. 1837). Meets Landor at Clifton and stays at Bremhill with W. L. Bowles. [ <i>Pericles and Aspasia</i> (Landor). <i>The Birthday</i> (Caroline Bowles). William Taylor of Norwich died.]
1837	63	S. corresponds with Charlotte Brontë in answer to a request for his criticism of her poems. 'Mr. Southey's letter was kind and admirable, a little stringent, but it did me good' (C. Brontë). Publication of collected edition of S.'s poems in 10 vols. begun. Cuthbert S. matriculates at Oxford. Mrs. S. died (Nov. 16). [ <i>Strafford</i> (R. Browning). <i>The French Revolution</i> (T. Carlyle).]
1838	64	Tour in Normandy, Brittany, and Touraine with Cuthbert S., H. C. Robinson, and three other friends (Aug., Sept.). S. now first begins to show signs of failing powers. At Buckland with Caroline Bowles (Oct.-Dec.).
1839	65	Bertha S. marries her cousin Herbert Hill. S. marries Caroline Bowles (June 5). Soon afterwards his mind fails rapidly, until its powers are completely lost. In this condition he lives at Keswick until his death.
1843	69	Robert Southey died (March 21). Buried in Crosthwaite Churchyard.



## PREFACES

TO THE COLLECTED EDITION OF TEN VOLUMES,  
PUBLISHED IN 1837, 1838.

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST VOLUME

At the age of sixty-three I have undertaken to collect and edit my Poetical Works, with the last corrections that I can expect to bestow upon them. They have obtained a reputation equal to my wishes; and I have this ground for hoping it may not be deemed hereafter more than commensurate with their deserts, that it has been gained without ever accommodating myself to the taste or fashion of the times. Thus to collect and revise them is a duty which I owe to that part of the Public by whom they have been auspiciously received, and to those who will take a lively concern in my good name when I shall have departed.

The arrangement was the first thing to be considered. In this the order wherein the respective poems were written has been observed, so far as was compatible with a convenient classification. Such order is useful to those who read critically, and desire to trace the progress of an author's mind in his writings; and by affixing dates to the minor pieces, under whatever head they are disposed, the object is sufficiently attained.

Next came the question of correction. There was no difficulty with those poems which were composed after the author had acquired his art (so far as he has acquired it), and after his opinions were matured. It was only necessary to bear in mind the risk there must ever be of injuring a poem by verbal alterations made long after it was written; inas-

much as it must be impossible to recall the precise train of thought in which any passage was conceived, and the considerations upon which not the single verse alone, but the whole sentence, or paragraph, had been constructed: but with regard to more important changes, there could be no danger of introducing any discrepance in style. With juvenile pieces the case is different. From these the faults of diction have been weeded wherever it could be done without more trouble than the composition originally cost, and than the piece itself was worth. But inherent faults of conception and structure are incurable; and it would have been mere waste of time to recompose what it was impossible otherwise to amend.

If these poems had been now for the first time to be made public, there are some among them which, instead of being committed to the press, would have been consigned to the flames; not for any disgrace which could be reflected upon me by the crude compositions of my youth, nor for any harm which they could possibly do the reader, but merely that they might not cumber the collection. But '*nescit vox missa reverti*'. Pirated editions would hold out as a recommendation, that they contained what I had chosen to suppress, and thus it becomes prudent, and therefore proper, that such pieces should be retained.

It has ever been a rule with me when I have imitated a passage, or borrowed an expression, to acknowledge the specific

obligation. Upon the present occasion it behoves me to state the more general and therefore more important obligations which I am conscious of owing either to my predecessors, or my contemporaries.

My first attempts in verse were much too early to be imitative, but I was fortunate enough to find my way, when very young, into the right path. I read the *Jerusalem Delivered* and the *Orlando Furioso* again and again, in Hoole's translations: it was for the sake of their stories that I perused and re-perused these poems with ever new delight; and by bringing them thus within my reach in boyhood, the translator rendered me a service which, when I look back upon my intellectual life, I cannot estimate too highly. I owe him much also for his notes, not only for the information concerning other Italian romances which they imparted, but also for introducing me to Spenser;—how early, an incident which I well remember may show. Going with a relation into Bull's circulating library at Bath (an excellent one for those days), and asking whether they had the *Faery Queen*, the person who managed the shop said 'yes, they had it, but it was in obsolete language, and the young gentleman would not understand it'. But I, who had learned all I then knew of the history of England from Shakespear, and who had moreover read Beaumont and Fletcher, found no difficulty in Spenser's English, and felt in the beauty of his versification a charm in poetry of which I had never been fully sensible before. From that time I took Spenser for my master. I drank also betimes of Chaucer's well. The taste which had been acquired in that school was confirmed by Percy's *Reliques* and Warton's *History of English Poetry*; and a little later by Homer and the Bible. It was not likely to be corrupted afterwards.

My school-boy verses savoured of Gray, Mason, and my predecessor Warton; and in the best of my juvenile pieces it may be seen how much the writer's mind had been imbued by

Akenside. I am conscious also of having derived much benefit at one time from Cowper, and more from Bowles; for which, and for the delight which his poems gave me at an age when we are most susceptible of such delight, my good friend at Bremhill, to whom I was then and long afterwards personally unknown, will allow me to make this grateful and cordial acknowledgment.

My obligation to Dr. Sayers is of a different kind. Every one who has an ear for metre and a heart for poetry, must have felt how perfectly the metre of Collins's *Ode to Evening* is in accordance with the imagery and the feeling. None of the experiments which were made of other unrhymed stanzas proved successful. They were either in strongly marked and well-known measures which unavoidably led the reader to expect rhyme, and consequently baulked him when he looked for it; or they were in stanzas as cumbrous as they were ill constructed. Dr. Sayers went upon a different principle, and succeeded admirably. I read his *Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology* when they were first published, and convinced myself when I had acquired some skill in versification, that the kind of verse in which his choruses were composed was not less applicable to narration than to lyrical poetry. Soon after I had begun the Arabian romance, for which this measure seemed the most appropriate vehicle, *Gebir* fell into my hands, and my verse was greatly improved by it, both in vividness and strength. Several years elapsed before I knew that Walter Landor was the author, and more before I had the good fortune to meet the person to whom I felt myself thus beholden. The days which I have passed with him in the Vale of Ewias, at Como, and lastly in the neighbourhood of Bristol, are some of those which have left with me 'a joy for memory'.

I have thus acknowledged all the specific obligations to my elders or contemporaries in the art, of which I am distinctly conscious. The advantages

arising from intimate intercourse with those who were engaged in similar pursuits cannot be in like manner specified, because in their nature they are imperceptible; but of such advantages no man has ever possessed more or greater, than at different times it has been my lot to enjoy. Personal attachment first, and family circumstances afterwards, connected me long and closely with Mr. Coleridge; and three-and-thirty years have ratified a friendship with Mr. Wordsworth, which we believe will not terminate with this life, and which it is a pleasure for us to know will be continued and cherished as an heirloom by those who are dearest to us both.

When I add what has been the greatest of all advantages, that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than men, constantly and unwearably engaged in literary pursuits, communing with my own heart, and taking that course which upon mature consideration seemed best to myself, I have said every thing necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, whatever they may be.

It was in a mood resembling in no slight degree that wherewith a person

*Keswick, May 10, 1837.*

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME,

BEING THE FIRST OF TWO VOLUMES ENTITLED 'JUVENILE AND MINOR POEMS', BEGINNING WITH 'THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN', AND ENDING WITH 'HYMN TO THE PENATES'

THE earliest pieces in these Juvenile and Minor Poems were written before the writer had left school; between the date of these and of the latest there is an interval of six-and-forty years: as much difference, therefore, may be perceived in them, as in the different stages of life from boyhood to old age.

Some of the earliest appeared in a little volume published at Bath in the

in sound health, both of body and mind, makes his will and sets his worldly affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth, and the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance which by the usages of this world is permitted to us in poetry, and in poetry alone? Of the smaller pieces in this collection there is scarcely one concerning which I cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was composed. I have perfect recollection of the spots where many, not of the scenes only, but of the images which I have described from nature, were observed and noted. And how would it be possible for me to forget the interest taken in these poems, especially the longer and more ambitious works, by those persons nearest and dearest to me then, who witnessed their growth and completion? Well may it be called a serious task thus to resuscitate the past! But serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing of God, looks on to its termination with sure and certain hope.

autumn of 1794, with this title:—  
'*Poems, containing the Retrospect, &c.*  
by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey,  
1795;' and with this motto—

'*Minuentur atrae  
Carmine curae.*' *Horace.*

At the end of that volume, *Joan of Arc* was announced as to be published by subscription.



Others were published at Bristol, 1797, in a single volume, with this motto from Akenside :—

‘ Goddess of the Lyre,—

with thee comes

Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come

Her sister Liberty will not be far.’

A second volume followed at Bristol in 1799, after the second edition of *Joan of Arc*, and commencing with the *Vision of the Maid of Orleans*. The motto to this was from the Epilogue to Spenser’s *Shepherds’ Calendar* :—

‘ The better, please; the worse, displeasè :  
I ask no more.’

In the third edition of *Joan of Arc*, the *Vision* was printed separately, at the end; and its place was supplied in the second edition of the Poems by miscellaneous pieces.

A separate volume, entitled *Metrical Tales and other Poems*, was published in 1805, with this advertisement :—‘ These Poems were published some years ago in the *Annual Anthology*. (Bristol, 1799, 1800.) They have now been revised and printed in this collected form, because they have pleased those readers whom the Author was most desirous of pleasing. Let them be considered as the desultory productions of a man sedulously employed upon better things.’

These various pieces were re-arranged in three volumes, under the title of *Minor Poems*, in 1815, with this motto,

‘ Nos hæc novimus esse nihil;’

and they were published a second time in the same form, 1823.

The Ballads and Metrical Tales contained in those volumes, belong to a different part of this collection; their other contents are comprised here; and the present volume consists, with very few exceptions, of pieces written in youth or early manhood. One of these written in my twentieth year, not having been published at the time, would never have been made public by my own act and deed; but as *Wat Tyler* obtained considerable notoriety

upon its surreptitious publication, it seemed proper that a production which will be specially noticed whenever the author shall be delivered over to the biographers, should be included here. They who may desire to know more than is stated in the advertisement now prefixed to it, are referred to a Letter addressed to William Smith, Esq. M.P., 1817, reprinted in the second volume of my *Essays Moral and Political*, 1832.

The second volume of this part of the Collection contains one juvenile piece, and many which were written in early manhood. The remainder were composed in middle or later life, and comprise (with one exception, that will more conveniently be arranged elsewhere,) all the odes which as Poet Laureat I have written upon national occasions. Of these the *Carmen Triumphale*, and the *Carmina Aulica*, were separately published in quarto in 1814, and reprinted together in a little volume in 1821.

The Juvenile and Minor Poems in this Collection bear an inconsiderable proportion to those of substantive length: for a small part only of my youthful effusions were spared from those autos-da-fé in which from time to time piles upon piles have been consumed. In middle life works of greater extent, or of a different kind, left me little leisure for occasional poetry; the impulse ceased, and latterly the inclination was so seldom felt, that it required an effort to call it forth.

Sir William Davenant, in the Preface to *Gondibert*, ‘ took occasion to accuse and condemn all those hasty digestions of thought which were published in his youth; a sentence, said he, not pronounced out of melancholy rigour, but from a cheerful obedience to the just authority of experience. For that grave mistress of the world, experience, (in whose profitable school those before the Flood stayed long, but we, like wanton children, come thither late, yet too soon are called out of it, and fetched home by death,) hath taught me that the engenderings of unripe age become

abortive and deformed; and that 'tis a high presumption to entertain a nation (who are a poet's standing guest, and require monarchical respect,) with hasty provisions; as if a poet might imitate the familiar despatch of falconers, mount his Pegasus, unhood his Muse, and, with a few flights, boast he hath provided a feast for a prince. Such posting upon Pegasus I have long since foreborne.' Yet this eminently thoughtful poet was so far from seeking to suppress the crude compositions which he thus condemned, that he often expressed a great desire to see all his pieces collected in one volume; and, conformably to his wish, they were so collected, after his decease, by his widow and his friend Herringman the bookseller.

Agreeing with Davenant in condemning the greater part of my juvenile pieces, it is only as crudities that I condemn them; for in all that I have written, whether in prose or verse, there has never been a line which for any compunctious reason, living or dying, I could wish to blot.

Davenant had not changed his opinion of his own youthful productions so as to overlook in his age the defects which he had once clearly perceived; but he knew that pieces which it would indeed have been presumptuous to reproduce on the score of their merit, might yet be deemed worthy of preservation on other grounds; that to his family and friends, and to those who might take any interest in English poetry hereafter, they would possess peculiar value, as characteristic memorials of one who had held no inconsiderable place in the literature of his own times; feeling, too, that he was not likely to be forgotten by posterity, he thought that after the specimen which he had produced in his *Gondibert* of a great and elaborate poem, his early attempts would be regarded with curiosity by such of his successors as should, like him, study poetry as an art,—for as an art it must be studied by those who would excel in it, though excellence in it is not attainable by art alone.

The cases are very few in which any thing more can be inferred from juvenile poetry, than that the aspirant possesses imitative talent, and the power of versifying, for which, as for music, there must be a certain natural aptitude. It is not merely because 'they have lacked culture and the inspiring aid of books',<sup>1</sup> that so many poets who have been 'sown by Nature', have 'wanted the accomplishment of verse', and brought forth no fruit after their kind. Men of the highest culture, of whose poetical temperament no doubt can be entertained, and who had 'taken to the height the measure of themselves', have yet failed in their endeavour to become poets, for want of that accomplishment. It is frequently possessed without any other qualification, or any capacity for improvement; but then the innate and incurable defect that renders it abortive, is at once apparent.

The state of literature in this kingdom during the last fifty years has produced the same effect upon poetry that academies produce upon painting; in both arts every possible assistance is afforded to imitative talents, and in both they are carried as far as the talent of imitation can reach. But there is one respect in which poetry differs widely from the sister arts. Its fairest promise frequently proves deceitful, whereas both in painting and music the early indications of genius are unequivocal. The children who were called musical prodigies, have become great musicians; and great painters, as far as their history is known, have displayed in childhood that accuracy of eye, and dexterity of hand, and shaping faculty, which are the prime requisites for their calling. But it is often found that young poets of whom great expectations were formed, have made no progress, and have even fallen short of their first performances. It may be said that this is because men apply themselves to music and to painting as their professions, but that no one makes poetry the business of his

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth.

life. This, however, is not the only reason: the indications, as has already been observed, are far less certain; and the circumstances of society are far less favourable for the moral and intellectual culture which is required for all the higher branches of poetry, . . . all indeed that deserves the name.

My advice as to publishing, has often been asked by young poets, who suppose that experience has qualified me to give it, and who have not yet learnt how seldom advice is taken, and how little therefore it is worth. As a general rule, it may be said that one who is not deceived in the estimate which he has

*Keswick, Sept. 30, 1837.*

## PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME,

### BEING THE SECOND OF 'JUVENILE AND MINOR POEMS'

IN a former Preface my obligations to Akenside were acknowledged, with especial reference to the *Hymn to the Penates*; the earliest of my Inscriptions also originated in the pleasure with which I perused those of this favourite author. Others of a later date bear a nearer resemblance to the general character of Chiabrera's epitaphs. Those which relate to the Peninsular War are part of a series which I once hoped to have completed. The epitaph for Bishop Butler was originally composed in the lapidary style, to suit the monument in Bristol Cathedral: it has been remodelled here, that I might express myself more at length, and in a style more accordant with my own judgement.

One thing remains to be explained, and I shall then have said all that it becomes me to say concerning these Minor Poems.

It was stated in some of the newspapers that Walter Scott and myself became competitors for the Poet-Laureateship upon the death of Mr. Pye; that we met accidentally at the Prince Regent's levee, each in pursuit of his pretensions, and that some words which

formed of his own powers, can neither write too much in his youth, nor publish too little. It cannot, however, be needful to caution the present race of poetical adventurers against hurrying with their productions to the press, for there are obstacles enough in the way of publication. Looking back upon my own career, and acknowledging my imprudence in this respect, I have nevertheless no cause to wish that I had pursued a different course. In this, as in other circumstances of my life, I have reason to be thankful to that merciful Providence which shaped the ends that I had roughly hewn for myself.

were not over-courteous on either side passed between us on the occasion;—to such impudent fabrications will those persons resort who make it their business to pander for public curiosity. The circumstances relating to that appointment have been made known in Mr. Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter*. His conduct was, as it always was, characteristically generous, and in the highest degree friendly. Indeed, it was neither in his nature nor in mine to place ourselves in competition with any one, or ever to regard a contemporary as a rival. The world was wide enough for us all.

Upon his declining the office, and using his influence, without my knowledge, to obtain it for me, his biographer says,<sup>1</sup> 'Mr. Southey was invited to accept the vacant laurel; and to the honour of the Prince Regent, when he signified that his acceptance must depend on the office being thenceforth so modified as to demand none of the old formal odes, leaving it to the Poet-Laureate to choose his own time for celebrating any great public event that

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii, p. 88.



might occur, his Royal Highness had the good sense and good taste at once to acquiesce in the propriety of this alteration. The office was thus relieved from the burden of ridicule which had, in spite of so many illustrious names, adhered to it.' The alteration, however, was not brought about exactly in this manner.

I was on the way to London when the correspondence upon this subject between Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Croker took place. A letter from Scott followed me thither, and on my arrival in town I was informed of what had been done. No wish for the Laureateship had passed across my mind, nor had I ever dreamt that it would be proposed to me. My first impulse was to decline it; not from any fear of ridicule, still less of obloquy, but because I had ceased for several years to write occasional verses: the inclination had departed; and though willing as a bee to work from morn till night in collecting honey, I had a great dislike to spinning like a spider. Other considerations overcame this reluctance, and made it my duty to accept the appointment. I then expressed a wish to Mr. Croker that it might be placed upon a footing which would exact from the holder nothing like a schoolboy's task, but leave him at liberty to write when, and in what manner, he thought best, and thus render the office as honourable as it was originally designed to be. Upon this, Mr. Croker, whose friendliness to me upon every occasion I gladly take this opportunity of acknowledging, observed that it was not for us to make terms with the Prince Regent. 'Go you', said he, 'and write your Ode for the New Year. You can never have a better subject than the present state of the war affords you.' He added that some fit time might be found for representing the matter to the Prince in its proper light.

My appointment had no sooner been made known, than I received a note

with Sir William Parsons's compliments, requesting that I would let him have the Ode as soon as possible, Mr. Pye having always provided him with it six weeks before the New Year's Day. I was not wanting in punctuality; nevertheless, it was a great trouble to Sir William that the office should have been conferred upon a poet who did not walk in the ways of his predecessor, and do according to all things that he had done; for Mr. Pye had written his odes always in regular stanzas and in rhyme. Poor Sir William, though he had not fallen upon evil tongues and evil times, thought he had fallen upon evil ears when he was to set verses like mine to music.

But the labour which the Chief Musician bestowed upon the verses of the Chief Poet was so much labour lost. The performance of the Annual Odes had been suspended from the time of the King's illness, in 1810. Under the circumstances of his malady, any festal celebration of the birth-day would have been a violation of natural feeling and public propriety. On those occasions it was certain that nothing would be expected from me during the life of George III. But the New Year's performance might perhaps be called for, and for that, therefore, I always prepared. Upon the accession of George IV, I made ready an Ode for St. George's Day, which Mr. Shield, who was much better satisfied with his yoke-fellow than Sir William had been, thought happily suited for his purpose. It was indeed well suited for us both. All my other Odes related to the circumstances of the passing times, and could have been appropriately performed only when they were composed; but this was a standing subject, and, till this should be called for, it was needless to provide any thing else. The annual performance had, however, by this time fallen completely into disuse; and thus terminated a custom which may truly be said to have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

## PREFACE TO THE FOURTH VOLUME,

## CONTAINING 'THALABA THE DESTROYER'

It was said, in the original Preface to *Joan of Arc*, that the Author would not be in England to witness its reception, but that he would attend to liberal criticism, and hope to profit by it in the composition of a poem upon the discovery of America by the Welsh prince Madoc.

That subject I had fixed upon when a schoolboy, and had often conversed upon the probabilities of the story with the schoolfellow to whom, sixteen years afterwards, I had the satisfaction of inscribing the poem. It was commenced at Bath in the autumn of 1794; but, upon putting *Joan of Arc* to the press, its progress was necessarily suspended, and it was not resumed till the second edition of that work had been completed. Then it became my chief occupation during twelve months that I resided in the village of Westbury, near Bristol. This was one of the happiest portions of my life. I never before or since produced so much poetry in the same space of time. The smaller pieces were communicated by letter to Charles Lamb, and had the advantage of his animadversions. I was then also in habits of the most frequent and intimate intercourse with Davy,—then in the flower and freshness of his youth. We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground in that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Pneumatic Institution, he had to tell me of some new experiment or discovery, and of the views which it opened for him; and when he came to Westbury there was a fresh portion of *Madoc* for his hearing. Davy encouraged me with his hearty approbation during its progress; and the bag of nitrous oxyde with which he generally regaled me upon my visits to him, was not required for raising my

spirits to the degree of settled fair, and keeping them at that elevation.

In November, 1836, I walked to that village with my son, wishing to show him a house endeared to me by so many recollections; but not a vestige of it remained, and local alterations rendered it impossible even to ascertain its site,—which is now included within the grounds of a Nunnery! The bosom friends with whom I associated there have all departed before me; and of the domestic circle in which my happiness was then centered, I am the sole survivor.

When we removed from Westbury at Midsummer, 1799, I had reached the penultimate book of *Madoc*. That poem was finished on the 12th of July following, at Kingsdown, Bristol, in the house of an old lady, whose portrait hangs, with that of my own mother, in the room wherein I am now writing. The son who lived with her was one of my dearest friends, and one of the best men I ever knew or heard of. In those days I was an early riser: the time so gained was usually employed in carrying on the poem which I had in hand; and when Charles Danvers came down to breakfast on the morning after *Madoc* was completed, I had the first hundred lines of *Thalaba* to show him, fresh from the mint.

But this poem was neither crudely conceived nor hastily undertaken. I had fixed upon the ground, four years before, for a Mahomedan tale; and in the course of that time the plan had been formed and the materials collected. It was pursued with unabating ardour at Exeter, in the village of Burton, near Christ Church, and afterwards at Kingsdown, till the ensuing spring, when Dr. Beddoes advised me to go to the south of Europe, on account of my health. For Lisbon, therefore, we set off; and,

hastening to Falmouth, found the packet, in which we wished to sail, detained in harbour by westerly winds. 'Six days we watched the weathercock, and sighed for north-easters. I walked on the beach, caught soldier-crabs, admired the sea-anemonies in their ever-varying shapes of beauty, read *Gebir*, and wrote half a book of *Thalaba*.' This sentence is from a letter written on our arrival at Lisbon; and it is here inserted because the sea-anemonies (which I have never had any other opportunity of observing) were introduced in *Thalaba* soon afterwards; and because, as already stated, I am sensible of having derived great improvement from the frequent perusal of *Gebir* at that time.

Change of circumstances and of climate effected an immediate cure of what proved to be not an organic disease. A week after our landing at Lisbon I resumed my favourite work, and I completed it at Cintra, a year and six days after the day of its commencement.

A fair transcript was sent to England. Mr. Rickman, with whom I had fallen in at Christ Church in 1797, and whose friendship from that time I have ever accounted among the singular advantages and happinesses of my life, negotiated for its publication with Messrs. Longman and Rees. It was printed at Bristol by Biggs and Cottle, and the task of correcting the press was undertaken for me by Davy and our common friend Danvers, under whose roof it had been begun.

The copy which was made from the original draught, regularly as the poem proceeded, is still in my possession. The first corrections were made as they occurred in the process of transcribing, at which time the verses were tried upon

my own ear, and had the advantage of being seen in a fair and remarkably legible handwriting. In this transcript the dates of time and place were noted, and things which would otherwise have been forgotten have thus been brought to my recollection. Herein also the alterations were inserted which the poem underwent before it was printed. They were very numerous. Much was pruned off, and more was ingrafted. I was not satisfied with the first part of the concluding book; it was therefore crossed out, and something substituted altogether different in design; but this substitution was so far from being fortunate, that it neither pleased my friends in England nor myself. I then made a third attempt, which succeeded to my own satisfaction and to theirs.

I was in Portugal when *Thalaba* was published. Its reception was very different from that with which *Joan of Arc* had been welcomed: in proportion as the poem deserved better it was treated worse. Upon this occasion my name was first coupled with Mr. Wordsworth's. We were then, and for some time afterwards, all but strangers to each other; and certainly there were no two poets in whose productions, the difference not being that between good and bad, less resemblance could be found. But I happened to be residing at Keswick when Mr. Wordsworth and I began to be acquainted; Mr. Coleridge also had resided there; and this was reason enough for classing us together as a school of poets. Accordingly, for more than twenty years from that time, every tyro in criticism who could smatter and sneer, tried his 'prentice hand' upon the Lake Poets; and every young sportsman who carried a popgun in the field of satire, considered them as fair game.

Keswick, Nov. 8, 1837.



PREFACE TO THE FIFTH VOLUME,  
CONTAINING 'MADOC'

WHEN *Madoc* was brought to a close in the summer of 1799, Mr. Coleridge advised me to publish it at once, and to defer making any material alterations, if any should suggest themselves, till a second edition. But four years had passed over my head since *Joan of Arc* was sent to the press, and I was not disposed to commit a second imprudence. If the reputation obtained by that poem had confirmed the confidence which I felt in myself, it had also the effect of making me perceive my own deficiencies, and endeavour with all diligence to supply them. I pleased myself with the hope that it would one day be likened to Tasso's *Rinaldo*, and that as the *Jerusalem* had fulfilled the promise of better things whereof that poem was the pledge, so might *Madoc* be regarded in relation to the juvenile work which had preceded it. Thinking that this would probably be the greatest poem I should ever produce, my intention was to bestow upon it all possible care, as indeed I had determined never again to undertake any subject without due preparation. With this view it was my wish, before *Madoc* could be considered as completed, to see more of Wales than I had yet seen. This I had some opportunity of doing in the autumn of 1801, with my old friends and schoolfellows Charles Wynn and Peter Elmsley. And so much was I bent upon making myself better acquainted with Welsh scenery, manners, and traditions, than could be done by books alone, that if I had succeeded in obtaining a house in the Vale of Neath, for which I was in treaty the year following, it would never have been my fortune to be classed among the Lake Poets.

Little had been done in revising the poem till the first year of my abode at Keswick: there, in the latter end of

1803, it was resumed, and twelve months were diligently employed in reconstructing it. The alterations were more material than those which had been made in *Joan of Arc*, and much more extensive. In its original form the poem consisted of fifteen books, containing about six thousand lines. It was now divided into two parts, and enlarged in the proportion of a full third. Shorter divisions than the usual one of books, or cantos, were found more convenient; the six books therefore, which the first part comprised, were distributed in seventeen sections, and the other nine in twenty-seven. These changes in the form of the work were neither capriciously made, nor for the sake of novelty. The story consisted of two parts, almost as distinct as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and the subdivisions were in like manner indicated by the subject. The alterations in the conduct of the piece occasioned its increase of length.

When Matthew Lewis published the *Castle Spectre*, he gave as his reason for introducing negro guards in a drama which was laid in feudal times, that he thought their appearance would produce a good effect; and if the effect would have been better by making them blue instead of black, blue, said he, they should have been. He was not more bent upon pleasing the public by stage effect, (which no dramatist ever studied more successfully,) than I was upon following my own sense of propriety, and thereby obtaining the approbation of that fit audience, which, being contented that it should be few, I was sure to find. Mr. Sotheby, whose *Saul* was published about the same time as *Madoc*, said to me a year or two afterwards, 'You and I, Sir, find that blank verse will not do in these days; we must stand upon another tack.' Mr. Sotheby

considered the decision of the Pie-Poudre Court as final. But my suit was in that Court of Record which sooner or later pronounces unerringly upon the merits of the case.

*Madoc* was immediately reprinted in America in numbers, making two octavo volumes. About nine years afterwards there appeared a paper in the *Quarterly Review*, which gave great offence to the Americans; if I am not mistaken in my recollections, it was the first in that journal which had any such tendency. An American author, whose name I heard, but had no wish to remember, supposed it to have been written by me; and upon this gratuitous supposition, (in which, moreover, he happened to be totally mistaken,) he attacked me in a pamphlet, which he had the courtesy to send me, and which I have preserved among my Curiosities of Literature. It is noticed in this place, because, among other vituperative accusations, the pamphleteer denounced the author of *Madoc* as having 'meditated a most serious injury against the reputation of the New World, by attributing its discovery and colonization to a little vagabond Welsh Prince'. This, he said, 'being a most insidious attempt against the honour of America and the reputation of Columbus.'<sup>1</sup>

This poem was the means of making me personally acquainted with Miss Seward. Her encomiastic opinion of it was communicated to me through Charles Lloyd, in a way which required some courteous acknowledgement; this led to an interchange of letters, and an invitation to Lichfield, where, accordingly, I paid her a visit, when next on my way to London, in 1807. She resided in the Bishop's palace. I was ushered up the broad brown stair-case

by her cousin, the Reverend Henry White, then one of the minor canons of that cathedral, a remarkable person, who introduced me into the presence with jubilant but appalling solemnity. Miss Seward was seated at her desk. She had just finished some verses to be 'inscribed on the blank leaves of the poem *Madoc*', and the first greeting was no sooner past, than she requested that I would permit her to read them to me. It was a mercy that she did not ask me to read them aloud. But she read admirably herself. The situation, however, in which I found myself, was so ridiculous, and I was so apprehensive of catching the eye of one person in the room, who was equally afraid of meeting mine, that I never felt it more difficult to control my emotions, than while listening, or seeming to listen, to my own praise and glory. But, bending my head as if in a posture of attentiveness, and screening my face with my hand, and occasionally using some force to compress the risible muscles, I got through the scene without any misbehaviour, and expressed my thanks, if not in terms of such glowing admiration as she was accustomed to receive from others, and had bestowed upon my unworthy self, yet as well as I could. I passed two days under her roof, and corresponded with her from that time till her death.

Miss Seward had been crippled by having repeatedly injured one of her knee-pans. Time had taken away her bloom and her beauty, but her fine countenance retained its animation, and her eyes could not have been brighter nor more expressive in her youth. Sir Walter Scott says of them, 'they were auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair. In reciting, or in speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker, and as it were to flash fire. I should have hesitated,' he adds, 'to state the impression which this peculiarity made upon me at the time, had not my observation been confirmed by that of the first actress on this or any other stage, with whom I lately hap-

<sup>1</sup> The title of this notable pamphlet is, 'The United States and England; being a Reply to the Criticism on Inehiquin's Letters, contained in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1814. New York: published by A. H. Inskeep; and Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia. Van Winkle and Wiley, Printers, 1615.'

pened to converse on our deceased friend's expressive powers of countenance.'<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter has not observed that this peculiarity was hereditary. Describing, in one of her earlier letters, a scene with her mother, she says, 'I grew so saucy to her, that she looked grave, and took her pinch of snuff, first at one nostril, and then at the other, with swift and angry energy, and her eyes began to grow dark and to flash. 'Tis an odd peculiarity: but the balls of my mother's eyes change from brown into black, when she feels either indignation or bodily pain.'<sup>2</sup>

Miss Seward was not so much over-rated at one time, as she has since been unduly depreciated. She was so considerable a person when her reputation was at its height, that Washington said no circumstance in his life had been so mortifying to him as that of having been made the subject of her invective in her *Monody on Major André*. After peace had been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, he commissioned an American officer, who was about to sail for England, to call upon her at Lichfield, and explain to her, that instead of having caused André's death, he had endeavoured to save him; and she was requested to peruse the papers in proof of this, which he sent for her perusal. 'They filled me with contrition', says Miss Seward, 'for the rash injustice of my censure.'<sup>3</sup>

An officer of her name served as lieutenant in the garrison at Gibraltar during the siege. To his great surprise, . . . for he had no introduction which could lead him to expect the honour of

such notice, . . . he received an invitation to dine with General Elliot. The General asked him if he were related to the author of the *Monody on Major André*. The Lieutenant replied that he had the honour of being very distantly related to her, but he had not the happiness of her acquaintance. 'It is sufficient, Mr. Seward,' said the General, 'that you bear her name, and a fair reputation, to entitle you to the notice of every soldier who has it in his power to serve and oblige a military brother. You will always find a cover for you at my table, and a sincere welcome; and whenever it may be in my power to serve you essentially, I shall not want the inclination.'<sup>4</sup>

These anecdotes show the estimation in which she was, not undeservedly, held. Her epistolary style was distorted and disfigured by her admiration of Johnson; and in her poetry she set, rather than followed, the brocade fashion of Dr. Darwin. Still there are unquestionable proofs of extraordinary talents and great ability both in her letters and her poems. She was an exemplary daughter, a most affectionate and faithful friend. Sir Walter has estimated, with characteristic skill, her powers of criticism, and her strong prepossessions upon literary points. And believing that the more she was known, the more she would have been esteemed and admired, I bear a willing testimony to her accomplishments and her genius, to her generous disposition, her frankness, and her sincerity and warmth of heart.

*Keswick, Feb. 19, 1838.*

<sup>1</sup> Biographical Preface to the *Poetical Works of Anna Seward*, p. xxiii.

<sup>2</sup> *Literary Correspondence*. *Ib.*, p. cxxi.

<sup>3</sup> *Letters of Anna Seward*, vol. v, p. 143.

<sup>4</sup> *Letters of Anna Seward*, vol. i, p. 298.



PREFACE TO THE SIXTH VOLUME,  
BEING THE FIRST OF 'BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES'

MOST of the pieces in this volume were written in early life, a few are comparatively of recent date, and there are some of them which lay unfinished for nearly thirty years.

Upon reading, on their first appearance, certain of these Ballads, and of the lighter pieces now comprised in the third volume of this collective edition, Mr. Edgeworth said to me, 'Take my word for it, Sir, the bent of your genius is for comedy.' I was as little displeased with the intended compliment as one of the most distinguished poets of this age was with Mr. Sheridan, who, upon returning a play which he had offered for acceptance at Drury Lane, told him it was a comical tragedy.

My late friend, Mr. William Taylor of Norwich, whom none who knew him intimately can ever call to mind without affection and regret, has this passage in his *Life of Dr. Sayers*:—'Not long after this (the year 1800), Mr. Robert Southey visited Norwich, was introduced to Dr. Sayers, and partook those feelings of complacent admiration which his presence was adapted to inspire.—Dr. Sayers pointed out to us in conversation, as adapted for the theme of a ballad, a story related by Olaus Magnus of a witch, whose coffin was confined by three chains, sprinkled with holy water; but who was, nevertheless, carried off by demons. Already, I believe, Dr. Sayers had made a ballad on the subject, so did I, and so did Mr. Southey; but after seeing the *Old Woman of Berkeley*, we agreed in awarding to it the preference. Still, the very different manner in which each had employed the same basis of narration might render welcome the opportunity of comparison; but I have not found among the papers of Dr. Sayers a copy of his poem.'

There is a mistake here as to the date. This, my first visit to Norwich, was in the spring of 1798; and I had so much to interest me there in the society of my kind host and friend, Mr. William Taylor, that the mention at Dr. Sayers's table of the story in Olaus Magnus made no impression on me at the time, and was presently forgotten. Indeed, if I had known that either he or his friend had written or intended to write a ballad upon the subject, that knowledge, however much the story might have pleased me, would have withheld me from all thought of versifying it. In the autumn of the same year, I passed some days at Hereford with Mr. William Bowyer Thomas, one of the friends with whom, in 1796, I had visited the Arrabida Convent near Setubal. By his means I obtained permission to make use of the books in the Cathedral Library, and accordingly I was locked up for several mornings in that part of the Cathedral where the books were kept in chains. So little were these books used at that time, that in placing them upon the shelves, no regard had been had to the length of the chains; and when the volume which I wished to consult was fastened to one of the upper shelves by a short chain, the only means by which it was possible to make use of it was, by piling upon the reading desk as many volumes with longer chains as would reach up to the length of its tether; then, by standing on a chair, I was able to effect my purpose. There, and thus, I first read the story of the Old Woman of Berkeley, in Matthew of Westminster, and transcribed it into a pocket-book. I had no recollection of what had passed at Dr. Sayers's; but the circumstantial details in the monkish Chronicle impressed me so strongly, that I began to versify them that very evening. It was the

last day of our pleasant visit at Hereford; and on the following morning the remainder of the Ballad was pencilled in a post-chaise on our way to Abberley.

Mr. Wathen, a singular and obliging person, who afterwards made a voyage to the East Indies, and published an account of what he saw there, traced for me a facsimile of a wooden cut in the *Nuremberg Chronicle* (which was among the prisoners in the Cathedral). It represents the Old Woman's forcible abduction from her intended place of burial. This was put into the hands of a Bristol artist; and the engraving in wood which he made from it was prefixed to the Ballad when first published, in the second volume of my poems, 1799. The Devil alludes to it in his Walk, when he complains of a certain poet as having 'put him in ugly ballads with libellous pictures for sale'.

The passage from Matthew of Westminster was prefixed to the Ballad when first published, and it has continued to be so in every subsequent edition of my minor poems from that time to the present: for whenever I have founded either a poem, or part of one, upon any legend, or portion of history, I have either extracted the passage to which I was indebted, if its length allowed, or have referred to it. Mr. Payne Collier, however, after the Ballad, with its parentage affixed, had been twenty years before the public, discovered that I had copied the story from Heywood's *Nine Books of various History concerning Women*, and that I had not thought proper to acknowledge the obligation. The discovery is thus stated in that

gentleman's *Poetical Decameron* (vol. i. p. 323). Speaking of the book, one of his Interlocutors says, 'It is not of such rarity or singularity as to deserve particular notice now; only if you refer to p. 443, you will find the story on which Mr. Southey founded his mock-ballad of the *Old Woman of Berkeley*. You will see, too, that the mode in which it is told is extremely similar.'

'MORTON. Had Mr. Southey seen Heywood's book?

'BOURNE. It is not improbable; or some quotation from it, the resemblance is so exact: you may judge from the few following sentences.'

Part of Heywood's narration is then given; upon which one of the speakers observes, 'The resemblance is exact, and it is not unlikely that Heywood and Southey copied from the same original.'

'BOURNE. Perhaps so: Heywood quotes Guillerimus, in *Special. Histor.* lib. xxvi. c. 26. He afterwards relates, as Southey, that the Devil placed the Old Woman of Berkeley before him on a black horse, and that her screams were heard four miles off.'

It cannot, however, be disputed, that Mr. Payne Collier has made one discovery relating to this subject; for he has discovered that the *Old Woman of Berkeley* is a mock-ballad. Certainly this was never suspected by the Author, or any of his friends. It obtained a very different character in Russia, where having been translated and published, it was prohibited for this singular reason, that children were said to be frightened by it. This I was told by a Russian traveller who called upon me at Keswick.

*Keswick, March 8, 1838.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME,  
OR SECOND OF 'BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES'

THE two volumes of this collection which consist of Ballads and Metrical Tales contain the Author's earliest and latest productions of that kind: those which were written with most facility and most glee, and those upon which most time and pains were bestowed, according to the subject and the mode of treating it.

The *Tale of Paraguay* was published separately in 1825, having been so long in hand that the Dedication was written many years before the Poem was completed.

*All for Love*, and *The Legend of a Cock and a Hen*, were published together in a little volume in 1829.

PREFACE TO THE EIGHTH VOLUME,  
CONTAINING 'THE CURSE OF KEHAMA'

SEVERAL years ago, in the Introduction of my 'Letters to Mr. Charles Butler, vindicating the Book of the Church', I had occasion to state that, while a school-boy at Westminster, I had formed an intention of exhibiting the most remarkable forms of Mythology which have at any time obtained among mankind, by making each the ground-work of a narrative poem. The performance, as might be expected, fell far short of the design, and yet it proved something more than a dream of juvenile ambition.

I began with the Mahommedan religion, as being that with which I was then best acquainted myself, and of which every one who had read the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* possessed all the knowledge necessary for readily understanding and entering into the intent and spirit of the poem. Mr. Wilberforce thought that I had conveyed in it a very false impression of that religion, and that the moral sublimity which he admired in it was owing to this flattering misrepresentation. But *Thalaba the Destroyer* was professedly an Arabian Tale. The design required that I should bring into view the best features of that system of

belief and worship which had been developed under the Covenant with Ishmael, placing in the most favourable light the morality of the Koran, and what the least corrupted of the Mahommedans retain of the patriarchal faith. It would have been altogether incongruous to have touched upon the abominations engrafted upon it; first by the false Prophet himself, who appears to have been far more remarkable for audacious profligacy than for any intellectual endowments, and afterwards by the spirit of Oriental despotism which accompanied Mahommedanism wherever it was established.

Heathen Mythologies have generally been represented by Christian poets as the work of the Devil and his Angels; and the machinery derived from them was thus rendered credible, according to what was during many ages a received opinion. The plan upon which I proceeded in *Madoc* was to produce the effect of machinery as far as was consistent with the character of the poem, by representing the most remarkable religion of the New World such as it was, a system of atrocious priestcraft. It was not here as in *Thalaba* the foundation of the poem, but, as usual in what

are called epic poems, only incidentally connected with it.

When I took up, for my next subject, that mythology which Sir William Jones had been the first to introduce into English poetry, I soon perceived that the best mode of treating it would be to construct a story altogether mythological. In what form to compose it was then to be determined. No such question had arisen concerning any of my former poems. I should never for a moment have thought of any other measure than blank verse for *Joan of Arc*, and for *Madoc*, and afterwards for *Roderick*. The reason why the irregular rhymeless lyrics of Dr. Sayers were preferred for *Thalaba* was, that the freedom and variety of such verse were suited to the story. Indeed, of all the laudatory criticisms with which I have been favoured during a long literary life, none ever gratified me more than that of Henry Kirke White upon this occasion, when he observed, that if any other known measure had been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty, and all its propriety. And when he added, that the author never seemed to inquire how other men would treat a subject, or what might be the fashion of the times, but took that course which his own sense of fitness pointed out, I could not have desired more appropriate commendation.

The same sense of fitness which made me choose for an Arabian tale the simplest and easiest form of verse, induced me to take a different course in an Indian poem. It appeared to me, that here neither the tone of morals, nor the strain of poetry, could be pitched too high; that nothing but moral sublimity could compensate for the extravagance of the fictions, and that all the skill I might possess in the art of poetry was required to counterbalance the disadvantage of a mythology with which few readers were likely to be well acquainted, and which would appear monstrous if its deformities were not kept out of sight. I endeavoured, therefore, to combine the utmost rich-

ness of versification with the greatest freedom. The spirit of the poem was Indian, but there was nothing Oriental in the style. I had learnt the language of poetry from our own great masters and the great poets of antiquity.

No poem could have been more deliberately planned, nor more carefully composed. It was commenced at Lisbon on the first of May, 1801, and recommenced in the summer of the same year at Kingsdown, in the same house (endeared to me by many once delightful but now mournful recollections) in which *Madoc* had been finished, and *Thalaba* begun. A little was added during the winter of that year in London. It was resumed at Kingsdown in the summer of 1802, and then laid aside till 1806, during which interval *Madoc* was reconstructed and published. Resuming it then once more, all that had been written was recast at Keswick: there I proceeded with it leisurely, and finished it on the 25th of November, 1809. It is the only one of my long poems of which detached parts were written to be afterwards inserted in their proper places. Were I to name the persons to whom it was communicated during its progress, it would be admitted now that I might well be encouraged by their approbation; and indeed, when it was published, I must have been very unreasonable if I had not been satisfied with its reception.

It was not till the present edition of these Poems was in the press, that, eight-and-twenty years after *Kehama* had been published, I first saw the article upon it in the *Monthly Review*, parts of which cannot be more appropriately preserved any where than here; it shows the determination with which the Reviewer entered upon his task, and the importance which he attached to it.

Throughout our literary career we cannot recollect a more favourable opportunity than the present for a full discharge of our critical duty. We are indeed bound now to make a firm stand for the purity of our poetic taste against

1 The poem which I have all  
 the world without doubt



this last and most desperate assault, conducted as it is by a writer of considerable reputation, and unquestionably of considerable abilities. If this poem were to be tolerated, all things after it may demand impunity, and it will be in vain to contend hereafter for any one established rule of poetry as to design and subject, as to character and incident, as to language and versification. We may return at once to the rude hymn in honour of Bacchus, and indite strains adapted to the recitation of rustics in the season of vintage :—

“ Quae canerent agerentque peruncti facci-  
bus ora.”

It shall be our plan to establish these points, we hope, beyond reasonable controversy, by a complete analysis of the twenty-four sections (as they may truly be called) of the portentous work, and by ample quotations interspersed with remarks, in which we shall endeavour to withhold no praise that can fairly be claimed, and no censure that is obviously deserved.’

The reviewer fulfilled his promises, however much he failed in his object. He was not more liberal of censure than of praise, and he was not sparing of quotations. The analysis was sufficiently complete for the purposes of criticism, except that the critic did not always give himself the trouble to understand what he was determined to ridicule. ‘It is necessary for us,’ he said, ‘according to our purpose of deterring future writers from the choice of such a story, or from such a management of that story, to detail the gross follies of the work in question; and tedious as the operation may be, we trust that in the judgement of all those lovers of literature who duly value the preservation of sound principles of composition among us, the end will excuse the means.’ The means were ridicule and reprobation, and the end at

which he aimed was thus stated in the Reviewer’s peroration.

‘We know not that Mr. Southey’s most devoted admirers can complain of our having omitted a single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our prolixity, were we not desirous, as we hinted before, of giving a death-blow to the gross extravagancies of the author’s school of poetry, if we cannot hope to reform so great an offender as himself. In general, all that nature and all that art has lavished on him is rendered useless by his obstinate adherence to his own system of fancied originality, in which every thing that is good is old, and every thing that is new is good for nothing. Convinced as we are that many of the author’s faults proceed from mere idleness, deserving even less indulgence than the erroneous principles of his poetical system, we shall conclude by a general exhortation to all critics to condemn, and to all writers to avoid the example of combined carelessness and perversity which is here afforded by Mr. Southey; and we shall mark this last and worst eccentricity of his Muse with the following character:—Here is the composition of a poet not more distinguished by his genius and knowledge, than by his contempt for public opinion, and the utter depravity of his taste,—a depravity which is incorrigible, and, we are sorry to add, most unblushingly rejoicing in its own hopelessness of amendment.’

The *Monthly Review* has, I believe, been for some years defunct. I never knew to whom I was beholden for the good service rendered me in that Journal, when such assistance was of most value; nor by whom I was subsequently, during several years, favoured in the same Journal with such flagrant civilities as those of which the reader has here seen a sample.



## PREFACE TO THE NINTH VOLUME,

CONTAINING 'RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTH'S'.

THIS poem was commenced at Keswick, Dec. 2, 1809, and finished there July 14, 1814.

A French translation, by M. B. de S., in three volumes 12mo., was published in 1820, and another by M. le Chevalier \* \* \*, in one volume 8vo, 1821. Both are in prose.

When the latest of these versions was nearly ready for publication, the publisher, who was also the printer, insisted upon having a life of the author prefixed. The French public, he said, knew nothing of M. Southey, and in order to make the book sell, it must be managed to interest them for the writer. The Chevalier represented as a conclusive reason for not attempting any thing of the kind, that he was not acquainted with M. Southey's private history. 'Would you believe it?' says a friend of the translator's, from whose letter I transcribe what follows; 'this was his answer verbatim: *N'importe, écrivez toujours; brodez, brodez-la un peu; que ce soit vrai ou non ce ne fait rien; qui prendra la peine de s'informer?*' Accordingly a *Notice sur M. Southey* was composed, not exactly in conformity with the publisher's notions of biography, but from such materials as could be collected from magazines and other equally unauthentic sources.

In one of these versions a notable mistake occurs, occasioned by the French pronunciation of an English word. The whole passage indeed, in both versions, may be regarded as curiously exemplifying the difference between French and English poetry.

'The lamps and tapers now grew pale,  
And through the eastern windows slanting fell

The roseate ray of morn. Within those walls

Returning day restored no cheerful sounds

Or joyous motions of awakening life;  
But in the stream of light the speckled motes,

As if in mimicry of insect play,  
Floated with mazy movement. Sloping down

Over the altar pass'd the pillar'd beam,  
And rested on the sinful woman's grave  
As if it enter'd there, a light from Heaven.

So be it! cried Pelayo, even so!

As in a momentary interval,  
When thought expelling thought, had left his mind

Open and passive to the influxes  
Of outward sense, his vacant eye was there, . . .

So be it, Heavenly Father, even so!  
Thus may thy vivifying goodness shed  
Forgiveness there; for let not thou the groans

Of dying penitence, nor my bitter prayers

Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain!  
And thou, poor soul, who from the dolorous house

Of weeping and of pain, dost look to me  
To shorten and assuage thy penal term,  
Pardon me that these hours in other thoughts

And other duties than this garb, this night

Enjoy, should thus have pass'd! Our mother-land

Exacted of my heart the sacrifice;  
And many a vigil must thy son perform  
Henceforth in woods and mountain fastnesses,

And tented fields, outwatching for her sake

The starry host, and ready for the work  
Of day, before the sun begins his course.' <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *Roderick*, VIII, lines 101-33.

Il se livrait à toutes ces réflexions quand la lumière des lampes et des cierges commençait à pâlir, et que les premières teintes de l'aurore se montrèrent à travers les hautes croisées tournées vers l'orient. Le retour du jour ne ramena point dans ces murs des sons joyeux ni les mouvemens de la vie qui se réveille ; les seuls papillons de nuit, agitant leurs ailes pesantes, bourdonnaient encore sous les voûtes ténébreuses. Bientôt le premier rayon du soleil, glissant obliquement par-dessus l'autel, vint s'arrêter sur la tombe de la femme pécheresse, et la lumière du ciel sembla y pénétrer. 'Que ce présage s'accomplisse,' s'écria Pelage, qui, absorbé dans ses méditations, fixait en ce moment ses yeux sur le tombeau de sa mère ; 'Dieu de miséricorde, qu'il en soit ainsi ! Puisse ta bonté vivifiante y verser de même le pardon ! Que les sanglots de la pénitence expirante, et que mes prières amères ne montent point en vain devant le trône éternel. Et toi, pauvre âme, qui de ton séjour douloureux de souffrances et de larmes espères en moi pour abrèger et adoucir ton supplice temporaire, pardonne-moi d'avoir, sous ces habits et dans cette nuit, détourné mes pensées sur d'autres devoirs. Notre patrie commune a exigé de moi ce sacrifice, et ton fils doit dorénavant accomplir plus d'une veille dans la profondeur des forêts, sur la cime des monts, dans les plaines couvertes de tentes, observant, pour l'amour de l'Espagne, la marche des astres de la nuit, et préparant l'ouvrage de sa journée avant que le soleil ne commence sa course.'—T. i, pp. 175-177.

In the other translation the *motes* are not converted into moths,—but the image is omitted.

Consumées dans des soins pareils les rapides heures s'écouloient, les lampes et les torches commençoient à pâlir, et l'oblique rayon du matin dorait déjà les vitraux élevés qui regardoient vers l'Orient : le retour du jour ne ramenoit point, dans cette sombre enceinte, les sons joyeux, ni le tableau mouvant de la vie qui se réveille ; mais, tombant d'en haut, le céleste rayon, passant au-dessus de l'autel, vint frapper le tombeau de la femme pécheresse.

'Ainsi soit-il,' s'écria Pelage, 'ainsi soit-il, ô divin Créateur ! Puisse ta vivifiante bonté verser ainsi le pardon en ce lieu ! Que les gémissemens d'une mort pénitente, que mes amères prières ne soient pas arrivées en vain devant le trône de miséricorde ! Et toi, qui, de ton séjour de souffrances et de larmes, regardes vers ton fils, pour abrèger et soulager tes peines, pardonne, si d'autres devoirs ont rempli les heures que cette nuit et cet habit m'envojoignoient de te consacrer ! Notre patrie exigeoit ce sacrifice ; d'autres vigiles m'attendent dans les bois et les défilés de nos montagnes ; et bientôt sous la tente, il me faudra veiller, le soir, avant que le ciel ne se couvre d'étoiles, être prêt pour le travail du jour, avant que le soleil ne commence sa course.'—pp. 92, 93.

A very good translation in Dutch verse was published in two volumes, 8vo. 1823-4, with this title :—'Rodrigo de Goth. Koning van Spanje. Naar het Engelsch van Southey gevolgd, door Vrouwe Katharina Wilhelmina Bilderdijk. Te 's Gravenhage.' It was sent to me with the following epistle from her husband Mr. Willem Bilderdijk.

'Roberto Southey, viro spectatissimo, Gulielmus Bilderdijk, S. P. D.

'Etsi ea nunc temporis passim invaluerit opinio, poetarum genus quam maxima gloria cupiditate flagrare, mihi tamen contraria semper insedit persuasio, qui divinae Pœseos altitudinem veramque laudem non nisi ab iis cognosci putavi quorum prae caeteris e meliori luto finxerit praecordia Titan, neque aut verè aut justè judicaria vatem nisi ab iis qui eodem afflatu moveantur. Sexagesimus autem jam agitur annus ex quo et ipse meos inter aequales poeta salutor, cumque locum quem ineunte adolescentia occupare contigit, in hunc usque diem tenuisse videor, popularis aurae nunquam captator, quin immo perpetuus contemptor ; parcus ipse laudator, censor gravis et nonnunquam molestus. Tuum vero nomen, Vir celeberrime ac spectatissime, jam antea veneratus, perlecto tuo de Roderico rege poemate, non potui non summis extollere laudibus,

quo doctissimo simul ac venustissimo opere, si minus *divinam Aeneida*, saltem immortalē Tassonis Epopeiam tentasse, quin et certo respectu ita superasse videris, ut majorum perpaucos, aequalium neminem, cum vera fide ac pietate in Deum, tum ingenio omnique poetica dote tibi comparandum existimem. Ne mireris itaque, carminis tui gravitate ac dulcedine captam, meoque iudicio fultam non illaudatam in nostratibus Musam tuum illud nobile poema foeminea manu sed insueto labore attraxisse, Belgicoque sermone reddidisse. Hanc certe, per quadrantem seculi et quod excurrit felicissimo connubio mihi junctam, meamque in Divina arte alumnam ac sociam, nimium in eo sibi sumpsisse nemofacile arbitrabitur cui vel minimum Poëseos nostrae sensum usurpare contigerit; nec ego hos ejus conatus quos illustri tuo nomini dicandos putavit, tibi mea manu offerre dubitabam. Haec itaque utriusque nostrum in te observantiae specimina accipe, Vir illustrissime, ac si quod communium studiorum, si quod verae pietatis est vinculum, nos tibi ex animo habe addictissimos. Vale.

‘Dabam Lugduni in Batavis. Ipsidib. Februar. CI)C)CCCXXIV.’

I went to Leyden, in 1825, for the purpose of seeing the writer of this epistle and the lady who had translated my poem, and addressed it to me in some very affecting stanzas. It so happened, that on my arrival in that city, I was laid up under a surgeon's care; they took me into their house, and made the days of my confinement as pleasurable as they were memorable. I have never been acquainted with a man of higher intellectual power, nor of greater learning, nor of more various and extensive knowledge than Bilderdijk, confessedly the most distinguished man of letters in his own country. His wife was worthy of him. I paid them another visit the following year. They are now both gone to their rest, and I shall not look upon their like again.

Soon after the publication of *Roderick*, I received the following curious letter from the Ettrick Shepherd, (who had passed a few days with me in the preceding autumn,) giving me an account of his endeavours to procure a favourable notice of the poem in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Edinburgh, Dec. 15, 1814.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘I was very happy at seeing the postmark of Keswick, and quite proud of the pleasure you make me believe my *Wake* has given to the beautiful and happy group at Greta Hall. Indeed few things could give me more pleasure, for I left my heart a sojourner among them. I have had a higher opinion of matrimony since that period than ever I had before, and I desire that you will positively give my kindest respects to each of them individually.

‘The *Pilgrim of the Sun* is published, as you will see by the Papers, and if I may believe some communications that I have got, the public opinion of it is high; but these communications to an author are not to be depended on.

‘I have read *Roderick* over and over again, and am the more and more convinced that it is the noblest epic poem of the age. I have had some correspondence and a good deal of conversation with Mr. Jeffrey about it, though he does not agree with me in every particular. He says it is too long, and wants *elasticity*, and will not, he fears, be generally read, though much may be said in its favour. I had even teased him to let me review it for him, on account, as I said, that he could not appreciate its merits. I copy one sentence out of the letter he sent in answer to mine:—

“For Southey I have, as well as you, great respect, and when he will let me, great admiration; but he is a most provoking fellow, and at least as conceited as his neighbour Wordsworth. I cannot just trust you with his *Roderick*; but I shall be extremely happy to talk over

that and other kindred subjects with you, for I am every way disposed to give Southey a lavish allowance of praise, and few things would give me greater pleasure than to find he had afforded me a fair opportunity. But I must do my duty according to my own apprehensions of it."

"I supped with him last night, but there was so many people that I got but little conversation with him, but what we had was solely about you and Wordsworth. I suppose you have heard what a crushing review he has given the latter. I still found him persisting in his first asseveration, that it was heavy; but what was my pleasure to find that he had only got to the seventeenth division. I assured him he had the marrow of the thing to come at as yet, and in that I was joined by Mr. Alison. There was at the same time a Lady M—— joined us at the instant; short as her remark was, it seemed to make more impression on Jeffrey than all our arguments:—"Oh, I do love Southey!" that was all.

Keswick, June 15, 1838.

'I have no room to tell you more. But I beg that you will not do any thing, nor publish any thing that will nettle Jeffrey for the present, knowing as you do how omnipotent he is with the fashionable world, and seemingly so well disposed toward you.

'I am ever your's most truly,

'JAMES HOGG.

'I wish the Notes may be safe enough. I never looked at them. I wish these large quartos were all in hell burning.'

The reader will be as much amused as I was with poor Hogg's earnest desire that I would not say any thing which might tend to frustrate his friendly intentions.

But what success the Shepherd met  
Is to the world a secret yet.

There can be no reason, however, for withholding what was said in my reply of the *crushing* review which had been given to Mr. Wordsworth's poem:—  
'He crush the *Excursion*!! Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw!'





# THALABA THE DESTROYER

Ποιημάτων ἀκρατῆς ἢ ἐλευθερία, καὶ νόμος εἰς, τὸ δόξαν τῶ ποιητῆ.  
LUCIAN, *Quomodo Hist. Scribendu.*

## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

IN the continuation of the *Arabian Tales*, the Domdaniel is mentioned; a seminary for evil magicians, under the roots of the sea. From this seed the present romance has grown. Let me not be supposed to prefer the rhythm in which it is written, abstractedly considered, to the regular blank verse; the noblest measure, in my judgement, of which our admirable language is capable. For the following Poem I have preferred it, because it suits the varied subject: it is the *Arabesque* ornament of an Arabian tale.

The dramatic sketches of Dr. Sayers, a volume which no lover of poetry will recollect without pleasure, induced me, when a young versifier, to practise in this rhythm. I felt that while it gave the poet a wider range of expression, it satisfied the ear of the reader. It were easy to make a parade of learning, by

enumerating the various feet which it admits: it is only needful to observe that no two lines are employed in *sequence* which can be read into one. Two six-syllable lines, it will perhaps be answered, compose an Alexandrine: the truth is, that the Alexandrine, when harmonious, is composed of two six-syllable lines.

One advantage this metre assuredly possesses,—the dullest reader cannot distort it into discord: he may read it prosaically, but its flow and fall will still be perceptible. Verse is not enough favoured by the English reader: perhaps this is owing to the obtuseness, the regular Jew's harp *twing-twang*, of what has been foolishly called heroic measure. I do not wish the *improvisatorè* tune;—but something that denotes the sense of harmony, something like the accent of feeling,—like the tone which every poet necessarily gives to poetry.

Cintra, October, 1800.

# THALABA THE DESTROYER

## THE FIRST BOOK

Worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy  
payne,  
If thou due vengeance doe forbear,  
Till guiltie blood her guerdon do obtayne.  
*Faery Queen*, B. ii. Can. I.

I

How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
No mist obscures, nor cioud, nor speck,  
nor stain,

Breaks the serene of heaven;

In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine  
Rolls through the dark blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray  
The desert-circle spreads,  
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
How beautiful is night! 13

2

Who at this untimely hour  
Wanders o'er the desert sands?

No station is in view,  
Nor palm-grove, islanded amid the waste.  
The mother and her child, [boy,  
The widow'd mother and the fatherless  
They at this untimely hour  
Wander o'er the desert sands.

3

Alas! the setting sun  
Saw Zeinab in her bliss, 20  
Hodeirah's wife beloved.

Alas! the wife beloved,  
The fruitful mother late,

Whom when the daughters of Arabia  
named,

They wish'd their lot like hers,  
She wanders o'er the desert sands

A wretched widow now;  
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,  
With only one preserved,  
She wanders o'er the wilderness. 30

4

No tear relieved the burthen of her heart;  
Stunn'd with t' heavy woe, she felt

Half-waken'd fr

But some

Would wet

And, looking up to her fix'd countenance,  
Sob out the name of Mother! then  
she groan'd. [eyes

At length collecting, Zeinab turn'd her  
To heaven, and praised the Lord;

'He gave, he takes away!' 40

The pious sufferer cried,

'The Lord our God is good!'

5

'Good is He!' quoth the boy:

'Why are my brethren and my sisters  
slain?

Why is my father kill'd?

Did ever we neglect our prayers,  
Or ever lift a hand unclean to Heaven?

Did ever stranger from our tent

Unwelcomed turn away?

'Mother, He is not good!' 50

6

Then Zeinab beat her breast in agony,

'O God, forgive the child!

He knows not what he says;

Thou know'st I did not teach him  
thoughts like these;  
O Prophet, pardon him!'

7

She had not wept till that assuaging  
prayer, . . . [then

The fountains of her grief were open'd  
And tears relieved her heart.

She raised her swimming eyes to Heaven,  
'Allah, thy will be done! 60

Beneath the dispensations of that will  
I groan, but murmur not.

A day will come, when all things that  
are dark

Will be made clear; . . . then shall I know,  
O Lord!

Why in thy mercy thou hast stricken me;  
Then see and understand what now

believes and feels.'

8

Zeinab in silence heard reproof;

Her many frowns was knit,

With many thoughts his heart was full.

'Tell me who slew my father?' cried  
the boy. 71

Zeinab replied and said, [foe.

'I knew not that there lived thy father's  
The blessings of the poor for him

Went daily up to Heaven;

In distant lands the traveller told his  
praise; . . .

I did not think there lived

Hodeirah's enemy.'

9

'But I will hunt him through the world!'

Young Thalaba exclaim'd. 80

'Already I can bend my father's bow;  
Soon will my arm have strength

To drive the arrow-feathers to his heart.'

10

Zeinab replied, 'O Thalaba, my child,

Thou lookest on to distant days,

And we are in the desert, far from men!

## 11

Not till that moment her afflicted heart  
 Had leisure for the thought.  
 She cast her eyes around,  
 Alas! no tents were there 90  
 Beside the bending sands,

No palm-tree rose to spot the wilderness;  
 The dark blue sky closed round,  
 And rested like a dome  
 Upon the circling waste.

She cast her eyes around,  
 Famine and Thirst were there;  
 And then the wretched Mother bow'd  
 her head,  
 And wept upon her child.

## 12

A sudden cry of wonder 100  
 From Thalaba aroused her;  
 She raised her head, and saw  
 Where high in air a stately palace rose.

Amid a grove embower'd  
 Stood the prodigious pile;  
 Trees of such ancient majesty  
 Tower'd not on Yemen's happy hills,  
 Nor crown'd the lofty brow of Lebanon:

Fabric so vast, so lavishly enrich'd,  
 For Idol, or for Tyrant, never yet 110  
 Raised the slave race of man,  
 In Rome, nor in the elder Babylon,

Nor old Persepolis,  
 Nor where the family of Greece  
 Hymn'd Eleutherian Jove.

## 13

Here studding azure tablatures  
 And ray'd with feeble light,  
 Star-like the ruby and the diamond  
 shone:

Here on the golden towers  
 The yellow moon-beam lay, 120  
 Here with white splendour floods the  
 silver wall.

Less wondrous pile and less magnificent  
 Sennamar built at Hirah, though his art  
 Seal'd with one stone the ample edifice,

And made its colours, like the serpent's  
 skin, [Lord,  
 Play with a changeful beauty: him, its  
 Jealous lest after effort might surpass  
 The then unequal'd palace, from its  
 height

Dash'd on the pavement down.

## 14

They enter'd, and through aromatic  
 paths 130

Wondering they went along.  
 At length, upon a mossy bank,  
 Beneath a tall mimosa's shade,  
 Which o'er him bent its living canopy,  
 They saw a man reclined.

Young he appear'd, for on his cheek  
 there shone

The morning glow of health,  
 And the brown beard curl'd close around  
 his chin.

He slept, but at the sound  
 Of coming feet awaking, fix'd his eyes  
 In wonder, on the wanderer and her  
 child. 141

'Forgive us,' Zeinab cried,  
 'Distress hath made us bold.  
 Relieve the widow and the fatherless!  
 Blessed are they who succour the  
 distrest;  
 For them hath God appointed Paradise.'

## 15

He heard, and he look'd up to heaven,  
 And tears ran down his cheeks:

'It is a human voice!  
 I thank thee, O my God! . . . 150  
 How many an age hath pass'd  
 Since the sweet sounds have visited my  
 ear!

I thank thee, O my God,  
 It is a human voice!'

## 16

To Zeinab turning then, he said,  
 'O mortal, who art thou,

Whose gifted eyes have pierced  
The shadow of concealment that hath  
wrapt

These bowers, so many an age,  
From eye of mortal man ? 160  
For countless years have pass'd,  
And never foot of man

The bowers of Irem trod, . .  
Save only I, a miserable wretch  
From Heaven and Earth shut out !'

17

Fearless, and scarce surprised,  
For grief in Zeinab's soul  
All other feebler feelings overpower'd,  
She answer'd, ' Yesterday  
I was a wife beloved, 170  
The fruitful mother of a numerous race.

I am a widow now,  
Of all my offspring this alone is left.  
Praise to the Lord our God,  
He gave, He takes away !'

18

Then said the stranger, ' Not by Heaven  
unseen, [reach'd

Nor in unguided wanderin

This secret place, b

Nor for light purpose

That from the Universe  
out

These ancient bowers, withdrawn.

Hear thou my words, O mortal, in thine  
heart

Treasure what I shall tell ;

And when amid the world

Thou shalt emerge again,

Repeat the warning tale. [make

Why have the fathers suffer'd, but to  
The children wisely safe ?

19

' The Paradise of Irem this, 189

And this that wonder of the world, \n  
The Palace built by Shedad in his pride.

Alas ! in the days of my youth,

The hum of mankind

Was heard in yon wilderness waste ;  
O'er all the winding sands  
The tents of Ad were pitch'd ;

Happy Al-Ahkâf then,

For many and brave were her sons,  
Her daughters were many and fair.

20

' My name was Aswad then . . 200

Alas ! alas ! how strange

The sound so long unheard !

Of noble race I came,

One of the wealthy of the earth my sire.

An hundred horses in my father's stall,

Stood ready for his will ;

Numerous his robes of silk ;

The number of his camels was not known.

These were my heritage,

O God ! thy gifts were these ; 210

But better had it been for Aswad's soul

Had he ask'd alms on earth

And begg'd the crumbs which from his  
table fell,

So he had known thy Word.

21

' Boy, who hast reach'd my solitude,

Thy days of thy youth !

Thou hast taught

My God ;

Thou hast taught

To shape my prayer. 220

We worshipp'd Idols, wood and stone,

The work of our own foolish hands,

We worshipp'd in our foolishness.

Vainly the Prophet's voice

Its frequent warning raised,

" REPENT AND BE FORGIVEN ! " . .

We mock'd the messenger of God,

We mock'd the Lord, long-suffering,  
slow to wrath.

22

' A mighty work the pride of Shedad  
plann'd,

Here in the wilderness to form 230

A Garden more surpassing fair

Islam ~ Xtharity  
ancient civilization v. Xthar? →



Than that before whose gate  
The lightning of the Cherub's fiery sword  
Waves wide to bar access,  
Since Adam, the transgressor, thence  
was driven.

Here, too, would Shedad build  
A kingly pile sublime,  
The palace of his pride.  
For this exhausted mines  
Supplied their golden store ; 240  
For this the central caverns gave their  
gems ;

For this the woodman's axe  
Open'd the cedar forest to the sun :  
The silkworm of the East  
Spun her sepulchral egg ;  
The hunter Afri [rage ;  
Provok'd the danger of the Elephant's  
The Ethiop, keen of scent,

Detects the ebony, 249  
That deep-inearth'd, and hating light,  
A leafless tree and barren of all fruit,  
With darkness feeds its boughs of raven  
grain. [pile ;  
Such were the treasures lavish'd in yon  
Ages have pass'd away,  
And never mortal eye  
Gazed on their vanity.

## 23

' The Garden, . . copious springs  
Blest that delightful spot,  
And every flower was planted there  
That makes the gale of evening sweet.  
He spake, and bade the full-grown forest  
rise, 261

His own creation ; should the King  
Wait for slow Nature's work ?  
All trees that bend with luscious fruit,  
Or wave with feathery boughs,  
Or point their spiring heads to heaven,  
Or spreading wide their shadowy  
arms, [noon, . .  
Invite the traveller to repose at  
Hither, uprooted with their native soil,

The labour and the pain of multitudes, . .  
Mature in beauty, bore them. 271  
Here, frequent in the walks  
The marble statue stood  
Of heroes and of chiefs.  
The trees and flowers remain,  
By Nature's care perpetuate and self-  
sown. [trace  
The marble statues long have lost all  
Of heroes and of chiefs ;  
Huge shapeless stones they lie,  
O'ergrown with many a flower. 280

## 24

' The work of pride went on ;  
Often the Prophet's voice  
Denounced impending woe :  
We mock'd at the words of the Seer,  
We mock'd at the wrath of the Lord.  
A long-continued drought first troubled  
us ;

Three years no cloud had form'd,  
Three years no rain had fallen ;  
The wholesome herb was dry,  
The corn matured not for the food of  
man, 290

The wells and fountains fail'd.  
O hard of heart, in whom the punishment  
Awoke no sense of guilt !

• Headstrong to ruin, obstinately blind,  
We to our Idols still applied for aid ;  
Sakia we invoked for rain,  
We called on Razeka for food ;  
They did not hear our prayers, they  
could not hear !  
No cloud appear'd in Heaven,  
No nightly dews came down. 300

## 25

' Then to the Place of Concourse mes-  
sengers [came,  
Were sent, to Mecca, where the nations  
Round the Red Hillock kneeling, to  
implore  
God in his favour'd place.



We sent to call on God ; [earth  
Ah fools ! unthinking that from all the  
The soul ascends to him.

We sent to call on God ;  
Ah fools ! to think the Lord  
Would hear their prayers abroad, 310  
Who made no prayers at home !

26

' Meantime the work of pride went on,  
And still before our Idols, wood and  
stone,

We bow'd the impious knee.  
" Turn, men of Ad, and call upon the  
Lord,"

The Prophet Houd exclaim'd ;  
" Turn men of Ad, and look to Heaven,  
And fly the wrath to come."—  
We mock'd the Prophet's words ; . .

" Now dost thou dream, old man, 320  
Or art thou drunk with wine ?  
Future woe and wrath to come,  
Still thy prudent voice forebodes ;  
When it comes will we believe,  
Till it comes will we go on  
In the way our fathers went.  
Now are thy words from God ?  
Or dost thou dream, old man,  
Or art thou drunk with wine ? "

27

' So spake the stubborn race, 330  
The unbelieving ones.  
I too, of stubborn unbelieving heart,  
Heard him, and heeded not.  
It chanced, my father went the way of  
man,

He perish'd in his sins.  
The funeral rites were duly paid,  
We bound a Camel to his grave,  
And left it there to die,  
So if the resurrection came  
Together they might rise. 340  
I pass'd my father's grave,  
I heard the Camel moan.  
She was his favourite beast,

One who had carried me in infancy,  
The first that by myself I learn'd to  
mount. [her eyes

Her limbs were lean with famine, and  
Ghastly and sunk and dim.  
She knew me as I pass'd,  
She stared me in the face ;  
My heart was touch'd, . . had it been  
human else ? 350

I thought that none was near, and cut  
her bonds,

And drove her forth to liberty and life.  
The Prophet Houd had seen ;  
He lifted up his voice,

" Blessed art thou, young man,  
Blessed art thou, O Aswad, for the deed !  
In the Day of Visitation,  
In the fearful hour of Judgement,  
God will remember thee ! "

28

' The Day of Visitation was at hand, 360  
The fearful hour of Judgement hastened  
on.

Lo ! Shedad's mighty pile complete,  
The Palace of his pride.  
Would ye behold its wonders, enter in !  
I have no heart to visit it.  
Time hath not harm'd the eternal monu-  
ment ;

Time is not here, nor days, nor months,  
nor years,  
An everlasting now of solitude !

29

' Ye must have heard their fame ;  
Or likely ye have seen 370  
The mighty Pyramids, . . [lived  
For sure those awful piles have over-  
The feeble generations of mankind.  
What though unmoved they bore the  
deluge weight,

Survivors of the ruined world ?  
What though their founder fill'd with  
miracles [vaults ?  
And wealth miraculous their spacious

Compared with yonder fabric, and they  
shrink

The baby wonders of a woman's work.

30

' Here emerald columns o'er the marble  
courts 380

Shed their green rays, as when amid a  
shower [corn.

The sun shines loveliest on the vernal  
Here Shedad bade the sapphire floor be  
laid,

As though with feet divine

To tread on azure light, [ment.

Like the blue pavement of the firma-

Here self-suspended hangs in air,

As its pure substance loathed material  
touch,

The living carbuncle ;

Sun of the lofty dome, 390

Darkness hath no dominion o'er its  
beams ;

Intense it glows, an ever-flowing spring

Of radiance, like the day-flood in its  
source.

31

' Impious! the Trees of vegetable gold  
Such as in Eden's groves

Yet innocent it grew ;

Impious! he made his boast, though  
Heaven had hid

So deep the baneful ore, [him,

That they should branch and bud for

That art should force their blossoms  
and their fruit, 400

And re-create for him what'er

Was lost in Paradise.

Therefore at Shedad's voice

Here tower'd the palm, a silver trunk,

The fine gold net-work growing out

Loose from its rugged boughs.

Tall as the cedar of the mountain, here

Rose the gold branches, hung with  
emerald leaves,

Blossom'd with pearls, and rich with  
ruby fruit.

32

' O Ad! my country! evil was the day

That thy unhappy sons 411

Crouch'd at this Nimrod's throne,

And placed him on the pedestal of power,

And laid their liberties beneath his feet,

Robbing their children of the heritage

Their fathers handed down.

What was to him the squander'd wealth?

What was to him the burthen of the land,

The lavish'd misery ?

He did but speak his will, 420

And, like the blasting Siroc of the sands,

The ruin of the royal voice

Found its way every-where.

I marvel not that he, whose power

No earthly law, no human feeling curb'd,

Mock'd at the living God!

33

' And now the King's command went

forth [young,

Among the people, bidding old and

Husband and wife, the master and the

slave,

All the collected multitudes of Ad, 430

Here to repair, and hold high festival,

That he might see his people, they behold

Their King's magnificence and power.

The day of festival arrived ;

Hither they came, the old man and the

boy,

Husband and wife, the master and

the slave,

Hither they came. From yonder high

tower top,

The loftiest of the Palaece, Shedad look'd

Down on his tribe: their tents on

yonder sands

Rose like the countless billows of

the sea ; 440

Their tread and voices like the ocean

roar,

One deep confusion of tumultuous  
sounds.

They saw their King's magnificence,  
beheld [domes

His palace sparkling like the Angel  
Of Paradise, his Garden like the bowers  
Of early Eden, and they shouted out,  
"Great is the King! a God upon  
the earth!"

34

'Intoxicate with joy and pride,  
He heard their blasphemies;  
And in his wantonness of heart he bade  
The Prophet Houd be brought; 451  
And o'er the marble courts,  
And o'er the gorgeous rooms  
Glittering with gems and gold,  
He led the Man of God.  
"Is not this a stately pile?"  
Cried the monarch in his joy.  
"Hath ever eye beheld,  
Hath ever thought conceived,  
Place more magnificent? 460  
Houd, they say that Heaven imparteth  
Words of wisdom to thy lips;  
Look at the riches round,  
And value them aright,  
If so thy wisdom can."

35

'The Prophet heard his vaunt,  
And, with an aweful smile, he answer'd  
him,  
"O Shedad! only in the hour of death  
We learn to value things like these  
aright."

36

"Hast thou a fault to find 470  
In all thine eyes have seen?"  
With unadmonished pride, the King ex-  
claim'd.  
"Yea!" said the Man of God;  
"The walls are weak, the building ill  
secure.

Azrael can enter in!  
The Sarsar can pierce through,  
The Icy Wind of Death."

37

'I was beside the Monarch when he  
spake;  
Gentle the Prophet spake,  
But in his eye there dwelt 480  
A sorrow that disturb'd me while I gazed.  
The countenance of Shedad fell,  
And anger sat upon his paler lips.  
He to the high tower-top the Prophet led,  
And pointed to the multitude,  
And as again they shouted out,  
"Great is the King! a God upon the  
Earth!"  
With dark and threatful smile to Houd  
he turn'd,  
"Say they aright, O Prophet? is the  
King  
Great upon earth, a God among man-  
kind?" 490  
The Prophet answer'd not;  
Over that infinite multitude  
He roll'd his ominous eyes,  
And tears which could not be suppress'd  
gush'd forth.

38

'Sudden an uproar rose,  
A cry of joy below;  
"The messenger is come!  
Kail from Mecca comes,  
He brings the boon obtain'd!"

39

'Forth as we went we saw where over-  
head 500  
There hung a deep black cloud,  
To which the multitude  
With joyful eyes look'd up,  
And blest the coming rain.  
The Messenger address the King  
And told his tale of joy.

40

“ To Mecca I repair’d,  
By the Red Hillock knelt,  
And call’d on God for rain.

My prayer ascended, and was heard ;  
Three clouds appear’d in heaven, 51  
One white, and like the flying cloud of  
noon, [beams,

One red, as it had drunk the evening  
One black and heavy with its load of rain.

A voice went forth from Heaven,  
‘ Choose, Kail, of the three !’

I thank’d the gracious Power,  
And chose the black cloud, heavy with  
its wealth.”

“ Right ! right !” a thousand tongues  
exclaim’d,

And all was merriment and joy. 520

41

‘ Then stood the Prophet up, and cried  
aloud,

“ Woe, woe to Irem ! woe to Ad !

DEATH is gone up into her palaces !

Woe ! woe ! a day of guilt and punish-  
ment ;

A day of desolation !” —As he spake,  
His large eye roll’d in horror, and so deep  
His tone, it seem’d some Spirit from  
within

Breathed through his moveless lips the  
unearthly voice.

42

‘ All looks were turn’d to him. “ O Ad !”  
he cried,

“ Dear native land, by all remembrances  
Of childhood, by all joys of manhood  
dear ; 531

O Vale of many Waters ; morn and  
night [grave

My age must groan for you, and to the  
Go down in sorrow. Thou wilt give thy  
fruits, [will ripen,

But who shall gather them ? thy grapes

But who shall tread the wine-press ? Fly  
the wrath, [alive !  
Ye who would live and save your souls  
For strong is his right hand that  
bends the Bow,

The Arrows that he shoots are sharp,  
And err not from their aim !” 540

43

‘ With that a faithful few

Prest through the throng to join him.  
Then arose

Mockery and mirth ; “ Go, bald head !”  
and they mix’d [once

Curses with laughter. He set forth, yet  
Look’d back : . . his eye fell on me, and  
he call’d [fied ; . .

“ Aswad !” . . it startled me . . it terri-  
“ Aswad !” again he call’d, . . and

I almost [soon !

Had follow’d him. . . O moment fled too  
O moment irrecoverably lost !

The shouts of mockery made a coward  
of me ; 550

He went, and I remain’d, in fear of MAN !

44

‘ He went, and darker grew

The deepening cloud above.

At length it open’d, and . . O God !

O God !

There were no waters there !

There fell no kindly rain !

The Sarsar from its womb went forth,

The Icy Wind of Death.

45

‘ They fell around me ; thousands fell  
around,

The King and all his people fell ; 560

All ! all ! they perish’d all !

I . . only I . . was left.

There came a Voice to me and said,

“ In the Day of Visitation,

In the fearful hour of Judgement,

God hath remember’d thee.”

46

' When from an agony of prayer I rose,  
 And from the scene of death  
 Attempted to go forth,  
 The way was open, I could see 570  
 No barrier to my steps.

But round these bowers the Arm of God  
 Had drawn a mighty chain,  
 A barrier that no human force might  
 break.

Twice I essay'd to pass ;  
 With that a Voice was heard,  
 " O Aswad, be content, and bless the  
 Lord !

One charitable deed hath saved  
 Thy soul from utter death.

O Aswad, sinful man ! 580  
 When by long penitence  
 Thou feel'st thy soul prepared  
 Breathe up the wish to die,  
 And Azrael comes in answer to thy  
 prayer."

47

' A miserable man  
 From Earth and Heaven shut out,  
 I heard the dreadful Voice.  
 I look'd around my prison-place,  
 The bodies of the dead were there,  
 Where'er I look'd they lay, 590  
 They moulder'd, moulder'd here, . .  
 Their very bones have crumbled into  
 dust,

So many years have pass'd !  
 So many weary ages have gone by !  
 And still I linger here, [sins,  
 Still groaning with the burthen of my  
 Not yet have dared to breathe  
 The prayer to be released.

48

' Oh ! who can tell the unspeakable  
 misery

Of solitude like this ! 600  
 No sound hath ever reach'd my ear  
 Save of the passing wind,

The fountain's everlasting flow,  
 The forest in the gale,  
 The pattering of the shower,  
 Sounds dead and mournful all.  
 No bird hath ever closed her wing  
 Upon these solitary bowers,  
 No insect sweetly buzz'd amid these  
 groves,

From all things that have life, 61  
 Save only me, conceal'd.  
 This Tree alone, that o'er my head  
 Hangs down its hospitable boughs,  
 And bends its whispering leaves  
 As though to welcome me,  
 Seems to partake of life ;  
 I love it as my friend, my only friend

49

' I know not for what ages I have dragg'  
 This miserable life ;  
 How often I have seen 62  
 These ancient trees renew'd ;  
 What countless generations of mankind  
 Have risen and fallen asleep,  
 And I remain the same !  
 My garment hath not waxen old,  
 And the sole of my shoe is not worn.

50

' Sinner that I have been,  
 I dare not offer up a prayer to die.  
 O merciful Lord God ! . .  
 But when it is thy will, 63  
 But when I have atoned  
 For mine iniquities,  
 And sufferings have made pure  
 My soul with sin defiled,  
 Release me in thine own good time ; .  
 I will not cease to praise thee, O m  
 God !'

51

Silence ensued awhile ;  
 Then Zeinab answer'd him ;  
 ' Blessed art thou, O Aswad ! for th  
 Lord,  
 Who saved thy soul from Hell, 64



Will call thee to him in his own good  
time.

And would that when my soul  
Breathed up the wish to die,  
Azrael might visit me !

Then would I follow where my babes  
are gone,  
And join Hodeirah now !

52

She ceased ; and the rushing of wings  
Was heard in the stillness of night,  
And Azrael, the Death-Angel, stood  
before them.

His countenance was dark, 650  
Solemn, but not severe,

It awed, but struck no terror to the heart.  
' Zeinab, thy wish is heard !

Aswad, thine hour is come !'

They fell upon the ground and blest the  
voice ;

And Azrael from his sword

Let fall the drops of bitterness and death.

53

' Me too ! me too !' young Thalaba  
exclaim'd,

As wild with grief he kiss'd

His Mother's livid hand, 660

His Mother's livid lips ;

' O Angel ! take me too !'

54

' Son of Hodeirah !' the Death-Angel  
said,

' It is not yet the hour.

Son of Hodeirah, thou art chosen forth  
To do the will of Heaven ;

To avenge thy father's death,

The murder of thy race ;

To work the mightiest enterprize

That mortal man hath wrought. 670

Live ! and REMEMBER DESTINY

HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND !'

55

He ceased, and he was gone.

Young Thalaba look'd round, . .

The Palace and the groves were seen no  
more,

He stood amid the Wilderness, alone.

## THE SECOND BOOK

Sint licet expertes vitae sensusque, capessunt  
Jussa tamen superum venti.

*Mambruni Constantinus.*

1

Not in the desert,

Son of Hodeirah,

Thou art abandon'd !

The co-existent fire, [for thee,

Which in the Dens of Darkness burnt  
Burns yet, and yet shall burn.

2

In the Domdaniel caverns,

Under the Roots of the Ocean,

Met the Masters of the Spell.

Before them in the vault, 10

Blazing unfuel'd from its floor of rock,  
Ten magic flames arose.

' Burn, mystic fires ;' Abdaldar cried ;

' Burn while Hodeirah's dreaded race  
exist.

This is the appointed hour, [night.'

The hour that shall secure these dens of

3

' Dim they burn !' exclaim'd Lobaba ;

' Dim they burn, and now they waver !

Okba lifts the arm of death :

They waver, . . they go out !' 20

4

' Curse on his hasty hand !'

Khawla exclaim'd in wrath,

The woman-fiend exclaim'd, [fail'd !

' Curse on his hasty hand, the fool hath

Eight only are gone out.'

5

A Teraph stood against the cavern-side,  
 A new-born infant's head,  
 Which Khawla at its hour of birth had  
 seized,  
 And from the shoulders wrung.  
 It stood upon a plate of gold, 30  
 An unclean Spirit's name inscrib'd  
 beneath.

The cheeks were deathly dark,  
 Dark the dead skin upon the hairless  
 skull ;

The lips were bluey pale ;  
 Only the eyes had life,  
 They gleam'd with demon light.

6

'Tell me !' quoth Khawla, 'is the Fire  
 gone out  
 That threatens the Masters of the Spell ?'  
 The dead lips moved and spake,  
 'The Fire still burns that threatens 40  
 The Masters of the Spell.'

7

'Curse on thee, Okba !' Khawla cried,  
 As to the den the Sorcerer came ;  
 He bore the dagger in his hand,  
 Red from the murder of Hodeirah's race.  
 'Behold those unextinguish'd flames !  
 The Fire still burns that threatens  
 The Masters of the Spell !

Okba, wert thou weak of heart ?

Okba, wert thou blind of eye ? 50  
 Thy fate and ours were on the lot,  
 And we believ'd the lying Stars,  
 That said thy hand might seize the  
 auspicious hour !

Thou hast let slip the reins of Destiny, . .  
 Curse thee, curse thee, Okba !'

8

The Murderer, answering, said,  
 'O versed in all enchanted lore,  
 Thou better knowest Okba's soul !  
 Eight blows I struck, eight home-driven  
 blows,

Needed no second stroke

From this envenom'd blade.

Ye frown at me as if the will had fail'd ;

As if ye did not know

My double danger from Hodeirah's race,

The deeper hate I feel, [arm

The stronger motive that inspir'd my

Ye frown as if my hasty fault,

My ill-directed blow,

Had spared the enemy ;

And not the Stars that would not give

And not your feeble spells 7 :

That could not force, the sign

Which of the whole was he.

Did ye not bid me strike them all ?

Said ye not root and branch should be  
 destroy'd ?

I heard Hodeirah's dying groan.

I heard his Children's shriek of death,

And sought to consummate the work ;

But o'er the two remaining lives

A cloud unpierceable had risen, 8

A cloud that mock'd my searching eyes

I would have probed it with the  
 dagger-point,

The dagger was repell'd ;

A Voice came forth and said,

"Son of Perdition, cease ! Thou canst  
 not change

What in the Book of Destiny is written."

9

Khawla to the Teraph turn'd,

'Tell me where the Prophet's hand

Hides our destined enemy ?'

The dead lips spake again, 9

'I view the seas, I view the land,

I search the Ocean and the Earth !

Not on Ocean is the Boy,

Not on Earth his steps are seen.'

10

'A mightier power than we,' Lobaba cried

'Protects our destined foe.

Look ! look ! one Fire burns dim !

It quivers ! it goes out !'

11

It quiver'd, it was quenel'd.  
 One Flame alone was left, 100  
 A pale blue Flame that trembled on the  
 floor, [edge  
 A hovering light, upon whose shrinking  
 The darkness seem'd to press.  
 Stronger it grew, and spread  
 Its lucid swell around,  
 Extending now where all the ten had  
 stood  
 With lustre more than all.

12

At that portentous sight  
 The Children of Evil trembled,  
 And terror smote their souls. 110  
 Over the den the Fire  
 Its fearful splendour cast,  
 The broad base rolling up in wavy  
 streams, [spreads  
 Bright as the summer lightning when it  
 Its glory o'er the midnight heaven.  
 The Teraph's eyes were dimm'd,  
 Which like two twinkling stars  
 Shone in the darkness late.  
 The Sorcerers on each other gazed,  
 And every face, all pale with fear, 120  
 And ghastly, in that light was seen  
 Like a dead man's by the sepulchral  
 lamp.

13

Even Khawla, fiercest of the enchanter  
 brood,  
 Not without effort drew  
 Her fear-suspended breath.  
 Anon a deeper rage  
 Inflamed her reddening eye.  
 'Mighty is thy power, Mahommed !'  
 Loud in blasphemy she cried ;  
 'But Eblis would not stoop to Man,  
 When Man, fair-statured as the stately  
 palm 131  
 From his Creator's hand  
 Was undefiled and pure.

Thou art mighty, O Son of Abdallah !  
 But who is he of woman born  
 That shall vie with the might of Eblis ?  
 That shall rival the Prince of the  
 Merning ?'

14

She said, and raised her skinny hand  
 As in defiance to high Heaven,  
 And stretch'd her long lean finger forth,  
 And spake aloud the words of power.  
 The Spirits heard her call, 142  
 And lo ! before her stands  
 Her Demon Minister.

'Spirit !' the Enchantress cried,  
 'Where lives the Boy, coeval with whose  
 life  
 Yon magic Fire must burn ?'

15

DEMON

Mistress of the mighty Spell,  
 Not on Ocean, not on Earth,  
 Only eyes that view 150  
 Allah's glory-throne,  
 See his hiding-place. [learn.  
 From some believing Spirit, ask and

16

'Bring the dead Hodeirah here,'  
 Khawla cried, 'and he shall tell !'  
 The Demon heard her bidding, and was  
 gone.

A moment pass'd, and at her feet  
 Hodeirah's corpse was laid ;  
 His hand still held the sword he grasp'd  
 in death,  
 The blood not yet had clotted on his  
 wound. 160

17

The Sorceress look'd, and with a smile  
 That kindled to more fiendishness  
 Her hideous features, cried,  
 'Where art thou, Hodeirah, now ?  
 Is thy soul in Zemzem-well ?  
 Is it in the Eden groves ?'

Waits it for the judgement-blast  
In the trump of Israfil ?

Is it, plumed with silver wings,  
Underneath the throne of God ? 170  
Even though beneath His throne,  
Hodeirah, thou shalt hear  
Thou shalt obey my voice !

18

She said, and mutter'd charms which  
Hell in fear,  
And Heaven in horror heard.  
Soon the stiff eye-balls roll'd,

The muscles with convulsive motion  
shook, [her soul

The white lips quiver'd. Khawla saw,  
Exulted, and she cried,  
' Prophet ! behold my power ! 180  
Not even death secures

Thy slaves from Khawla's spell !  
Where, Hodeirah, is thy child ?'

19

Hodeirah groan'd and closed his eyes,  
As if in the night and the blindness of  
death

He would have hid himself.

20

' Speak to my question !' she exclaim'd,  
' Or in that mangled body thou shalt live  
Ages of torture ! Answer me !  
Where can we find the boy ?' 190

21

' God ! God !' Hodeirah cried,  
' Release me from this life,  
From this intolerable agony !'

22

' Speak !' cried the Sorceress, and she  
snatch'd

A Viper from the floor  
And with the living reptile lash'd his  
neck.

Wreath'd round him with the blow,  
The reptile tighter drew her folds,  
And raised her wrathful head,  
And fix'd into his face

200

Her deadly teeth and shed  
Poison in every wound. [prayer,  
In vain ! for Allah heard Hodeirah's  
And Khawla on a corpse  
Had wreak'd her baffled rage.  
The fated Fire moved on, [flames  
And round the Body wrapt its funeral  
The flesh and bones in that portentous  
pile

Consumed ; the Sword alone,  
Circled with fire, was left. 210

23

Where is the Boy for whose hand it is  
destined ? [wield

Where the Destroyer who one day shall  
The Sword that is circled with fire ?

Race accursed, try your charms !  
Masters of the mighty Spell,

Mutter o'er your words of power !  
Ye can shatter the dwellings of man ;  
Ye can open the womb of the rock ;  
Ye can shake the foundations of earth.

But not the Word of God : 220  
But not one letter can ye change  
Of what his Will hath written.

24

Who shall seek through Araby  
Hodeirah's dreaded son ?  
They mingle the Arrows of Chance,  
The lot of Abdaldar is drawn.

Thirteen moons must wax and wane  
Ere the Sorcerer quit his quest.

He must visit every tribe  
That roam the desert wilderness, 230  
Or dwell beside perennial streams ;  
Nor leave a solitary tent unsearch'd,  
Till he hath found the Boy, . .

The dreaded Boy, whose blood alone  
Can quench that fated Fire.

25

A crystal ring Abdaldar wore ;  
The powerful gem condensed  
Primeval dews, that upon Caucasus  
Felt the first winter's frost.







## 31

The Magician approach'd the Tree,  
 He lean'd on his staff, like a way-faring  
 man, [his brow.  
 And the sweat of his travel was seen on  
 He ask'd for food, and lo !  
 The Damsel proffers him her lap of dates ;  
 And the Stripling descends, and runs  
 to the tent,  
 And brings him forth water, the draught  
 of delight.

## 32

Anon the Master of the tent,  
 The Father of the family,  
 Came forth, a man in years, of aspect  
 mild. 320  
 To the stranger approaching he gave  
 The friendly saluting of peace,  
 And bade the skin be spread.  
 Before the tent they spread the skin,  
 Under a Tamarind's shade,  
 That, bending forward, stretch'd  
 Its boughs of beauty far.

## 33

They brought the Traveller rice,  
 With no false colours tinged to tempt  
 the eye,  
 But white as the new-fallen snow, 330  
 When never yet the sullyng Sun  
 Hath seen its purity,  
 Nor the warm zephyr touch'd and  
 tainted it.  
 The dates of the grove before their guest  
 They laid, and the luscious fig,  
 And water from the well.

## 34

The Damsel from the Tamarind tree  
 Had pluck'd its acid fruit,  
 And steep'd it in water long ;  
 And whoso drank of the cooling draught,  
 He would not wish for wine. 341  
 This to their guest the Damsel brought,  
 And a modest pleasure kindled her  
 cheek,

When raising from the cup his moisten'd  
 lips, [drank again.  
 The stranger smiled, and praised, and

## 35

Whither is gone the Boy ?  
 He had pierced the Melon's pulp,  
 And closed with wax the wound,  
 And he had duly gone at morn  
 And watch'd its ripening rind, 350  
 And now all joyfully he brings  
 The treasure now matured ;  
 His dark eyes sparkling with a boy's  
 delight,  
 As out he pours its liquid lusciousness,  
 And proffers to the guest.

## 36

Abdaldar ate, and he was satisfied :  
 And now his tongue discoursed  
 Of regions far remote, [long.  
 As one whose busy feet had travell'd  
 The father of the family, 360  
 With a calm eye and quiet smile,  
 Sate pleased to hearken him.  
 The Damsel who removed the meal,  
 She loiter'd on the way,  
 And listen'd with full hands  
 A moment motionless.

## 37

All eagerly the Boy  
 Watches the Traveller's lips ;  
 And still the wily man  
 With seemly kindness, to the eager Boy  
 Directs his winning tale. 371  
 Ah, cursed one ! if this be he,  
 If thou hast found the object of thy  
 search,  
 Thy hate, thy bloody aim, . .  
 Into what deep damnation wilt thou  
 plunge  
 Thy miserable soul ! . .  
 38  
 Look ! how his eye delighted watches  
 thine ! . .  
 Look ! how his open lips

Gape at the winning tale ! . .

And nearer now he comes, 380

To lose no word of that delightful talk.

Then, as in familiar mood,

Upon the stripling's arm

The Sorcerer laid his hand,

And the Fire of the Crystal fled.

39

While the sudden shoot of joy

Made pale Abdaldar's cheek,

The Master's voice was heard ;

' It is the hour of prayer, . .

My children, let us purify ourselves,

And praise the Lord our God ! ' 391

The Boy the water brought ;

After the law they purified themselves,

And bent their faces to the earth in

prayer.

40

All, save Abdaldar ; over Thalaba

Hé stands, and lifts the dagger to destroy.

Before his lifted arm received

Its impulse to descend,

The Blast of the Desert came.

Prostrate in prayer, the pious family

Felt not the Simoom pass. 401

They rose, and lo ! the Sorcerer lying

dead,

Holding the dagger in his blasted hand.

## THE THIRD BOOK

Time will produce events of which thou canst have no idea ; and he to whom thou gavest no commission, will bring thee unexpected news.—*MOALLAKAT, Poem of Tarafat*

I

THALABA

ONEIZA, look ! the dead man has a ring, . .

Should it be buried with him ?

ONEIZA

Oh yes . . yes ! [needs

A wicked man ! whate'er is his must

Be wicked too !

THALABA

But see, . . the sparkling stone ?

How it hath caught the glory of the Sun,

And shoots it back again in lines of light !

ONEIZA

Why do you take it from him, Thalaba ?

And look at it so close ? . . it may have

charms 10

To blind, or poison ; . . throw it in the

grave !

I would not touch it !

THALABA

And around its rim

Strange letters . .

ONEIZA

Bury it . . oh ! bury it !

THALABA

It is not written as the Koran is :

Some other tongue perchance ; . . the

accursed man

Said he had been a traveller.

MOATH (*coming from the tent*)

Thalaba,

What hast thou there ? 20

THALABA

A ring the dead man wore ;

Perhaps, my father, you can read its

meaning.

MOATH

No, Boy ; . . the letters are not such as

ours.

Heap the sand over it ! a wicked man

Wears nothing holy.

THALABA

Nay ! not bury it !

It may be that some traveller, who shall

enter

Our tent, may read it : or if we approach

Cities where strangers dwell and learned

men,

They may interpret. 30

## MOATH

It were better hid  
Under the desert sands. This wretched  
man, [purpose  
Whom God hath smitten in the very  
And impulse of his unpermitted crime,  
Belike was some magician, and these lines  
Are of the language that the Demons use.

## ONEIZA

Bury it! bury it . . . dear Thalaba!

## MOATH

Such cursed men there are upon the  
earth, [powers,  
In league and treaty with the Evil  
The covenanted enemies of God 40  
And of all good; dear purchase have  
they made [sway,  
Of rule and riches, and their life-long  
Masters, yet slaves of Hell. Beneath the  
roots  
Of Ocean, the Domdaniel caverns lie,  
Their impious meeting; there they learn  
the words  
Unutterable by man who holds his  
hope [and let  
Of heaven; there brood the pestilence,  
The earthquake loose.

## THALABA

And he who would have kill'd me  
Was one of these? 50

## MOATH

I know not; . . . but it may be  
That on the Table of Destiny, thy name  
Is written their Destroyer, and for this  
Thy life by yonder miserable man  
So sought, so saved by interfering  
Heaven.

## THALABA

His ring has some strange power then?

## MOATH

Every gem, [science,  
So sages say, hath virtue; but the  
Of difficult attainment; some grow pale,

Conscious of poison, or with sudden  
change 60

Of darkness, warn the wearer; some  
preserve  
From spells, or blunt the hostile  
weapon's edge;  
Some open rocks and mountains, and  
lay bare [sight  
Their buried treasures; others make the  
Strong to perceive the presence of  
those Beings [empty air  
Through whose pure essence as through  
The unaided eye would pass;  
And in yon stone I deem  
Some such mysterious quality resides.

## THALABA

My father, I will wear it. 70

## MOATH

Thalaba!

## THALABA

In God's name, and the Prophet's! be  
its power [evil,  
Good, let it serve the righteous; if for  
God, and my trust in Him, shall hallow it.

## 2

So Thalaba drew on  
The written ring of gold.  
Then in the hollow grave  
They laid Abdaldar's corpse,  
And levell'd over him the desert dust.

## 3

The Sun arose, ascending from beneath  
The horizon's circling line. 81  
As Thalaba to his ablutions went,  
Lo! the grave open, and the corpse ex-  
posed!

It was not that the winds of night  
Had swept away the sands which  
cover'd it;

For heavy with the undried dew  
The desert dust lay dark and close  
around; [still,  
And the night air had been so calm and  
It had not from the grove  
Shaken a ripe date down. 90

## 4

Amazed to hear the tale,  
 Forth from the tent came Moath and his  
 child. [corpse  
 Awhile he stood contemplating the  
 Silent and thoughtfully;  
 Then turning, spake to Thalaba, and  
 said, [the abode  
 'I have heard that there are places by  
 Of holy men, so holily possess'd,  
 That should a corpse be laid irreverently  
 Within their precincts, the insulted  
 ground,  
 Impatient of pollution, heaves and  
 shakes 100

The abomination out.

Have then in elder times the happy feet  
 Of Patriarch, or of Prophet bless'd  
 the place,

Ishmael, or Houd, or Saleah, or than all,  
 Mahommed, holier name? Or is the man  
 So foul with magic and all blasphemy,  
 That Earth, like Heaven, rejects him?  
 It is best [tent.

Forsake the station. Let us strike our  
 The place is tainted . . and behold  
 The Vulture hovers yonder, and his  
 scream 110

Chides us that still we scare him from  
 the prey.

So let the accursed one,  
 Torn by that beak obscene,  
 Find fitting sepulchre.'

## 5

Then from the pollution of death  
 With water they made themselves pure;  
 And Thalaba drew up  
 The fastening of the cords;

And Moath furl'd the tent; 119  
 And from the grove of palms Onciza led  
 The Camels, ready to receive their load.

## 6

The dews had ceased to steam  
 Toward the climbing Sun,

When from the Isle of Palms they went  
 their way;

And when the Sun had reach'd his  
 southern height,

As back they turn'd their eyes,  
 The distant Palms arose

Like to the top-sails of some fleet far-off  
 Distinctly seen, where else

The Ocean bounds had blended with the  
 sky; 130

And when the eve came on,  
 The sight returning reach'd the grove no  
 more.

They planted the pole of their tent,  
 And they laid them down to repose.

## 7

At midnight Thalaba started up,  
 For he felt that the ring on his finger  
 was moved;

He call'd on Allah aloud,  
 And he call'd on the Prophet's name.

Moath arose in alarm;  
 'What ails thee, Thalaba?' he cried, 140  
 'Is the robber of night at hand?'

'Dost thou not see,' the youth ex  
 claim'd,

'A Spirit in the tent?'

Moath look'd round and said,  
 'The moon-beam shines in the tent,  
 I see thee stand in the light,  
 And thy shadow is black on the ground.'

## 8

Thalaba answer'd not.  
 'Spirit!' he cried, 'what brings thee  
 here?'

In the name of the Prophet, speak, 150  
 In the name of Allah, obey!'

## 9

He ceased, and there was silence in the  
 tent.

'Dost thou not hear?' quoth Thalaba;  
 The listening man replied,  
 'I hear the wind, that flaps  
 The curtain of the tent.'

10

'The Ring! the Ring!' the youth ex-  
claim'd.

'For that the Spirit of Evil comes;  
By that I see, by that I hear.

In the name of God, I ask thee  
Who was he that slew me?

DEMON

Master of the powerful  
Okba, the dread Magician,

THALABA

Where does the Murderer dwell?

DEMON

In the Dondaniel caverns,  
Under the Roots of the Ocean.

THALABA

Why were my Father and my brethren  
slain?

DEMON

We knew from the race of Hodeirah  
The destined Destroyer would come.

THALABA

Bring me my father's sword! 170

DEMON

A Fire surrounds the fatal sword;  
No Spirit or Magician's hand  
Can pierce that fated Flame.

THALABA

Bring me his bow and his arrows!

11

Distinctly Moath heard the youth, and  
She [watch'd  
Who, through the Veil of Separation,  
The while in listening terror, and  
suspense

All too intent for prayer.

They heard the voice of Thalaba;  
But when the Spirit spake, the motion-  
less air 180

Felt not the subtle sounds,  
Too fine for mortal sense.

12

On a sudden the rattle of arrows was  
heard,  
And a quiver was laid at the feet of  
the youth,

law Hodeirah's

g'd the string,  
to the joyous

tone.

Anon he raised his voice and cried,

'Go thy way, and never more,  
Evil spirit, haunt our tent! 190

By the virtue of the Ring,  
By Mahommed's holier might,  
By the holiest name of God,  
Thee, and all the Powers of Hell,  
I adjure and I command  
Never more to trouble us!'

13

Nor ever from that hour  
Did rebel Spirit on the tent intrude,  
Such virtue had the Spell.

14

Thus peacefully the vernal years 200  
Of Thalaba pass'd on,  
Till now, without an effort, he could bend  
Hodeirah's stubborn bow.  
Black were his eyes and bright,  
The sunny hue of health  
Glow'd on his tawny cheek,  
His lip was darken'd by maturing life;  
Strong were his shapely limbs, his  
stature tall;  
Peerless among Arabian youths was he.

15

Compassion for the child 210  
Had first old Moath's kindly heart pos-  
sess'd,  
An orphan, wailing in the wilderness;  
But when he heard his tale, his wondrous  
tale, [truth,  
Told by the Boy, with such eye-speaking

*Rings power is translated, sort of*



Now with sudden burst of anger,

Now in the agony of tears,

And now with flashes of prophetic joy,  
What had been pity became reverence  
then,

And, like a sacred trust from Heaven,  
The Old Man cherish'd him. 220

Now, with a father's love,  
Child of his choice, he loved the Boy,  
And, like a father, to the Boy was dear.  
Oneiza call'd him brother; and the youth  
More fondly than a brother loved  
the maid ;

The loveliest of Arabian maidens she.  
How happily the years  
Of Thalaba went by !

## 16

It was the wisdom and the will of  
Heaven,

That in a lonely tent had cast 230  
The lot of Thalaba ;

There might his soul develope best

Its strengthening energies ;

There might he from the world

Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,  
Till at the written hour he should be  
found

Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

## 17

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled  
In that beloved solitude !

Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening  
breeze 240

Flow with cool current o'er his cheek ?  
Lo ! underneath the broad-leaved  
sycamore

With lids half-closed he lies,

Dreaming of days to come.

His dog beside him, in mute blandish-  
ment,

Now licks his listless hand ;

Now lifts an anxious and expectant eye,  
Courting the wonted caress.

## 18

Or comes the Father of the Rains  
From his caves in the uttermost West,  
Comes he in darkness and storms ? 251

When the blast is loud ;

When the waters fill

The traveller's tread in the sands ;

When the pouring shower

Streams adown the roof ;

When the door-curtain hangs in heavier  
folds :

When the out-strain'd tent flags loosely :  
Within there is the embers' cheerful  
glow,

The sound of the familiar voice, 260

The song that lightens toil, . .

Domestic Peace and Comfort are within.

Under the common shelter, on dry sand,

The quiet Camels ruminate their food ;

The lengthening cord from Moath falls,

As patiently the Old Man

Entwines the strong palm-fibres ; by  
the hearth

The Damsel shakes the coffee-grains,

That with warm fragrance fill the tent ;

And while, with dexterous fingers,

Thalaba 270

Shapes the green basket, haply at his feet

Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig,

Forgiven plunderer, for Oneiza's sake.

## 19

Or when the winter torrent rolls  
Down the deep-channel'd rain-course,  
foamingly,

Dark with its mountain spoils,

With bare feet pressing the wet sand,

There wanders Thalaba,

The rushing flow, the flowing roar,

Filling his yielded faculties, 280

A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.

## 20

Or lingers it a vernal brook

Gleaming o'er yellow sands ?

Beneath the lofty bank reclined,



Oneiza's soul is centred on the youth,  
So motionless, with such an ardent  
gaze, . . .

Save when from her full eyes  
She wipes away the swelling tears  
That dim his image there.

25

She call'd him Brother; was it sister-  
love

For which the silver rings  
Round her smooth ankles and her tawny  
arms, [eye

Shone daily brighten'd? for a brother's  
Were her long fingers tinged, 360

As when she trimm'd the lamp,  
And through the veins and delicate skin  
The light shone rosy? that the darken'd  
lids

Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye?  
That with such pride she trick'd  
Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day  
Wreathed the red flower-crown round  
Their waves of glossy jet?

How happily the days  
Of Thalaba went by! 370

Years of his youth how rapidly ye fled!

26

Yet was the heart of Thalaba  
Impatient of repose;  
Restless he ponder'd still  
The task for him decreed,  
The mighty and mysterious work an-  
nounced.

Day by day, with youthful ardour,  
He the call of Heaven awaits;  
And oft in visions, o'er the murderer's  
head,

He lifts the avenging arm! 380  
And oft, in dreams, he sees  
The Sword that is circled with fire.

27

One morn, as was their wont, in sportive  
mood, [bow;

The youth and damsel bent Hodeirah's

For with no feeble hand, nor erring aim,  
Oneiza could let loose the obedient shaft.

With head back-bending, Thalaba  
Shot up the aimless arrow high in air,  
Whose line in vain the aching sight  
pursued,

Lost in the depth of Heaven. 390  
'When will the hour arrive,' exclaim'd  
the youth,

'That I shall aim these fated shafts  
To vengeance long delay'd?  
Have I not strength, my father, for the  
deed?

Or can the will of Providence  
Be mutable like man?  
Shall I never be call'd to the task?'

28

'Impatient boy!' quoth Moath, with  
a smile:

'Impatient Thalaba!' Oneiza cried,  
And she too smiled; but in her smile 400  
A mild reproachful melancholy mix'd.

29

Then Moath pointed where a cloud  
Of locusts, from the desolated fields  
Of Syria wing'd their way.

'Lo! how created things  
Obey the written doom!'

30

Onward they came, a dark continuous  
cloud

Of congregated myriads numberless,  
The rushing of whose wings was as the  
sound

Of some broad river, headlong in its  
course 410

Plunged from a mountain summit; or  
the roar

Of a wild ocean in the autumnal storm,  
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks,  
Onward they came, the winds impell'd  
them on,

Their work was done, their path of  
ruin past.

Their graves were ready in the wilderness.

31

'Behold the mighty army!' Moath  
cried,

'Blindly they move, impell'd  
By the blind Element.

And yonder birds our welcome visitants,  
See! where they soar above the em-  
bodied host, 421

Pursue their way, and hang upon the  
rear,

And thin the spreading flanks,  
Rejoicing o'er their banquet! Deemest  
thou [mosque

The scent of water on some Syrian  
Placed with priest-mummery and fan-  
tastic rites [here  
Which fool the multitude, hath led them  
From far Khorassan? Allah who  
appoints

Yon swarms to be a punishment of man,  
These also hath he doom'd to meet their  
way: 430

Both passive instruments  
Of his all-acting will,  
Sole mover He, and only spring of all.'

32

While thus he spake, Oneiza's eye looks  
up

Where one toward her flew,  
Satiated, for so it seem'd, with sport and  
food.

The Bird flew over her,  
And as he pass'd above,  
From his relaxing grasp a Locust fell; . .  
It fell upon the Maiden's robe, 440  
And feebly there it stood, recovering  
slow.

33

The admiring girl survey'd  
His out-spread sails of green;  
His gauzy underwings, [furl'd,  
One closely to the grass-green body  
One ruffled in the fall, and half unclosed.  
She view'd his jet-orb'd eyes,

His glossy gorget bright,  
Green glittering in the sun;  
His plummy pliant horns, 450  
That, nearer as she gazed,  
Bent tremblingly before her breath.

She mark'd his yellow-circled front  
With lines mysterious vein'd;  
And 'know'st thou what is here in-  
scribed,

My father?' said the Maid.  
'Look, Thalaba! perchance these lines  
Are in the letters of the Ring,  
Nature's own language written here.'

34

The youth bent down, and suddenly  
He started, and his heart 461  
Sprung, and his cheek grew red,  
For these mysterious lines were legible, . .  
WHEN THE SUN SHALL BE DARKENED AT  
NOON,

SON OF HODEIRAH, DEPART.  
And Moath look'd, and read the lines  
aloud;

The Locust shook his wings and fled,  
And they were silent all.

35

Who then rejoiced but Thalaba?  
Who then was troubled but the Arabian  
Maid? 470

And Moath sad of heart,  
Though with a grief suppress, beheld  
the youth

Sharpen his arrows now,  
And now new-plume their shafts,  
Now, to beguile impatient hope,  
Feel every sharpen'd point.

36

'Why is that anxious look,' Oneiza ask'd,  
'Still upward east at noon?  
Is Thalaba aweary of our tent?'  
'I would be gone,' the youth replied, 480  
'That I might do my task,  
And full of glory to the tent return,  
Whence I should part no more.'



37

But on the noontide sun,  
As anxious and as oft, Oneiza's eye  
Was upward glanced in fear.  
And now, as Thalaba replied, her cheek  
Lost its fresh and lively hue ;  
For in the Sun's bright edge  
She saw, or thought she saw, a little  
speck. 490

The sage Astronomer

Who, with the love of science full,  
Trembled that day at every passing  
cloud, . . . [small.  
He had not seen it, 'twas a speck so

38

Alas ! Oneiza sees the spot increase !  
And lo ! the ready youth  
Over his shoulder the full quiver slings,  
And grasps the slacken'd bow.  
It spreads, and spreads, and now  
Hath shadow'd half the sun, 500  
Whose crescent-pointed horns  
Now momentarily decrease.

39

The day grows dark, the birds retire to  
rest :

Forth from her shadowy haunt  
Flies the large-headed screamer of the  
night.

Far off the affrighted African,  
Deeming his God deceased,  
Falls on his knees in prayer,  
And trembles as he sees  
The fierce hyena's eyes 510  
Glare in the darkness of that dreadful  
noon.

40

Then Thalaba exclaim'd, 'Farewell,  
My father ! my Oneiza !' the Old Man  
Felt his throat swell with grief.  
'Where wilt thou go, my child ?' he  
cried,  
'Wilt thou not wait a sign

To point thy destined way ?'  
'God will conduct me !' said the faith-  
ful youth.

He said, and from the tent,  
In the depth of the darkness departed.  
They heard his parting steps, 521  
The quiver rattling as he pass'd away.

## THE FOURTH BOOK

—Fas est quoque brutae  
Telluri, docilem monitis coelestibus esse.  
*Mambruni Constantinus.*

1

WHOSE is yon dawning form,  
That in the darkness meets  
The delegated youth ?  
Dim as the shadow of a fire at noon,  
Or pale reflection on the evening brook  
Of glow-worm on the bank,  
Kindled to guide her winged paramour.

2

A moment, and the brightening image  
shaped [she cried.  
His Mother's form and features. 'Go,'  
'To Babylon, and from the Angels learn  
What talisman thy task requires.' 11

3

The Spirit hung toward him when she  
ceased,  
As though with actual lips she would  
have given  
A mother's kiss. His arms outstretch'd,  
His body bending on,  
His mouth unclosed and trembling into  
speech, [wind  
He prest to meet the blessing, . . . but the  
Play'd on his cheek : he look'd, and  
he beheld [he cried,  
The darkness close. 'Again ! again !'  
'Let me again behold thee !' from the  
darkness 20  
His Mother's voice went forth ;  
'Thou shalt behold me in the hour of  
death.'

4

Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,  
 The Sun comes forth, and like a god  
 Rides through rejoicing heaven.  
 Old Moath and his daughter, from their  
 tent,  
 Beheld the adventurous youth,  
 Dark-moving o'er the sands,  
 A lessening image, trembling through  
 their tears.  
 Visions of high emprise 30  
 Beguiled his lonely road ;  
 And if sometimes to Moath's tent  
 The involuntary mind recurr'd,  
 Fancy, impatient of all painful thoughts,  
 Pictured the bliss should welcome his  
 return.  
 In dreams like these he went,  
 And still of every dream  
 Oneiza form'd a part,  
 And hope and memory made a mingled  
 joy.

5

In the eve he arrived at a Well ; 40  
 An Acacia bent over its side,  
 Under whose long light-hanging boughs  
 He chose his night's abode.  
 There, due ablutions made, and prayers  
 perform'd,  
 The youth his mantle spread,  
 And silently produced  
 His solitary meal.  
 The silence and the solitude recall'd  
 Dear recollections ; and with folded  
 arms,  
 Thinking of other days, he sate, till  
 thought 50  
 Had left him, and the Acacia's moving  
 shade  
 Upon the sunny sand,  
 Had caught his idle eye ;  
 And his awaken'd ear  
 Heard the grey Lizard's chirp,  
 The only sound of life.

6

As thus in vacant quietness he sate,  
 A Traveller on a Camel reached the Well,  
 And courteous greeting gave.  
 The mutual salutation past, 60  
 He by the cistern too his garment spread  
 And friendly converse cheer'd the social  
 meal.

7

The Stranger was an ancient man,  
 Yet one whose green old age  
 Bore the fair characters of temperate  
 youth :  
 So much of manhood's strength his  
 limbs retain'd, [bore.  
 It seem'd he needed not the staff he  
 His beard was long, and grey, and crisp ;  
 Lively his eyes and quick,  
 And reaching over them 70  
 The large broad eye-brow curl'd.  
 His speech was copious, and his winning  
 words [tive youth  
 Enrich'd with knowledge, that the atten-  
 Sate listening with a thirsty joy.

8

So in the course of talk,  
 The adventurer youth enquired  
 Whither his course was bent ?  
 The Old Man answered, ' To Bagdad I  
 go.'  
 At that so welcome sound, a flash of joy  
 Kindled the eye of Thalaba ; 80  
 ' And I tco,' he replied,  
 ' Am journeying thitherward ;  
 Let me become companion of thy way !'  
 Courteous the Old Man smiled,  
 And willing in assent.

9

OLD MAN  
 Son, thou art young for travel.  
 THALABA  
 Until now  
 I never pass'd the desert boundary.

OLD MAN

It is a noble city that we seek.  
 Thou wilt behold magnificent palaces,  
 And lofty minarets, and high-domed  
 Mosques, 90  
 And rich Bazars, whither from all the  
 world [ket there  
 Industrious merchants meet, and mar-  
 The W ted wealth.

St gdad  
 Near to th ient Babylon  
 And Nin is temple ?

I lls  
 'Tis but distance.

At ?

A mighty ma enough to  
100  
 How great our ere, how little  
 we.

Men are not what they were ; their  
 crimes and follies  
 Have dwarf'd them down from the old  
 hero race  
 To such poor things as we !

THALABA

At Babylon

I have heard the Angels expiate their  
 guilt,  
 Haruth and Maruth.

OLD MAN

'Tis a history

Handed from ages down ; a nurse's  
 tale . . 109  
 Which children open-eyed and mouth'd  
 devour ; [relates,

And thus as garrulous ignorance  
 We learn it and believe. . . But all things  
 feel [and grass  
 The power of Time and Change ; thistles

Usurp the desolate palace, and the  
 weeds [Truth.  
 Of falsehood root in the aged pile of  
 How have you heard the tale ?

THALABA

Thus . . on a time

The Angels at the wickedness of man  
 Express'd indignant wonder ; that in  
 vain

Tokens and signs were given, and  
 Prophets sent, . . 120

Strange obstinacy this ! a stubbornness  
 Of sin, they said, that should for ever  
 bar [heard

The gates of mercy on them. Allah  
 Their unforgiving pride, and bade that  
 two

Of these untempted Spirits should  
 descend,

Judges on Earth. Haruth and Maruth  
 went, [heard

The chosen Sentencers ; they fairly  
 The appeals of men to their tribunal  
 brought,

And rightfully decided. At the length  
 A Woman came before them ; beautiful  
 Zohara was, as yonder Evening Star, 121  
 In the mild lustre of whose lovely light  
 Even now her beauty shines. They gazed  
 on her [sin.

With fleshly eyes, they tempted her to  
 The wily woman listen'd, and required  
 A previous price, the knowledge of the  
 name [name,

Of God. She learnt the wonder-working  
 And gave it utterance, and its virtue  
 bore her

Up to the glorious Presence, and she told  
 Before the awful Judgement-Seat her  
 tale, 140

OLD MAN

I know the rest. The accused Spirits  
 were call'd ;

Unable of defence, and penitent,

They own'd their crime, and heard the  
doom deserved.

Then they besought the Lord, that  
not for ever

His wrath might be upon them; and  
implored

That penal ages might at length restore  
them [Babylon,

Clean from offence; since then by  
In the cavern of their punishment, they  
dwell.

Runs the conclusion so?

THALABA

So I am taught. 150

OLD MAN

The common tale! And likely thou hast  
heard

How that the bold and bad, with  
impious rites

Intrude upon their penitence, and force,  
Albeit from loathing and reluctant lips,  
The sorcery-secret?

THALABA

Is it not the truth?

OLD MAN

Son, thou hast seen the Traveller in the  
sands

Move through the dizzy light of hot  
noon-day,

Huge as the giant race of elder times;  
And his Camel, than the monstrous  
Elephant, 160

Seem of a vaster bulk.

THALABA

A frequent sight.

OLD MAN

And hast thou never, in the twilight,  
fancied

Familiar object into some strange shape  
And form uncouth?

THALABA

Ay! many a time.

OLD MAN

Even so

Things view'd at distance through the  
mist of fear,

By their distortion terrify and shock  
The abused sight. 170

THALABA

But of these Angels' fate

Thus in the uncreated book is written.

OLD MAN

Wisely from legendary fables, Heaven  
Inculcates wisdom.

THALABA

How then is the truth?

Is not the dungeon of their punishment  
By ruin'd Babylon?

OLD MAN

By Babylon

Haruth and Maruth may be found.

THALABA

And there 180

Magicians learn their impious sorcery?

OLD MAN

Son, what thou say'st is true, and it is  
false.

But night approaches fast; I have  
travell'd far,

And my old lids are heavy; . . on our  
way [us now

We shall have hours for converse; . . let  
Turn to our due repose. Son, peace  
be with thee!

10

So in his loosen'd cloak

The Old Man wrapt himself,

And laid his limbs at length;

And Thalaba in silence laid him down.

Awhile he lay, and watch'd the lovely  
Moon, 191

O'er whose broad orb the boughs

A mazy fretting framed,

Or with a pale transparent green

Lighting the restless leaves,

The thin Acacia leaves that play'd above.



The murmuring wind, the moving  
leaves,

Soothed him at length to sleep,  
With mingled lullabies of sight and  
sound.

11

Not so the dark Magician by his side, 200  
Lobaba, who from the Domdaniel caves  
Had sought the dreaded youth.

Silent he lay, and simulating sleep,  
Till by the long and regular breath he  
knew

The youth beside him slept.

Carefully then he rose,  
And bending over him, survey'd him  
near ;

And secretly he cursed  
The dead Abdaldar's ring,  
Arm'd by whose amulet 210  
He slept from danger safe.

12

Wrapt in his mantle Thalaba reposed,  
His loose right arm pillowing his easy  
head.

The Moon was on the Ring.

Whose crystal gem return'd

A quiet, moveless light.

Vainly the Wizard vile put forth his  
hand,

And strove to reach the gem ;  
Charms, strong as hell could make them,  
kept it safe.

He call'd his servant-fiends, 220  
He bade the Genii rob the sleeping youth.

By the virtue of the Ring,

By Mahommed's holier power,

By the holiest name of God,

Had Thalaba disarm'd the evil race.

13

Baffled and weary, and convinced at  
length, [him,

Anger, and fear, and rancour gnawing  
The accursed Sorcerer ceased his vain  
attempts,

Content perforce to wait  
Temptation's likelier aid. 230

Restless he lay, and brooding many a  
wile,

And tortured with impatient hope,  
And envying with the bitterness of hate  
The innocent youth, who slept so  
sweetly by.

14

The ray of morning on his eye-lids fell,  
And Thalaba awoke,

And folded his mantle around him,  
And girded his loins for the day ;  
Then the due rites of holiness observed.

His comrade too arose, 240  
And with the outward forms  
Of righteousness and prayer insulted  
God.

They fill'd their water skin, they gave  
The Camel his full draught.

Then on the road, while yet the morn  
was young,

And the air was fresh with dew,  
Forward the travellers went,  
With various talk beguiling the long way.

But soon the youth, whose busy mind  
Dwelt on Lobaba's wonder-stirring  
words, 250

Renew'd the unfinish'd converse of the  
night.

15

THALABA

Thou said'st that it is true, and yet is  
false,

That men accurst attain at Babylon  
Forbidden knowledge from the Angel  
pair : . .

How mean you ?

LOBABA

All things have a double power,  
Alike for good and evil. The same fire  
That on the comfortable hearth at eve  
Warm'd the good man, flames o'er the  
house at night ;

Should we for this forego 260  
The needful element ?

Because the scorching summer Sun  
Darts fever, would'st thou quench the  
orb of day ? [form'd  
Or deemest thou that Heaven in anger  
Iron to till the field, because when man  
Had tipt his arrows for the chase, he  
rush'd

A murderer to the war ?

THALABA

What follows hence ?

LOBABA

That nothing in itself is good or evil,  
But only in its use. Think you the man  
Praiseworthy, who by painful study  
learns 271  
The knowledge of all simples, and their  
power,  
Healing or harmful ?

THALABA

All men hold in honour

The skilful Leech. From land to land  
he goes

Safe in his privilege ; the sword of war  
Spares him ; Kings welcome him with  
costly gifts ; [pain  
And he who late had from the couch of  
Lifted a languid look to him for aid,  
Beholds him with glad eyes, and blesses  
him 280

In his first thankful prayer.

LOBABA

Yet some there are

Who to the purposes of wickedness  
Apply this knowledge, and from herbs  
distil  
Poison, to mix it in the trusted draught.

THALABA

Allah shall cast them in the eternal fire  
Whose fuel is the cursed ! there shall  
they  
Endure the ever-burning agony,

Consuming still in flames, and still  
renew'd.

LOBABA

But is their knowledge therefore in itself  
Unlawful ? 290

THALABA

That were foolishness to think.

LOBABA

O what a glorious animal were Man,  
Knew he but his own powers, and,  
knowing, gave them  
Room for their growth and spread ! The  
Horse obeys

His guiding will ; the patient Camel  
bears him [wafts  
Over these wastes of sand ; the Pigeon  
His bidding through the sky ; . . and  
with these triumphs

He rests contented ! . . with these  
ministers, . .

When he might awe the Elements, and  
make

Myriads of Spirits serve him ! 300

THALABA

But as how ?

By a league with Hell, a covenant that  
binds

The soul to utter death !

LOBABA

Was Solomon

Accurst of God ? Yet to his talismans  
Obedient, o'er his throne the birds of  
Heaven,

Their waving wings his sun-shield, fann'd  
around him [to place,  
The motionless air of noon ; from place  
As his will rein'd the viewless Element,  
He rode the Wind ; the Genii rear'd  
his temple, 310

And ceaselessly in fear while his dread  
eye [their toil,  
O'erlook'd them, day and night pursued  
So dreadful was his power.

THALABA

But 'twas from Heaven

His wisdom came ; God's special gift, . .  
 the guerdon  
 Of early virtue.

LOBABA

Learn thou, O young man !

God hath appointed wisdom the reward  
 Of study ! 'Tis a well of living waters,  
 Whose inexhaustible bounties all might  
 drink, 320

But few dig deep enough. Son ! thou  
 art silent, . .

Perhaps I say too much, . . perhaps  
 offend thee.

THALABA

Nay, I am young, and willingly, as  
 becomes me,

Hear the wise words of age.

LOBABA

Is it a crime

To mount the Horse, because forsooth  
 thy feet [sin,

Can serve thee for the journey ? . . Is it  
 Because the Hern soars upward in  
 the sky [Falcon

Above the arrow's flight, to train the  
 Whose beak shall pierce him there ? The  
 powers which Allah 330

Granted to man, were granted for his  
 use ; [weakness

All knowledge that befits not human  
 Is placed beyond its reach. . . They who  
 repair

To Babylon, and from the Angels learn  
 Mysterious wisdom, sin not in the deed.

THALABA

Know you these secrets ?

LOBABA

I ? alas ! my Son,

My age just knows enough to understand  
 How little all its knowledge ! Later years  
 Sacred to study, teach me to regret 340

Youth's unforeseeing indolence, and  
 hours [I know

That cannot be recall'd ! Something  
 The properties of herbs, and have some-  
 times [relief

Brought to the afflicted comfort and  
 By the secrets of my art ; under His  
 blessing [Gems

Without whom all had fail'd ! Also of  
 I have some knowledge, and the  
 characters [set.

That tell beneath what aspect they were

THALABA

Belikeyou can interpret then the graving  
 Around this Ring ! 350

LOBABA

My sight is feeble, Son,

And I must view it closer ; let me try !

16

The unsuspecting Youth

Held forth his finger to draw off the spell.  
 Even whilst he held it forth,

There settled there a Wasp,

And just above the Gem infix'd its dart ;  
 All purple-swoln the hot and painful flesh  
 Rose round the tighten'd Ring.

The baffled Sorcerer knew the hand of  
 Heaven, 360

And inwardly blasphemed.

17

Ere long Lobaba's heart,

Fruitful in wiles, devised new stratagem.  
 A mist arose at noon,

Like the loose hanging skirts

Of some low cloud that, by the breeze  
 impell'd,

Sweeps o'er the mountain side.

With joy the thoughtless youth

That grateful shadowing hail'd ;

For grateful was the shade, 370

While through the silver-lighted haze,  
 Guiding their way, appear'd the beam-  
 less Sun.

But soon that beacon fail'd ;

A heavier mass of cloud,

Impenetrably deep,

Hung o'er the wilderness.

' Knowest thou the track ? ' quoth  
Thalaba,

' Or should we pause, and wait the wind  
To scatter this bewildering fog ? '

The Sorcerer answer'd him, 380

' Now let us hold right on, . . for if we  
stray, [course.'

The Sun to-morrow will direct our  
So saying, he toward the desert depths  
Misleads the youth deceived.

## 18

Earlier the night came on,  
Nor moon, nor stars, were visible in  
heaven ; [his eyes,

And when at morn the youth unclosed  
He knew not where to turn his face in  
prayer.

' What shall we do ? ' Lobaba cried,  
' The lights of heaven have ceased  
To guide us on our way. 391

Should we remain and wait  
More favourable skies,  
Soon would our food and water fail us  
here :

And if we venture on,  
There are the dangers of the wilderness ! '

## 19

' Sure it were best proceed ! '

The chosen youth replies ;

' So haply we may reach some tent, or  
grove

Of dates, or station'd tribe. 400

But idly to remain,  
Were yielding effortless, and waiting  
death.'

The wily sorcerer willingly assents,  
And farther in the sands,  
Elate of heart, he leads the credulous  
youth.

## 20

Still o'er the wilderness  
Settled the moveless mist.

The timid Antelope, that heard their  
steps, [dim light ;  
Stood doubtful where to turn in that  
The Ostrich, blindly hastening, met  
them full. 410

At night, again in hope,  
Young Thalaba lay down ; [ray  
The morning came, and not one guiding  
Through the thick mist was visible,  
The same deep moveless mist that  
mantled all.

## 21

Oh for the Vulture's scream,  
Who haunts for prey the abode of  
humankind !

Oh for the Plover's pleasant cry  
To tell of water near !

Oh for the Camel-driver's song 420  
For now the water-skin grows light,  
Though of the draught, more eagerly  
desired, [thirst.

Imperious prudence took with sparing  
Oft from the third night's broken sleep,  
As in his dreams he heard  
The sound of rushing winds,  
Started the anxious youth, and look'd  
abroad, [dured.

In vain ! for still the deadly calm en-  
Another day pass'd on ;

The water-skin was drain'd ; 430

But then one hope arrived,

For there was motion in the air !

The sound of the wind arose anon,  
That scatter'd the thick mist,  
And lo ! at length the lovely face of  
Heaven !

## 22

Alas ! . . a wretched scene  
Was open'd on their view.  
They look'd around, no wells were near,  
No tent, no human aid !



Flat on the Camel lay the water-skin, 440  
 And their dumb servant difficultly now,  
 Over hot sands and under the hot sun,  
 Dragg'd on with patient pain.

23

But oh the joy! the blessed sight!  
 When in that burning waste the  
     Travellers [besprent,  
 Saw a green meadow, fair with flowers  
 Azure and yellow, like the beautiful  
     fields [grass  
 Of England, when amid the growing  
 The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup  
     shines, [air,  
 And the sweet cowslip scents the genial  
 In the merry month of May! 451  
 Oh joy! the Travellers

Gaze on each other with hope-brighten'd  
     eyes, [flows  
 For sure through that green meadow  
 The living stream! And lo! their  
     famish'd beast  
 Sees the restoring sight!  
 Hope gives his feeble limbs a sudden  
     strength,  
 He hurries on! . .

24

The herbs so fair to eye  
 Were Senna, and the Gentian's blossom  
     blue, 460  
 And kindred plants, that with unwater'd  
     root [leaves  
 Fed in the burning sand, whose bitter  
 Even frantic Famine loathed.

25

In uncommunicating misery  
 Silent they stood. At length Lobaba  
     said,  
 'Son, we must slay the Camel, or we die  
 For lack of water! thy young hand  
     is firm, . .  
 Draw forth the knife and pierce him!'   
 Wretch accurst!

Who that beheld thy venerable face,  
 Thy features stiff with suffering, the dry  
     lips, 470

The feverish eyes, could deem that  
     all within  
 Was magic ease, and fearlessness secure,  
 And wiles of hellish import? The young  
     man  
 Paused with reluctant pity: but he saw  
 His comrade's red and painful coun-  
     tenance,  
 His burning breath came short

Then from his girdle Thanaos drew  
     knife  
 With stern compassion, and from side  
     to side 480

Across the Camel's throat,  
 Drew deep the crooked blade.  
 Servant of man, that merciful deed  
 For ever ends thy suffering; but what  
     doom [death  
 Waits thy deliverer? 'Little will thy  
 Avail us!' thought the youth,  
 As in the water-skin he pour'd  
 The Camel's hoarded draught;  
     It gave a scant supply, 489  
 The poor allowance of one prudent day.

27

Son of Hodcirah, though thy steady soul  
 Despair'd not, firm in faith,  
 Yet not the less did suffering nature feel  
 Its pangs and trials. Long their craving  
     thirst  
 Struggled with fear, by fear itself in-  
     flamed;  
 But drop by drop, that poor,  
 That last supply is drain'd.  
 Still the same burning sun! no cloud in  
     heaven!

The hot air quivers, and the sultry mist  
 Floats o'er the desert with a show 500  
 Of distant waters, mocking their distress.

28

The youth's parch'd lips were black,  
 His tongue was dry and rough,  
 His eye-balls red with heat.  
 Lobaba gazed on him with looks  
 That seem'd to speak of pity, and he  
 said,

'Let me behold thy Ring;  
 It may have virtue that can save us yet!'  
 With that he took his hand  
 And view'd the writing close, 510  
 Then cried with sudden joy,  
 'It is a stone that whoso bears,  
 The Genii must obey!  
 Now raise thy voice, my Son,  
 And bid them in His name that here is  
 written  
 Preserve us in our need.'

29

'Nay!' answer'd Thalaba,  
 'Shall I distrust the providence of God?  
 Is it not He must save?  
 If Allah wills it not, 520  
 Vain were the Genii's aid.'

30

Whilst he spake, Lobaba's eye,  
 Upon the distance fix'd,  
 Attended not his speech.  
 Its fearful meaning drew  
 The looks of Thalaba;  
 Columns of sand came moving on,  
 Red in the burning ray,  
 Like obelisks of fire,  
 They rush'd before the driving wind. 530  
 Vain were all thoughts of flight!  
 They had not hoped escape,  
 Could they have back'd the Dromedary  
 then,  
 Who in his rapid race [force,  
 Gives to the tranquil air a drowning

31

High . . high in heaven upcurl'd  
 The dreadful sand-spouts moved:  
 Swift as the whirlwind that impell'd  
 their way,

They came toward the travellers!  
 The old Magician shriek'd, 540  
 And lo! the foremost bursts,  
 Before the whirlwind's force,  
 Scattering afar a burning shower of  
 sand.

'Now by the virtue of the Ring,  
 Save us!' Lobaba cried,  
 'While yet thou hast the power,  
 Save us! O save us! now!'  
 The youth made no reply,  
 Gazing in awful wonder on the scene.

32

'Why dost thou wait?' the Old Man  
 exclaim'd, 550  
 'If Allah and the Prophet will not  
 save,  
 Call on the powers that will!'

33

'Ha! do I know thee, Infidel accurst?'  
 Exclaim'd the awaken'd youth.  
 'And thou hast led me hither, Child of  
 Sin!

That fear might make me sell  
 My soul to endless death!'

34

'Fool that thou art!' Lobaba cried,  
 'Call upon Him whose name  
 Thy charmed signet bears, 560  
 Or die the death thy foolishness deserves!'

35

'Servant of Hell! die thou!' quoth  
 Thalaba,  
 And leaning on his bow  
 He fitted the loose string  
 And laid the arrow in its resting-place.  
 'Bow of my Father, do thy duty now!'

He drew the arrow to its point,  
 True to his eye it fled,  
 And full upon the breast  
 It smote the Sorcerer. 570  
 Astonish'd Thalaba beheld  
 The blunted point recoil.

## 36

A proud and bitter smile  
 Wrinkled Lobaba's cheek.  
 'Try once again thine earthly arms!'  
 he cried.  
 'Rash Boy! the Power I serve  
 Abandons not his votaries.  
 It is for Allah's wretched slaves, like  
 thou,  
 To serve a master, who in the hour of  
 need

Forsakes them to their fate! 580  
 I leave thee!' . . . and he shook his staff,  
 and call'd  
 The Chariot of his charms.

## 37

Swift as the viewless wind,  
 Self-moved, the Chariot came;  
 The Sorcerer mounts the seat.  
 'Yet once more weigh thy danger!' he  
 resumed,  
 'Ascend the car with me,  
 And with the speed of thought  
 We pass the desert bounds.'  
 The indignant youth vouchsafed not to  
 reply, 590  
 And lo! the magic car begins its course!

## 38

Hark! hark! . . . he shrieks . . . Lobaba  
 shrieks!  
 What, wretch, and hast thou raised  
 The rushing terrors of the Wilderness  
 To fall on thine own head?  
 Death! death! inevitable death!  
 Driven by the breath of God,  
 A column of the Desert met his way.

## THE FIFTH BOOK

Thou hast girded me with strength unto  
 the battle; thou hast subdued under me  
 those that rose up against me.—*Psalm*  
 xviii. 39.

## 1

WHEN Thalaba from adoration rose,  
 The air was cool, the sky  
 With welcome clouds o'ercast,  
 Which soon came down in rain.  
 He lifted up his fever'd face to heaven,  
 And bared his head and stretch'd his  
 hands  
 To that delightful shower,  
 And felt the coolness permeate every  
 limb,  
 Freshening his powers of life.

## 2

A loud quick panting! Thalaba looks  
 up, 10  
 He starts, and his instinctive hand  
 Grasps the knife hilt; for close beside  
 A Tiger passes him.  
 An indolent and languid eye  
 The passing Tiger turn'd;  
 His head was hanging down,  
 His dry tongue lolling low,  
 And the short panting of his breath  
 Came through his hot parch'd nostrils  
 painfully.

The young Arabian knew 20  
 The purport of his hurried pace,  
 And following him in hope,  
 Saw joyful from afar  
 The Tiger stoop and drink.

## 3

A desert Pelican had built her nest  
 In that deep solitude,  
 And now, return'd from distant flight,  
 Fraught with the river-stream,  
 Her load of water had disburthen'd there.  
 Her young in the refreshing bath 30  
 Dipt down their callow heads,

Fill'd the swoln membrane from their  
 plumeless throat  
 Pendant, and bills yet soft ;  
 And buoyant with arch'd breast,  
 Plied in unpractised stroke  
 The oars of their broad feet.

They, as the spotted prowler of the wild  
 Laps the cool wave, around their mother  
 crowd, [wings.

And nestle underneath her outspread  
 The spotted prowler of the wild 40  
 Lapt the cool wave, and satiate, from  
 the nest,  
 Guiltless of blood, withdrew.

4

The mother-bird had moved not,  
 But covering o'er her nestlings,  
 Sate confident and fearless,  
 And watch'd the wonted guest.  
 But when the human visitant approach'd,  
 The alarmed Pelican  
 Retiring from that hostile shape  
 Gathers her young, and menaces with  
 wings, 50  
 And forward thrusts her threatening  
 neck,

Its feathers ruffling in her wrath  
 Bold with mat[redacted]  
 Thalaba [redacted]  
 H[redacted]  
 Not all [redacted]

And jou[redacted] onward, blest the Carrier  
 Bird,  
 And blest, in thankfulness,  
 Their common Father, provident for all.

5

With strength renew'd, and confident in  
 faith, 61  
 The son of Hodeirah proceeds ;  
 Till after the long toil of many a day,  
 At length Bagdad appear'd,  
 The City of his search.  
 He hastening to the gate,

Roams o'er the city with insatiate eyes ;  
 Its thousand dwellings, o'er whose  
 level roofs [mosques,  
 Fair cupolas appear'd, and high-domed  
 And pointed minarets, and cypress  
 groves 70

Every where scatter'd in unwithering  
 green.

6

Thou too art fallen, Bagdad ! City of  
 Peace  
 Thou too hast had thy day ;  
 And loathsome Ignorance and brute  
 Servitude,

Pollute thy dwellings now,  
 Erst for the Mighty and the Wise re-  
 nown'd.

O yet illustrious for remember'd fame,—  
 Thy founder the Victorious,—and the  
 pomp [defiled,  
 Of Haroun, for whose name by blood  
 Yahia's, and the blameless Barmecides',  
 Genius hath wrought salvation,—and  
 the years 81

When Science with the good Al-Maimon  
 dwelt : [Mosques  
 One day may the Crescent from thy  
 be pluck'd by Wisdom, when the  
 enlighten'd arm  
 Europe conquers to redeem the East !

7

Then Pomp and Pleasure dwelt within  
 her walls ; [West  
 The Merchants of the East and of the  
 Met in her arch'd Bazars ;  
 All day the active poor  
 Shower'd a cool comfort o'er her  
 thronging streets ; 90  
 Labour was busy in her looms ;  
 Through all her open gates  
 Long troops of laden Camels lined the  
 roads, [stream  
 And Tigris bore upon his tameless  
 Armenian harvests to her multitudes.



## 8

But not in sumptuous Caravansery  
The adventurer idles there,  
Nor sates wonder with her pomp and  
wealth ;

A long day's distance from the walls  
Stands ruined Babylon ; 100  
The time of action is at hand ;  
The hope that for so many a year  
Hath been his daily thought, his nightly  
dream,

Stings to more restlessness.  
He loaths all lingering that delays the  
hour [return'd,  
When, full of glory, from his quest  
He on the pillar of the Tent beloved  
Shall hang Hodeirah's sword.

## 9

The many-coloured domes  
Yet wore one dusky hue ; 110  
The Cranes upon the Mosque  
Kept their night-clatter still ;  
When through the gate the early Tra-  
veller pass'd. [plain  
And when at evening o'er the swampy  
The Bittern's boom came far,  
Distinct in darkness seen  
Above the low horizon's lingering light,  
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

## 10

Once from her lofty walls the Charioteer  
Look'd down on swarming myriads ;  
once she flung 120  
Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquer'd  
tide, [she pour'd  
And through her brazen portals when  
Her armies forth, the distant nations  
look'd [fear,  
As men who watch the thunder-cloud in  
Lest it should burst above them. She  
was fallen,  
The Queen of cities, Babylon, was fallen !  
Low lay her bulwarks ; the black  
Scorpion bask'd

In the palace courts ; within the sanc-  
tuary

The She-Wolf hid her whelps.  
Is yonder huge and shapeless heap,  
what once 130

Hath been the aërial Gardens, height on  
height [with wood,  
Rising like Media's mountains crown'd  
Work of imperial dotage ? Where the  
fane [now,

Of Belus ? Where the Golden Image  
Which at the sound of dulcimer and lute,  
Cornet and sacbut, harp and psaltery,  
The Assyrian slaves adored ?

A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon  
Spreads o'er the blasted plain :  
The wandering Arab never sets his tent  
Within her walls ; the Shepherd eyes  
afar 141

Her evil towers, and devious drives his  
flock. [tide,

Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless  
Euphrates rolls along,  
Eternal Nature's work.

## 11

Through the broken portal,  
Over weedy fragments,  
Thalaba went his way.  
Cautious he trod, and felt  
The dangerous ground before him with  
his bow. 150

The Jackal started at his steps ;  
The Stork, alarm'd at sound of man,  
From her broad nest upon the old pillar  
top,

Affrighted fled on flapping wings ;  
The Adder, in her haunts disturb'd,  
Lanced at the intruding staff her arrowy  
tongue.

## 12

Twilight and moonshine dimly mingling  
gave  
An awful light obscure,  
Evening not wholly closed.

The Moon still pale and faint : 160

An awful light obscure,  
Broken by many a mass of blackest shade;  
Long column stretching dark through  
weeds and moss,

Broad length of lofty wall,  
Whose windows lay in light,  
And of their former shape, low arch'd  
or square,

Rude outline on the earth  
Figured, with long grass fringed.

13

Reclined against a column's brokenshaft,  
Unknowing whitherward to bend his  
way, 170

He stood, and gazed around.

The Ruins closed him in ;  
It seem'd as if no foot of man  
For ages had intruded there.

14

Soon at approaching step  
Startling, he turn'd and saw  
A Warrior in the moon-beam drawing  
near.

Forward the Stranger came,  
And with a curious eye  
Perused the Arab youth. 180

15

' And who art thou,' the Stranger cried,  
' That at an hour like this  
Wanderest in Babylon ?

A way-bewilder'd traveller, seekest thou  
The ruinous shelter here ?  
Or comest thou to hide  
The plunder of the night ?  
Or hast thou spells to make

These ruins, yawning from their rooted  
base,

Disclose their secret wealth ?' 190

16

The youth replied, ' Nor wandering  
traveller,  
Nor robber of the night,

Nor skill'd in spells am I.

I seek the Angels here,  
Haruth and Maruth. Stranger, in thy  
turn,

Why wanderest thou in Babylon,  
And who art thou, the questioner ?'

17

The man was fearless, and the temper'd  
pride

Which toned the voice of Thalaba  
Displeas'd not him, himself of haughty  
heart. 200

Heedless he answered, ' Knowest thou  
Their cave of punishment ?'

18

THALABA

Vainly I seek it.

STRANGER

Art thou firm of foot  
To tread the ways of danger ?

THALABA

Point the path !

STRANGER

Young Arab ! if thou hast a heart can  
beat [not

Evenly in danger ; if thy bowels yearn  
With human fears, at scenes where  
undisgraced

The soldier tried in battle might look  
back 210

And tremble, follow me ! . . for I am  
bound

Into that cave of horrors.

19

Thalaba

Gazed on his comrade : he was young,  
of port

Stately and strong ; belike his face  
had pleased [in it

A woman's eye ; but the youth read  
Unrestrain'd passions, the obdurate soul  
Bold in all evil daring ; and it taught,

By Nature's irresistible instinct, doubt  
Well-timed and wary. Of himself  
assured,

Fearless of man, and firm in faith, 220  
'Lead on!' cried Thalaba.  
Mohareb led the way;  
And through the ruin'd streets,  
And through the farther gate,  
They pass'd in silence on.

20

What sound is borne on the wind?  
Is it the storm that shakes  
The thousand oaks of the forest?  
But Thalaba's long locks  
Flow down his shoulders moveless, and  
the wind 230

In his loose mantle raises not a fold.  
Is it the river's roar  
Dash'd down some rocky descent?  
Along the level plain  
Euphrates glides unheard.

What sound disturbs the night,  
Loud as the summer forest in the storm,  
As the river that roars among rocks?

21

And what the heavy cloud  
That hangs upon the vale, 240  
Thick as the mist o'er a well-water'd  
plain

Settling at evening, when the cooler air  
Lets its day-vapours fall;  
Black as the sulphur-cloud,  
That through Vesuvius, or from Hecla's  
mouth, [fires?  
Rolls up, ascending from the infernal

22

From Ait's bitumen-lake  
That heavy cloud ascends;  
That everlasting roar  
From where its gushing springs 250  
Boil their black billows up.  
Silent the Arabian youth,  
Along the verge of that wide lake,

Follow'd Mohareb's way,  
Toward a ridge of rocks that bank'd its  
side.

There from a cave, with torrent force,  
And everlasting roar,  
The black bitumen roll'd.  
The moonlight lay upon the rocks;  
Their crags were visible, 260  
The shade of jutting cliffs,  
And where broad lichens whiten'd some  
smooth spot,

And where the ivy hung  
Its flowing tresses down.  
A little way within the cave  
The moonlight fell, glossing the sable  
tide

That gush'd tumultuous out.  
A little way it entered, then the rock  
Arching its entrance, and the winding  
way,

Darken'd the unseen depths. 270

23

No eye of mortal man,  
If unenabled by enchanted spell,  
Had pierced those fearful depths;  
For mingling with the roar  
Of the portentous torrent, oft were heard  
Shrieks, and wild yells that scared  
The brooding Eagle from her midnight  
nest.

The affrighted countrymen  
Call it the mouth of Hell;  
And ever when their way leads near  
They hurry with averted eyes, 281  
And dropping their beads fast,  
Pronounce the Holy Name.

24

There pausing at the cavern-mouth,  
Mohareb turn'd to Thalaba:  
'Now darest thou enter in?'  
'Behold!' the youth replied,  
And leading in his turn the dangerous  
way,

Set foot within the cave.

25

'Stay, Madman!' cried his comrade:  
 'Wouldst thou rush 290  
 Headlong to certain death?  
 Where are thine arms to meet  
 The Keeper of the Passage?' A loud  
 shriek, [cave,  
 That shook along the windings of the  
 Scatter'd the youth's reply.

26

Mohareb, when the long re-echoing  
 ceased,  
 Exclaim'd, 'Fate favour'd thee,  
 Young Arab! when she wrote upon thy  
 brow  
 The meeting of to-night;  
 Else surely had thy name 300  
 This hour been blotted from the Book  
 of Life!'

27

So saying, from beneath  
 His cloak a bag he drew:  
 'Young Arab! thou art brave,' he cried,  
 'But thus to rush on danger unprepared,  
 As lions spring upon the hunter's spear,  
 Is blind, brute courage. Zohak keeps  
 the cave:  
 Against that Giant of primeval days  
 No force can win the passage.' Thus he  
 said,  
 And from his wallet drew a human hand,  
 Shrivell'd and dry and black; 311  
 And fitting as he spake  
 A taper in its hold,  
 Pursued: 'A murderer on the stake  
 had died! [lopt  
 I drove the Vulture from his limbs, and  
 The hand that did the murder, and  
 drew up  
 The tendon strings to close its grasp,  
 And in the sun and wind  
 Parch'd it, nine weeks exposed.  
 The Taper, . . . but not here the place to  
 impart, 320

Nor hast thou undergone the rites,  
 That fit thee to partake the mystery.  
 Look! it burns clear, but with the air  
 around,

Its dead ingredients mingle deathiness.  
 This when the Keeper of the Cave shall  
 feel,

Maugre the doom of Heaven,  
 The salutary spell  
 Shall lull his penal agony to sleep,  
 And leave the passage free.'

28

Thalaba answer'd not. 330  
 Nor was there time for answer now,  
 For lo! Mohareb leads,  
 And o'er the vaulted cave,  
 Trembles the accursed taper's feeble  
 light.

There where the narrowing chasm  
 Rose loftier in the hill,  
 Stood Zohak, wretched man, condemn'd  
 to keep

His Cave of punishment.  
 His was the frequent scream  
 Which when far off the prowling Jackal  
 heard, 340

He howl'd in terror back:  
 For from his shoulders grew  
 Two snakes of monster size,  
 Which ever at his head  
 Aim'd their rapacious teeth

To satiate raving hunger with his brain.  
 He, in the eternal conflict, oft would  
 seize [grasp

Their swelling necks, and in his giant  
 Bruise them, and rend their flesh with  
 bloody nails,

And howl for agony, 350  
 Feeling the pangs he gave, for of himself  
 Co-sentient and inseparable parts,  
 The snaky torturers grew.

29

To him approaching now,  
 Mohareb held the wither'd arm,



The taper of enchanted power.  
The unhallow'd spell in hand unholy  
held,

Then minister'd to mercy ; heavily  
The wretch's eyelids closed ;

And welcome and unfelt, 360  
Like the release of death,

A sudden sleep surprised his vital powers.

## 30

Yet though along the cave relax'd

Lay Zohak's giant limbs, [pass,

The twin-born serpents kept the narrow  
Kindled their fiery eyes,

Darted their tongues of terror, and  
roll'd out

Their undulating length, [ship

Like the long streamers of some gallant  
Buoy'd on the wavy air, 370

Still struggling to flow on, and still with-  
held.

The scent of living flesh

Inflamed their appetite.

## 31

Prepared for all the perils of the cave,  
Mohareb came. He from his wallet drew

Two human heads, yet warm.

O hard of heart ! whom not the visible  
power

Of retributive Justice, and the doom

Of Zohak in his sight,

Deter'd from equal crime ! 380

Two human heads, yet warm, he laid  
Before the scaly guardians of the pass ;

They to their wonted banquet of old  
years [free.

Turn'd eager, and the narrow pass was

## 32

And now before their path

The opening cave dilates ;

They reach a spacious vault,

Where the black river-fountains burst  
their way.

Now as a whirlwind's force

Had center'd on the spring, 390

The gushing flood roll'd up ;

And now the deaden'd roar

Echoed beneath, collapsing as it sunk

Within a dark abyss,

Adown whose fathomless gulphs the eye  
was lost.

## 33

Blue flames that hover'd o'er the springs  
Flung through the cavern their uncer-  
tain light ;

Now waving on the waves they lay,

And now their fiery curls

Flow'd in long tresses up, 400

And now contracting, glow'd with  
whiter heat !

Then up they shot again,

Darting pale flashes through the

tremulous air ; [smoke,

The flames, the red and yellow sulphur-

And the black darkness of the vault,

Commingleing indivisibly.

## 34

' Here,' quoth Mohareb, ' do the Angels  
dwell,

The Teachers of Enchantment.' Thalaba

Then raised his voice, and cried,

' Haruth and Maruth, hear me ! Not  
with rites 410

Accursed, to disturb your penitence,

And learn forbidden lore,

Repentant Angels, seek I your abode ;

But sent by Allah and the Prophet here,

Obediently I come,

Their chosen servant I.

Tell me the Talisman'—

## 35

' And dost thou think,'

Mohareb cried, as with a smile of scorn

He glanced upon his comrade, ' dost  
thou think 420

To trick them of their secret ? For the  
dupes

Of human-kind keep this lip-righteous-  
ness !  
'Twill serve thee in the Mosque  
And in the Market-place,  
But Spirits view the heart.  
Only by strong and torturing spells  
enforced,  
Those stubborn angels teach the charm  
By which we must descend.'

36

'Descend ?' said Thalaba.  
But then the wrinkling smile 430  
Forsook Mohareb's cheek,  
And darker feelings settled on his brow.  
'Now by my soul,' quoth he, 'and I  
believe,  
Idiot ! that I have led  
Some camel-knee'd prayer-monger  
through the cave !  
What brings thee hither ? Thou  
should'st have a hut [way,  
By some Saint's grave beside the public  
There to less-knowing fools  
Retail thy Koran-scrap, 439  
And in thy turn die civet-like at last  
In the dung-perfume of thy sanctity ! . .  
Ye whom I seek ! that, led by me,  
Feet uninitiate tread  
Your threshold, this atones !—  
Fit sacrifice he falls !'  
And forth he flash'd his scymetar,  
And raised the murderous blow.

37

There ceased his power ; his lifted arm,  
Suspended by the spell,  
Hung impotent to strike. 450  
'Poor hypocrite !' cried he,  
'And this then is thy faith  
In Allah and the Prophet ! They had  
fail'd  
To save thee, but for Magic's stolen aid ;  
Yea, they had left thee yonder Serpent's  
meal,

But that, in prudent cowardice,  
The chosen Servant of the Lord came in,  
Safe follower of my path !'

'Blasphemous !' you boast of guid-  
' ?'  
Quoth Th virtuous pride  
d, 460  
'Blacked work  
The l of Heaven !  
Sayest thou confident of God,  
In I trust ?  
Lia as this !'  
And he aldar's Ring,  
And ne gulph.  
A sl came up,  
And s it fell,

And peals of æv'nish laughter shook the  
Cave. 470

39

Then joy suffused Mohareb's cheek,  
And Thalaba beheld  
The blue blade gleam, descending to  
destroy.

40

The undefended youth  
Sprung forward, and he seized  
Mohareb in his grasp,  
And grappled with him breast to breast.  
Sinewy and large of limb Mohareb was,  
Broad-shoulder'd, and his joints  
Knit firm, and in the strife 480  
Of danger practised well.

Time had not thus matured young  
Thalaba ;

But high-wrought feeling now,  
The inspiration and the mood divine,  
Infused a force portentous, like the  
strength

Of madness through his frame.  
Mohareb reels before him ; he right on,  
With knee, with breast, with arm,  
Presses the staggering foe ;

And now upon the brink 490  
Of that tremendous spring, . .

There with fresh impulse and a rush of  
force,

He thrust him from his hold.

The upwhirling flood received

Mohareb, then, absorb'd,

Engulph'd him in the abyss.

## 41

Thalaba's breath came fast,

And panting, he breath'd out

A broken prayer of thankfulness.

At length he spake and said, 500

'Haruth and Maruth! are ye here?

Or hath that evil guide misled my  
search?

I, Thalaba, the Servant of the Lord,

Invoke you. Hear me, Angels! so may  
Heaven

Accept and mitigate your penitence.

I go to root from earth the Sorcerer's  
brood,

Tell me the needful Talisman!'

## 42

Thus as he spake, recumbent on the  
rock

Beyond the black abyss,

Their forms grew visible. 510

A settled sorrow sate upon their brows. . .

Sorrow alone, for trace of guilt and  
shame

None now remain'd; and gradual as  
by prayer

The sin was purged away,

Their robe of glory, purified of stain,

Resumed the lustre of its native light.

## 43

In awe the youth received the answering  
voice,

Son of Hodeirah! thou hast proved it  
here;

The Talisman is Faith.'

## THE SIXTH BOOK

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise,  
Full of sweet flowers and daintiest delights,  
Such as on earth man could not more devise  
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerful  
sprights;

Not that which Merlin by his magic slights  
Made for the gentle squire to entertain  
His fair Belpheobe, could this garden stain.  
SPENSER, *Ruins of Time.*

## 1

So from the inmost cave

Did Thalaba retrace

The windings of the rock.

Still on the ground the giant limbs

Of Zohak lay dispread;

The spell of sleep had ceased,

And his broad eyes were glaring on the  
youth:

Yet raised he not his arm to bar the way,

Fearful to rouse the snakes

Now lingering o'er their meal. 10

## 2

Oh then, emerging from that dreadful  
cave,

How grateful did the gale of night

Salute his freshen'd sense!

How full of lightsome joy,

Thankful to Heaven, he hastens by the  
verge

Of that bitumen-lake,

Whose black and heavy fumes,

Surge heaving after surge, [sea.  
Roll'd like the billowy and tumultuous

## 3

The song of many a bird at morn 20

Aroused him from his rest.

Lo! at his side a courser stood;

More animate of eye.

Of form more faultless never had he  
seen, [strength,

More light of limbs and beautiful in

Among the race whose blood,

Pure and unmingled, from the royal  
steeds  
Of Solomon came down.

4

The chosen Arab's eye  
Glanced o'er his graceful shape, 30  
His rich caparisons,  
His crimson trappings gay.  
But when he saw the mouth  
Uncurb'd, the unbridled neck,  
Then his heart leapt, and then his cheek  
was flush'd ; [sent  
For sure he deem'd that Heaven had  
A courser, whom no erring hand might  
guide.

And lo ! the eager Steed  
Throws his head and paws the ground,  
Impatient of delay ! 40  
Then up leapt Thalaba,  
And away went the self-govern'd courser.

5

Over the plain  
Away went the steed ;  
With the dew of the morning his fetlocks  
were wet, [of noon,  
The foam froth'd his limbs in the journey  
Nor stay'd he till over the westerly heaven  
The shadows of evening had spread.

Then on a shelter'd bank  
The appointed Youth reposed, 50  
And by him laid the docile courser down.  
Again in the grey of the morning  
Thalaba bounded up ;  
Over hill, over dale,  
Away goes the steed.  
Again at eve he stops,  
Again the Youth alights ;  
His load discharg'd, his errand done,  
The courser then bounded away.

6

Heavy and dark the eve ; 60  
The Moon was hid on high,  
A dim light tinged the mist

That crost her in the path of Heaven.  
All living sounds had ceased,  
Only the flow of waters near was heard,  
A low and lulling melody.

7

Fasting, yet not of want  
Percipient, he on that mysterious steed  
Had reach'd his resting-place,  
For expectation kept his nature up.  
Now as the flow of waters near 71  
Awoke a feverish thirst,  
Led by the sound he moved  
To seek the grateful wave.

8

A meteor in the hazy air  
Play'd before his path ;  
Before him now it roll'd  
A globe of living fire ;  
And now contracted to a steady light,  
As when the solitary hermit prunes 80  
His lamp's long undulating flame ;  
And now its wavy point  
Up-blazing rose, like a young cypress tree  
Sway'd by the heavy wind ;  
Anon to Thalaba it moved,  
And wrapt him in its pale innocuous fire ;  
Now, in the darkness drown'd,  
Left him with eyes bedimm'd,  
And now, emerging, spread the scene to  
sight.

9

Led by the sound and meteor-flame,  
The Arabian youth advanced. 91  
Now to the nearest of the many rills  
He stoops ; ascending steam  
Timely repels his hand,  
For from its source it sprung, a boiling  
tide.  
A second course with better hap he tries,  
The wave intensely cold  
Tempts to a copious draught.  
There was a virtue in the wave :  
His limbs, that stiff with toil 100



Dragg'd heavy, from the copious draught  
received

Lightness and supple strength.

O'erjoyed, and weening the benignant  
Power,

Who sent the reinless steed,

Had blest these healing waters to his use,

He laid him down to sleep,

Lull'd by the soothing and incessant  
sound,

The flow of many waters, blending oft  
With shriller tones and deep low mur-  
murings,

Which from the fountain caves 110

In mingled melody [came.

Like faery music, heard at midnight,

10

The sounds which last he heard at night  
Awoke his recollection first at morn.

A scene of wonders lay before his eyes.

In mazy windings o'er the vale

A thousand streamlets stray'd,

And in their endless course

Had intersected deep the stony soil,

With labyrinthine channels islanding 120

A thousand rocks, which seem'd

Amid the multitudinous waters there

Like clouds that freckle o'er the summer  
sky,

The blue ethereal ocean circling each,

And insulating all.

11

Those islets of the living rock

Were of a thousand shapes,

And Nature with her various tints

Diversified anew their thousand forms ;

For some were green with moss, 130

Some ruddier tinged, or grey, or silver-  
white,

And some with yellow lichens glow'd

like gold, [sun.

Some sparkled sparry radiance to the

Here gush'd the fountains up,

Alternate light and blackness, like the  
play [arms.

Of sunbeams on a warrior's burnish'd

Yonder the river roll'd, whose ample bed,

Their sportive lingerings o'er,

Received and bore away the confluent  
rills.

12

This was a wild and wondrous scene, 140

Strange and beautiful, as where

By Oton-tala, like a sea of stars,

The hundred sources of Hoangho burst.

High mountains closed the vale,

Bare rocky mountains, to all living  
things

Inhospitable ; on whose sides no herb

Rooted, no insect fed, no bird awoke

Their echoes, save the Eagle, strong of  
wing,

A lonely plunderer, that afar

Sought in the vales his prey. 150

13

Thither toward those mountains Thalaba

Following, as he believed, the path  
prescribed

By Destiny, advanced.

Up a wide vale that led into their depths,

A stony vale between receding heights

Of stone, he wound his way.

A cheerless place ! the solitary Bee,

Whose buzzing was the only sound of  
life,

Flew there on restless wing, [fix.

Seeking in vain one flower, whereon to

14

Still Thalaba holds on ; 161

The winding vale now narrows on his  
view,

And steeper of ascent,

Rightward and leftward rise the rocks,

And now they meet across the vale.

Was it the toil of human hands

Had hewn a passage in the rock,

Through whose rude portal-way  
 The light of heaven was seen ?  
 Rude and low the portal-way ; 170  
 Beyond, the same ascending straits  
 Went winding up the wilds.

## 15

Still a bare, silent, solitary glen,  
 A fearful silence, and a solitude  
 That made itself be felt ;  
 And steeper now the ascent,  
 A rugged path, that tired  
 The straining muscles, toiling slowly up.  
 At length again a rock  
 Stretch'd o'er the narrow vale ; 180  
 There also had a portal-way been hewn,  
 But gates of massy iron barr'd the pass,  
 Huge, solid, heavy-hinged.

## 16

There hung a horn beside the gate,  
 Ivory-tipt and brazen-mouth'd ;  
 He took the ivory tip,  
 And through the brazen-mouth he  
 breath'd ;  
 Like a long thunder-peal,  
 From rock to rock rebounding rung the  
 blast ;  
 The gates of iron, by no human arm 190  
 Unfolded, turning on their hinges slow,  
 Disclosed the passage of the rock.  
 He enter'd, and the iron gates fell to,  
 And with a clap like thunder closed  
 him in.

## 17

It was a narrow winding way ;  
 Dim lamps suspended from the vault,  
 Lent to the gloom an agitated light.  
 Winding it pierced the rock,  
 A long descending path  
 By gates of iron closed ; 200  
 There also hung a horn beside  
 Of ivory tip and brazen mouth ;  
 Again he took the ivory tip,  
 And gave the brazen mouth its voice  
 again.

Not now in thunder spake the horn,  
 But breathed a sweet and thrilling  
 melody :

The gates flew open, and a flood of light  
 Rush'd on his dazzled eyes.

## 18

Was it to earthly Eden, lost so long,  
 The fated Youth had found his won-  
 drous way ?  
 But earthly Eden boasts  
 No terraced palaces,  
 No rich pavilions bright with woven gold  
 Like these that in the vale  
 Rise amid odorous groves.  
 The astonish'd Thalaba,  
 Doubting as though an unsubstantia-  
 dream

Beguiled him, closed his eyes,  
 And open'd them again ;  
 And yet uncertified,  
 He prest them close, and as he look'd  
 around

Question'd the strange reality again.  
 He did not dream ;  
 They still were there,  
 The glittering tents,  
 The odorous groves,  
 The gorgeous palaces.

## 19

And lo ! a man, reverend in comely age  
 Advancing greets the youth.

'Favour'd of Fortune,' thus he said  
 'go taste

The joys of Paradise !

The reinless steed that ranges o'er the  
 world,

Brings hither those alone for lofty deed  
 Mark'd by their horoscope ; permitted  
 thus

A foretaste of the full beatitude,  
 That in heroic acts they may go on  
 More ardent, eager to return and reap  
 Endless enjoyment here, their destined  
 meed.

Favour'd of Fortune thou, go taste  
The joys of Paradise !' 240

20

This said, he turn'd away, and left  
The Youth in wonder mute ;  
For Thalaba stood mute,  
And passively received

The mingled joy which flow'd on every  
sense.

Where'er his eye could reach,  
Fair structures, rainbow-hued, arose ;  
And rich pavilions through the opening  
woods

Gleam'd from their waving curtains  
sunny gold ;

And winding through the verdant vale,  
Went streams of liquid light ; 251  
And fluted cypresses rear'd up

Their living obelisks ;

And broad-leav'd plane-trees in long  
colonnades

O'er-arch'd delightful walks,

Where round their trunks the thousand  
tendrill'd vine

Wound up and hung the boughs with  
greener wreaths,

And clusters not their own. [eyes  
Wearied with endless beauty, did his  
Return for rest ? beside him teems the  
earth 260

With tulips, like the ruddy evening  
streak'd ;

And here the lily hangs her head of snow ;  
And here amid her sable cup

Shines the red-eye spot, like one  
brightest star,

The solitary twinkler of the night ;  
And here the rose expands

Her paradise of leaves.

21

Then on his ear what sounds  
Of harmony arose !

Far music and the distance-mellow'd  
song 270

From bowers of merriment ;

The waterfall remote ;

The murmuring of the leafy groves ;

The single nightingale

Perch'd in the rosier by, so richly toned,

That never from that most melodious  
bird,

Singing a love-song to his brooding mate,

Did Thracian shepherd by the grave

Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody,

Though there the Spirit of the Sepulchre

All his own power infuse, to swell 281

The incense that he loves.

22

And oh ! what odours the voluptuous  
vale

Scatters from jasmine bowers,

From yon rose wilderness,

From cluster'd henna and from orange  
groves,

That with such perfumes fill the breeze

As Peris to their Sister bear,

When from the summit of some lofty  
tree

She hangs encaged, the captive of the  
Dives. 290

They from their pinions shake

The sweetness of celestial flowers,

And, as her enemies impure

From that impervious poison far away  
Fly groaning with the torment, she the

while

Inhales her fragrant food.

23

Such odours flow'd upon the world,

When at Mohammed's nuptials, word

Went forth in Heaven, to roll

The everlasting gates of Paradise 300

Back on their living hinges, that its  
gales

Might visit all below ; the general bliss

Thrill'd every bosom, and the family

Of man, for once, partook one common  
joy.

## 24

Full of the bliss, yet still awake  
 To wonder, on went Thalaba ;  
 On every side the song of mirth,  
     The music of festivity,  
     Invite the passing youth.  
 Wearied at length with hunger and with  
     heat, 310

He enters in a banquet room,  
 Where round a fountain brink,  
 On silken carpets sate the festive train.  
     Instant through all his frame  
     Delightful coolness spread ;  
     The playing fount refresh'd  
     The agitated air ;

The very light came cool'd through  
     silvering panes [tinged ;  
 Of pearly shell, like the pale moon-beam  
 Or where the wine-vase fill'd the  
     aperture, 320

Rosy as rising morn, or softer gleam  
 Of saffron, like the sunny evening mist :  
 Through every hue, and streak'd by all,  
     The flowing fountain play'd.  
     Around the water-edge

Vessels of wine, alternate placed,  
 Ruby and amber, tinged its little waves.  
     From golden goblets there  
 The guests sate quaffing the delicious  
     juice  
     Of Shiraz' golden grape. 330

## 25

But Thalaba took not the draught ;  
 For rightly he knew had the Prophet  
     forbidden

That beverage, the mother of sins.  
     Nor did the urgent guests  
 Proffer a second time the liquid fire,  
 When in the youth's strong eye they saw  
     No moveable resolve.

Yet not uncourteous, Thalaba  
 Drank the cool draught of innocence,  
 That fragrant from its dewy vase 340  
 Came purer than it left its native bed ;

And he partook the odorous fruits,  
 For all rich fruits were there ;  
 Water-melons rough of rind,  
     Whose pulp the thirsty lip  
     Dissolved into a draught ;  
 Pistachios from the heavy-cluster'd trees  
 Of Malavert, or Haleb's fertile soil ;  
 And Casbin's luscious grapes of amber  
     hue,

That many a week endure 350  
 The summer sun intense,  
     Till by its powerful heat  
 All watery particles exhaled, alone  
 The strong essential sweetness ripens  
     there.

Here cased in ice the apricot,  
     A topaz, crystal-set :  
     Here, on a plate of snow,  
     The sunny orange rests ;  
 And still the aloes and the sandal-wood,  
 From golden censers, o'er the banquet  
     room 360  
     Diffuse their dying sweets.

## 26

Anon a troop of females form'd the dance,  
 Their ankles bound with bracelet-bells,  
 That made the modulating harmony.  
 Transparent garments to the greedy eye  
     Exposed their harlot limbs,  
 Which moved, in every wanton gesture  
     skill'd.

## 27

With earnest eyes the banqueters  
 Fed on the sight impure ;  
 And Thalaba, he gazed, 370  
 But in his heart he bore a talisman,  
     Whose blessed alchemy  
     To virtuous thoughts refined  
 The loose suggestions of the scene impure.  
 Onciza's image swam before his sight,  
     His own Arabian Maid.  
 He rose, and from the banquet room he  
     rush'd,

Tears coursed his burning cheek ;



And nature for a moment woke the  
thought,  
And murmur'd, that, from all domestic  
joys 380  
Estranged, he wander'd o'er the world  
A lonely being, far from all he loved.  
Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes  
That momentary murmur shall be  
written !

28

From tents of revelry,  
From festal bowers, to solitude he ran ;  
And now he came where all the rills  
Of that well-water'd garden in one tide  
Roll'd their collected waves.

A straight and stately bridge 390  
Stretch'd its long arches o'er the ample  
stream. [shade

Strong in the evening and distinct its  
Lay on the watery mirror, and his eye  
Saw it united with its parent pile,  
One huge fantastic fabric. Drawing near,  
Loud from the chambers of the bridge  
below,

Sounds of carousal came and song,  
And unveil'd women bade the advancing  
youth

Come merry-make with them !  
Unhearing, or unheeding, he 400  
Pass'd o'er with hurried pace,  
And sought the shade and silence of the  
grove.

29

Deserts of Araby !

His soul return'd to you.  
He cast himself upon the earth,  
And closed his eyes and call'd  
The voluntary vision up.

A cry, as of distress,  
Aroused him ; loud it came and near !

He started up, he strung his bow, 410  
He pluck'd an arrow forth.

Again a shriek . . . a woman's shriek !  
And lo ! she rushes through the trees,

Her veil is rent, her garments torn !  
The ravisher follows close.  
' Prophet, save me ! save me, God !  
Help ! help me, man ! ' to Thalaba she  
cried ;

Thalaba drew the bow.  
The unerring arrow did its work of death.  
Then turning to the woman, he beheld  
His own Oneiza, his Arabian Maid. 421

## THE SEVENTH BOOK

Now all is done ; bring home the Bride again,  
Bring home the triumph of our victory !  
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,  
With joyance bring her, and with jollity.  
Never had man more joyful day than this,  
Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.  
SPENSER, *Epithalamium*.

1

FROM fear, and from amazement, and  
from joy, [speech,  
At length the Arabian Maid recovering  
Threw around Thalaba her arms, and  
cried,

' My father ! O my father ! ' . . . Thalaba  
In wonder lost, yet fearing to enquire,  
Bent down his cheek on hers,  
And their tears met, and mingled as  
they fell.

2

ONEIZA

At night they seized me, Thalaba ! in  
my sleep ; . . .

Thou wert not near, . . . and yet when  
in their grasp

I woke, my shriek of terror called on  
thee. 10

My father could not save me, . . . an old  
man ! [my God,

And they were strong and many : . . . O  
The hearts they must have had to hear  
his prayers,

And yet to leave him childless !

## THALABA

We will seek him ;  
We will return to Araby.

## ONEIZA

Alas !

We should not find him, Thalaba ! Our  
tent

Is desolate ! the wind hath heap'd  
the sands [is left

Within its door ; the lizard's track  
Fresh on the untrodden dust ; prowling  
by night 20

The tiger, as he passes, hears no  
breath

Of man, and turns to search the vacancy.

Alas ! he strays a wretched wanderer  
Seeking his child ! old man, he will  
not rest, . .

He cannot rest, . . his sleep is misery, . .  
His dreams are of my wretchedness, my  
wrongs.

O Thalaba ! this is a wicked place !  
Let us be gone !

## THALABA

But how to pass again  
The iron doors that opening at a breath  
Gave easy entrance ? armies in their  
might 31  
Would fail to move those hinges for  
return.

## ONEIZA

But we can climb the mountains that  
shut in

This dreadful garden.

## THALABA

Are Oneiza's limbs  
Equal to that long toil ?

## ONEIZA

Oh I am strong,  
Dear Thalaba ! for this . . fear gives me  
strength,  
And you are with me !

## 3

So she took his hand, 40  
And gently drew him forward, and they  
went

Toward the mountain chain.

## 4

It was broad moonlight, and obscure or  
lost

The garden beauties lay,  
But the great boundary rose, distinctly  
mark'd.

These were no little hills,  
No sloping uplands lifting to the sun  
Their vineyards, with fresh verdure, and  
the shade

Of ancient woods, courting the loiterer  
To win the easy ascent : stone moun-  
tains these, 50

Desolate rock on rock,  
The burthens of the earth,  
Whose snowy summits met the morning  
beam

When night was in the vale, whose  
feet were fix'd [beheld  
In the world's foundations. Thalaba  
The heights precipitous,  
Impending crags, rocks unascendible,  
And summits that had tired the eagle's  
wing ;

' There is no way ! ' he said ;  
Paler Oneiza grew, 60  
And hung upon his arm a feebler weight.

## 5

But soon again to hope  
Revives the Arabian Maid,  
As Thalaba imparts the sudden thought.  
' I pass'd a river,' cried the youth,  
' A full and copious stream.

The flowing waters cannot be restrain'd,  
And where they find or force their way,  
There we perchance may follow ;  
thitherward

The current roll'd along.' 70

So saying, yet again in hope  
Quickening their eager steps,  
They turn'd them thitherward.

## 6

Silent and calm the river roll'd along,  
And at the verge arrived  
Of that fair garden, o'er a rocky bed  
Toward the mountain-base,  
Still full and silent, held its even way.  
But farther as they went its deepening  
sound

Louder and louder in the distance rose,  
As if it forced its stream 81  
Struggling through crags along a narrow  
pass. [course

And lo! where raving o'er a hollow  
The ever-flowing flood  
Foams in a thousand whirlpools! There  
adown

The perforated rock  
Plunge the whole waters; so precipitous,  
So fathomless a fall,  
That their earth-shaking roar came  
deaden'd up

Like subterranean thunders. 90

## 7

'Allah save us!

Oneiza cried; 'there is no path for  
man

From this accursed place!'

And as she spake, her joints  
Were loosen'd, and her knees sunk under  
her.

'Cheer up, Oneiza!' Thalaba replied;  
'Be of good heart. We cannot fly  
The dangers of the place,  
But we can conquer them!'

## 8

And the young Arab's soul 100  
Arose within him; 'What is he,' he  
cried, [delight,  
'Who hath prepared this garden of  
And wherefore are its snares?'

## 9

The Arabian Maid replied,  
'The Women, when I enter'd, welcomed  
me

To Paradise, by Aloadin's will  
Chosen, like themselves, a Houri of the  
Earth. [phemies,  
They told me, credulous of his blas-  
That Aloadin placed them to reward  
His faithful servants with the joys of  
Heaven. 110

O Thalaba, and all are ready here  
To wreak his wicked will, and work all  
crimes!

How then shall we escape?'

## 10

'Woe to him!' cried the Appointed, a  
stern smile

Darkening with stronger shades his  
countenance;

'Woe to him! he hath laid his toils  
To take the Antelope;  
The Lion is come in!'

## 11

She shook her head, 'A Sorcerer he,  
And guarded by so many! Thalaba, . .  
And thou but one!' 120

## 12

He raised his hand to Heaven,  
'Is there not God, Oneiza?  
I have a Talisman, that, whoso bears,  
Him, nor the Earthly, nor the Infernal  
Powers

Of Evil, can cast down.  
Remember, Destiny  
Hath mark'd me from mankind!  
Now rest in faith, and I will guard thy  
sleep!'

## 13

So on a violet bank 130  
The Arabian Maid laid down,  
Her soft cheek pillow'd upon moss and  
flowers.

She lay in silent prayer,  
 Till prayer had tranquillized her fears,  
 And sleep fell on her. By her side  
 Silent sate Thalaba,  
 And gazed upon the Maid,  
 And as he gazed, drew in  
 New courage and intenser faith, 139  
 And waited calmly for the eventful day.

14

Loud sung the Lark, the awaken'd Maid  
 Beheld him twinkling in the morning  
 light,  
 And wish'd for wings and liberty like his.  
 The flush of fear inflamed her cheek,  
 But Thalaba was calm of soul,  
 Collected for the work.  
 He ponder'd in his mind  
 How from Lobaba's breast  
 His blunted arrow fell.  
 Aloadin too might wear 150  
 Spell perchance of equal power  
 To blunt the weapon's edge.

15

Beside the river-brink  
 Grew a young poplar, whose unsteady  
 leaves  
 Varying their verdure to the gale,  
 With silver glitter caught  
 His meditating eye.  
 Then to Onciza turn'd the youth,  
 And gave his father's bow,  
 And o'er her shoulders slung 160  
 The quiver arrow-stored.  
 'Me other weapon suits,' said he ;  
 'Bear thou the Bow : dear Maid,  
 The days return upon me, when these  
 shafts, [palm  
 True to thy guidance, from the lofty  
 Brought down its cluster, and thy  
 gladden'd eye, [praise.  
 Exulting, turn'd to seek the voice of  
 Oh ! yet again, Onciza, we shall share  
 Our desert-joys !' So saying, to the bank  
 He moved, and stooping low, 170

With double grasp, hand below hand,  
 he clench'd,  
 And from its watery soil  
 Uptore the poplar trunk.

16

Then off he shook the clotted earth,  
 And broke away the head  
 And boughs, and lesser roots ;  
 And lifting it aloft,  
 Wielded with able sway the massy club.  
 'Now for this child of Hell !' quoth  
 Thalaba ;  
 'Belike he shall exchange to-day 180  
 His dainty Paradise  
 For other dwelling, and its cups of joy  
 For the unallayable bitterness  
 Of Zaccoum's fruit accurst.'

17

With that the Arabian youth and maid  
 Toward the centre of the garden went.  
 It chanced that Aloadin had convoked  
 The garden-habitants,  
 And with the assembled throng  
 Onciza mingled, and the Appointed  
 Youth. 190  
 Unmark'd they mingled ; or if one  
 With busier finger to his neighbour notes  
 The quiver'd Maid, 'Haply,' he says,  
 'Some daughter of the Homerites,  
 Or one who yet remembers with delight  
 Her native tents of Himiar.' 'Nay !'  
 rejoins  
 His comrade, 'a love-pageant ! for the  
 man [club  
 Mimics with that fierce eye and knotty  
 Some savage lion-tamer ; she forsooth  
 Must play the heroine of the years  
 of old !' 200

18

Radiant with gems upon his throne of  
 gold [head  
 Sate Aloadin ; o'er the Sorcerer's  
 Hover'd a Bird, and in the fragrant air



Waved his wide winnowing wings,  
 A living canopy.  
 Large as the hairy Cassowar  
 Was that o'ershadowing Bird ;  
 So huge his talons, in their grasp  
 The Eagle would have hung a helpless  
 prey.

His beak was iron, and his plumes  
 Glitter'd like burnish'd gold, 211  
 And his eyes glow'd, as though an in-  
 ward fire  
 Shone through a diamond orb.

## 19

The blinded multitude  
 Adored the Sorcerer,  
 And bent the knee before him,  
 And shouted forth his praise ;  
 ' Mighty art thou, the bestower of joy,  
 The Lord of Paradise ! ' 219  
 Then Aloadin rose and waved his hand.  
 And they stood mute, and moveless,  
 In idolizing awe.

## 20

' Children of Earth,' he said,  
 ' Whom I have guided here  
 By easier passage than the gate of Death,  
 The infidel Sultan, to whose lands  
 My mountains stretch their roots,  
 Blasphemes and threatens me.  
 Strong are his armies, many are his  
 guards,

Yet may a dagger find him. 230  
 Children of Earth, I tempt ye not  
 With the vain promise of a bliss unseen,  
 With tales of a hereafter Heaven,  
 Whence never Traveller hath return'd !  
 Have ye not tasted of the cup of joy  
 That in these groves of happiness  
 For ever over-mantling tempts  
 The ever-thirsty lip ?  
 Who is there here that by a deed  
 Of danger will deserve 240  
 The eternal joys of actual Paradise ?'

## 21

' I ! ' Thalaba exclaim'd ;  
 And springing forward, on the Sorcerer's  
 head  
 He dash'd his knotty club.

## 22

Aloadin fell not, though his skull  
 Was shattered by the blow,  
 For by some talisman  
 His miserable life imprison'd still  
 Dwelt in the body. The astonish'd  
 crowd  
 Stand motionless with fear, 250  
 Expecting to behold  
 Immediate vengeance from the wrath  
 of Heaven.

And lo ! the Bird . . the monster Bird,  
 Soars up . . then pounces down  
 To seize on Thalaba !  
 Now, Oneiza, bend the bow,  
 Now draw the arrow home ! . .  
 True fled the arrow from Oneiza's hand ;  
 It pierc'd the monster Bird,  
 It broke the Talisman, . . 260  
 Then darkness cover'd all, . .  
 Earth shook, Heaven thunder'd, and  
 amid the yells  
 Of evil Spirits perished  
 The Paradise of Sin.

## 23

At last the earth was still ;  
 The yelling of the Demons ceased !  
 Opening the wreck and ruin to their  
 sight,  
 The darkness roll'd away. Alone in life,  
 Amid the desolation and the dead,  
 Stood the Destroyer and the Arabian  
 Maid. 270  
 They look'd around, the rocks were rent,  
 The path was open, late by magic closed ;  
 Awe-struck and silent down the stony  
 glen  
 They wound their thoughtful way.

24

Amid the vale below  
 Tents rose, and streamers play'd,  
 And javelins sparkled to the sun ;  
 And multitudes encamp'd  
 Swarm'd, far as eye could travel o'er the  
 plain.  
 There in his war pavilion sate 280  
 In council with his Chiefs  
 The Sultan of the Land.  
 Before his presence there a Captain led  
 Oneiza and the Appointed Youth.

25

'Obedient to our Lord's command,' said  
 he, [began  
 'We pass'd toward the mountains, and  
 The ascending strait ; when suddenly  
 Earth shook,  
 And darkness, like the midnight, fell  
 around,  
 And fire and thunder came from Heaven,  
 As though the Retribution-day were  
 come. 290  
 After the terror ceased, and when with  
 hearts [on,  
 Somewhat assured, again we ventured  
 This youth and woman met us on the  
 way.  
 They told us, that from Aloadin's hold  
 They came, on whom the judgement  
 stroke hath fallen,  
 He and his sinful Paradise at once  
 Destroy'd by them, the agents they of  
 Heaven. [repeat  
 Therefore I brought them hither to  
 The tale before thy presence ; that as  
 search  
 Shall prove it false or faithful, to their  
 merit 300  
 Thou mayest reward them.'  
 'Be it done to us,'  
 Thalaba answer'd, 'as the truth shall  
 prove!'

26

The Sultan while he spake  
 Fix'd on him the proud eye of sove-  
 reignty ;  
 'If thou hast play'd with us,  
 By Allah and by Ali, Death shall seal  
 The lying lips for ever ! But if the thing  
 Be as thou say'st, Arabian, thou shalt  
 stand  
 Next to ourself !' . . 310  
 Hark ! while he speaks, the cry,  
 The lengthening cry, the increasing  
 shout  
 Of joyful multitudes !  
 Breathless and panting to the tent  
 The bearer of good tidings comes,  
 'O Sultan, live for ever ! be thy foes  
 Like Aloadin all !  
 The wrath of God hath smitten him.'

27

Joy at the welcome tale  
 Shone in the Sultan's check ; 320  
 'Array the Arabian in the robe  
 Of honour,' he exclaim'd,  
 'And place a chain of gold around his  
 neck,  
 And bind around his brow the diadem,  
 And mount him on my steed of state,  
 And lead him through the camp,  
 And let the Heralds go before and cry,  
 Thus shall the Sultan reward  
 The man who serves him well !'

28

Then in the purple robe 330  
 They vested Thalaba,  
 And hung around his neck the golden  
 chain,  
 And bound his forehead with the diadem,  
 And on the royal steed  
 They led him through the camp,  
 And Heralds went before and cried,  
 'Thus shall the Sultan reward  
 The man who serves him well !'

29

When from the pomp of triumph  
 And presence of the King, 340  
 Thalaba sought the tent allotted him,  
 Thoughtful the Arabian Maid beheld  
 His animated eye,  
 His cheek inflamed with pride.  
 'Oneiza!' cried the youth,  
 'The King hath done according to his  
 word,  
 And made me in the land  
 Next to himself be named! . . .  
 But why that serious melancholy smile?  
 Oneiza, when I heard the voice that  
 gave me 350  
 Honour, and wealth, and fame, the  
 instant thought [hear  
 Arose to fill my joy, that thou would'st  
 The tidings, and be happy.'

ONEIZA

Thalaba,

Thou would'st not have me mirthful!

Am I not

An orphan, . . . among strangers?

THALABA

But with me!

ONEIZA

My Father! . . .

THALABA

Nay, be comforted! Last night  
 To what wert thou exposed! in what a  
 peril [wealth,  
 The morning found us! . . . safety, honour,  
 These now are ours. This instant who  
 thou wert 361  
 The Sultan ask'd. I told him from our  
 childhood  
 We had been plighted; . . . was I wrong,  
 Oneiza?  
 And when he said with bounties he  
 would heap  
 Our nuptials, . . . wilt thou blame me if  
 I blest

His will, that bade me fix the marriage  
 day! . . .

In tears, my love? . . .

ONEIZA

REMEMBER, DESTINY

HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND!

THALABA

Perhaps when Aloadin was destroy'd  
 The mission ceased; and therefore  
 Providence 371

With its rewards and blessings strews  
 my path

Thus for the accomplished service.

ONEIZA

Thalaba!

THALABA

Or if haply not, yet whither should I go?

Is it not prudent to abide in peace

Till I am summon'd?

ONEIZA

Take me to the Deserts!

THALABA

But Moath is not there; and would'st  
 thou dwell [might seek

In a stranger's tent? thy father then

In long and fruitless wandering for his  
 child. 381

ONEIZA

Take me then to Mecca!

There let me dwell a servant of the

Temple. [eye

Bind thou thyself my veil, . . . to human

It never shall be lifted. There, whilst

thou [prayers,

Shalt go upon thine enterprize, my

Dear Thalaba! shall rise to succour thee,

And I shall live, . . . if not in happiness,

Surely in hope.

THALABA

Oh think of better things! 390

The will of Heaven is plain! by won-  
 drous ways [voice

It led us here, and soon the common

Will tell what we have done, and how  
 we dwell  
 Under the shadow of the Sultan's wing ;  
 So shall thy father hear the fame, and  
 find us . . . [tears !  
 What he hath wish'd us ever . . . Still in  
 Still that unwilling eye ! nay . . . nay . . .  
 Oneiza . . .

I dare not leave thee other than my  
 own, . . .  
 My wedded wife. Honour and gratitude  
 As yet preserve the Sultan from all  
 thoughts 400  
 That sin against thee ; but so sure as  
 Heaven  
 Hath gifted thee above all other maids  
 With loveliness, so surely would those  
 thoughts  
 Of wrong arise within the heart of Power.  
 If thou art mine, Oneiza, we are safe,  
 But else, there is no sanctuary could  
 save.

ONEIZA

Thalaba ! Thalaba !

30

With song, with music, and with dance,  
 The bridal pomp proceeds.  
 Following the deep-veil'd Bride 410  
 Fifty female slaves attend  
 In costly robes that gleam  
 With interwoven gold,  
 And sparkle far with gems.  
 An hundred slaves behind them bear  
 Vessels of silver and vessels of gold,  
 And many a gorgeous garment gay,  
 The presents that the Sultan gave.  
 On either hand the pages go 419  
 With torches flaring through the gloom,  
 And trump and timbrel merriment  
 Accompanies their way ;  
 And multitudes with loud acclaim  
 Shout blessings on the Bride.  
 And now they reach the palace pile,  
 The palace home of Thalaba,

And now the marriage feast is spread,  
 And from the finish'd banquet now  
 The wedding guests are gone.

31

Who comes from the bridal chamber ? . .  
 It is Azrael, the Angel of Death. 431

## THE EIGHTH BOOK

Quas potius decuit nostro te inferre sepul-  
 chro,  
 Petronilla, tibi spargimus has lacrimas.  
 Spargimus has lacrimas moesti monumenta  
 parentis,—  
 Et tibi pro thalamo sternimus hunc tumu-  
 lum.  
 Sperabam genitor taedas praeferre jugales,  
 Et titulo patris jungere nomen avi ;  
 Heu ! gener est Orcus ; quique, O dulcis-  
 sima ! per te  
 Se sperabat avum, desinit esse pater.  
*Joach. Bellaius.*

1

WOMAN

Go not among the tombs, Old Man !  
 There is a madman there.

OLD MAN

Will he harm me if I go ?

WOMAN

Not he, poor miserable man !  
 But 'tis a wretched sight to see  
 His utter wretchedness.  
 For all day long he lies on a grave,  
 And never is he seen to weep,  
 And never is he heard to groan,  
 Nor ever at the hour of prayer 10  
 Bends his knee nor moves his lips.  
 I have taken him food for charity,  
 And never a word he spake :  
 But yet so ghastly he look'd,  
 That I have awaken'd at night  
 With the dream of his ghastly eyes.  
 Now, go not among the Tombs, Old Man !

OLD MAN

Wherefore has the wrath of God  
 So sorely stricken him ?



## WOMAN

He came a stranger to the land, 20  
 And did good service to the Sultan,  
 And well his service was rewarded.  
 The Sultan named him next himself,  
 And gave a palace for his dwelling,  
 And dower'd his bride with rich domains.

But on his wedding night  
 There came the Angel of Death.  
 Since that hour, a man distracted  
 Among the sepulchres he wanders.  
 The Sultan, when he heard the tale,  
 Said that for some untold crime 31  
 Judgement thus had stricken him,  
 And asking Heaven forgiveness  
 That he had shown him favour,  
 Abandon'd him to want.

## OLD MAN

A Stranger did you say ?

## WOMAN

An Arab born, like you.  
 But go not among the Tombs,  
 For the sight of his wretchedness  
 Might make a hard heart ache ! 40

## OLD MAN

Nay, nay, I never yet have shunn'd  
 A countryman in distress !  
 And the sound of his dear native tongue  
 May be like the voice of a friend.

## 2

Then to the Sepulchre  
 Whereto she pointed him,  
 Old Moath bent his way.  
 By the tomb lay Thalaba,  
 In the light of the setting eve ;  
 The sun, and the wind, and the rain, 50  
 Had rusted his raven locks ;  
 His cheeks were fallen in,  
 His face-bones prominent ;  
 Reclined against the tomb he lay,  
 And his lean fingers play'd,  
 Unwitting, with the grass that grew  
 Beside.

## 3

The Old Man knew him not,  
 But drawing near him, said,  
 ' Countryman, peace be with thee !'  
 The sound of his dear native tongue 60  
 Awaken'd Thalaba ;  
 He raised his countenance,  
 And saw the good Old Man,  
 And he arose and fell upon his neck,  
 And groan'd in bitterness.  
 Then Moath knew the youth,  
 And fear'd that he was childless ; and  
 he turned  
 His asking eyes, and pointed to the  
 tomb.  
 ' Old Man !' cried Thalaba,  
 ' Thy search is ended here !' 70

## 4

The father's cheek grew white,  
 And his lip quiver'd with the misery ;  
 Howbeit, collectedly, with painful voice  
 He answer'd, ' God is good ! His will  
 be done !'

## 5

The woe in which he spake,  
 The resignation that inspired his speech,  
 They soften'd Thalaba.  
 ' Thou hast a solace in thy grief,' he  
 cried,  
 ' A comforter within !  
 Moath ! thou seest me here, 80  
 Deliver'd to the Evil Powers,  
 A God-abandon'd wretch.'

## 6

The Old Man look'd at him incredulous.  
 ' Nightly,' the youth pursued,  
 ' Thy daughter comes to drive me to  
 despair.  
 Moath, thou thinkest me mad ;  
 But when the Cryer from the Minaret  
 Proclaims the midnight hour,  
 Hast thou a heart to see her ?'

## 7

In the Meidan now 90  
 The clang of clarions and of drums  
 Accompanied the Sun's descent.  
 'Dost thou not pray, my son ?'  
 Said Moath, as he saw  
 The white flag waving on the neigh-  
 bouring Mosque :  
 Then Thalaba's eye grew wild,  
 'Pray!' echoed he ; ' I must not pray !'  
 And the hollow groan he gave  
 Went to the Old Man's heart.  
 And bowing down his face to earth,  
 In fervent agony he call'd on God. 101

## 8

A night of darkness and of storms !  
 Into the Chamber of the Tomb  
 Thalaba led the Old Man,  
 To roof him from the rain.  
 A night of storms ! the wind  
 Swept through the moonless sky,  
 And moan'd among the pillar'd sepul-  
 chres ;  
 And in the pauses of its sweep  
 They heard the heavy rain 110  
 Beat on the monument above.  
 In silence on Oneiza's grave  
 Her Father and her husband sate.

## 9

The Cryer from the Minaret  
 Proclaim'd the midnight hour.  
 ' Now, now !' cried Thalaba ;  
 And o'er the chamber of the tomb  
 There spread a lurid gleam,  
 Like the reflection of a sulphur fire ;  
 And in that hideous light 120  
 Oneiza stood before them. It was She, . .  
 Her very lineaments, . . and such as death  
 Had changed them, livid cheeks, and  
 lips of blue ;  
 But in her eyes there dwelt  
 Brightness more terrible  
 Than all the loathsomeness of death.  
 ' Still art thou living, wretch ?'

In hollow tones she cried to Thalaba ;  
 ' And must I nightly leave my grave  
 To tell thee, still in vain, 130  
 God hath abandon'd thee ?'

## 10

' This is not she !' the Old Man ex-  
 claim'd ;  
 ' A Fiend ; a manifest Fiend !'  
 And to the youth he held his lance ;  
 ' Strike, and deliver thyself !'  
 ' Strike HER !' cried Thalaba, 1  
 And, palsied of all power,  
 Gazed fixedly upon the dreadful form.  
 ' Yea, strike her !' cried a voice, whose  
 tones  
 Flow'd with such sudden healing through  
 his soul, 140  
 As when the desert shower  
 From death deliver'd him ;  
 But unobedient to that well-known voice,  
 His eye was seeking it,  
 When Moath, firm of heart,  
 Perform'd the bidding : through the  
 vampire corpse  
 He thrust his lance ; it fell,  
 And howling with the wound, 1  
 Its fiendish tenant fled.  
 A sapphire light fell on them, 150  
 And garmented with glory, in their sight  
 Oneiza's Spirit stood. 1

## 11

' O Thalaba !' she cried,  
 ' Abandon not thyself !  
 Would'st thou for ever lose me ? . . O  
 my husband,  
 Go and fulfil thy quest, 1  
 That in the Bowers of Paradise  
 I may not look for thee  
 In vain, nor wait thee long.'

## 12

To Moath then the Spirit 160  
 Turn'd the dark lustre of her heavenly  
 eyes :

' Short is thy destined path,  
O my dear Father ! to the abode of bliss.  
Return to Araby,  
There with the thought of death  
Comfort thy lonely age,  
And Azrael, the Deliverer, soon  
Will visit thee in peace.'

## 13

They stood with earnest eyes, <sup>169</sup>  
And arms out-reaching, when again  
The darkness closed around them.  
The soul of Thalaba revived ;  
He from the floor his quiver took,  
And as he bent the bow, exclaim'd,  
' Was it the over-ruling Providence  
That in the hour of frenzy led my hands  
Instinctively to this ? [anew  
To-morrow, and the sun shall brace  
The slacken'd cord, that now sounds  
loose and damp ; <sup>179</sup>  
To-morrow, and its livelier tone will sing,  
In tort vibration to the arrow's flight.  
I . . but I also, with recover'd health  
Of heart, shall do my duty.  
My Father ! here I leave thee then !'  
he cried,  
' And not to meet again,  
Till at the gate of Paradise  
The eternal union of our joys commence.  
We parted last in darkness !' . . and  
the youth  
Thought with what other hopes ;  
But now his heart was calm, <sup>190</sup>  
For on his soul a heavenly hope had  
dawn'd.

## 14

The Old Man answered nothing, but he  
held  
His garment, and to the door  
Of the Tomb Chamber followed him.  
The rain had ceased, the sky was wild,  
Its black clouds broken by the storm.  
And, lo ! it chanced, that in the chasm  
Of Heaven between, a star,

Leaving along its path continuous light,  
Shot eastward. ' See my guide !' quoth  
Thalaba ; <sup>200</sup>

And turning, he received  
Old Moath's last embrace, [Man.  
And the last blessing of the good Old

## 15

Evening was drawing nigh,  
When an old Dervise, sitting in the sun  
At his cell door, invited for the night  
The traveller ; in the sun  
He spread the plain repast,  
Rice and fresh grapes, and at their feet  
there flowed  
The brook of which they drank. <sup>210</sup>

## 16

So as they sate at meal,  
With song, with music, and with dance,  
A wedding train went by ;  
The deep-veil'd bride, the female slaves,  
The torches of festivity,  
And trump and timbrel merriment  
Accompanied their way.  
The good old Dervise gave  
A blessing as they pass'd ;  
But Thalaba look'd on, <sup>220</sup>  
And breathed a low deep groan, and hid  
his face. [felt  
The Dervise had known sorrow, and he  
Compassion ; and his words  
Of pity and of piety  
Open'd the young man's heart,  
And he told all his tale.

## 17

' Repine not, O my Son !' the Old Man  
replied,  
' That Heaven hath chasten'd thee. Be-  
hold this vine,  
I found it a wild tree, whose wanton  
strength  
Had swoln into irregular twigs <sup>230</sup>  
And bold excrescences,  
And spent itself in leaves and little rings,

So in the flourish of its outwardness  
 Wasting the sap and strength  
 That should have given forth fruit.  
 But when I pruned the plant,  
 Then it grew temperate in its vain ex-  
 pense [see'st,  
 Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou  
 Into these full clear clusters, to repay  
 The hand that wisely wounded it.  
 Repine not, O my Son! 241  
 In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicts  
 Its painful remedies.'

18

Then pausing, . . . 'Whither goest thou  
 now?' he ask'd.  
 'I know not,' answered Thalaba;  
 'My purpose is to hold  
 Straight on, secure of this,  
 That travel where I will, I cannot stray,  
 For Destiny will lead my course aright.'

19

'Far be it from me,' the Old Man  
 replied, 250  
 'To shake that pious confidence;  
 And yet, if knowledge may be gain'd,  
 methinks

Thy course should be to seek it painfully.  
 In Kaf the Simorg hath his dwelling  
 place, [seen  
 The all-knowing Bird of Ages, who hath  
 The World, with all its children, thrice  
 destroy'd.

Long is the path,  
 And difficult the way, of danger full;  
 But that unerring Bird  
 Could to a certain end 260  
 Direct thy weary search.'

20

Easy assent the youth  
 Gave to the words of wisdom; and  
 behold [Kaf.  
 At dawn, the adventurer on his way to  
 And he hath travelled many a day,

And many a river swum over,  
 And many a mountain ridge hath crost,  
 And many a measureless plain;  
 And now amid the wilds advanced,  
 Long is it since his eyes 270  
 Have seen the trace of man.

21

Cold! cold! 'tis a chilly clime  
 That the youth in his journey hath  
 reach'd,  
 And he is aweary now,  
 And faint for lack of food.  
 Cold! cold! there is no Sun in Heaven,  
 A heavy and uniform cloud  
 Overspreads the face of the sky,  
 And the snows are beginning to fall.  
 Dost thou wish for thy deserts, O Son of  
 Hodeirah? 280

Dost thou long for the gales of Arabia?  
 Cold! cold! his blood flows languidly,  
 His hands are red, his lips are blue,  
 His feet are sore with the frost.  
 Cheer thee! cheer thee! Thalaba!  
 A little yet bear up!

22

All waste! no sign of life  
 But the track of the wolf and the bear!  
 No sound but the wild, wild wind,  
 And the snow crunching under his feet!  
 Night is come; neither moon, nor stars,  
 Only the light of the snow! 292  
 But behold a fire in a cave of the hill,  
 A heart-reviving fire;  
 And thither with strength renew'd  
 Thalaba presses on.

23

He found a Woman in the cave,  
 A solitary Woman,  
 Who by the fire was spinning,  
 And singing as she spun. 300  
 The pine boughs were cheerfully blazing,  
 And her face was bright with the flame;  
 Her face was as a Damsel's face,



And yet her hair was grey.  
 She bade him welcome with a smile,  
 And still continued spinning,  
 And singing as she spun.  
 The thread the woman drew  
 Was finer than the silkworm's,  
 Was finer than the gossamer ; 310  
 The song she sung was low and sweet,  
 But Thalaba knew not the words.

## 24

He laid his bow before the hearth,  
 For the string was frozen stiff ;  
 He took the quiver from his neck,  
 For the arrow-plumes were iced.  
 Then as the cheerful fire  
 Revived his languid limbs,  
 The adventurer ask'd for food.  
 The Woman answer'd him, 320  
 And still her speech was song :  
 ' The She Bear she dwells near to me,  
 And she hath cubs, one, two, and three ;  
 She hunts the deer, and brings him here,  
 And then with her I make good cheer ;  
 And now to the chase the She Bear is  
     gone,  
 And she with her prey will be here anon.'

## 25

She ceased her spinning while she spake ;  
 And when she had answer'd him,  
 Again her fingers twir'd the thread,  
 And again the Woman began, 331  
 In low, sweet tones to sing  
 The unintelligible song.

## 26

The thread she spun it gleam'd like gold  
 In the light of the odorous fire,  
 Yet was it so wondrously thin,  
 That, save when it shone in the light,  
 You might look for it closely in vain.  
 The youth sate watching it,  
 And she observed his wonder, 340  
 And then again she spake,  
 And still her speech was song ;

' Now twine it round thy hands I say,  
 Now twine it round thy hands I pray !  
 My thread is small, my thread is fine,  
     But he must be  
     A stronger than thee,  
 Who can break this thread of mine !'

## 27

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,  
 And sweetly she smiled on him, 350  
 And he conceived no ill ;  
 And round and round his right hand,  
 And round and round his left,  
 He wound the thread so fine.  
 And then again the Woman spake,  
 And still her speech was song,  
 ' Now thy strength, O Stranger, strain !  
 Now then break the slender chain.'

## 28

Thalaba strove, but the thread  
 By magic hands was spun, 360  
 And in his cheek the flush of shame  
 Arose, commixt with fear.  
 She beheld and laugh'd at him  
 And then again she sung,  
 ' My thread is small, my thread is fine,  
     But he must be  
     A stronger than thee,  
 Who can break this thread of mine !'

## 29

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,  
 And fiercely she smiled on him : 370  
 ' I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodeiral's  
     son ! [undone,  
 I thank thee for doing what can't be  
 For binding thyself in the chain I have  
     spun !'  
 Then from his head she wrench'd  
 A lock of his raven hair,  
 And cast it in the fire,  
 And cried aloud as it burnt,  
 ' Sister ! Sister ! hear my voice !  
 Sister ! Sister ! come and rejoice !  
 The thread is spun, 380

The prize is won,  
The work is done,  
For I have made captive Hodeirah's  
Son,

30

Borne in her magic car  
The Sister Sorceress came,  
Khawla, the fiercest of the Sorcerer brood.  
She gazed upon the youth,  
She bade him break the slender thread,  
She laugh'd aloud for scorn,  
She clapt her hands for joy. 390

31

The She Bear from the chase came in,  
She bore the prey in her bloody mouth,  
She laid it at Maimuna's feet,  
And then look'd up with wistful eyes  
As if to ask her share.  
'There! there!' quoth Maimuna,  
And pointing to the prisoner-youth,  
She spurn'd him with her foot,  
And bade her make her meal.  
But then their mockery fail'd them, 400  
And anger and shame arose;  
For the She Bear fawn'd on Thalaba,  
And quietly lick'd his hand.

32

The grey-hair'd Sorceress stampt the  
ground,  
And call'd a Spirit up;  
'Shall we bear the Enemy  
To the dungeon dens below?'

SPIRIT

Woe! woe! to our Empire woe!  
If ever he tread the caverns below.

MAIMUNA

Shall we leave him fetter'd here 410  
With hunger and cold to die?

SPIRIT

Away from thy lonely dwelling fly!  
Here I see a danger nigh,  
That he should live and thou should'st  
die.

MAIMUNA

Whither then must we bear the foe?

SPIRIT

To Mohareb's island go,  
There shalt thou secure the foe,  
There prevent thy future woe.

33

Then in the Car they threw  
The fetter'd Thalaba, 420  
And took their seats, and set  
Their feet upon his neck;  
Maimuna held the reins,  
And Khawla shook the scourge,  
And away! away! away!

34

They were no steeds of mortal race  
That drew the magic car  
With the swiftness of feet and of wings.  
The snow-dust rises behind them,  
The ice-rock's splinters fly, 430  
And hark in the valley below  
The sound of their chariot wheels. . .  
And they are far over the mountains!  
Away! away! away!  
The Demons of the air  
Shout their joy as the Sisters pass,  
The Ghosts of the Wicked that wander  
by night  
Flit over the magic car.

35

Away! away! away!  
Over the hills and the plains, 440  
Over the rivers and rocks,  
Over the sands of the shore;  
The waves of ocean heave  
Under the magic steeds;  
With unwet hoofs they trample the deep,  
And now they reach the Island coast,  
And away to the city the Monarch's abode.  
Open fly the city gates,  
Open fly the iron doors,  
The doors of the palace-court. 450  
Then stopt the charmed car.

36

The Monarch heard the chariot wheels,  
 And forth he came to greet  
 The mistress whom he served.  
 He knew the captive youth,  
 And Thalaba beheld  
 Mohareb in the robes of royalty,  
 Whom erst his arm had thrust  
 Down the bitumen pit.

## THE NINTH BOOK

Conscience! . .

Poor plodding Priests and preaching Friars  
 may make  
 Their hollow pulpits and the empty aisles  
 Of churches ring with that round word: but  
 we,  
 That draw the subtle and more piercing air  
 In that sublimed region of a court,  
 Know all is good we make so, and go on  
 Secured by the prosperity of our crimes.  
 B. JONSON, *Mortimer's Fall*.

1

'Go up my Sister Maimuna,  
 Go up and read the stars!'

2

Lo! on the terrace of the topmost tower  
 She stands; her darkening eyes,  
 Her fine face raised to Heaven;  
 Her white hair flowing like the silver  
 streams  
 That streak the northern night.

3

They hear her coming tread,  
 They lift their asking eyes:  
 Her face is serious, her unwilling lips  
 Slow to the tale of ill. 11  
 'What hast thou read? what hast thou  
 read?'  
 Quoth Khawla in alarm.  
 'Danger . . death . . judgement!'  
 Maimuna replied.

4

'Is that the language of the lights of  
 Heaven?'  
 Exclaim'd the sterner Witch;  
 'Creatures of Allah, they perform his  
 will, [daunt  
 And with their lying menaces would  
 Our credulous folly . . . Maimuna,  
 I never liked this uncongenial lore! 20  
 Better befits to make the Sacrifice  
 Of Divination; so shall I  
 Be mine own Oracle.  
 Command the victims thou, O King!  
 Male and female they must be,  
 Thou knowest the needful rites.  
 Meanwhile I purify the place.'

5

The Sultan went; the Sorceress rose,  
 And North, and South, and East, and  
 West,  
 She faced the points of Heaven; 30  
 And ever where she turn'd  
 She laid her hand upon the wall;  
 And up she look'd, and smote the air,  
 And down she stoop'd, and smote the  
 floor.  
 'To Eblis and his servants  
 I consecrate the place;  
 Let enter none but they!  
 Whatever hath the breath of life,  
 Whatever hath the sap of life,  
 Let it be blasted and die!' 40

6

Now all is prepared;  
 Mohareb returns,  
 The Circle is drawn,  
 The Victims have bled,  
 The Youth and the Maid.  
 She in the circle holds in either hand,  
 Clench'd by the hair, a head,  
 The heads of the Youth and the Maid.  
 'Go out, ye lights!' quoth Khawla,  
 And in darkness began the spell. 50

## 7

With spreading arms she whirls around  
 Rapidly, rapidly,  
 Ever around and around ;  
 And loudly she calls the while,  
 ' Eblis ! Eblis ! '

Loudly, incessantly,  
 Still she calls, ' Eblis ! Eblis ! '  
 Giddily, giddily, still she whirls,  
 Loudly, incessantly, still she calls ;  
 The motion is ever the same, 60  
 Ever around and around ;  
 The calling is still the same,  
 Still it is, ' Eblis ! Eblis ! '  
 Till her voice is a shapeless yell,  
 And dizzily rolls her brain,  
 And now she is full of the Fiend.  
 She stops, she rocks, she reels !  
 Look ! look ! she appears in the dark-  
 ness !

Her flamy hairs curl up  
 All living, like the Meteor's locks of  
 light ! 70  
 Her eyes are like the sickly Moon !

## 8

It is her lips that move,  
 Her tongue that shapes the sound ;  
 But whose is the Voice that proceeds ? . .  
 ' Ye may hope and ye may fear,  
 The danger of his stars is near.  
 Sultan ! if he perish, woe !  
 Fate hath written one death-blow  
 For Mohareb and the Foe !  
 Triumph ; triumph ! only she 80  
 That knit his bonds can set him free.'

## 9

She spake the Oracle,  
 And senselessly she fell.  
 They knelt in care beside her, . .  
 Her Sister and the King ;  
 They sprinkled her palms with water,  
 They wetted her nostrils with blood.

## 10

She wakes as from a dream,  
 She asks the utter'd voice ;  
 But when she heard, an anger and a  
 grief 90  
 Darken'd her wrinkling brow.  
 ' Then let him live in long captivity ! '  
 She answer'd : ' but Mohareb's quicken'd  
 eye  
 Perused her sullen countenance,  
 That lied not with the lips.  
 A miserable man !  
 What boots it that in central caves,  
 The Powers of Evil at his Baptism  
 pledged  
 The Sacrament of Hell ?  
 His death secures them now. 100  
 What boots it that they gave  
 Abdaldar's guardian ring,  
 When, through another's life,  
 The blow may reach his own ?

## 11

He sought the dungeon cell  
 Where Thalaba was laid.  
 'Twas the grey morning twilight, and  
 the voice  
 Of Thalaba in prayer [his ear.  
 With words of hallow'd import smote  
 The grating of the heavy hinge 110  
 Roused not the Arabian youth ;  
 Nor lifted he his earthward face,  
 At sound of coming feet.  
 Nor did Mohareb with unholy speech  
 Disturb the duty : silent, spirit-awed,  
 Envious, heart-humbled, he beheld  
 The peace which piety alone can give.

## 12

When Thalaba, the perfect rite per-  
 form'd, [Island-Chief :  
 Raised his calm eye, then spake the  
 ' Arab ! my guidance through the  
 dangerous Cave 120  
 Thy service overpaid,



An unintended friend in enmity.  
The Hand that caught thy ring  
Received and bore me to the scene 1  
sought.

Now know me grateful. I return  
That amulet, thy only safety here.'

## 13

Artful he spake, with show of gratitude  
Veiling the selfish deed.

Lock'd in his magic chain,  
Thalaba on his passive powerless hand  
Received again the Spell. 131

Remembering then with what an  
ominous faith

First he drew on the ring,

The youth repeats his words of augury ;  
' In God's name and the Prophet's ! be  
its power [evil,

Good, let it serve the righteous ! if for  
God and my trust in Him shall hallow it,  
Blindly the wicked work

The righteous will of Heaven !'

So Thalaba received again 140  
The written ring of gold.

## 14

Thoughtful awhile Mohareb stood,  
And eyed the captive youth.

Then, building skillfully sophistic speech,  
Thus he began. ' Brave art thou,  
Thalaba ! [would buy

And wherefore are we foes ? . . for I  
Thy friendship at a princely price, and  
make thee

To thine own welfare wise.

Hear me ! in Nature are two hostile  
Gods,

Makers and Masters of existing things,  
Equal in power : . . nay, hear me  
patiently ! . . 151

Equal . . for look around thee ! The  
same Earth [Camel finds

Bears fruit and poison ; where the  
His fragrant food, the horned Viper  
there

Sucks in the juice of death : the  
Elements

Now serve the use of man, and now  
assert [hear

Dominion o'er his weakness : dost thou  
The sound of merriment and nuptial  
song ? [mourner's cry,

From the next house proceeds the  
Lamenting o'er the dead. Say'st thou  
that Sin 160

Enter'd the world of Allah ? that the  
Fiend,

Permitted for a season, prowls for prey ?  
When to thy tent the venomous  
serpent creeps, [so,

Dost thou not crush the reptile ? Even  
Be sure, had Allah crush'd his Enemy,  
But that the power was wanting. From  
the first,

Eternal as themselves their warfare is ;  
To the end it must endure. Evil and  
Good . . [ the strife

What are they, Thalaba, but words ? in  
Of Angels, as of Men, the weak are  
guilty ; 170

Power must decide. The Spirits of the  
Dead

Quitting their mortal mansion, enter  
not, [seat

As falsely ye are preach'd, their final  
Of bliss, or bale ; nor in the sepulchre  
Sleep they the long, long sleep : each  
joins the host

Of his great leader, aiding in the war  
Whose fate involves his own.

Woe to the vanquish'd then !

Woe to the sons of man who follow'd  
him ! [eternity,

They, with their Leader, through  
Must howl in central fires. 181

Thou, Thalaba, hast chosen ill thy part,  
If choice it may be call'd, where will  
was not,

Nor searching doubt, nor judgement  
wise to weigh.

Hard is the service of the Power,  
 beneath [discipline  
 Whose banners thou wert born; his  
 Severe, yea cruel; and his wages, rich  
 Only in promise; who hath seen the  
 pay? [ours,  
 For us . . the pleasures of the world are  
 Riches and rule, the kingdoms of the  
 Earth. 190

We met in Babylon adventurers both,  
 Each zealous for the hostile Power  
 he served: [art,  
 We meet again; thou feelest what thou  
 Thou seest what I am, the Sultan here,  
 The Lord of Life and Death.  
 Abandon him who has abandon'd thee,  
 And be, as I am, great among  
 mankind!'

## 15

The Captive did not, hasty to confute,  
 Break off that subtle speech;  
 But when the expectant silence of the  
 King 200  
 Look'd for his answer, then spake  
 Thalaba.

'And this then is thy faith! this mon-  
 strous creed! [Stars,  
 This lie against the Sun, and Moon, and  
 And Earth, and Heaven! Blind man,  
 who canst not see  
 How all things work the best! who  
 wilt not know, [whate'er  
 That in the Manhood of the World,  
 Of folly mark'd its Infancy, of vice  
 Sullied its Youth, ripe Wisdom shall  
 cast off, [safe.  
 Stablish'd in good, and, knowing evil,  
 Sultan Mohareb, yes, ye have me here  
 In chains; but not forsaken, though  
 oppress; 211  
 Cast down, but not destroy'd. Shall  
 danger daunt,  
 Shall death dismay his soul, whose life  
 is given

For God, and for his brethren of man-  
 kind?

Alike rewarded, in that holy cause,  
 The Conqueror's and the Martyr's palm  
 above [my blood  
 Beam with one glory. Hope ye that  
 Can quench the dreaded flame? and  
 know ye not, [and Wise,  
 That leagued against ye are the Just  
 And all Good Actions of all ages past,  
 Yea, your own crimes, and Truth, and  
 God in Heaven?' 221

## 16

'Slave!' quoth Mohareb, and his lip  
 Quiver'd with eager wrath,  
 'I have thee! thou shalt feel my power,  
 And in thy dungeon loathsomeness  
 Rot piece-meal, limb from limb!'  
 And out the Tyrant rushes,  
 And all impatient of the thoughts  
 That canker'd in his heart,  
 Seeks in the giddiness of boisterous  
 sport 230  
 Short respite from the avenging power  
 within.

## 17

What Woman is she  
 So wrinkled and old,  
 That goes to the wood? f  
 She leans on her staff  
 With a tottering step,  
 She tells her bead-string slow  
 Through fingers dull'd by age.  
 The wanton boys bemoan her;  
 The babe in arms that meets her 240  
 Turns round with quick affright  
 And clings to his nurse's neck.

## 18

Hark! hark! the hunter's cry;  
 Mohareb has gone to the chase.  
 The dogs, with eager yelp, f  
 Are struggling to be free;  
 The hawks in frequent stoop

Token their haste for flight ;  
 And couchant on the saddle-bow,  
 With tranquil eyes and talons sheathed,  
 The ounce expects his liberty. 251

## 19

Propt on the staff that shakes  
 Beneath her trembling weight,  
 The Old Woman sees them pass.

Halloa ! halloa !

The game is up !

The dogs are loosed,

The deer bounds over the plain :

The dogs pursue

Far, far behind 260

Though at full stretch,

With eager speed,

Far, far behind.

But lo ! the Falcon o'er his head

Hovers with hostile wings,

And buffets him with blinding strokes !

Dizzy with the deafening strokes

In blind and interrupted course,

Poor beast, he struggles on ;

And now the dogs are nigh ! 270

How his heart pants ! you see

The panting of his heart ;

And tears like human tears

Roll down, along the big veins fever-  
 swoln ; [dun hide ;

And now the death-sweat darkens his

His fear, his groans, his agony, his death,

Are the sport, and the joy, and the  
 triumph !

## 20

Halloa ! another prey,

The nimble Antelope !

The ounce is freed ; one spring, 280

And his talons are sheathed in her  
 shoulders,

And his teeth are red in her gore.

There came a sound from the wood,

Like the howl of the winter wind at  
 night,

Around a lonely dwelling ;

The ounce, whose gums were warm in  
 his prey,

He hears the summoning sound.

In vain his master's voice,

No longer dreaded now,

Calls and recalls with threatful tone ;

Away to the forest he goes ; 291

For that Old Woman had laid [lips,

Her shrivell'd finger on her shrivell'd

And whistled with a long, long breath ;

And that long breath was the sound

Like the howl of the winter wind at  
 night,

Around a lonely dwelling.

## 21

Mohareb knew her not,

As to the chase he went,

The glance of his proud eye 300

Passing in scorn o'er age and wretched-  
 ness.

She stands in the depth of the wood.

And panting to her feet,

Fawning and fearful, creeps

The ounce by charms constrain'd.

Well may'st thou fear, and vainly dost  
 thou fawn !

Her form is changed, her visage new,

Her power, her art the same !

It is Khawla that stands in the wood.

## 22

She knew the place where the Mandrake  
 grew, 310

And round the neck of the ounce,

And round the Mandrake's head,

She tightens the ends of her cord.

Her ears are closed with wax,

And her prest finger fastens them.

Deaf as the Adder, when, with grounded  
 head,

And circled form, both avenues of sound

Barr'd safely, one slant eye

Watches the charmer's lips 319

Waste on the wind his baffled witchery,

The spotted ounce so beautiful,

Springs forceful from the scourge ;  
 With that the dying plant all agony,  
 Feeling its life-strings crack,  
 Utter'd the unimaginable groan  
 That none can hear and live.

23

Then from her victim servant Khawla  
 loosed [hand,  
 The precious poison. Next with naked  
 She pluck'd the boughs of the man-  
 chineel ;

And of the wormy wax she took, 330  
 That, from the perforated tree forced  
 out,  
 Bewray'd its insect-parent's work within.

24

In a cavern of the wood she sits,  
 And moulds the wax to human form ;  
 And, as her fingers kneaded it,  
 By magic accents, to the mystic shape,  
 Imparted with the life of Thalaba,

In all its passive powers,  
 Mysterious sympathy.  
 With the mandrake and the manchineel  
 She builds her pile accurst. 341  
 She lays her finger to the pile,  
 And blue and green the flesh  
 Glows with emitted fire,  
 A fire to kindle that strange fuel meet.

25

Before the fire she placed the imaged  
 wax : [cried,  
 ' There, waste away ! ' the Enchantress  
 ' And with thee waste Hodeirah's Son ! '

26

Fool ! fool ! go thaw the everlasting ice,  
 Whose polar mountains bound the  
 human reign. 350  
 Blindly the wicked work  
 The righteous will of Heaven !  
 The doom'd Destroyer wears Abdaldar's  
 ring ;  
 Against the danger of his horoscope

Yourselves have shielded him ;  
 And on the sympathizing wax,  
 The unadmitted flames play power-  
 lessly, [snow.  
 As the cold moon-beam on a plain of

27

' Curse thee ! curse thee ! ' cried the  
 fiendly woman,

' Hast thou yet a spell of safety ? ' 360  
 And in the raging flames  
 She threw the imaged wax.  
 It lay amid the flames,  
 Like Polycarp of old,  
 When, by the glories of the burning  
 stake

O'er-vaulted, his grey hairs  
 Curl'd, life-like, to the fire  
 That haloed round his saintly brow.

28

' Wherefore is this ! ' cried Khawla, and  
 she stampt

Thrice on the cavern floor : 370  
 ' Maimuna ! Maimuna ! '  
 Thrice on the floor she stampt,  
 Then to the rocky gateway glanced  
 Her eager eyes, and Maimuna was there.  
 ' Nay, Sister, nay ! ' quoth she, ' Mo-  
 hareb's life  
 Is link'd with Thalaba's !  
 Nay, Sister, nay ! the plighted oath !  
 The common sacrament ! '

29

' Idiot ! ' said Khawla, ' one must die,  
 or all !

Faith kept with him were treason to the  
 rest. 380

Why lies the wax like marble in the fire ?  
 What powerful amulet  
 Protects Hodeirah's Son ? ' L

30

Cold, marble-cold, the wax  
 Lay on the raging pile,  
 Cold in that white intensity of fire.



The Bat, that with her hook'd and  
leathery wings  
Clung to the cave-roof, loosed her hold,  
Death-sickening with the heat ;  
The Toad, which to the darkest nook  
had crawl'd, 390  
Panted fast with fever pain ;  
The Viper from her nest came forth,  
Leading her quicken'd brood,  
That, sportive with the warm delight,  
roll'd out [rings,  
Their thin curls, tender as the tendril  
Ere the green beauty of their brittle  
youth [summer sun.  
Grows brown, and toughens in the  
Cold, marble-cold, the wax  
Lay on the raging pile,  
The silver quivering of the element 400  
O'er its pale surface shedding a dim gloss.

## 31

Amid the red and fiery smoke,  
Watching the portent strange,  
The blue-eyed Sorceress and her Sister  
stood,  
Seeming a ruined Angel by the side  
Of Spirit born in hell.  
Maimuna raised at length her thought-  
ful eyes :  
' Whence, Sister, was the wax ?  
The work of the worm, or the bee ?  
Nay then I marvel not ! 410  
It were as wise to bring from Ararat  
The fore-world's wood to build the  
magic pile,  
And feed it from the balm bower,  
through whose veins [out  
The Martyr's blood sends such a virtue  
That the fond mother from beneath its  
shade [playful child.  
Wreathes the horn'd viper round her  
This is the eternal, universal strife !  
There is a Grave-wax, . . I have seen the  
Gouls [ing.' . .  
Fight for the dainty at their banquet-

## 32

' Excellent Witch ! ' quoth Khawla  
and she went 420  
To the cave-arch of entrance, and  
scowl'd up,  
Mocking the blessed Sun :  
' Shine thou in Heaven, but I will  
shadow Earth !  
Thou wilt not shorten day,  
But I will hasten darkness ! ' Then the  
Witch  
Began a magic song,  
One long low tone, through teeth half-  
closed, [slow ;  
Through lips slow-moving, muttered  
One long-continued breath,  
Till to her eyes a darker yellowness  
Was driven, and fuller-swoln the pro-  
minent veins 431  
On her loose throat grew black.  
Then looking upward, thrice she  
breathed  
Into the face of Heaven ;  
The baneful breath infected Heaven ;  
A mildewing fog it spread  
Darker and darker ; so the evening sun  
Pour'd his unentering glory on the mist,  
And it was night below.

## 33

' Bring now the wax,' quoth Khawla,  
' for thou know'st 440  
The mine that yields it.' Forth went  
Maimuna, [forth ;  
In mist and darkness went the Sorceress  
And she hath reach'd the Place of Tombs,  
And in their sepulchres the Dead  
Feel feet unholy trampling over them.

## 34

Thou startest, Maimuna,  
Because the breeze is in thy lifted locks !  
Is Khawla's spell so weak ?  
Sudden came the breeze and strong ;  
The heavy mist wherewith the lungs  
opprest 450

Were labouring late, flies now before the  
gale,

Thin as an infant's breath,  
Seen in the sunshine of an autumn frost.  
Sudden it came, and soon its work  
was done,

And suddenly it ceased ;  
Cloudless and calm it left the firmament,  
And beautiful in the blue sky  
Arose the summer Moon.

35

She heard the quicken'd action of her  
blood,

She felt the fever in her cheeks. 460  
Daunted, yet desperate, in a tomb  
Entering, with impious hand she traced  
Circles and squares and trines  
And magic characters,

Till, riven by her charms, the tomb  
Yawn'd and disclosed its dead ;  
Maimuna's eyes were open'd, and she saw  
The secrets of the Grave.

36

There sate a Spirit in the vault, 469  
In shape, in hue, in lineaments, like life ;  
And by him couch'd, as if intranced,  
The hundred-headed Worm that never  
dies.

37

' Nay, Sorceress ! not to-night ! ' the  
Spirit cried, [to-night  
' The flesh in which I sinn'd may rest  
From suffering ; all things, even I,  
to-night,  
Even the Damn'd, repose ! '

38

The flesh of Maimuna [knees  
Crept on her bones with terror, and her  
Trembled with their trembling weight.  
' Only this Sabbath ! and at dawn the  
Worm 480  
Will wake, and this poor flesh must grow  
to meet

The gnawing of his hundred poison-  
mouths ! [death !'  
God ! God ! is there no mercy after

39

Soul-struck, she rush'd away,  
She fled the Place of Tombs,  
She cast herself upon the earth,  
All agony, and tumult, and despair.  
And in that wild and desperate agony  
Sure Maimuna had died the utter death,  
If aught of evil had been possible  
On this mysterious night ; 491  
For this was that most holy night

When all Created Things adore  
The Power that made them ; Insects,  
Beasts, and Birds,  
The Water-Dwellers, Herbs, and Trees,  
and Stones,  
Yea, Earth and Ocean, and the infinite  
Heaven, [know

With all its Worlds. Man only doth not  
The universal Sabbath, doth not join  
With Nature in her homage. Yet the  
prayer [love,

Flows from the righteous with intenser  
A holier calm succeeds, and sweeter  
dreams 501

Visit the slumbers of the penitent.

40

Therefore on Maimuna the Elements  
Shed healing ; every breath she drew  
was balm. [up

For every flower sent then in incense  
Its richest odours ; and the song of birds  
Now, like the music of the Seraphim,  
Enter'd her soul, and now  
Made silence awful by their sudden  
pause.

It seem'd as if the quiet Moon 510  
Pour'd quietness ; its lovely light  
Was like the smile of reconciling Heaven.

41

Is it the dew of night  
That on her glowing cheek

Shines in the moon-beam ? Oh ! she  
weeps . . she weeps !

And the Good Angel that abandoned her  
At her hell-baptism, by her tears drawn  
down,

Resumes his charge. Then Maimuna  
Recall'd to mind the double oracle ;  
Quick as the lightning flash 520

Its import glanced upon her, and the hope  
Of pardon and salvation rose,  
As now she understood

The lying prophecy of truth.

She pauses not, she ponders not ;

The driven air before her fann'd the face  
Of Thalaba, and he awoke and saw  
The Sorceress of the Silver Locks.

42

One more permitted spell.

She takes the magic thread. 530

With the wide eye of wonder, Thalaba  
Watches her snowy fingers round and  
round,

Unwind the loosening chain.

Again he hears the low sweet voice,

The low sweet voice so musical,

That sure it was not strange,

If in those unintelligible tones

Was more than human potency,

That with such deep and undefined de-  
light

Fill'd the surrender'd soul. 540

The work is done, the song hath ceased ;  
He wakes as from a dream of Paradise,

And feels his fetters gone, and with  
the burst

Of wondering adoration, praises God.

43

Hercharm hath loosed the chain it bound,

But massy walls and iron gates

Confine Hodeirah's Son.

Heard ye not, Genii of the Air, her spell,  
That o'er her face there flits

The sudden flush of fear ? 550

Again her louder lips repeat the charm ;

Her eye is anxious, her cheek pale,

Her pulse plays fast and feeble.

Nay, Maimuna ! thy power hath ceased,

And the wind scatters now

The voice which ruled it late.

44

' Be comforted, my soul ! ' she cried,

her eye [forted !

Brightening with sudden joy, ' be com-

We have burst through the bonds which  
bound us down

To utter death ; our covenant with Hell

Is blotted out ! The Lord hath given

me strength ! 561

Great is the Lord, and merciful !

Hear me, ye rebel Spirits ! in the name  
Of Allah and the Prophet, hear the spell !'

45

Groans then were heard, the prison walls  
were rent,

The whirlwind wrapt them round, and  
forth they flew,

Borne in the chariot of the Winds  
abroad.

## THE TENTH BOOK

And the Angel that was sent unto me  
said, Thinkest thou to comprehend the way  
of the Most High ! . . Then said I, Yea, my  
Lord. And he answered me, and said, I am  
sent to shew thee three ways, and to set  
forth three similitudes before thee ; whereof  
if thou canst declare me one, I will shew  
thee also the way that thou desirest to see,  
and I shall shew thee from whence the  
wicked heart cometh. And I said, Tell on,  
my Lord. Then said he unto me, Go thy  
way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or  
measure me the blast of the wind, or call  
me again the day that is past.—*Esdras*, ii. 4.

1

ERE there was time for wonder or for fear,

The way was pass'd, and lo ! again

Amid surrounding snows,

Within the cavern of the Witch they  
stand.

## 2

Then came the weakness of her natural  
age

At once on Maimuna ;  
The burthen of her years  
Fell on her, and she knew

That her repentance in the sight of God  
Had now found favour, and her hour  
was come. 10

Her death was like the righteous: 'Turn  
my face

To Mecca !' in her languid eyes  
The joy of certain hope  
Lit a last lustre, and in death  
A smile was on her cheek.

## 3

No faithful crowded round her bier,  
No tongue reported her good deeds,  
For her no mourners wail'd and wept,  
No Iman o'er her perfumed corpse  
For her soul's health intoned the prayer ;

Nor column raised by the way-side 21  
Implored the passing traveller  
To say a requiem for the dead.

Thalaba laid her in the snow,  
And took his weapons from the hearth,  
And then once more the youth began  
His weary way of solitude.

## 4

The breath of the East is in his face,  
And it drives the sleet and the snow.

The air is keen, the wind is keen, 30

His limbs are aching with the cold,

His eyes are aching with the snow,

His very heart is cold,

His spirit chill'd within him. He looks on  
If aught of life be near ;

But all is sky, and the white wilderness,  
And here and there a solitary pine,  
Its branches broken by the weight of  
snow.

His pains abate, his senses, dull  
With suffering, cease to suffer. 40

Languidly, languidly,

Thalaba drags along,

A heavy weight is on his lids,  
His limbs move slow for heaviness,  
And he full fain would sleep.

Not yet, not yet, O Thalaba,  
Thy hour of rest is come !

Not yet may the Destroyer sleep :  
The comfortable sleep :

His journey is not over yet, 50

His course not yet fulfill'd ! . .

Run thou thy race, O Thalaba !  
The prize is at the goal.

## 5

It was a Cedar-tree

Which woke him from that deadly  
drowsiness ;

Its broad round-spreading branches,  
when they felt [heaven,

The snow, rose upward in a point to  
And standing in their strength erect,

Defied the baffled storm.

He knew the lesson Nature gave, 60

And he shook off his heaviness,

And hope revived within him.

## 6

Now sunk the evening sun,

A broad and beamless orb,

Adown the glowing sky ;

Through the red light the snow-flakes  
fell like fire.

Louder grows the biting wind,  
And it drifts the dust of the snow.

The snow is clotted in his hair,

The breath of Thalaba 70

Is iced upon his lips.

He looks around ; the darkness,

The dizzy floating of the feathery sky  
Close in his narrow view.

## 7

At length, through the thick atmosphere,  
a light

Not distant far appears.

He, doubting other wiles of sorcery,



With mingled joy and fear, yet quicken'd  
step,  
Bends thitherward his way.

## 8

It was a little, lowly dwelling-place,  
Amid a garden whose delightful air 81  
Was mild and fragrant as the evening  
wind

Passing in summer o'er the coffee-groves  
Of Yemen, and its blessed bowers of  
balm.

A fount of Fire that in the centre play'd  
Roll'd all around its wondrous rivulets,  
And fed the garden with the heat of life.  
Every where magic! the Arabian's heart  
Yearn'd after human intercourse.

A light; . . the door unclosed! . . 90  
All silent . . he goes in.

## 9

There lay a Damsel, sleeping on a couch:  
His step awoke her, and she gazed at  
him

With pleased and wondering look,  
Fearlessly, like a happy child,  
Too innocent to fear.

With words of courtesy  
The young intruder spake.  
At the sound of his voice, a joy  
Kindled her bright black eyes; 100  
She rose and took his hand;

But at the touch the joy forsook her  
cheek:

'Oh! it is cold!' she cried,

'I thought I should have felt it warm,  
like mine,

But thou art like the rest!'

## 10

Thalaba stood mute awhile,  
And wondering at her words:  
'Cold? Lady!' then he said: 'I have  
travell'd long

In this cold wilderness,  
Till life is well-nigh spent!' 110

## 11

LAILA

Art thou a Man, then?

THALABA

Nay . . I did not think

Sorrow and toil could so have alter'd me,  
As to seem otherwise.

LAILA

And thou canst be warm  
Sometimes? life-warm as I am?

THALABA

Surely, Lady

As others are, I am, to heat and cold  
Subject like all. You see a Traveller,

Bound upon hard adventure, who

requests 120

Only to rest him here to-night, . . to-  
morrow

He will pursue his way.

LAILA

Oh . . not to-morrow!

Not, like a dream of joy, depart so soon!  
And whither wouldst thou go? for all  
around

Is everlasting winter, ice and snow,  
Deserts unpassable of endless frost.

THALABA

He who has led me here, will still sustain  
me

Through cold and hunger.

## 12

'Hunger?' Laila cried: 130

She clapt her lily hands,

And whether from above, or from below,  
It came, sight could not see, [food.

So suddenly the floor was spread with

## 13

LAILA

Why dost thou watch with hesitating  
eyes [come.

The banquet? 'tis for thee! I bade it

THALABA

Whence came it?

LAILA

Matters it from whence it came ?  
 My Father sent it : when I call, he hears.  
 Nay, . . . thou hast fabled with me !  
                     and art like                      140  
 The forms that wait upon my solitude,  
 Human to eye alone ; . . . thy hunger  
                     would not  
 Question so idly else.

THALABA

I will not eat !  
 It came by magic ! fool, to think that  
                     aught                      [here.  
 But fraud and danger could await me  
                     Let loose my cloak ! . . .

LAILA

Begone then, insolent !  
 Why dost thou stand and gaze upon  
                     me thus ?  
 Ay ! eye the features well that threaten  
                     thee                      150  
 With fraud and danger ! in the wilder-  
                     ness                      [want,  
 They shall avenge me, . . . in the hour of  
 Rise on thy view, and make thee feel  
                     How innocent I am :  
 And this remember'd cowardice and  
                     insult,                      [thy cheek,  
 With a more painful shame will burn  
                     Than now heats mine in anger !

THALABA

Mark me, Lady !  
 Many and restless are my enemies ;  
 My daily paths have been beset with  
                     snares                      160  
 Till I have learnt suspicion, bitter  
                     sufferings  
 Teaching the needful vice. If I have  
                     wrong'd you, . . . [cence, . . .  
 For yours should be the face of inno-  
                     I pray you pardon me ! In the name  
                     of God  
 And of his Prophet, I partake your food.

LAILA

Lo, now ! thou wert afraid of sorcery,  
 And yet hast said a charm !

THALABA

A charm ?

LAILA

And wherefore ? . . .  
 Is it not delicate food ? . . . What mean  
                     thy words ?                      170

I have heard many spells, and many  
                     names,  
 That rule the Genii and the Elements,  
                     But never these.

THALABA

How ! never heard the names  
 Of God and of the Prophet ?

LAILA

Never . . . nay now !  
 Again that troubled eye ? . . . thou art  
                     a strange man,  
 And wondrous fearful . . . but I must  
                     not twice [pectest still,  
 Be charged with fraud : If thou sus-  
                     Depart and leave me !                      180

THALABA

And you do not know  
 The God that made you ?

LAILA

Made me, man ! . . . my Father  
 Made me. He made this dwelling, and  
                     the grove,                      [morn  
 And yonder fountain-fire ; and every  
 He visits me, and takes the snow, and  
                     moulds                      [into them  
 Women and men, like thee ; and breathes  
 Motion, and life, and sense, . . . but, to  
                     the touch [night closes  
 They are chilling cold ; and ever when  
 They melt away again, and leave me  
                     here                      190  
 Alone and sad. Oh then how I rejoice  
 When it is day, and my dear Father  
                     comes

And cheers me with kind words and  
kinder looks !

My dear, dear Father ! . . Were it not  
for him,

I am so weary of this loneliness,  
That I should wish I also were of snow,  
That I might melt away, and cease to be.

THALABA

And have you always had your dwelling  
here

Amid this solitude of snow ?

LAILA

I think so. 200

I can remember, with unsteady feet  
Tottering from room to room, and  
finding pleasure

In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats,  
things which long

Have lost their power to please ; which,  
when I see them,

Raise only now a melancholy wish,  
I were the little trifer once again  
Who could be pleased so lightly !

THALABA

Then you know not  
Your Father's art ?

LAILA

No. I besought him once 210  
To give me power like his, that where he  
went [head,

might go with him ; but he shook his  
And said, it was a power too dearly  
bought, [tears.

And kiss'd me with the tenderness of

THALABA

And wherefore hath he hidden you thus  
far

From all the ways of humankind ?

LAILA

'Twas fear,  
Fatherly fear and love. He read the  
stars,

And saw a danger in my destiny,

And therefore placed me here amid the  
snows, 220

And laid a spell that never human eye,  
If foot of man by chance should reach  
the depth

Of this wide waste, shall see one trace of  
grove, [fire,

Garden or dwelling-place, or yonder  
That thaws and mitigates the frozen sky.  
And, more than this, even if the Enemy  
Should come, I have a Guardian here.

THALABA

A Guardian ?

LAILA

'Twas well, that when my sight unclosed  
upon thee, [face,

There was no dark suspicion in thy  
Else I had called his succour ! Wilt  
thou see him ? 231

But, if a woman can have terrified thee,  
How wilt thou bear his unrelaxing brow,  
And lifted lightnings ?

THALABA

Lead me to him, Lady !

14

She took him by the hand,  
And through the porch they pass'd.  
Over the garden and the grove

The fountain-streams of fire

Pour'd a broad light like noon : 240

A broad unnatural light,

Which made the rose's blush of beauty  
pale, [blaze.

And dimm'd the rich geranium's scarlet  
The various verdure of the grove

Wore here one undistinguishable grey,  
Chequer'd with blacker shade.

Suddenly Laila stopt,

'I do not think thou art the enemy,'  
She said, 'but He will know !

If thou hast meditated wrong, 250  
Stranger, depart in time . .

I would not lead thee to thy death.'

15

She turn'd her gentle eyes  
Toward him then with anxious tender-  
ness. [Thalaba,  
'So let him pierce my breast,' cried  
'If it hide thought to harm you!'

LAILA

'Tis a figure,

Almost I fear to look at! . . . yet come on.  
'Twill ease me of a heaviness that seems  
To sink my heart; and thou may'st  
dwell here then 260

In safety; . . . for thou shalt not go to-  
morrow,

Nor on the after, nor the after day,  
Nor ever! It was only solitude  
Which made my misery here, . . .

And now, that I can see a human face,  
And hear a human voice . . .

Oh no! thou wilt not leave me!

THALABA

Alas, I must not rest!

The star that ruled at my nativity,  
Shone with a strange and blasting in-  
fluence. 270

O gentle Lady! I should draw upon you  
A killing curse!

LAILA

But I will ask my Father

To save you from all danger; and you  
know not [I ask,

The wonders he can work; and when  
It is not in his power to say me nay.

Perhaps thou know'st the happiness it is  
To have a tender Father?

THALABA

He was one, [tainted

Whom, like a loathsome leper, I have  
With my contagious destiny. One

evening 280

He kiss'd me as he wont, and laid his  
hands [slept.

Upon my head, and blest me ere I

His dying groan awoke me, for the  
Murderer

Had stolen upon our sleep! . . . For me  
was meant

The midnight blow of death; my Father  
died;

The brother playmates of my infancy,  
The baby at the breast, they perish'd  
all, . . . [saved

All in that dreadful hour! . . . but I was  
To remember and revenge.

16

She answer'd not; for now, 290  
Emerging from the o'er-arch'd avenue.

The finger of her upraised hand  
Mark'd where the Guardian of the  
garden stood.

It was a brazen Image, every limb  
And swelling vein and muscle true to life

The left knee bending on, [hanc  
The other straight, firm planted, and his

Lifted on high to hurl  
The lightning that it grasp'd.

17

When Thalaba approach'd, 300  
The enchanted Image knew Hodeirah's

son, [foe  
And hurl'd the lightning at the dreaded

But from Mohareb's hand  
Had Thalaba received Abdaldar's Ring

Blindly the wicked work  
The righteous will of Heaven.

Full in his face the lightning-bolt was  
driven;

The scatter'd fire recoil'd;  
Like the flowing of a summer gale he felt

Its ineffectual force; 310  
His countenance was not changed,

Nor a hair of his head was singed.

18

He started, and his glance  
Turn'd angrily upon the Maid.

The sight disarm'd suspicion; . . . breath-  
less, pale,



Against a tree she stood ;  
Her wan lips quivering, and her eyes  
Upraised, in silent supplicating fear.

19

Anon she started with a scream of joy,  
Seeing her Father there, 320  
And ran and threw her arms around his  
neck. [come!  
'Save me!' she cried, 'the Enemy is  
Save me! save me! Okba!'

20

'Okba!' repeats the youth ;  
For never since that hour,  
When in the tent the Spirit told his name,  
Had Thalaba let slip  
The memory of his Father's murderer ;  
'Okba!' . . . and in his hand  
He graspt an arrow-shaft, 330  
And he rush'd on to strike him.

21

'Son of Hodeirah!' the Old Man replied,  
'My hour is not yet come ;'  
And putting forth his hand  
Gently he repell'd the Youth.  
'My hour is not yet come !  
But thou may'st shed this innocent  
Maiden's blood ;  
That vengeance God allows thee !'

22

Around her Father's neck  
Still Laila's hands were clasp'd ; 340  
Her face was turn'd to Thalaba,  
A broad light floated o'er its marble  
paleness,  
As the wind waved the fountain fire,  
Her large dilated eye, in horror raised,  
Watch'd every look and movement of  
the youth :  
'Not upon her,' said he,  
'Not upon her, Hodeirah's blood cries  
out [arm  
For vengeance!' and again his lifted  
Threaten'd the Sorcerer :

Again withheld, it felt 350  
A barrier that no human strength could  
burst.

23

'Thou dost not aim the blow more  
eagerly,' [meet it !  
Okba replied, 'than I would rush to  
But that were poor revenge.  
O Thalaba, thy God

Wreaks on the innocent head  
His vengeance ; . . . I must suffer in my  
child ! [victim ? Allah  
Why dost thou pause to strike thy  
Permits, . . . commands the deed.'

24

'Liar!' quoth Thalaba. 360  
And Laila's wondering eye [face.  
Look'd up, all anguish, to her father's  
'By Allah and the Prophet,' he replied,  
'I speak the words of truth.

Misery ! misery !

That I must beg mine enemy to speed  
The inevitable vengeance now so near !

I read it in her horoscope ; [race.  
Her birth-star warn'd me of Hodeirah's  
I laid a spell, and call'd a Spirit up ;

He answered, one must die, 370

Laila or Thalaba. . .

Accursed Spirit ! even in truth

Giving a lying hope !

Last, I ascended the seventh Heaven,

And on the Everlasting Table there,

In characters of light,

I read her written doom.

The years that it has gnawn me ! and  
the load

Of sin that it has laid upon my soul ! 380  
Curse on this hand, that in the only hour

The favouring Stars allow'd,

Reek'd with other blood than thine.

Still dost thou stand and gaze incredu-  
lous ?

Young man, be merciful, and keep her not  
Longer in agony.'

25

Thalaba's unbelieving frown  
 Scowl'd on the Sorcerer, [heard,  
 When in the air the rush of wings was  
 And Azrael stood before them. 390  
 In equal terror at the sight,  
 The Enchanter, the Destroyer stood,  
 And Laila, the victim Maid.

26

'Son of Hodeirah!' said the Angel of  
 Death,  
 'The accursed fables not.  
 When from the Eternal Hand I took  
 The yearly scroll of Fate,  
 Her name was written there; . .  
 Her leaf had wither'd on the Tree of Life.  
 This is the hour, and from thy hands 400  
 Commission'd to receive the Maid  
 I come.'

27

'Hear me, O Angel!' Thalaba replied;  
 'To avenge my father's death,  
 To work the will of Heaven, [race,  
 To root from earth the accursed sorcerer  
 I have dared danger undismay'd,  
 I have lost all my soul held dear,  
 I am cut off from all the ties of life,  
 Unmurmuring. For whate'er awaits me  
 still, 409  
 Pursuing to the end the enterprize,  
 Peril or pain, I bear a ready heart.  
 But strike this Maid! this innocent! . .  
 Angel, I dare not do it.'

28

'Remember,' answer'd Azrael, 'all thou  
 say'st [word  
 Is written down for judgement! every  
 In the balance of thy trial must be  
 weigh'd!'

29

'So be it!' said the Youth:  
 'He who can read the secrets of the  
 heart,

Will judge with righteousness!

This is no doubtful path; 420  
 The voice of God within me cannot lie. . .  
 I will not harm the innocent.'

30

He said, and from above,  
 As though it were the Voice of Night,  
 The startling answer came.  
 'Son of Hodeirah, think again!  
 One must depart from hence,  
 Laila, or Thalaba;  
 She dies for thee, or thou for her;  
 It must be life for life! 430  
 Son of Hodeirah, weigh it well,  
 While yet the choice is thine!'

31

He hesitated not,  
 But, looking upward, spread his hands  
 to Heaven,  
 'Oneiza, in thy bower of Paradise,  
 Receive me, still unstain'd!'

32

'What!' exclaim'd Okba, 'darest thou  
 disobey,  
 Abandoning all claim  
 To Allah's longer aid?'

33

The eager exultation of his speech  
 Earthward recall'd the thoughts of  
 Thalaba. 441  
 'And dost thou triumph, Murderer?  
 dost thou deem  
 Because I perish, that the unsleeping lids  
 Of Justice shall be closed upon thy  
 crime?  
 Poor, miserable man! that thou canst  
 live  
 With such beast-blindness in the present  
 joy, [God  
 When o'er thy head the sword of  
 Hangs for the certain stroke!'

34

'Servant of Allah, thou hast disobey'd ;  
 God hath abandon'd thee ; 450  
 This hour is mine !' cried Okba,  
 And shook his daughter off,  
 And drew the dagger from his vest,  
 And aim'd the deadly blow.

35

All was accomplish'd. Laila rush'd  
 between  
 To save the saviour Youth.  
 She met the blow, and sunk into his  
 arms,  
 And Azrael, from the hands of Thalaba,  
 Received her parting soul.

## THE ELEVENTH BOOK

Those, Sir, that traffic in these seas,  
 Fraught not their bark with fears.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

1

O FOOL, to think thy human hand  
 Could check the chariot-wheels of  
 Destiny !  
 To dream of weakness in the all-  
 knowing Mind,  
 That its decrees should change !  
 To hope that the united Powers  
 Of Earth, and Air, and Hell,  
 Might blot one letter from the Book of  
 Fate, [chain !  
 Might break one link of the eternal  
 Thou miserable, wicked, poor old man !  
 Fall now upon the body of thy child, to  
 Beat now thy breast, and pluck the  
 bleeding hairs  
 From thy grey beard, and lay  
 Thine ineffectual hand to close her  
 wound,  
 And call on Hell to aid,  
 And call on Heaven to send  
 Its merciful thunderbolt !

2

The young Arabian silently  
 Beheld his frantic grief.  
 The presence of the hated youth  
 To raging anguish stung 20  
 The wretched Sorcerer.  
 'Ay ! look and triumph !' he exclaim'd :  
 'This is the justice of thy God !  
 A righteous God is he, to let  
 His vengeance fall upon the innocent  
 head ! . .  
 Curse thee, curse thee, Thalaba !'

3

All feelings of revenge  
 Had left Hodeirah's son.  
 Pitying and silently he heard  
 The victim of his own iniquities ; 30  
 Not with the officious hand  
 Of consolation, fretting the sore wound  
 He could not hope to heal.

4

So as the Servant of the Prophet stood,  
 With sudden motion the night-air  
 Gently fann'd his cheek.  
 'Twas a Green Bird, whose wings  
 Had waved the quiet air.  
 On the hand of Thalaba  
 The Green Bird perch'd, and turn'd 40  
 A mild eye up, as if to win  
 The Adventurer's confidence ;  
 Then, springing on, flew forward ;  
 And now again returns  
 To court him to the way ;  
 And now his hand perceives  
 Her rosy feet press firmer, as she leaps  
 Upon the wing again.

5

Obedient to the call,  
 By the pale moonlight Thalaba pursued,  
 O'er trackless snows, his way ; 51  
 Unknowing he what blessed messenger  
 Had come to guide his steps, . .  
 That Laila's spirit went before his path.

Brought up in darkness, and the child  
of sin,

Yet, as the meed of spotless innocence,  
Just Heaven permitted her by one good  
deed [death ;

To work her own redemption after  
So, till the Judgement day,  
She might abide in bliss, 60  
Green warbler of the Bowers of Paradise.

## 6

The morning sun came forth,  
Wakening no eye to life  
In this wide solitude ;  
His radiance, with a saffron hue, like  
heat,

Suffused the desert snow.

The Green Bird guided Thalaba ;  
Now oaring with slow wing her upward  
way,

Descending now in slant descent  
On out-spread pinions motionless ; 70  
Floating now, with rise and fall alternate,  
As if the billows of the air  
Heaved her with their sink and swell.

And when beneath the moon  
The icy glitter of the snow  
Dazzled his aching sight,  
Then on his arm alighted the Green Bird,  
And spread before his eyes  
Her plumage of refreshing hue.

## 7

Evening came on ; the glowing clouds  
Tinged with a purple ray the mountain  
ridge 81

That lay before the Traveller.

Ah ! whither art thou gone,  
Guide and companion of the youth,  
whose eye  
Has lost thee in the depth of Heaven ?

Why hast thou left alone  
The weary wanderer in the wilderness ?  
And now the western clouds grow pale,  
And night descends upon his solitude.

## 8

The Arabian youth knelt down, 90  
And bow'd his forehead to the ground,  
And made his evening prayer.

When he arose the stars were bright in  
heaven,

The sky was blue, and the cold Moon  
Shone over the cold snow.

A speck in the air !

Is it his guide that approaches ?  
For it moves with the motion of life !  
Lo ! she returns, and scatters from her  
pinions [morning  
Odours diviner than the gales of  
Waft from Sabea. 101

## 9

Hovering before the youth she hung,  
Till from her rosy feet, that at his touch  
Uncurl'd their grasp, he took  
The fruitful bough they bore.

He took and tasted : a new life  
Flow'd through his renovated frame ;  
His limbs, that late were sore and stiff,  
Felt all the freshness of repose ;

His dizzy brain was calm'd, 110  
The heavy aching of his lids was gone ;  
For Laila, from the Bowers of Paradise,  
Had borne the healing fruit.

## 10

So up the mountain steep,  
With untired foot he pass'd,  
The Green Bird guiding him,  
Mid crags, and ice, and rocks,  
A difficult way, winding the long ascent.  
How then the heart of Thalaba rejoiced,  
When, bosom'd in the mountain depths,  
A shelter'd Valley open'd on his view !

It was the Simorg's vale, 122  
The dwelling of the Ancient Bird.

## 11

On a green and mossy bank,  
Beside a rivulet,  
The Bird of Ages stood.



No sound intruded on his solitude,  
 Only the rivulet was heard,  
 Whose everlasting flow,  
 From the birth-day of the world, had  
 made 130

The same unvaried murmuring.  
 Here dwelt the all-knowing Bird  
 In deep tranquillity,  
 His eye-lids ever closed  
 In full enjoyment of profound repose.

## 12

Reverently the youth approach'd  
 That old and only Bird,  
 And crost his arms upon his breast,  
 And bow'd his head and spake.  
 ' Earliest of existing things, 140  
 Earliest thou, and wisest thou,  
 Guide me, guide me, on my way !  
 I am bound to seek the Caverns  
 Underneath the roots of Ocean,  
 Where the Sorcerers have their seat ;  
 Thou the eldest, thou the wisest,  
 Guide me, guide me, on my way !'

## 13

The ancient Simorg on the youth  
 Unclosed his thoughtful eyes,  
 And answer'd to his prayer. 150  
 ' Northward by the stream proceed ;  
 In the Fountain of the Rock  
 Wash away thy worldly stains  
 Kneel thou there, and seek the Lord,  
 And fortify thy soul with prayer.  
 Thus prepared, ascend the Sledge ;  
 Be bold, be wary ; seek and find !  
 God hath appointed all.'  
 The Ancient Simorg then let fall his lids,  
 Relapsing to repose. 160

## 14

Northward, along the rivulet,  
 The adventurer went his way ;  
 Tracing its waters upward to their  
 source.  
 Green Bird of Paradise,

Thou hast not left the youth ! . .  
 With slow associate flight,  
 She companies his way ;  
 And now they reach the Fountain of the  
 Rock.

## 15

There, in the cold clear well, 169  
 Thalaba wash'd away his earthly stains,  
 And bow'd his face before the Lord,  
 And fortified his soul with prayer.  
 The while, upon the rock,  
 Stood the celestial Bird, [pass,  
 And pondering all the perils he must  
 With a mild, melancholy eye,  
 Beheld the youth beloved.

## 16

And lo ! beneath yon lonely pine, the  
 Sledge : . .  
 There stand the harness'd Dogs,  
 Their wide eyes watching for the youth,  
 Their ears erect, and turn'd toward his  
 way. 181

They were lean as lean might be,  
 Their furrow'd ribs rose prominent,  
 And they were black from head to foot,  
 Save a white line on every breast,  
 Curved like the crescent moon.  
 Thalaba takes his seat in the sledge ;  
 His arms are folded on his breast,  
 The Bird is on his knees ;  
 There is fear in the eyes of the Dogs, 190  
 There is fear in their pitiful moan.  
 And now they turn their heads,  
 And seeing him seated, away !

## 17

The youth, with the start of their speed,  
 Falls back to the bar of the sledge ;  
 His hair floats straight in the stream of  
 the wind  
 Like the weeds in the running brook.  
 They wind with speed their upward way,  
 An icy path through rocks of ice :  
 His eye is at the summit now, 200

And thus far all is dangerless ;  
 And now upon the height  
 The black Dogs pause and pant ;  
 They turn their eyes to Thalaba  
 As if to plead for pity ;  
 They moan and whine with fear.

18

Once more away ! and now  
 The long descent is seen,  
 A long, long, narrow path ;  
 Ice-rocks aright, and hills of snow,  
 Aleft the precipice. 211  
 Be firm, be firm, O Thalaba !  
 One motion now, one bend,  
 And on the crags below  
 Thy shatter'd flesh will harden in the  
 frost.

Why howl the Dogs so mournfully ?  
 And wherefore does the blood flow fast  
 All purple o'er their sable skin ?  
 His arms are folded on his breast,  
 Nor scourge nor goad hath he, 220  
 No hand appears to strike,  
 No sounding lash is heard ;  
 But piteously they moan and whine,  
 And track their way with blood.

19

Behold ! on yonder height  
 A giant Fiend aloft  
 Waits to thrust down the tottering  
 avalanche !

If Thalaba looks back, he dies ;  
 The motion of fear is death.  
 On . . on . . with swift and steady pace,  
 Adown that dreadful way ! 231  
 The Youth is firm, the Dogs are fleet,  
 The Sledge goes rapidly ;  
 The thunder of the avalanche  
 Re-echoes far behind.  
 On . . on . . with swift and steady pace,  
 Adown that dreadful way !  
 The Dogs are fleet, the way is steep,  
 \* The Sledge goes rapidly ;  
 They reach the plain below. 240

20

A wide, blank plain, all desolate.  
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb !  
 On go the Dogs with rapid course,  
 The Sledge slides after rapidly,  
 And now the sun went down.  
 They stopt and look'd at Thalaba,  
 The Youth perform'd his prayer !  
 They knelt beside him while he pray'd,  
 They turn'd their heads to Mecca,  
 And tears ran down their cheeks. 250  
 Then down they laid them in the snow,  
 As close as they could lie,  
 They laid them down and slept.  
 And backward in the sledge,  
 The Adventurer laid himself ;  
 There peacefully slept Thalaba,  
 And the Green Bird of Paradise  
 Lay nestling in his breast.

21

The Dogs awoke him at the dawn,  
 They knelt and wept again ; 260  
 Then rapidly they journey'd on,  
 And still the plain was desolate,  
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb !  
 And ever at the hour of prayer,  
 They stopt, and knelt, and wept ;  
 And still that green and graceful Bird  
 Was as a friend to him by day,  
 And, ever when at night he slept,  
 Lay nestling in his breast.

22

In that most utter solitude 270  
 It cheer'd his heart to hear  
 Her soft and soothing voice.  
 Her voice was soft and sweet,  
 It rose not with the blackbird's thrill,  
 Nor warbled like that dearest bird that  
 holds  
 The solitary man  
 A loiterer in his thoughtful walk at eve ;  
 But if it swell'd with no exuberant joy,  
 It had a tone that touch'd a finer string,

A music that the soul received and  
own'd. 280

Her bill was not the beak of blood ;  
There was a human meaning in her eye  
When fix'd on Thalaba,  
He wonder'd while he gazed,  
And with mysterious love  
Felt his heart drawn in powerful sym-  
pathy.

## 23

Oh joy ! the signs of life appear,  
The first and single Fir  
That on the limits of the living world  
Strikes in the ice its roots. 290  
Another, and another now ;  
And now the Larch, that flings its  
arms  
Down-curving like the falling wave ;  
And now the Aspin's scatter'd leaves  
Grey-glittering on the moveless twig ;  
The Poplar's varying verdure now,  
And now the Birch so beautiful  
Light as a lady's plumes.

Oh joy ! the signs of life ! the Deer  
Hath left his slot beside the way ; 300  
The little Ermine now is seen,  
White wanderer of the snow ;  
And now from yonder pines they hear  
The clatter of the Grouse's wings ;  
And now the snowy Owl pursues  
The Traveller's sledge, in hope of food ;  
And hark ! the rosy-breasted bird,  
The Thristle of sweet song !  
Joy ! joy ! the winter-wilds are left !  
Green bushes now, and greener grass,  
Red thickets here, all berry-bright, 311  
And here the lovely flowers !

## 24

When the last morning of their way  
was come,  
After the early prayer,  
The Green Bird fix'd on Thalaba  
A sad and supplicating eye,

And speech was given her then :  
' Servant of God, I leave thee now ;  
If rightly I have guided thee,  
Give me the boon I beg ! ' 320

## 25

' O gentle Bird ! ' quoth Thalaba,  
' Guide and companion of my dangerous  
way,  
Friend and sole solace of my solitude,  
How can I pay thee benefits like these ?  
Ask what thou wilt that I can give,  
O gentle Bird, the poor return  
Will leave me debtor still ! '

## 26

' Son of Hodeirah ! ' she replied,  
' When thou shalt see an Old Man bent  
beneath  
The burthen of his earthly punishment,  
Forgive him, Thalaba ! 331  
Yea, send a prayer to God in his behalf ! '

## 27

A flush o'erspread the young Destroyer's  
cheek ;  
He turn'd his eye towards the Bird  
As if in half repentance ; for he thought  
Of Okba ; and his Father's dying groan  
Came on his memory. The celestial  
Bird  
Saw and renew'd her speech ;  
' O Thalaba, if she who in thine arms  
Received the dagger-blow and died for  
thee 340  
Deserve one kind remembrance, . . save,  
O save [less death ! '  
The Father that she loves from end-

## 28

' Laila ! and is it thou ? ' the youth  
replied, [thee ?  
' What is there that I durst refuse to  
This is no time to harbour in my heart  
One evil thought ; . . here I put off  
revenge,

The last rebellious feeling. . . Be it so !  
 God grant to me the pardon that I need,  
 As I do pardon him ! . .  
 But who am I, that I should save 350  
 The sinful soul alive ?'

## 29

'Enough!' said Laila. 'When the  
 hour shall come,  
 Remember me! my task is done.  
 We meet again in Paradise !'  
 She said, and shook her wings, and up  
 she soar'd  
 With arrowy swiftness through the  
 heights of Heaven.

## 30

His aching eye pursued her path,  
 When starting onward went the Dogs ;  
 More rapidly they hurried now,  
 In hope of near repose. 360  
 It was the early morning yet,  
 When, by the well-head of a brook  
 They stopt, their journey done.  
 The spring was clear, the water deep ;  
 A venturous man were he, and rash,  
 That should have probed its depths,  
 For all its loosen'd bed below,  
 Heaved strangely up and down,  
 And to and fro, from side to side,  
 It heaved, and waved, and toss'd, 370  
 And yet the depths were clear,  
 And yet no ripple wrinkled o'er  
 The face of that fair Well.

## 31

And on that Well, so strange and fair,  
 A little boat there lay,  
 Without an oar, without a sail,  
 One only seat it had, one seat,  
 As if for only Thalaba.  
 And at the helm a Damsel stood,  
 A Damsel bright and bold of eye, 380  
 Yet did a maiden modesty  
 Adorn her fearless brow ;

Her face was sorrowful, but sure  
 More beautiful for sorrow.  
 To her the Dogs look'd wistful up,  
 And then their tongues were loosed :  
 'Have we done well, O Mistress dear !  
 And shall our sufferings end ?'

## 32

The gentle Damsel made reply ; 385  
 'Poor servants of the God I serve,  
 When all this witchery is destroy'd,  
 Your woes will end with mine.  
 A hope, alas ! how long unknown !  
 This new adventurer gives ;  
 Now God forbid, that he, like you,  
 Should perish for his fears !  
 Poor servants of the God I serve,  
 Wait ye the event in peace.'  
 A deep and total slumber as she spake  
 Seized them. Sleep on, poor sufferers !  
 be at rest ! 400  
 Ye wake no more to anguish : . . ye  
 have borne  
 The Chosen, the Destroyer ! . . soon his  
 hand  
 Shall strike the efficient blow ;  
 And shaking off your penal forms, shall  
 ye,  
 With songs of joy, amid the Eden groves,  
 Hymn the Deliverer's praise.

## 33

Then did the Damsel say to Thalaba,  
 'The morn is young, the Sun is fair,  
 And pleasantly through pleasant banks  
 Yon quiet stream flows on . . 410  
 Wilt thou embark with me ?  
 Thou knowest not the water's way ;  
 Think, Stranger, well ! and night must  
 come, . .  
 Darest thou embark with me ?  
 Through fearful perils thou must pass, . .  
 Stranger, the wretched ask thine aid !  
 Thou wilt embark with me !'  
 She smiled in tears upon the youth ; . .



What heart were his, who could gainsay  
 That melancholy smile ? 420  
 ' I will,' quoth Thalaba,  
 ' I will, in Allah's name !'

## 34

He sate him on the single seat,  
 The little boat moved on.  
 Through pleasant banks the quiet stream  
 Went winding pleasantly ;  
 By fragrant fir-groves now it pass'd,  
 And now, through alder-shores,  
 Through green and fertile meadows now  
 It silently ran by. 430  
 The flag-flower blossom'd on its side,  
 The willow tresses waved,  
 The flowing current furrow'd round  
 The water-lily's floating leaf,  
 The fly of green and gauzy wing,  
 Fell sporting down its course ;  
 And grateful to the voyager  
 The freshness that it breathed,  
 And soothing to his ear  
 Its murmur round the prow. 440  
 The little boat falls rapidly  
 Adown the rapid stream.

## 35

But many a silent spring meantime,  
 And many a rivulet and rill  
 Had swoln the growing stream ;  
 And when the southern Sun began  
 To wind the downward way of heaven,  
 It ran a river deep and wide,  
 Through banks that widen'd still.  
 Then once again the Damsel spake : 450  
 ' The stream is strong, the river broad,  
 Wilt thou go on with me ?  
 The day is fair, but night must come . .  
 Wilt thou go on with me ?  
 Far, far away, the sufferer's eye  
 For thee hath long been looking, . .  
 Thou wilt go on with me !'  
 ' Sail on, sail on,' quoth Thalaba,  
 ' Sail on, in Allah's name !'

The little boat falls rapidly 460  
 Adown the river-stream.

## 36

A broader and yet broader stream,  
 That rock'd the little boat !  
 The Cormorant stands upon its shoals,  
 His black and dripping wings  
 Half open'd to the wind.  
 The Sun goes down, the crescent Moon  
 Is brightening in the firmament ;  
 And what is yonder roar,  
 That sinking now, and swelling now,  
 But evermore increasing, 470  
 Still louder, louder, grows ?  
 The little boat falls rapidly  
 Adown the rapid tide ;  
 The Moon is bright above,  
 And the great Ocean opens on their way.

## 37

Then did the Damsel speak again,  
 ' Wilt thou go on with me ?  
 The Moon is bright, the sea is calm,  
 I know the ocean-paths ; 480  
 Wilt thou go on with me ? . .  
 Deliverer ! yes ! thou dost not fear !  
 Thou wilt go on with me !'  
 ' Sail on, sail on !' quoth Thalaba,  
 ' Sail on, in Allah's name !'

## 38

The Moon is bright, the sea is calm,  
 The little boat rides rapidly  
 Across the ocean waves ;  
 The line of moonlight on the deep  
 Still follows as they voyage on ; 490  
 The winds are motionless ;  
 The gentle waters gently part  
 In dimples round the prow.  
 He looks above, he looks around,  
 The boundless heaven, the boundless  
 sea,  
 The crescent moon, the little boat,  
 Nought else above, below.

## 39

The Moon is sunk ; a dusky grey  
 Spreads o'er the Eastern sky ;  
 The stars grow pale and paler ; . . 500  
 Oh beautiful ! the godlike Sun  
 Is rising o'er the sea !  
 Without an oar, without a sail,  
 The little boat rides rapidly ; . .  
 Is that a cloud that skirts the sea ?  
 There is no cloud in heaven !  
 And nearer now, and darker now . .  
 It is . . it is . . the Land !  
 For yonder are the rocks that rise  
 Dark in the reddening morn ; 510  
 For loud around their hollow base  
 The surges rage and foam.

## 40

The little boat rides rapidly,  
 And pitches now with shorter toss  
 Upon the narrower swell ;  
 And now so near, they see  
 The shelves and shadows of the cliff,  
 And the low-lurking rocks,  
 O'er whose black summits, hidden half,  
 The shivering billows burst ; . . 520  
 And nearer now they feel the breaker's  
 spray.  
 Then said the Damsel : ' Yonder is our  
 path  
 Beneath the cavern arch.  
 Now is the ebb, and till the ocean  
 flow  
 We cannot over-ride the rocks.  
 Go thou, and on the shore  
 Perform thy last ablutions, and with  
 prayer  
 Strengthen thy heart . . I too have need  
 to pray.'

## 41

She held the helm with steady hand  
 Amid the stronger waves ; 530  
 Through surge and surf she drove ;  
 The adventurer leapt to land.

## THE TWELFTH BOOK

Why should he that loves me sorry be  
 For my deliverance, or at all complain  
 My good to hear, and toward joys to see ?  
 I go, and long desired have to go,  
 I go with gladness to my wished rest.  
 SPENSER, *Daphnaida*.

## 1

THEN Thalaba drew off Abdaldar's ring,  
 And cast it in the sea, and cried aloud,  
 ' Thou art my shield, my trust, my hope,  
 O God !

Behold and guard me now,  
 Thou who alone canst save.  
 If from my childhood up I have look'd on  
 With exultation to my destiny ;  
 If in the hour of anguish I have own'd  
 The justice of the hand that chasten'd  
 me ;

If of all selfish passions purified 10  
 I go to work thy will, and from the world  
 Root up the ill-doing race, [arm  
 Lord ! let not thou the weakness of my  
 Make vain the enterprize !'

## 2

The Sun was rising all magnificent,  
 Ocean and Heaven rejoicing in his beams.

And now had Thalaba [stood  
 Perform'd his last ablutions, and he  
 And gazed upon the little boat  
 Riding the billows near, 20

Where, like a sea-bird breasting the  
 broad waves,

It rose and fell upon the surge,  
 Till from the glitterance of the sunny  
 main

He turn'd his aching eyes ;  
 And then upon the beach he laid him  
 down,

And watch'd the rising tide.  
 He did not pray, he was not calm for  
 prayer ; [hope,  
 His spirit, troubled with tumultuous

Toil'd with futurity ; 29

His brain, with busier workings, felt  
The roar and raving of the restless sea,  
The boundless waves that rose and  
roll'd and rock'd :

The everlasting sound

Opprest him, and the heaving infinite :  
He closed his lids for rest.

3

Meantime with fuller reach and stronger  
swell,

Wave after wave advanced ;

Each following billow lifted the last  
foam [hues ;

That trembled on the sand with rainbow  
The living flower that, rooted to the  
rock, 40

Late from the thinner element

Shrunk down within its purple stem to  
sleep,

Now feels the water, and again

Awakening, blossoms out

All its green anther-necks.

4

Was there a Spirit in the gale

That fluttered o'er his cheek ?

For it came on him like the new-risen  
sun [closed flower,

Which plays and dallies o'er the night-  
And woos it to unfold anew to joy ; 50

For it came on him as the dews of eve  
Descend with healing and with life

Upon the summer mead ;

Or liker the first sound of seraph song

And Angel greeting, to the soul

Whose latest sense had shudder'd at the  
groan

Of anguish, kneeling by a death-bed side.

5

He starts, and gazes round to seek

The certain presence. 'Thalaba !'  
exclaim'd

The Voice of the Unseen ; . . 60

' Father of my Oneiza ! ' he replied,  
' And have thy years been number'd ?  
art thou too

Among the Angels ? ' . . ' Thalaba !'

A second and a dearer voice repeats,

' Go in the favour of the Lord,

My Thalaba, go on ! [bliss.

My husband, I have drest our bower of

Go, and perform the work ;

Let me not longer suffer hope in  
Heaven !'

6

He turn'd an eager glance toward the  
sea. 70

' Come ! ' quoth the Damsel, and she  
drove

Her little boat to land.

Impatient through the rising wave.

He rush'd to meet its way,

His eye was bright, his cheek was  
flush'd with joy. [she ask'd.

' Hast thou had comfort in thy prayers ?'

' Yea,' Thalaba replied,

' A heavenly visitation.' ' God be  
praised ! ' [vain !'

She answer'd, ' then I do not hope in

And her voice trembled, and her lip

Quiver'd, and tears ran down. 81

7

' Stranger,' said she, ' in years long past

Was one who vow'd himself

The Champion of the Lord, like thee,

Against the race of Hell.

Young was he, as thyself,

Gentle, and yet so brave !

A lion-hearted man. [love

Shame on me, Stranger ! in the arms of

I held him from his calling, till the hour

Was past ; and then the Angel who  
should else 91

Have crown'd him with his glory-wreath,

Smote him in anger . . Years and years  
are gone . .

And in his place of penance he awaits

Thee, the Deliverer, . . surely thou art  
he !

It was my righteous punishment,  
In the same youth unchanged,  
And love unchangeable,  
Sorrow for ever fresh,  
And bitter penitence, 100

That gives no respite night nor day  
from grief,  
To abide the written hour, when I  
should waft [here.

The doom'd Destroyer and Deliverer  
Remember thou, that thy success affects  
No single fate, no ordinary woes.'

## 8

As thus she spake, the entrance of the  
cave

Darken'd the boat below.  
Around them from their nests,  
The screaming sea-birds fled,

Wondering at that strange shape, 110  
Yet unalarm'd at sight of living man,  
Unknowing of his sway and power mis-  
used :

The clamours of their young  
Echoed in shriller cries,

Which rung in wild discordance round  
the rock.

And farther as they now advanced,  
The dim reflection of the darken'd day  
Grew fainter, and the dash [yet,  
Of the out-breakers deaden'd ; farther  
And yet more faint the gleam, 120  
And there the waters, at their utmost  
bound,

Silently rippled on the rising rock.  
They landed and advanced, and deeper  
in,

Two adamantine doors  
Closed up the cavern pass.

## 9

Reclining on the rock beside,  
Sate a grey-headed man,  
Watching an hour-glass by.

To him the Damsel spake,  
' Is it the hour appointed ? ' The Old  
Man 130

Nor answer'd her awhile,  
Nor lifted he his downward eye,  
For now the glass ran low,  
And, like the days of age,  
With speed perceivable,  
The latter sands descend ;  
And now the last are gone.

Then he look'd up, and raised his hand,  
and smote  
The adamantine gates.

## 10

The gates of adamant 140  
Unfolding at the stroke,  
Open'd and gave the entrance. Then she  
turn'd

To Thalaba and said,  
' Go, in the name of God !  
I cannot enter, . . I must wait the end  
In hope and agony.  
God and Mahommed prosper thee,  
For thy sake and for ours !'

## 11

He tarried not, . . he pass'd 149  
The threshold, over which was no return.  
All earthly thoughts, all human hopes  
And passions now put off,  
He cast no backward glance  
Toward the gleam of day.

There was a light within, [Sun,  
A yellow light, as when the autumnal  
Through travelling rain and mist  
Shines on the evening hills :  
Whether, from central fires effused,  
Or that the sun-beams, day by day,  
From earliest generations, there  
absorb'd, 161  
Were gathering for the wrath-flame. Shade  
was none

In those portentous vaults ;  
Crag overhanging, nor columnal rock  
Cast its dark outline there ;



For with the hot and heavy atmosphere  
The light incorporate, permeating all,  
Spread over all its equal yellowness.

There was no motion in the lifeless air ;  
He felt no stirring as he pass'd 170  
Adown the long descent ;

He heard not his own footsteps on the  
rock [no sound.

That through the thick stagnation sent  
How sweet it were, he thought,  
To feel the flowing wind !

With what a thirst of joy  
He should breathe in the open gales of  
heaven !

## 12

Downward, and downward still, and  
still the way,

The lengthening way is safe.  
Is there no secret wile, 180  
No lurking enemy ?

His watchful eye is on the wall of rock, . .  
And warily he marks the roof,  
And warily surveys

The path that lies before.

Downward, and downward still, and  
still the way,

The long, long way is safe ;  
Rock only, the same light,  
The same dead atmosphere,  
And solitude, and silence like the grave.

## 13

At length the long descent 191  
Ends on a precipice ;

No feeble ray enter'd its dreadful gulph ;  
For in the pit profound,  
Black Darkness, utter Night,  
Repell'd the hostile gleam,

And o'er the surface the light atmosphere  
Floated, and mingled not. [wings,  
Above the depth, four over-awning  
Unplumed and huge and strong, 200  
Bore up a little car ;

Four living pinions, headless, bodiless,

Sprung from one stem that branch'd  
below

In four down-arching limbs,  
And clench'd the ear-rings endlong and  
athwart

With claws of griffin grasp.

## 14

But not on these, the depth so terrible  
The wondrous wings, fix'd Thalaba his  
eye ;

For there, upon the brink, 209  
With fiery fetters fasten'd to the rock,  
A man, a living man, tormented lay,  
The young Othatha ; in the arms of love  
He who had linger'd out the auspicious  
hour,

Forgetful of his call.

In shuddering pity, Thalaba exclaim'd,  
'Servant of God, can I not succour thee ?'  
He groan'd, and answer'd, ' Son of Man,  
I sinn'd, and am tormented ; I endure  
In patience and in hope. [Hell,

The hour that shall destroy the Race of  
That hour shall set me free.' 221

## 15

'Is it not come ?' quoth Thalaba,  
'Yea ! by this omen !' . . and with  
fearless hand [name  
He grasp'd the burning fetters, ' in the  
Of God !' . . and from the rock

Rooted the rivets, and adown the gulph  
Dropt them. The rush of flames roar'd  
up,

For they had kindled in their fall  
The deadly vapours of the pit profound,  
And Thalaba bent on and look'd below.

But vainly he explored 231  
The deep abyss of flame, [eye,  
That sunk beyond the plunge of mortal  
Now all ablaze, as if infernal fires  
Illumed the world beneath.

Soon was the poison-fuel spent,  
The flame grew pale and dim

And dimmer now it fades, and now is  
 quench'd,  
 And all again is dark,  
 Save where the yellow air 240  
 Enters a little in, and mingles slow.

## 16

Meantime, the freed Othatha claspt  
 his knees,  
 And cried, ' Deliverer ! ' struggling then  
 With joyful hope, ' and where is she,'  
 he cried,  
 ' Whose promised coming for so many  
 a year . . .'  
 ' Go ! ' answered Thalaba,  
 ' She waits thee at the gates.'  
 ' And in thy triumph,' he replied,  
 ' There thou wilt join us ? ' . . . The  
 Deliverer's eye  
 Glanced on the abyss, way else was  
 none . . . 250  
 The depth was unascendable.  
 ' Await not me,' he cried,  
 ' My path hath been appointed ! go . . .  
 embark !  
 Return to life, . . . live happy !'

## OTHATHA

But thy name ? . . . [it, . . .  
 That through the nations we may blazon  
 That we may bless thee !

## THALABA

Bless the Merciful !

## 17

Then Thalaba pronounced the name of  
 God,  
 And leapt into the car. 260  
 Down, down, it sunk, . . . down, down, . . .  
 He neither breathes nor sees ;  
 His eyes are closed for giddiness,  
 His breath is sinking with the fall.  
 The air that yields beneath the car,  
 Inflates the wings above.  
 Down . . . down . . . a measureless depth ! . . .  
 down . . . down,

Was then the Simorg with the Powers  
 of ill

Associate to destroy ?  
 And was that lovely Mariner 270  
 A fiend as false as fair ?  
 For still the car sinks down ;  
 But ever the uprushing wind  
 Inflates the wings above,  
 And still the struggling wings  
 Repel the rushing wind.  
 Down . . . down . . . and now it strikes.

## 18

He stands and totters giddily,  
 All objects round awhile  
 Float dizzy on his sight ; 280  
 Collected soon, he gazes for the way.  
 There was a distant light that led his  
 search ;  
 The torch a broader blaze,  
 The unpruned taper flares a longer flame,  
 But this was strong as is the noontide sun,  
 So, in the glory of its rays intense,  
 It quiver'd with green glow.  
 Beyond was all unseen,  
 No eye could penetrate  
 That unendurable excess of light. 290

## 19

It veil'd no friendly form, thought  
 Thalaba :  
 And wisely did he deem,  
 For at the threshold of the rocky door,  
 Hugest and fiercest of his kind accurst,  
 Fit warden of the sorcery-gate,  
 A rebel Afreet lay ;  
 He scented the approach of human food,  
 And hungry hope kindled his eye of  
 fire. [sense,  
 Raising his hand to screen the dazzled  
 Onward held Thalaba, 300  
 And lifted still at times a rapid glance ;  
 Till the due distance gain'd,  
 With head abased, he laid  
 An arrow in its rest.

With steady effort and knit forehead  
 then,  
 Full on the painful light  
 He fix'd his aching eye, and loosed  
 the bow.

20

A hideous yell ensued ;

And sure no human voice had scope or  
 power

For that prodigious shriek 310  
 Whose pealing echoes thundered up the  
 rock.

Dim grew the dying light ;  
 But Thalaba leapt onward to the doors  
 Now visible beyond,  
 And while the Afreet warden of the way  
 Was writhing with his death-pangs,  
 over him

Sprung and smote the stony doors,  
 And bade them, in the name of God,  
 give way !

21

The dying Fiend beneath him, at that  
 name

Tost in worse agony, 320  
 And the rocks shudder'd, and the rocky  
 doors

Rent at the voice asunder. Lo! within . .  
 The Teraph and the Fire,  
 And Khawla, and in mail complete  
 Mohareb for the strife.

But Thalaba, with numbing force,  
 Smites his raised arm, and rushes by ;  
 For now he sees the fire, amid whose  
 flames.

On the white ashes of Hodeirah, lies  
 Hodeirah's holy sword. 330

22

He rushes to the Fire :  
 Then Khawla met the youth,  
 And leapt upon him, and with clinging  
 arms [aim  
 Claps him, and calls Mohareb now to

The effectual vengeance. O fool ! fool !  
 he sees

His Father's Sword, and who shall bar  
 his way ?

Who stand against the fury of that arm  
 That spurns her to the ground ? . .  
 She rises half, she twists around his  
 knees, . .

A moment . . and he vainly strives  
 To shake her from her hold ; 341  
 Impatient then he seized her leathery  
 neck

With throttling grasp, and as she loosed  
 her hold,

Thrust her aside, and unimpeded now  
 Springs forward to the Sword.

23

The co-existent Flame

Knew the Destroyer ; it encircled him,  
 Roll'd up his robe, and gather'd round  
 his head :

Condensing to intenser splendour there,  
 His Crown of Glory and his Light of Life,  
 Hover'd the irradiate wreath. 351

24

The instant Thalaba had laid his hand  
 Upon his Father's Sword,  
 The Living Image in the inner cave  
 Smote the Round Altar. The Domdaniel  
 rock'd

Through all its thundering vaults ;  
 Over the Surface of the reeling Earth,  
 The alarum shock was felt ;  
 The Sorcerer brood, all, all, where'er  
 dispersed,

Perforce obey'd the summons ; all, . .  
 they came 360

Compell'd by Hell and Heaven ;  
 By Hell compell'd to keep  
 Their baptism-covenant,  
 And with the union of their strength  
 Oppose the common danger ; forced by  
 Heaven

To share the common doom.

25

Vain are all spells ! the Destroyer  
Treads the Domdaniel floor.  
They crowd with human arms and  
human force  
To crush the single foe. 370  
Vain is all human force !  
He wields his Father's Sword,  
The vengeance of awaken'd Deity.  
But chief on Thalaba Mohareb prest ;  
The Witch in her oracular speech  
Announced one fatal blow for both,  
And, desperate of self-safety, yet he hoped  
To serve the cause of Eblis, and uphold  
His empire, true in death.

26

Who shall withstand the Destroyer ? 380  
Scatter'd before the sword of Thalaba  
The Sorcerer throng recede,  
And leave him space for combat. Wretch-  
ed man, . . [avail  
What shall the helmet or the shield  
Against Almighty anger ? . . Wretched  
man, [chosen  
Too late Mohareb finds that he hath  
The evil part ! . . He rears his shield  
To meet the Arabian's sword, . .  
Under the edge of that fire-hardened  
steel,  
The shield falls sever'd ; his cold arm  
Rings with the jarring blow : . . 391  
He lifts his scymetar ;  
A second stroke, and lo ! the broken hilt  
Hangs from his palsied hand :  
And now he bleeds, and now he flies,  
And fain would hide himself amid the  
troop ;  
But they feel the sword of Hodeirah,  
But they also fly from the ruin,  
And hasten to the inner cave,  
And fall all fearfully 400  
Around the Giant Idol's feet,  
Seeking protection from the Power they  
served.

27

It was a Living Image, by the art  
Of magic hands, of flesh and bones com-  
posed,  
And human blood, through veins and  
arteries  
That flow'd with vital action. In the  
shape  
Of Eblis it was made ;  
Its stature such, and such its strength,  
As when among the sons of God 409  
Pre-eminent he raised his radiant head,  
Prince of the Morning. On his brow  
A coronet of meteor flames,  
Flowing in points of light.  
Self-poised in air before him  
Hung the Round Altar, rolling like the  
World  
On its diurnal axis, like the World  
Chequer'd with sea and shore,  
The work of Demon art.  
For where the sceptre in the Idol's  
hand  
Touch'd the Round Altar, in its answer-  
ing realm, 420  
Earth felt the stroke, and Ocean rose  
in storms,  
And shatter'd Cities, shaken from their  
seat,  
Crush'd all their habitants.  
His other arm was raised, and its spread  
palm  
Sustain'd the ocean-weight,  
Whose naked waters arch'd the sanc-  
tuary ;  
Sole prop and pillar he.

28

Fallen on the ground, around his feet,  
The Sorcerers lay. Mohareb's quivering  
arms  
Clung to the Idol's knees ; 430  
The Idol's face was pale,  
And calm in terror he beheld  
The approach of the Destroyer.



29

Sure of his stroke, and therefore in pur-  
suit [foe,

Following, nor blind, nor hasty, on his  
Moved the Destroyer. Okba met his way,  
Of all that brotherhood

He only fearless, miserable man,  
The one that had no hope.

'On me, on me,' the childless Sorcerer  
cried, 440

'Let fall the weapon! I am he who stole  
Upon the midnight of thy Father's  
tent;

This is the hand that pierced Hodeirah's  
heart, [blood

That felt thy brethren's and thy sisters'  
Gush round the dagger-hilt. Let fall  
on me

The fated sword! the vengeance-hour  
is come!

Destroyer, do thy work!

30

Nor wile, nor weapon, had the desperate  
wretch;

He spread his bosom to the stroke.

'Old Man, I strike thee not!' said

Thalaba; 450

'The evil thou hast done to me and  
mine

Brought its own bitter punishment.

For thy dear Daughter's sake I pardon  
thee,

As I do hope Heaven's pardon . . . For  
her sake

Repent while time is yet! . . . thou hast  
my prayers

To aid thee; thou poor sinner, cast  
thyself

Upon the goodness of offended God!  
I speak in Laila's name; and what if  
now

Thou canst not think to join in Paradise  
Her spotless Spirit, . . . hath not Allah  
made 460

Al-Araf, in his wisdom? where the sight  
Of Heaven may kindle in the penitent  
The strong and purifying fire of hope,  
Till, at the Day of Judgement, he shall  
see

The Mercy-Gates unfold.'

31

The astonish'd man stood gazing as he  
spake, [tears

At length his heart was soften'd, and the  
Gush'd, and he sobb'd aloud.

Then suddenly was heard

The all-beholding Prophet's voice divine,

'Thou hast done well, my Servant! 471

Ask and receive thy reward!

32

A deep and awful joy

Seem'd to dilate the heart of Thalaba;

With arms in reverence cross'd upon his  
breast,

Upseeking eyes suffused with tears  
devout,

He answered to the Voice, 'Prophet of  
God,

Holy, and good, and bountiful!

One only earthly wish have I, to work

Thy will; and thy protection grants me  
that. 480

Look on this Sorcerer! heavy are his  
crimes,

But infinite is mercy! if thy servant  
Have now found favour in the sight of

God, [save

Let him be touch'd with penitence, and  
His soul from utter death.'

33

'The groans of penitence,' replied the  
Voice,

'Never arise unheard!

But, for thyself, prefer the prayer;

The Treasure-house of Heaven

Is open to thy will.' 490

34

'Prophet of God!' then answered

Thalaba,

'I am alone on earth;

Thou knowest the secret wishes of my  
heart!

Do with me as thou wilt! thy will is  
best.'

35

There issued forth no Voice to answer  
him; [see

But, lo! Hodeirah's Spirit comes to

His vengeance, and beside him, a  
pure form

Of roseate light, his Angel mother hung.

'My Child, my dear, my glorious . .  
blessed . . Child,

My promise is perform'd . . fulfil thy  
work!' 500

36

Thalaba knew that his death-hour was  
come;

And on he leapt, and springing up,  
Into the Idol's heart

Hilt deep he plunged the Sword.

The Ocean-vault fell in, and all were  
crush'd.

In the same moment, at the gate  
Of Paradise, Oneiza's Houri form

Welcomed her Husband to eternal bliss.

# THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

ΚΑΤΑΡΑΙ, ΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΑ ΑΛΕΚΤΡΤΟΝΟΝΕΟΤΤΑ, ΟΙΚΟΝ ΑΕΙ ΟΥΡΕ ΚΕΝ  
ΕΠΙΑΝΗΞΑΝ ΕΓΚΑΘΙΣΟΜΕΝΑΙ

Ἀπόφθ. Ἀνέκ. τοῦ Γυλιέλ. τοῦ Μήτ.

CURSES ARE LIKE YOUNG CHICKENS, THEY ALWAYS COME HOME TO ROOST.

TO  
THE AUTHOR OF GEBIR,  
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,  
BY  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ΣΤΗΣΑΤΕ ΜΟΙ ΠΡΩΤΗ ΠΟΛΥΤΡΟΠΟΝ ΟΦΡΑ ΦΑΝΕΙΗ  
ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΝ ΕΙΔΟΣ ΕΧΩΝ, ΟΤΙ ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΝ ΥΜΝΟΝ ΑΡΑΣΣΩ. Νόν. Διόν.

FOR I WILL FOR NO MAN'S PLEASURE  
CHANGE A SYLLABLE OR MEASURE;  
PEDANTS SHALL NOT TIE MY STRAINS

TO OUR ANTIQUE POETS' VEINS;  
BEING BORN AS FREE AS THESE,  
I WILL SING AS I SHALL PLEASE.

GEORGE WITHER.

## ORIGINAL PREFACE

In the religion of the Hindoos, which of all false religions is the most monstrous in its fables, and the most fatal in its effects, there is one remarkable peculiarity. Prayers, penances, and sacrifices are supposed to possess an inherent and actual value, in no degree depending upon the disposition or motive of the person who performs them. They are drafts upon Heaven, for which the Gods cannot refuse payment. The worst men, bent upon the worst designs, have in this manner obtained power which has made them formidable to the Supreme Deities themselves, and rendered an *Avatar*, or Incarnation of Veeshnoo the Preserver, necessary. This belief is the foundation of the following Poem. (The story is original; but, in all its parts, consistent with the superstition upon which it is built: and however startling the fictions may appear, they might almost be called credible when compared with the genuine tales of Hindoo mythology.)

No figures can be imagined more anti-picturesque, and less poetical, than the mythological personages of the Bramins. This deformity was easily kept out of sight:—their hundred hands are but a clumsy personification of power; their numerous heads only a gross image of divinity, 'whose countenance,' as the Bhagvat-Geeta expresses it, 'is turned on every side.' To the other obvious objection, that the religion of Hindostan is not generally known enough to supply fit machinery for an English poem, I can only answer, that, if every allusion to it throughout the work is not sufficiently self-explained to render the passage intelligible, there is a want of skill in the poet. Even those readers who should be wholly unacquainted with the writings of our learned Orientalists, will find all the preliminary knowledge that can be needful, in the brief explanation of mythological names prefixed to the Poem.

BRAMA, . . . . the Creator.  
VEESHNOO, . . the Preserver.  
SEEVA, . . . . the Destroyer.

These form the Trimourtee, or Trinity, as it has been called, of the Bramins. The allegory is obvious, but has been made for the Trimourtee, not the Trimourtee for the allegory; and these Deities are regarded by the people as three distinct and personal Gods. The two latter have at this day their hostile sects of worshippers; that of Seeva is the most numerous; and in this Poem, Seeva is represented as Supreme among the Gods. This is the same God whose name is variously written Seeb, Sieven, and Siva, Chiven by the French, Xiven by the Portuguese, and whom European writers sometimes denominate Eswara, Iswaren, Mahadeo, Mahadeva, Rutren, --according to which of his thousand and eight names prevailed in the country where they obtained their information.

INDRA, . . . . . God of the Elements.  
The SWERGA, . . his Paradise, --one of the Hindoo heavens.  
YAMEN, . . . . . Lord of Hell, and Judge of the Dead.  
PADALON, . . . . Hell, -- under the Earth, and, like the Earth, of an octagon shape; its eight gates are guarded by as many Gods.  
MARRIATALY, . . the Goddess who is chiefly worshipped by the lower casts.  
POLLEAR, . . . . . or Ganesa, --the Protector of Travellers. His statues are placed in the highways, and sometimes in a small lonely sanctuary, in the streets and in the fields.  
CASYAPA, . . . . . the Father of the Immortals.  
DEVETAS, . . . . . the Inferior Deities.  
SURAS, . . . . . Good Spirits.  
ASURAS, . . . . . Evil Spirits, or Devils.  
GLENDOVEERS, . . the most beautiful of the Good Spirits, the Grindouvers of Sonnerat.

## THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

### I. THE FUNERAL

1

MIDNIGHT, and yet no eye  
Through all the Imperial City closed in  
sleep!

Behold her streets a-blaze  
With light that seems to kindle the red  
sky,

Her myriads swarming through the  
crowded ways!  
Master and slave, old age and infancy,  
All, all abroad to gaze;  
House-top and balcony  
Clustered with women, who throw back  
their veils

With unimpeded and insatiate sight  
To view the funeral pomp which passes  
by, 11

As if the mournful rite  
Were but to them a scene of joyance and  
delight.

2

Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night,  
Your feeble beams ye shed,  
Quench'd in the unnatural light which  
might out-stare

Even the broad eye of day;  
And thou from thy celestial way  
Pourest, O Moon, an ineffectual ray!  
For lo! ten thousand torches flame and  
flare 20

Upon the midnight air,  
Blotting the lights of heaven  
With one portentous glare.  
Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold  
Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,  
And hangeth waving on high,  
A dark and waving canopy.

3

Hark! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath!  
'Tis the dirge of death!  
At once ten thousand drums begin, 30



With one long thunder-peal the ear  
assailing ;

Ten thousand voices then join in,  
And with one deep and general din  
Pour their wild wailing.

The song of praise is drown'd  
Amid the deafening sound ;

You hear no more the trumpet's tone,  
You hear no more the mourner's moan,  
Though the trumpet's breath, and the  
dirge of death,

Swell with commingled force the funeral  
yell. 40

But rising over all in one acclaim  
Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name,  
From all that countless rout ;

Arvalan ! Arvalan !  
Arvalan ! Arvalan !

Ten times ten thousand voices in one  
shout

Call Arvalan ! The overpowering sound,  
From house to house repeated rings  
about,

From tower to tower rolls round.

4

The death-procession moves along ;  
Their bald heads shining to the torches'  
ray, 51

The Bramins lead the way,  
Chaunting the funeral song.

And now at once they shout,  
Arvalan ! Arvalan !

With quick rebound of sound,  
All in accordance cry,  
Arvalan ! Arvalan !

The universal multitude reply.

In vain ye thunder on his ear the name ;  
Would ye awake the dead ? 61

Borne upright in his palankeen,  
There Arvalan is seen !

A glow is on his face, . . a lively red ;

It is the crimson canopy  
Which o'er his cheek a reddening shade  
hath shed ;

He moves, . . he nods his head, . .  
But the motion comes from the bearers'  
tread,

As the body, borne aloft in state,  
Sways with the impulse of its own dead  
weight. 70

5

Close following his dead son, Kelama  
came,

Nor joining in the ritual song,  
Nor calling the dear name ;

With head deprest and funeral vest,  
And arms enfolded on his breast,  
Silent and lost in thought he moves along.  
King of the World, his slaves, unenvying  
now, [they see

Behold their wretched Lord ; rejoiced  
The mighty Rajah's misery ;  
That Nature in his pride hath dealt the  
blow, 80

And taught the Master of Mankind to  
know  
Even he himself is man, and not exempt  
from woe.

6

O sight of grief ! the wives of Arvalan,  
Young Azla, young Nealliny, are seen !  
Their widow-ropes of white,  
With gold and jewels bright,  
Each like an Eastern queen.

Woe ! woe ! around their palankeen,  
As on a bridal day, 89

With symphony, and dance, and song,  
Their kindred and their friends come on.  
The dance of sacrifice ! the funeral song !  
And next the victim slaves in long array,  
Richly bedight to grace the fatal day,  
Move onward to their death ;  
The clarions' stirring breath  
Lifts their thin robes in every flowing  
fold,

And swells the woven gold,  
That on the agitated air 99  
Flutters and glitters to the torch's glare.

## 7

A man and maid of aspect wan and wild,  
Then, side by side, by bowmen guarded,  
came ;

O wretched father ! O unhappy child !  
Them were all eyes of all the throng  
exploring . .

Is this the daring man  
Who raised his fatal hand at Arvalan ?

Is this the wretch condemn'd to feel  
Kehama's dreadful wrath ?  
Then were all hearts of all the throng  
deploring ;

For not in that innumerable throng  
Was one who loved the dead ; for who  
could know 111

What aggravated wrong  
Provoked the desperate blow !

## 8

Far, far behind, beyond all reach of  
sight,

In order'd files the torches flow along,  
One ever-lengthening line of gliding  
light :

Far . . far behind,  
Rolls on the undistinguishable clamour,  
Of horn, and trump, and tambour ;  
Incessant as the roar 120

Of streams which down the wintry  
mountain pour,  
And louder than the dread commotion  
Of breakers on a rocky shore,  
When the winds rage over the waves,  
And Ocean to the Tempest raves.

## 9

And now toward the bank they go,  
Where winding on their way below,  
Deep and strong the waters flow.  
Here doth the funeral pile appear  
With myrrh and ambergris bestrew'd,  
And built of precious sandal wood.  
They cease their music and their outcry  
here, 132

Gently they rest the bier ;

They wet the face of Arvalan,  
No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite ;  
They feel his breast, . . no motion there ;  
They feel his lips, . . no breath ;  
For not with feeble, nor with erring hand,  
The brave avenger dealt the blow of  
death.

Then with a doubling peal and deeper  
blast, 140

The tambours and the trumpets sound  
on high,

And with a last and loudest cry,  
They call on Arvalan.

## 10

Woe ! woe ! for Azla takes her seat  
Upon the funeral pile !  
Calmly she took her seat,  
Calmly the whole terrific pomp survey'd ;  
As on her lap the while  
The lifeless head of Arvalan was laid.

## 11

Woe ! woe ! Nealliny, 150  
The young Nealliny !  
They strip her ornaments away,  
Bracelet and anklet, ring, and chain, and  
zone ;

Around her neck they leave  
The marriage knot alone, . .  
That marriage band, which when  
Yon waning moon was young,  
Around her virgin neck  
With bridal joy was hung.  
Then with white flowers, the coronal of  
death, 160  
Her jetty locks they crown.

## 12

O sight of misery !  
You cannot hear her cries, . . their sound  
In that wild dissonance is drown'd ; . .  
But in her face you see  
The supplication and the agony, . .  
See in her swelling throat the desperate  
strength

That with vain effort struggles yet for  
life ; [strife,

Her arms contracted now in fruitless  
Now wildly at full length 170  
Towards the crowd in vain for pity  
spread, . .

They force her on, they bind her to the  
dead.

13

Then all around retire ;

Circling the pile, the ministering  
Bramins stand,

Each lifting in his hand a torch on fire.  
Alone the Father of the dead advanced  
And lit the funeral pyre.

14

At once on every side  
The circling torches drop, 180  
At once on every side  
The fragrant oil is pour'd,

At once on every side  
The rapid flames rush up.

Then hand in hand the victim band  
Roll in the dance around the funeral  
pyre ;

Their garments' flying folds  
Float inward to the fire ;

In drunken whirl they wheel around ;  
One drops, . . another plunges in ;  
And still with overwhelming din 190

The tambours and the trumpets sound ;  
And clap of hand, and shouts, and cries,  
From all the multitude arise ;

While round and round, in giddy wheel,  
Intoxicate they roll and reel,  
Till one by one whirl'd in they fall,

And the devouring flames have swal-  
low'd all.

15

Then all was still ; the drums and  
clarions ceased ; [awe ;

The multitude were hush'd in silent  
Only the roaring of the flames was  
heard. 200

## II. THE CURSE

1

ALONE towards the Table of the Dead  
Kehama moved ; there on the altar-  
stone

Honey and rice he spread.

There with collected voice and painful  
tone

He call'd upon his son.

Lo ! Arvalan appears ;

Only Kehama's powerful eye beheld  
The thin ethereal spirit hovering nigh ;

Only the Rajah's ear

Received his feeble breath. 10

And is this all ? the mournful Spirit said,  
This all that thou canst give me after  
death ?

This unavailing pomp,

These empty pageantries that mock the  
dead !

2

In bitterness the Rajah heard,  
And groan'd, and smote his breast, and  
o'er his face

Cowl'd the white mourning vest.

3

ARVALAN

Art thou not powerful, . . even like  
a God ?

And must I, through my years of  
wandering,

Shivering and naked to the elements, 20  
In wretchedness await

The hour of Yamen's wrath ? ~~Well~~

I thought thou wouldst embody me anew,  
Undying as I am, . .

Yea, re-create me ! . . Father, is this all ?  
This all ? and thou Almighty !

4

But in that wrongful and upbraiding  
tone,

Kehama found relief,

For rising anger half suppress his grief.

Reproach not me ! he cried, 30  
 Had I not spell-secured thee from disease,  
 Fire, sword, . . all common accidents  
 of man, . .  
 And thou ! . . fool, fool . . to perish by  
 a stake !

And by a peasant's arm ! . .  
 Even now, when from reluctant Heaven,  
 Forcing new gifts and mightier attri-  
 butes,  
 So soon I should have quell'd the Death-  
 God's power.

5

Waste not thy wrath on me, quoth  
 Arvalan,

It was my hour of folly ! Fate prevail'd,  
 Nor boots it to reproach me that I fell.  
 I am in misery, Father ! Other souls  
 Predoom'd to Indra's Heaven, enjoy  
 the dawn 42  
 Of bliss, . . to them the temper'd ele-  
 ments

Minister joy : genial delight the sun  
 Sheds on their happy being, and the  
 stars

Effuse on them benignant influences ;  
 And thus o'er earth and air they roam  
 at will,

And when the number of their days is  
 full,

Go fearlessly before the awful throne.  
 But I, . . all naked feeling and raw life, . .  
 What worse than this hath Yamen's hell  
 in store ? 51

If ever thou didst love me, mercy,  
 Father !

Save me, for thou canst save . . the  
 Elements

Know and obey thy voice.

6

KEHAMA

The Elements

Shall sin no more against thee ; whilst  
 I speak

Already dost thou feel their power is  
 gone.

Fear not ! I cannot call again the  
 past,  
 Fate hath made that its own ; but Fate  
 shall yield  
 To me the future ; and thy doom be  
 fix'd 60

By mine, not Yamen's will. Meantime  
 all power  
 Whereof thy feeble spirit can be made  
 Participant, I give. Is there aught else  
 To mitigate thy lot ?

ARVALAN

Only the sight of vengeance. Give me  
 that !

Vengeance, full, worthy, vengeance ! . .  
 not the stroke

Of sudden punishment, . . no agony  
 That spends itself and leaves the wretch  
 at rest,

But lasting long revenge.

KEHAMA

What, boy ? is that cup sweet ? then  
 take thy fill ! 70

7

So as he spake, a glow of dreadful pride  
 Inflamed his cheek, with quick and  
 angry stride

He moved toward the pile,  
 And raised his hand to hush the crowd,  
 and cried,

Bring forth the murderer ! At the  
 Rajah's voice,  
 Calmly, and like a man whom fear had  
 stunn'd,

Ladurlad came, obedient to the call ;  
 But Kailyal started at the sound,  
 And gave a womanly shriek, and back  
 she drew, 79

And eagerly she roll'd her eyes around,  
 As if to seek for aid, albeit she knew  
 No aid could there be found.



## 8

It chanced that near her on the river  
brink,  
The sculptured form of Marriataly  
stood ;

It was an Idol roughly hewn of wood,  
Artless, and mean, and rude ;

The Goddess of the poor was she ;  
None else regarded her with piety.

But when that holy Image Kailyal  
view'd, 89

To that she sprung, to that she clung,  
On her own Goddess, with close-clasping  
arms,

For life the maiden hung.

## 9

They seized the maid ; with unrelenting  
grasp

They bruised her tender limbs ;

She, nothing yielding, to this only hope  
Clings with the strength of frenzy and  
despair.

She screams not now, she breathes not  
now,

She sends not up one vow,

She forms not in her soul one secret  
prayer,

All thought, all feeling, and all powers  
of life 100

In the one effort centering. Wrathful  
they

With tug and strain would force the  
maid away ; . .

Didst thou, O Marriataly, see their strife,  
In pity didst thou see the suffering maid ?

Or was thine anger kindled, that rude  
hands

Assail'd thy holy Image ? . . for behold  
The holy image shakes !

## 10

Irreverently bold, they deem the maid  
Relax'd her stubborn hold,

And now with force redoubled drag their  
prey ; 110

And now the rooted Idol to their sway  
Bends, . . yields, . . and now it falls.

But then they scream,

For lo ! they feel the crumbling bank  
give way,

And all are plunged into the stream.

## 11

She hath escaped my will, Kehama cried,  
She hath escaped, . . but thou art here,

I have thee still,

The worsor criminal !

And on Ladurlad, while he spake, severe  
He fix'd his dreadful frown. 120

The strong reflection of the pile

Lit his dark lineaments,

Lit the protruded brow, the gathered,  
front,

The steady eye of wrath.

## 12

But while the fearful silence yet endured,  
Ladurlad roused himself ;

Ere yet the voice of destiny

Which trembled on the Rajah's lips was  
loosed,

Eager he interposed, 129

As if despair had waken'd him to hope ;

Mercy ! oh mercy ! only in defence . .

Only instinctively, . .

Only to save my child, I smote the  
Prince ;

King of the world, be merciful !

Crush me, . . but torture not !

## 13

The Man-Almighty deign'd him no reply,  
Still he stood silent ; in no human mood

Of mercy, in no hesitating thought

Of right and justice. At the length he  
raised

His brow yet unrelax'd, . . his lips  
unclosed, 140

And uttered from the heart,

With the whole feeling of his soul en-  
forced,

The gathered vengeance came.

## 14

I charm thy life  
 From the weapons of strife,  
 From stone and from wood,  
 From fire and from flood,  
 From the serpent's tooth,  
 And the beasts of blood :  
 From Sickness I charm thee, 150  
 And Time shall not harm thee ;  
 But Earth which is mine,  
 Its fruits shall deny thee ;  
 And Water shall hear me,  
 And know thee and fly thee ;  
 And the Winds shall not touch thee  
 When they pass by thee,  
 And the Dews shall not wet thee,  
 When they fall nigh thee :  
 And thou shalt seek Death 160  
 To release thee, in vain ;  
 Thou shalt live in thy pain  
 While Kehama shall reign,  
 With a fire in thy heart,  
 And a fire in thy brain ;  
 And Sleep shall obey me,  
 And visit thee never,  
 And the Curse shall be on thee  
 For ever and ever.

## 15

There where the Curse had stricken him,  
 There stood the miserable man, 171  
 There stood Ladurlad, with loose-hang-  
 ing arms,  
 And eyes of idiot wandering.  
 Was it a dream ? alas,  
 He heard the river flow,  
 He heard the crumbling of the pile,  
 He heard the wind which shower'd  
 The thin white ashes round.  
 There motionless he stood,  
 As if he hoped it were a dream, 180  
 And feared to move, lest he should prove  
 The actual misery ;  
 And still at times he met Kehama's eye,  
 Kehama's eye that fastened on him still.

## III. THE RECOVERY

## 1

THE Rajah turn'd toward the pile again,  
 Loud rose the song of death from all the  
 crowd ;  
 Their din the instruments begin,  
 And once again join in  
 With overwhelming sound.  
 Ladurlad starts, . . he looks around ;  
 What hast thou here in view,  
 O wretched man ! in this disastrous  
 scene ;  
 The soldier train, the Bramins who  
 renew  
 Their ministry around the funeral pyre,  
 The empty palankeens, 11  
 The dimly-fading fire.

## 2

Where too is she whom most his heart  
 held dear,  
 His best-beloved Kailyal, where is she,  
 The solace and the joy of many a year  
 Of widowhood ? is she then gone,  
 And is he left all-utterly alone,  
 To bear his blasting curse, and none  
 To succour or deplore him ?  
 He staggers from the dreadful spot ; the  
 throng 20  
 Give way in fear before him ;  
 Like one who carries pestilence about,  
 Shuddering they shun him, where he  
 moves along.  
 And now he wanders on  
 Beyond the noisy rout ;  
 He cannot fly and leave his Curse behind,  
 Yet doth he seem to find  
 A comfort in the change of circumstance.  
 Adown the shore he strays,  
 Unknowing where his wretched feet  
 shall rest, 30  
 But farthest from the fatal place is best.

3

By this in the orient sky appears the  
gleam  
Of day. Lo! what is yonder in the  
stream,

Down the slow river floating slow,  
In distance indistinct and dimly seen?  
The childless one with idle eye  
Followed its motion thoughtlessly;  
Idly he gazed unknowing why,  
And half unconscious that he watch'd  
its way.

Belike it is a tree 40

Which some rude tempest, in its sudden  
sway,

Tore from the rock, or from the hollow  
shore

The undermining stream hath swept  
away.

4

But when anon outswelling by its side,  
A woman's robe he spied,  
Oh then Ladurlad started,  
As one, who in his grave  
Had heard an Angel's call.

Yea, Marriataly, thou hast deign'd to  
save!

Yea, Goddess! it is she, 50

Kailyal, still clinging senselessly  
To thy dear Image, and in happy hour

Upborne amid the wave

By that presc'ring power.

5

Headlong in hope and in joy  
Ladurlad plunged in the water;  
The Water knew Kehama's spell,  
The Water shrunk before him.

Blind to the miracle,

He rushes to his daughter, 60

And treads the river-depths in transport  
wild,

And clasps and saves his child.

6

Upon the farther side a level shore  
Of sand was spread: thither Ladurlad  
bore

His daughter, holding still with senseless  
hand

The saving Goddess; there upon the sand  
He laid the livid maid,

Raised up against his knees her drooping  
head;

Bent to her lips, . . her lips as pale as  
death, . .

If he might feel her breath, 70

His own the while in hope and dread  
suspended;

Chafed her cold breast, and ever and  
anon

Let his hand rest, upon her heart ex-  
tended.

7

Soon did his touch perceive, or fancy  
there,

The first faint motion of returning life.  
He chafes her feet and lays them bare  
In the sun; and now again upon her  
breast

Lays his hot hand; and now her lips he  
prest,

For now the stronger throb of life he  
knew;

And her lips tremble too! 80

The breath comes palpably:

Her quivering lids unclose,

Feebly and feebly fall,

Relapsing as it seem'd to dead repose.

8

So in her father's arms thus languidly,  
While over her with earnest gaze he  
hung,

Silent and motionless she lay,

And painfully and slowly writhed at fits,  
At fits to short convulsive starts was

stung.

89





For every herb and flower  
Was fresh and fragrant with the early  
dew, [hour,  
Sweet sung the birds in that delicious  
And the cool gale of morning as it blew,  
Not yet subdued by day's increasing  
power, 11

Ruffling the surface of the silvery stream,  
Swept o'er the moisten'd sand, and  
rais'd no shower.

Telling their tale of love,  
The boatman thought they lay  
At that lone hour, and who so blest as  
they !

## 2

But now the Sun in heaven is high,  
The little songsters of the sky  
Sit silent in the sultry hour,  
They pant and palpitate with heat ;  
Their bills are open languidly 21  
To catch the passing air ;  
They hear it not, they feel it not,  
It murmurs not, it moves not.

The boatman, as he looks to land,  
Admires what men so mad to linger  
there,  
For yonder Cocoa's shade behind them  
falls,  
A single spot upon the burning sand.

## 3

There all the morning was Ladurlad laid,  
Silent and motionless like one at ease ;  
There motionless upon her father's knees  
Reclined the silent maid. 32  
The man was still, pondering with steady  
mind,

As if it were another's Curse,  
His own portentous lot ;  
Scanning it o'er and o'er in busy thought,  
As though it were a last night's tale of  
woe,

Before the cottage door  
By some old beldam sung,

While young and old, assembled round,  
Listened, as if by witchery bound, 41  
In fearful pleasure to her wondrous  
tongue.

## 4

Musing so long he lay, that all things  
seem  
Unreal to his sense, even like a dream,  
A monstrous dream of things which  
could not be.

That beating, burning brow, . . why it  
was now [there  
The height of noon, and he was lying  
In the broad sun, all bare !  
What if he felt no wind ? the air was  
still.

That was the general will 50  
Of Nature, not his own peculiar doom ;  
Yon rows of rice erect and silent stand,  
The shadow of the Cocoa's lightest  
plume  
Is steady on the sand.

## 5

Is it indeed a dream ? he rose to try,  
Impatient to the water side he went,  
And down he bent,  
And in the stream he plunged his hasty  
arm

To break the visionary charm.  
With fearful eye and fearful heart, 60  
His daughter watch'd the event ;  
She saw the start and shudder,  
She heard the in-drawn groan,  
For the Water knew Kehama's charm,  
The Water shrunk before his arm.  
His dry hand moved about unmoisten'd  
there ;

As easily might that dry hand avail  
To stop the passing gale,  
Or grasp the impassive air.  
He is Almighty then ! 70  
Exclaim'd the wretched man in his  
despair :

Air knows him, Water knows him ; Sleep  
 His dreadful word will keep ;  
 Even in the grave there is no rest for me,  
 Cut off from that last hope, . . the  
     wretch's joy ;  
 And Veeshnoo hath no power to save,  
 Nor Seeva to destroy.

6

Oh ! wrong not them ! quoth Kailyal,  
 Wrong not the Heavenly Powers !  
 Our hope is all in them : They are not  
     blind ! 80  
 And lighter wrongs than ours,  
 And lighter crimes than his,  
 Have drawn the Incarnate down among  
     mankind.  
 Already have the Immortals heard our  
     cries,  
 And in the mercy of their righteousness  
 Beheld us in the hour of our distress !  
 She spake with streaming eyes,  
 Where pious love and ardent feeling  
     beam.  
 And turning to the Image, threw  
 Her grateful arms around it, . . It was  
     thou 90  
 Who savedst me from the stream !  
 My Marriataly, it was thou !  
 I had not else been here  
 To share my Father's Curse,  
 To suffer now, . . and yet to thank thee  
     thus !

7

Here then, the maiden cried, dear  
 Father, here  
 Raise our own Goddess, our divine  
     Preserver !  
 The mighty of the earth despise her rites,  
 She loves the poor who serve her.  
 Set up her Image here, 100  
 With heart and voice the guardian  
     Goddess bless,  
 For jealousy would she resent  
 Neglect and thanklessness ; . .

Set up her Image here,  
 And bless her for her aid with tongue  
     and soul sincere.

8

No saying on her knees the maid  
 Began the pious toil.  
 Soon their joint labour scoops the easy  
     soil ; [hand,  
 They raise the Image up with reverent  
 And round its rooted base they heap the  
     sand. 110

O Thou whom we adore,  
 O Marriataly, thee do I implore,  
 The virgin cried ; my Goddess, pardon  
     thou  
 The unwilling wrong, that I no more,  
     With dance and song,  
 Can do thy daily service, as of yore !  
 The flowers which last I wreathed around  
     thy brow,  
 Are withering there ; and never now  
     Shall I at eve adore thee,  
 And swimming round with arms out-  
     spread, 120  
 Poise the full pitcher on my head,  
     In dexterous dance before thee,  
 While underneath the reedy shed, at rest  
 My father sat the evening rites to view,  
     And blest thy name, and blest  
     His daughter too.

9

Then heaving from her heart a heavy sigh,  
 O Goddess ! from that happy home,  
     cried she,  
 The Almighty Man hath forced us !  
 And homeward with the thought un-  
     consciously 130  
 She turn'd her dizzy eye. . . But there  
     on high,  
 With many a dome, and pinnacle, and  
     spire,  
 The summits of the Golden Palaces  
 Blazed in the dark blue sky, aloft, like  
     fire.

Father, away ! she cried, away !

Why linger we so nigh ?

For not to him hath Nature given

The thousand eyes of Deity,

Always and every where with open  
sight,

To persecute our flight ! 140

Away . . away ! she said,

And took her father's hand, and like a  
child

He followed where she led.

## V. THE SEPARATION

### 1

EVENING comes on : arising from the  
stream,

Homeward the tall flamingo wings

his flight ;

And where he sails athwart the setting  
beam,

His scarlet plumage glows with deeper  
light.

The watchman, at the wish'd approach  
of night,

Gladly forsakes the field, where he all  
day,

To scare the winged plunderers from  
their prey,

With shout and sling, on yonder  
clay-built height,

Hath borne the sultry ray.

Hark ! at the Golden Palaces 10

The Bramin strikes the hour.

For leagues and leagues around, the  
brazen sound

Rolls through the stillness of departing  
day,

Like thunder far away.

### 2

Behold them wandering on their hope-  
less way,

Unknowning where they stray,

Yet sure where'er they stop to find no  
rest.

The evening gale is blowing,

It plays among the trees ;

Like plumes upon a warrior's crest,

They see yon cocoas tossing to the  
breeze. 21

Ladurlad views them with impatient  
mind,

Impatiently he hears

The gale of evening blowing,

The sound of waters flowing,

As if all sights and sounds combined

To mock his irremediable woe ;

For not for him the blessed waters flow,

For not for him the gales of evening blow,

A fire is in his heart and brain, 30

And Nature hath no healing for his pain.

### 3

The Moon is up, still pale

Amid the lingering light.

A cloud ascending in the eastern sky,

Sails slowly o'er the vale,

And darkens round and closes in the  
night.

No hospitable house is nigh,

No traveller's home the wanderers to  
invite ;

Forlorn, and with long watching  
overworn,

The wretched father and the wretched  
child 40

Lie down amid the wild.

### 4

Before them full in sight,

A white flag flapping to the winds of night

Marks where the tiger seized a human  
prey.

Far, far away with natural dread,

Shunning the perilous spot,

At other times abhorrent had they fled ;

But now they heed it not.

Nothing they care ; the boding death-  
flag now

In vain for them may gleam and flutter  
there.

Despair and agony in him,  
Prevent all other thought ;  
And Kailyal hath no heart or sense for  
aught,

Save her dear father's strange and  
miserable lot.

5

There in the woodland shade,  
Upon the lap of that unhappy maid,  
His head Ladurlad laid,

And never word he spake ;  
Nor heaved he one complaining sigh,  
Nor groaned he with his misery, 60  
But silently for her dear sake  
Endured the raging pain.

And now the moon was hid on high,  
No stars were glimmering in the sky ;

She could not see her father's eye,  
How red with burning agony ;

Perhaps he may be cooler now,  
She hoped, and long'd to touch his  
brow

With gentle hand, yet did not dare  
To lay the painful pressure there. 70

Now forward from the tree she bent,  
And anxiously her head she leant,  
And listen'd to his breath.

Ladurlad's breath was short and quick,  
Yet regular it came,

And like the slumber of the sick,  
In pantings still the same.

Oh if he sleeps ! . . her lips unclose,  
Intently listening to the sound,

That equal sound so like repose. 80  
Still quietly the sufferer lies,

Bearing his torment now with resolute  
will ;

He neither moves, nor groans, nor sighs.  
Doth satiate cruelty bestow

This little respite to his woe,

She thought, or are there Gods who look  
below ?

6

Perchance, thought Kailyal, willingly  
deceived,

Our Marriataly hath his pain relieved,  
And she hath bade the blessed sleep  
assuage 80

His agony, despite the Rajah's rage.  
That was a hope which fill'd her gushing  
eyes,

And made her heart in silent yearnings  
rise,

To bless the power divine in thankful-  
ness.

And yielding to that joyful thought  
her mind,

Backward the maid her aching head  
reclined

Against the tree, and to her father's  
breath [ear.

In fear she hearken'd still with earnest  
But soon forgetful fits the effort broke ;

In starts of recollection then she woke,  
Till now benignant Nature over-

came 100

The Virgin's weary and exhausted frame,  
Nor able more her painful watch to keep,

She closed her heavy lids, and sunk to  
sleep.

7

Vain was her hope ! he did not rest from  
pain,

The Curse was burning in his brain ;  
Alas ! the innocent maiden thought he

slept,  
But Sleep the Rajah's dread command-

ment kept,  
Sleep knew Kehama's Curse.

The dews of night fell round them now,  
They never bathed Ladurlad's brow,

They knew Kehama's Curse. 111  
The night-wind is abroad,

Aloft it moves among the stirring trees ;  
He only heard the breeze, . .

No healing aid to him it brought,



It play'd around his head and touch'd  
him not,  
It knew Kehama's Curse.

## 8

Listening, Ladurlad lay in his despair,  
If Kailyal slept, for wherefore should  
she share

Her father's wretchedness, which none  
could cure? 120

Better alone to suffer; he must bear  
The burden of his Curse, but why endure  
The unavailing presence of her grief?  
She too, apart from him, might find  
relief;

For dead the Rajah deem'd her, and  
as thus  
Already she his dread revenge had fled,  
So might she still escape and live secure.

## 9

Gently he lifts his head,  
And Kailyal does not feel; 129  
Gently he rises up, . . she slumbers still;  
Gently he steals away with silent  
tread.

Anon she started, for she felt him gone;  
She call'd, and through the stillness of  
the night,

His step was heard in flight.  
Mistrustful for a moment of the sound,  
She listens; till the step is heard no  
more;

But then she knows that he indeed is  
gone,  
And with a thrilling shriek she rushes on.  
The darkness and the wood impede her  
speed;

She lifts her voice again, 140  
Ladurlad! . . and again, alike in vain,  
And with a louder cry [away,  
Straining its tone to hoarseness; . . far  
Selfish in misery,  
He heard the call and faster did he fly.

## 10

She leans against that tree whose jutting  
bough

Smote her so rudely. Her poor heart  
How audibly it panted,

With sudden stop and start;  
Her breath how short and painfully it  
came! 150

Hark! all is still around her, . .  
And the night so utterly dark,  
She opened her eyes and she closed  
them,  
And the blackness and blank were the  
same.

## 11

'Twas like a dream of horror, and she  
stood

Half doubting whether all indeed  
were true.  
A tiger's howl loud echoing through the  
wood,

Roused her; the dreadful sound she  
knew,  
And turn'd instinctively to what she  
fear'd.

Far off the tiger's hungry howl was  
heard; 160

A nearer horror met the maiden's view,  
For right before her a dim form appear'd,

A human form in that black night,  
Distinctly shaped by its own lurid light,  
Such light as the sickly moon is seen  
to shed,

Through spell-raised fogs, a bloody  
baleful red.

## 12

That Spectre fix'd his eyes upon her full;  
The light which shone in their accursed  
orbs

Was like a light from Hell,  
And it grew deeper, kindling with the  
view. 170

She could not turn her sight

From that infernal gaze, which like  
 a spell  
 Bound her, and held her rooted to  
 the ground.  
 It palsied every power,  
 Her limbs avai'd her not in that dread  
 hour,  
 There was no moving thence,  
 Thought, memory, sense were gone :  
 She heard not now the tiger's nearer cry,  
 She thought not on her father now,  
 Her cold heart's blood ran back, 180  
 Her hand lay senseless on the bough it  
 clasp'd,  
 Her feet were motionless ;  
 Her fascinated eyes  
 Like the stone eye-balls of a statue fix'd,  
 Yet conscious of the sight that blasted  
 them.

## 13

The wind is abroad,  
 It opens the clouds ;  
 Scatter'd before the gale,  
 They skurry through the sky,  
 And the darkness retiring rolls over the  
 vale. 190  
 The Stars in their beauty come forth on  
 high,  
 And through the dark blue night  
 The Moon rides on triumphant, broad  
 and bright.  
 Distinct and darkening in her light,  
 Appears that Spectre foul,  
 The moon-beam gives his face and form  
 to sight,  
 The shape of man,  
 The living form and face of Arvalan ! . .  
 His hands are spread to clasp her.

## 14

But at that sight of dread the Maid  
 awoke ; 200  
 As if a lightning-stroke  
 Had burst the spell of fear,

Away she broke all frantically, and fled.  
 There stood a temple near beside the  
 way,  
 An open fane of Pollear, gentle God,  
 To whom the travellers for protection  
 pray.  
 With elephantine head and eye severe,  
 Here stood his image, such as when he  
 seiz'd  
 And tore the rebel Giant from the  
 ground, 209  
 With mighty trunk wreathed round  
 His impotent bulk, and on his tusks, on  
 high  
 Impaled upheld him between earth and  
 sky.

## 15

Thither the affrighted Maiden sped her  
 flight,  
 And she hath reach'd the place of  
 sanctuary ;  
 And now within the temple in despite,  
 Yea, even before the altar, in his  
 sight,  
 Hath Arvalan with fleshy arm of might  
 Seized her. That instant the insulted  
 God  
 Caught him aloft, and from his sinuous  
 grasp, 219  
 As if from some tort catapult let loose,  
 Over the forest hurl'd him all abroad.

## 16

O'ercome with dread,  
 She tarried not to see what heavenly  
 Power  
 Had saved her in that hour ;  
 Breathless and faint she fled.  
 And now her foot struck on the knotted  
 root  
 Of a broad manchineil, and there the  
 Maid  
 Fell senselessly beneath the deadly  
 shade.

## VI. CASYAPA

1

SHALL this then be thy fate, O lovely  
Maid,

Thus, Kailyal, must thy sorrows then  
be ended ?

Her face upon the ground,  
Her arms at length extended,  
There like a corpse behold her laid  
Beneath the deadly shade.

What if the hungry tiger, prowling by,  
Should snuff his banquet nigh ?

Alas, Death needs not now his ministry ;  
The baleful boughs hang o'er her, 10  
The poison-dews descend.

What Power will now restore her ?  
What God will be her friend ?

2

Bright and so beautiful was that fair  
night,

It might have calm'd the gay amid  
their mirth,  
And given the wretched a delight in  
tears.

One of the Glendoveers,  
The loveliest race of all of heavenly  
birth,

Hovering with gentle motion o'er the  
earth,

Amid the moonlight air, 20  
In sportive flight was floating round and  
round,

Unknowing where his joyous way was  
tending.

He saw the Maid where motionless she  
lay,

And stoopt his flight descending,  
And raised her from the ground.

Her heavy eye-lids are half closed,  
Her cheeks are pale and livid like the  
dead,

Down hang her loose arms lifelessly,  
Down hangs her languid head.

3

With timely pity touch'd for one so fair,  
The gentle Glendoveer 31  
Press'd her thus pale and senseless to  
his breast,

And springs aloft in air with sinewy wings,  
And bears the Maiden there,  
Where Himakoot, the holy Mount, on high  
From mid-earth rising in mid-Heaven,  
Shines in its glory like the throne of  
Even.

Soaring with strenuous flight above,  
He bears her to the blessed Grove,  
Where in his ancient and august abodes,  
There dwells old Casyapa, the Sire  
of Gods. 41

4

The Father of the Immortals sate,  
Where underneath the Tree of Life,  
The Fountains of the Sacred River  
sprung ;

The Father of the Immortals smiled  
Benignant on his son.

Knowest thou, he said, my child,  
Ereenia, knowest thou whom thou  
bringest here,  
A mortal to the holy atmosphere ?

EREENIA

I found her in the Groves of Earth,  
Beneath a poison-tree, 51  
Thus lifeless as thou seest her.

In pity have I brought her to these  
bowers,  
Not erring, Father ! by that smile . .  
By that benignant eye !

CASYAPA

What if the Maid be sinful ? if her ways  
Were ways of darkness, and her death  
predoom'd

To that black hour of midnight, when  
the Moon

Hath turn'd her face away,  
Unwilling to behold 60  
The unhappy end of guilt ?

EREENIA

Then what a lie, my Sire, were written  
 here, [died,  
 In these fair characters! and she had  
 Sure proof of purer life and happier  
 doom, [Heaven,  
 Now in the moonlight, in the eye of  
 If I had left so fair a flower to fade.  
 But thou, . . . all knowing as thou art,  
 Why askest thou of me?  
 O Father, oldest, holiest, wisest, best,  
 To whom all things are plain, 70  
 Why askest thou of me?

CASYAPA

Knowest thou Kehama?

EREENIA

The Almighty Man!  
 Who knows not him and his tremendous  
 power?  
 The Tyrant of the Earth,  
 The Enemy of Heaven!  
 CASYAPA  
 Fearest thou the Rajah?

EREENIA

He is terrible!

CASYAPA

Yea, he is terrible! such power hath he  
That hope hath enter'd Hell. 80  
 The Asuras and the spirits of the damn'd  
 Acclaim their Hero; Yamen, with the  
 might  
 Of Godhead, scarce can quell  
 The rebel race accurst: [rise,  
 Half from their beds of torture they up-  
 And half uproot their chains.  
 Is there not fear in Heaven?  
 The Souls that are in bliss suspend their  
 joy;  
 The danger hath disturb'd  
 The calm of Deity, 90  
 And Brama fears, and Veeshnoo turns  
 his face  
 In doubt toward Seeva's throne.

EREENIA

I have seen Indra tremble at his prayers,  
 And at his dreadful penances turn pale.  
 They claim and wrest from Seeva power  
 so vast,  
 That even Seeva's self,  
 The Highest, cannot grant and be secure.

CASYAPA

And darest thou, Ereenia, brave  
 The Almighty Tyrant's power?

EREENIA

I brave him, Father! I? 100

CASYAPA

Darest thou brave his vengeance? . . . For,  
 if not,  
 Take her again to earth,  
 Cast her before the tiger in his path,  
 Or where the death-dew-dropping tree  
 May work Kehama's will.

EREENIA

Never!

CASYAPA

Then meet his wrath! for He, even He,  
 Hath set upon this worm his wanton  
 foot.

EREENIA

I knew her not, how wretched and how  
 fair,  
 When here I wafted her. . . Poor Child  
 of Earth, 110  
 Shall I forsake thee, seeing thee so fair,  
 So wretched? O my Father, let the  
 Maid  
 Dwell in the Sacred Grove!

CASYAPA

That must not be,  
 For Force and Evil then would enter  
 here; [sin,  
 Ganges, the holy stream which cleanseth  
 Would flow from hence polluted in  
 its springs, [death,  
 And they who gasp upon its banks in



Feel no salvation. Piety, and Peace,  
 And Wisdom, these are mine ; but not  
the power 120

Which could protect her from the  
Almighty Man ;

Nor when the spirit of dead Arvalan  
 Should persecute her here to glut his  
 rage,

To heap upon her yet more agony,  
 And ripen more damnation for himself.

EREENIA

Dead Arvalan ?

CASYAPA

All power to him, whereof  
 The disembodied spirit in its state  
 Of weakness could be made participant,  
 Kehama hath assign'd, until his days  
 Of wandering shall be number'd. 131

EREENIA

Look ! she drinks  
 The gale of healing from the blessed  
 Groves.

She stirs, and lo ! her hand  
 Hath touch'd the Holy River in its  
 source,  
 Who would have shrunk if aught impure  
 were nigh.

CASYAPA

The Maiden, of a truth, is pure from sin.

5

The waters of the Holy Spring  
 About the hand of Kailyal play ;  
 They rise, they sparkle, and they sing,  
 Leaping where languidly she lay, 141

As if with that rejoicing stir  
 The Holy Spring would welcome her.  
 The Tree of life which o'er her spread,  
 Benignant bow'd its sacred head,  
 And dropt its dews of healing ;  
 And her heart-blood at every breath,  
 Recovering from the strife of death,  
 Drew in new strength and feeling.  
 Behold her beautiful in her repose, 150

A life-bloom reddening now her dark-  
 brown cheek ;

And lo ! her eyes unclose,  
 Dark as the depth of Ganges' spring  
 profound

When night hangs over it,  
 Bright as the moon's refulgent beam,  
 That quivers on its clear up-sparkling  
 stream.

6

Soon she let fall her lids,  
 As one who, from a blissful dream  
 Waking to thoughts of pain,  
 Fain would return to sleep, and dream  
 again. 160

Distrustful of the sight,  
 She moves not, fearing to disturb  
 The deep and full delight.

In wonder fix'd, opening again her eye  
 She gazes silently,  
 Thinking her mortal pilgrimage was past,  
 That she had reach'd her heavenly home  
 of rest,

And these were Gods before her,  
 Or spirits of the blest.

7

Lo ! at Ereenia's voice. 170  
 A Ship of Heaven comes sailing down  
 the skies.

Where would'st thou bear her ? cries  
 The ancient Sire of Gods.  
 Straight to the Swerga, to my Bower of  
 Bliss,

The Glendoveer replies,  
 To Indra's own abodes.  
 Foe of her foe, were it alone for this  
 Indra should guard her from his ven-  
 geance there ;

But if the God forbear,  
 Unwilling yet the perilous strife to try,  
 Or shrinking from the dreadful Rajah's  
 might, . . . 181

Weak as I am, O Father, even I  
 Stand forth in Secva's sight.

8

Trust thou in him whate'er betide,  
 And stand forth fearlessly !  
 The Sire of Gods replied :  
 All that He wills is right, and doubt not  
 thou,  
 Howe'er our feeble scope of sight  
 May fail us now,  
 His righteous will in all things must be  
 done. 190  
 My blessing be upon thee, O my son !

## VII. THE SWERGA

1

THEN in the Ship of Heaven, Ereenia  
 laid  
 The waking, wondering Maid ;  
 The Ship of Heaven, instinct with  
 thought, display'd  
 Its living sail, and glides along the sky.  
 On either side in wavy tide,  
 The clouds of morn along its path divide ;  
 The Winds who swept in wild career on  
 high, [force ;  
 Before its presence check their charmed  
 The Winds that loitering lagg'd along  
 their course,  
 Around the living Bark enamour'd play,  
 Swell underneath the sail, and sing  
 before its way. 11

2

That Bark, in shape, was like the  
 furrow'd shell  
 Wherein the Sea-Nymphs to their parent-  
 King, [bring.  
 On festal day, their, duteous offerings  
 Its hue ? . . Go watch the last green  
 light [Night ;  
 Ere Evening yields the western sky to  
 Or fix upon the Sun thy strenuous sight  
 Till thou hast reach'd its orb of  
 chrysolite.

The sail from end to end display'd  
 Bent, like a rainbow, o'er the Maid.  
 An Angel's head, with visual eye, 21  
 Through trackless space, directs its  
 chosen way ;  
 Nor aid of wing, nor foot, nor fin,  
 Requires to voyage o'er the obedient  
 sky.  
 Smooth as the swan when not a breeze  
 at even  
 Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,  
 Through air and sunshine sails the Ship  
 of Heaven.

3

Recumbent there the Maiden glides  
 along  
 On her aerial way,  
 How swift she feels not, though the  
 swiftest wind 30  
 Had flagg'd in flight behind.  
 Motionless as a sleeping babe she lay,  
 And all serene in mind,  
 Feeling no fear ; for that ethereal air  
 With such new life and joyance fill'd her  
 heart,  
 Fear could not enter there ;  
 For sure she deem'd her mortal part  
 was o'er,  
 And she was sailing to the heavenly  
 shore ; [beside,  
 And that angelic form, who moved  
 Was some good Spirit sent to be her  
 guide. 40

4

Daughter of Earth ! therein thou deem'st  
 aright ;  
 And never yet did form more beautiful,  
 In dreams of night descending from  
 on high,  
 Bless the religious Virgin's gifted sight,  
 Nor like a vision of delight,  
 Rise on the raptur'd Poet's inward eye.  
 Of human form divine was he,

The immortal Youth of Heaven who  
 floated by,  
 Even such as that divinest form shall be  
 In those blest stages of our onward race,  
 When no infirmity, 51  
 Low thought, nor base desire, nor  
 wasting care,  
 Deface the semblance of our heavenly  
 sire.

5

The wings of Eagle or of Cherubim  
 Had seem'd unworthy him ;  
 Angelic power and dignity and grace  
 Were in his glorious pennons ; from the  
 neck  
 Down to the ankle reach'd their swelling  
 web  
 Richer than robes of Tyrian dye, that  
 deck

Imperial Majesty : 60

Their colour like the winter's moonless  
 sky,

When all the stars of midnight's canopy  
 Shine forth ; or like the azure deep at  
 noon,

Reflecting back to heaven a brighter  
 blue.

Such was their tint when closed, but  
 when outspread,

The permeating light

Shed through their substance thin a  
 varying hue ;

Now bright as when the rose,

Beauteous as fragrant, gives to scent  
 and sight

A like delight ; now like the juice that  
 flows 70

From Douro's generous vine ;

Or ruby when with deepest red it glows ;

Or as the morning clouds refulgent  
 shine,

When, at forthcoming of the Lord of  
 Day,

The Orient, like a shrine,

Kindles as it receives the rising ray,  
 And heralding his way,  
 Proclaims the presence of the Power  
 divine.

6

Thus glorious were the wings 79  
 Of that celestial Spirit, as he went  
 Disporting through his native element.  
 Nor these alone

The gorgeous beauties that they gave  
 to view ;

Through the broad membrane branched  
 a pliant bone, [stem,

Spreading like fibres from their parent  
 Its veins like interwoven silver shone,

Or as the chaster hue

Of pearls that grace some Sultan's  
 diadem.

Now with slow stroke and strong behold  
 him smite

The buoyant air, and now in gentler  
 flight, 90

On motionless wing expanded, shoot  
 along.

7

Through air and sunshine sails the Ship  
 of Heaven ;

Far, far beneath them lies

The gross and heavy atmosphere of  
 earth ;

And with the Swerga gales,

The Maid of mortal birth

At every breath a new delight inhales.

And now toward its port the Ship of  
 Heaven, [flight,

Swift as a falling meteor, shapes its

Yet gently as the dews of night that  
 gem, 100

And do not bend the hare-bell's  
 slenderest stem.

Daughter of Earth, Ereencia cried, alight ;  
 This is thy place of rest, the Swerga this,  
 Lo, here my Bower of Bliss !

8

He furl'd his azure wings, which round  
him fold

Graceful as robes of Grecian chief of old.

The happy Kailyal knew not where  
to gaze ;

Her eyes around in joyful wonder roam,  
Now turn'd upon the lovely Glendoveer,

Now on his heavenly home. 110

EREENIA

Here, Maiden, rest in peace,  
And I will guard thee, feeble as I am.  
The Almighty Rajah shall not harm  
thee here,

While Indra keeps his throne.

KAILYAL

Alas, thou fearest him !

Immortal as thou art, thou fearest him !  
I thought that death had saved me from

his power ;

Not even the dead are safe.

EREENIA

Long years of life and happiness,

O Child of Earth be thine ! 120

From death I sav'd thee, and from all  
thy foes

Will save thee, while the Swerga is  
secure.

KAILYAL

Not me alone, O gentle Deveta !

I have a Father suffering upon earth,  
A persecuted, wretched, poor, good man,

For whose strange misery

There is no human help,

And none but I dare comfort him

Beneath Kehama's Curse ; 129

O gentle Deveta, protect him too !

EREENIA

Come, plead thyself to Indra ! Words  
like thine

May win their purpose, rouse his slum-  
bering heart,

And make him yet put forth his arm to  
wield

The thunder, while the thunder is his  
own.

9

Then to the Garden of the Deity  
Ereenia led the Maid.

In the mid garden tower'd a giant Tree ;  
Rock-rooted on a mountain-top, it grew,

Rear'd its unrivall'd head on high,  
And stretch'd a thousand branches o'er  
the sky, 140

Drinking with all its leaves celestial dew.  
Lo ! where from thence as from a living  
well

A thousand torrents flow !

For still in one perpetual shower,  
Like diamond drops, ethereal waters fell  
From every leaf of all its ample bower.

Rolling adown the steep

From that ærial height,

Through the deep shade of aromatic  
trees,

Half-seen, the cataracts shoot their  
gleams of light, 150

And pour upon the breeze

Their thousand voices ; far away the  
roar,

In modulations of delightful sound,  
Half-heard and ever varying, floats  
around.

Below, an ample Lake expanded lies,

Blue as the o'er-arching skies :

Forth issuing from that lovely Lake

A thousand rivers water Paradise.

Full to the brink, yet never overflowing,

They cool the amorous gales, which,  
ever blowing, 160

O'er their melodious surface love to  
stray ;

Then winging back their way,

Their vapours to the parent Tree repay ;  
And ending thus where they began,



And feeding thus the source from whence  
 they came,  
 The eternal rivers of the Swerga ran,  
 For ever renovate, yet still the same.

10

On that ethereal lake, whose waters lie  
 Blue and transpicuous, like another sky,  
 The Elements had rear'd their King's  
 abode. 170

A strong controuling power their strife  
 suspended,

And there their hostile essences they  
 blended,

To form a Palace worthy of the God.

Built on the Lake, the waters were its  
 floor ;

And here its walls were water arch'd  
 with fire,

And here were fire with water vaulted  
 o'er ;

And spires and pinnacles of fire

Round watery cupolas aspire,

And domes of rainbow rest on fiery  
 towers ;

And roofs of flame are turreted around  
 With cloud, and shafts of cloud with  
 flame are bound. 181

Here too the Elements for ever veer,  
 Ranging around with endless inter-  
 changing ;

Pursued in love, and so in love pursuing,  
 In endless revolutions here they roll ;

For ever their mysterious work  
 renewing ;

The parts all shifting, still unchanged  
 the whole.

Even we on earth at intervals descry  
 Gleams of the glory, streaks of flowing  
 light,

Openings of heaven, and streams that  
 flash at night 190

In fitful splendour, through the northern  
 sky.

11

Impatient of delay, Ereenia caught  
 The Maid aloft, and spread his wings  
 abroad,

And bore her to the presence of the God.

There Indra sate upon his throne  
 reclined,

Where Devetas adore him ;

The lute of Nared, warbling on the wind,

All tones of magic harmony combined

To sooth his troubled mind,

While the dark-eyed Apsaras danced  
 before him. 200

In vain the God-musician play'd,

In vain the dark-eyed Nymphs of  
 Heaven essay'd

To charm him with their beauties in the  
 dance ; [appear,

And when he saw the mortal Maid

Led by the heroic Glendoveer,

A deeper trouble fill'd his countenance.

What hast thou done, Ereenia, said the  
 God,

Bringing a mortal here ?

And while he spake his eye was on the  
 Maid ;

The look he gave was solemn, not  
 severe : 210

No hope to Kailyal it convey'd,

And yet it struck no fear ;

There was a sad displeasure in his air,

But pity too was there.

EREENIA

Hear me, O Indra ! On the lower earth

I found this child of man, by what  
 mishap

I know not, lying in the lap of death.

Aloft I bore her to our Father's grove,

Not having other thought, than when  
 the gales

Of bliss had heal'd her, upon earth again

To leave its lovely daughter. Other  
 thoughts 221

Arose, when Casyapa declared her fate ;

For she is one who groans beneath the  
power

Of the dread Rajah, terrible alike  
To men and Gods. His son, dead  
Arvalan, [power,

Arm'd with a portion, Indra, of thy  
Already wrested from thee, persecutes  
The Maid, the helpless one, the innocent.

What then behoved me but to waft  
her here

To my own Bower of Bliss? what other  
choice? 230

The Spirit of foul Arvalan not yet  
Hath power to enter here; here thou  
art yet [own.

Supreme, and yet the Swerga is thine

## INDRA

No child of man, Ereenia, in the Bowers  
Of Bliss may sojourn, till he hath put off

His mortal part; for on mortality  
Time and Infirmity and Death attend,  
Close followers they, and in their mourn-  
ful train

Sorrow and Pain and Mutability.

Did these find entrance here, we should  
behold 240

Our joys, like earthly summers, pass  
away.

Those joys perchance may pass; a  
stronger hand

May wrest my sceptre, and unparadise  
The Swerga; . . . but, Ereenia, if we fall,

Let it be Fate's own arm that casts  
us down:

We will not rashly hasten and provoke  
The blow, nor bring ourselves the  
ruin on.

## EREENIA

Fear courts the blow, Fear brings the  
ruin on. [Destiny

Needs must the chariot-wheels of  
Crush him who throws himself before  
their track, 250

Patient and prostrate.

## INDRA

All may yet be well.

Who knows but Veeshnoo will descend  
and save,

Once more incarnate?

## EREENIA

Look not there for help,

Nor build on unsubstantial hope thy  
trust.

Our Father Casyapa hath said he turns  
His doubtful eye to Seeva, even as thou

Dost look to him for aid. But thine  
own strength

Should for thine own salvation be put  
forth; 260

Then might the higher Powers  
approving see

And bless the brave resolve. . . Oh, that  
my arm

Could wield yon lightnings which play  
idly there,

In inoffensive radiance round thy head!  
The Swerga should not need a champion

now, [vain!

Nor Earth implore deliverance still in

## INDRA

Thinkest thou I want the will? Rash

Son of Heaven,

What if my arm be feeble as thine own  
Against the dread Kehama? He went  
on

Conquering in irresistible career, 270  
Till his triumphant car had measured  
o'er

The insufficient earth, and all the Kings  
Of men received his yoke; then had he  
won

His will, to ride upon their necks elate,  
And crown his conquests with the  
sacrifice

That should, to men and gods, proclaim  
him Lord [World,

And Sovereign Master of the vassal  
Sole Rajah, the Omnipotent below.

The steam of that portentous sacrifice  
Arose to Heaven. Then was the hour to  
strike ; 280

Then in the consummation of his pride,  
His height of glory, then the thunder-  
bolt

Should have gone forth, and hurl'd him  
from his throne

Down to the fiery floor of Padalon,  
To everlasting burnings, agony  
Eternal, and remorse which knows no  
end.

That hour went by : grown impious in  
success,

By prayer and penances he wrested now  
Such power from Fate, that soon, if  
Seeva turn not 289

His eyes on earth, and no Avatar save,  
Soon will he seize the Swerga for his own,  
Roll on through Padalon his chariot  
wheels,

Tear up the adamantine bolts which lock  
The accurst Asuras to its burning floor,  
And force the drink of Immortality  
From Yamen's charge. . . Vain were it  
now to strive ;

My thunder cannot pierce the sphere  
of power  
Wherewith, as with a girdle, he is bound.

## KAILYAL

Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta !  
Take me again to earth ! This is no  
place 300

Of rest for me ! . . my Father still  
must bear  
His curse . . he shall not bear it all alone ;  
Take me to earth, that I may follow  
him ! . .

I do not fear the Almighty Man ! the  
Gods [Powers  
Are feeble here ; but there are higher  
Who will not turn their eyes from wrongs  
like ours ;

Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta ! . .

## 12

Saying thus she knelt, and to his knees  
she clung

And bow'd her head, in tears and  
silence praying.

Rising anon, around his neck she flung  
Her arms, and there with folded  
hands she hung, 311

And fixing on the guardian Glendoveer  
Her eyes, more eloquent than Angel's  
tongue, [here !

Again she cried, There is no comfort  
I must be with my Father in his pain . .  
Take me to earth, O Deveta, again !

## 13

Indra with admiration heard the Maid.  
O Child of Earth, he cried,  
Already in thy spirit thus divine,  
Whatever weal or woe betide, 320  
Be that high sense of duty still thy guide,  
And all good Powers will aid a soul like  
thine.

Then turning to Ereenia, thus he said,  
Take her where Ganges hath its second  
birth,

Below our sphere, and yet above the  
earth ; [power  
There may Ladurlad rest beyond the  
Of the dread Rajah, till the fated hour.

## VIII. THE SACRIFICE

## 1

Dost thou tremble, O Indra, O God of  
the Sky,

Why slumber those thunders of thine ?  
Dost thou tremble on high. . .

Wilt thou tamely the Swerga resign, . .  
Art thou smitten, O Indra, with dread ?  
Or seest thou not, seest thou not, Monarch  
divine,

How many a day to Seeva's shrine  
Kehama his victim hath led ?  
Nine and ninety days are fled,





And then again, one, two.  
 The bowl that in its vessel floats, anew  
 Must fill and sink again,  
 Then will the final stroke be due.  
 The Sun rides high, the noon is nigh,  
 And silently, as if spell bound, 81  
 The multitude expect the sound.

## 6

Lo! how the Steed, with sudden start,  
 Turns his quick head to every part ;  
 Long files of men on every side appear.  
 The sight might well his heart affright,  
 And yet the silence that is here  
 Inspires a stranger fear ;  
 For not a murmur, not a sound  
 Of breath or motion rises round, 90  
 Nostir is heard in all that mighty crowd ;  
 He neighs, and from the temple-wall  
 The voice re-echoes loud,  
 Loud and distinct, as from a hill  
 Across a lonely vale, when all is still.

## 7

Within the temple, on his golden throne  
 Reclined, Kehama lies,  
 Watching with steady eyes  
 The perfumed light that, burning bright,  
 Metes out the passing hours. 100  
 On either hand his eunuchs stand,  
 Freshening with fans of peacock-plumes  
 the air,  
 Which, redolent of all rich gums and  
 flowers,  
 Seems, overcharged with sweets, to  
 stagnate there. [slow  
 Lo! the time-taper's flame ascending  
 Creeps up its coil toward the fated line ;  
 Kehama rises and goes forth,  
 And from the altar, ready where it lies,  
 He takes the axe of sacrifice.

## 8

That instant from the crowd, with  
 sudden shout, 110  
 A Man sprang out

To lay upon the Steed his hand profane.  
 A thousand archers, with unerring eye,  
 At once let fly,  
 And with their hurtling arrows fill the  
 sky.  
 In vain they fall upon him fast as rain ;  
 He bears a charmed life, which may  
 defy

All weapons, . . and the darts that whizz  
 around,  
 As from an adamantine panoply  
 Repell'd, fall idly to the ground. 120  
 Kehama clasp'd his hands in agony  
 And saw him grasp the hallow'd  
 courser's mane,  
 Spring up with sudden bound,  
 And with a frantic cry,  
 And madman's gesture, gallop round  
 and round.

## 9

They seize, they drag him to the Rajah's  
 feet.  
 What doom will now be his, . . what  
 vengeance meet  
 Will he, who knows no mercy, now  
 require ?  
 The obsequious guards around, with  
 blood-hound eye,  
 Look for the word, in slow-consuming  
 fire, 130  
 By piece-meal death, to make the  
 wretch expire, [high,  
 Or hoist his living carcass, hook'd on  
 To feed the fowls and insects of the sky ;  
 Or if aught worse inventive cruelty  
 To that remorseless heart of royalty  
 Might prompt, accursed instruments  
 they stand  
 To work the wicked will with wicked  
 hand.  
 Far other thoughts were in the  
 multitude ;  
 Pity, and human feelings, held them  
 still ;

And stifled sighs and groans suppress  
 were there, 140  
 And many a secret curse and inward  
 prayer

Call'd on the insulted Gods to save  
 mankind.

Expecting some new crime, in fear they  
 stood,

Some horror which would make the  
 natural blood

Start, with cold shudderings thrill the  
 sinking heart,

Whiten the lip, and make the abhorrent  
 eye

Roll back and close, prest in for agony.

10

How then fared he for whom the mighty  
 crowd

Suffer'd in spirit thus, . . how then  
 fared he ?

A ghastly smile was on his lip, his eye  
 Glared with a ghastly hope, as he drew  
 nigh, 151

And cried aloud, Yes, Rajah ! it is I !  
 And wilt thou kill me now ?

The countenance of the Almighty Man  
Fell when he knew Ladurlad, and his  
 brow

Was clouded with despite, as one  
 ashamed.

That wretch again ! indignant he ex-  
 claim'd,

And smote his forehead, and stood  
 silently

Awhile in wrath : then, with ferocious  
 smile,

And eyes which seem'd to darken  
 his dark cheek, 160

Let him go free ! he cried ; he hath  
 his Curse,

And vengeance upon him can wreak  
 no worse . .

But ye who did not stop him . . tremble  
 ye !

11

He bade the archers pile their weapons  
 there :

No manly courage fill'd the slavish band,  
 No sweetening vengeance roused a brave  
 despair.

He call'd his horsemen then, and gave  
 command

To hem the offenders in, and hew them  
 down. [rear'd,

Ten thousand scymitars at once up-  
 Flash up, like waters sparkling to the  
 sun ; 170

A second time the fatal brands appear'd  
 Lifted aloft, . . they glitter'd then no  
 more,

Their light was gone, their splendour  
 quench'd in gore.

At noon the massacre begun,  
 And night closed in before the work of  
 death was done.

## IX. THE HOME-SCENE

1

THE steam of slaughter from that place  
 of blood

Spread o'er the tainted sky.

Vultures, for whom the Rajah's tyranny  
 So oft had furnish'd food, from far and  
 nigh

Sped to the lure : aloft with joyful cry,  
 Wheeling around, they hover'd over  
 head ;

Or, on the temple perch'd, with greedy  
 eye,

Impatient watch'd the dead.

Far off the tigers, in the inmost wood,  
 Heard the death shriek, and snuff'd the  
 scent of blood ; 10

They rose, and through the covert went  
 their way,

Couch'd at the forest edge, and waited  
 for their prey.

2

He who had sought for death went  
wandering on,  
The hope which had inspired his heart  
was gone,  
Yet a wild joyance still inflamed his face,  
A smile of vengeance, a triumphant glow.  
Where goes he ? . . . Whither should  
Ladurlad go !  
Unwittingly the wretch's footsteps trace  
Their wonted path toward his dwelling-  
place ;  
And wandering on, unknowing where, 20  
He starts like one surprised at finding  
he is there.

3

Behold his lowly home,  
By yonder broad-bough'd plane o'er-  
shaded :  
There Marriataly's Image stands,  
And there the garland twined by  
Kailyal's hands  
Around its brow hath faded.  
The peacocks, at their master's sight,  
Quick from the leafy thatch alight,  
And hurry round, and search the ground,  
And veer their glancing necks from side  
to side, 30  
Expecting from his hand  
Their daily dole which erst the Maid  
supplied,  
Now all too long denied.

4

But as he gazed around,  
How strange did all accustom'd sights  
appear !  
How differently did each familiar sound  
Assail his alter'd ear !  
Here stood the marriage bower,  
Rear'd in that happy hour  
When he, with festal joy and youthful  
pride, 40  
Had brought Yedillian home, his  
beauteous bride.

Leaves not its own, and many a  
borrow'd flower,  
Had then bedeck'd it, withering ere the  
night ;  
But he who look'd from that auspicious  
day  
For years of long delight,  
And would not see the marriage bower  
decay, [eare,  
There planted and nurst up, with daily  
The sweetest herbs that scent the  
ambient air,  
And train'd them round to live and  
flourish there.

Nor when dread Yamen's will 50  
Had call'd Yedillian from his arms away  
Ceased he to tend the marriage bower,  
but still,  
Sorrowing, had drest it like a pious rite  
Due to the monument of past delight.

5

He took his wonted seat before the  
door, . . .  
Even as of yore,  
When he was wont to view with placid  
eyes,  
His daughter at her evening sacrifice.  
Here were the flowers which she so  
carefully  
Did love to rear for Marriataly's brow :  
Neglected now, 61  
Their heavy heads were drooping, over-  
blown :  
All else appear'd the same as heretofore,  
All . . . save himself alone ;  
How happy then, . . . and now a wretch  
for evermore !

6

The market-flag which hoisted high,  
From far and nigh,  
Above yon cocoa grove is seen,  
Hangs motionless amid the sultry sky.  
Loud sounds the village drum ; a happy  
crowd 70

Is there ; Ladurlad hears their distant  
voices,

But with their joy no more his heart  
rejoices ; [fare,  
And how their old companion now may  
Little they know, and less they care ;  
The torment he is doom'd to bear  
Was but to them the wonder of a day,  
A burthen of sad thoughts soon put  
away.

## 7

They knew not that the wretched man  
was near, [ear,  
And yet it seem'd, to his distemper'd  
As if they wrong'd him with their merri-  
ment. 80

Resentfully he turn'd away his eyes,  
Yet turn'd them but to find  
Sights that enraged his mind  
With envious grief more wild and over-  
powering.

The tank which fed his fields was there,  
and there

The large-leaved lotus on the waters  
flowering.

There, from the intolerable heat  
The buffaloes retreat ;

Only their nostrils raised to meet the air,  
Amid the sheltering element they rest.

Impatient of the sight, he closed his  
eyes, 91

And bow'd his burning head, and in  
despair

Calling on Indra, . . Thunder-God ! he  
said,

Thou owest to me alone this day thy  
throne,

Be grateful, and in mercy strike me  
dead.

## 8

Despair had roused him to that hopeless  
prayer,

Yet thinking on the heavenly Powers,  
his mind

Drew comfort ; and he rose and gather'd  
flowers,

And twined a crown for Marriataly's  
brow ;

And taking then her wither'd garland  
down, 100

Replaced it with the blooming coronal.  
Not for myself, the unhappy Father  
cried,

Not for myself, O Mighty One ! I pray,  
Accursed as I am beyond thy aid !

But, oh ! be gracious still to that dear  
Maid

Who crown'd thee with these garlands  
day by day,

And danced before thee aye at even-tide  
In beauty and in pride.

O Marriataly, wheresoe'er she stray  
Forlorn and wretched, still be thou her  
guide ! 110

## 9

A loud and fiendish laugh replied,  
Scoffing his prayer. Aloft, as from the  
air,

The sound of insult came : he look'd,  
and there

The visage of dead Arvalan came forth,  
Only his face amid the clear blue sky,

Withlong-drawn lips of insolent mockery,  
And eyes whose lurid glare

Was like a sulphur fire,

Mingling with darkness ere its flames  
expire.

## 10

Ladurlad knew him well : enraged to  
see 120

The cause of all his misery,  
He stoop'd and lifted from the ground  
A stake, whose fatal point was black  
with blood ;

The same wherewith his hand had dealt  
the wound,

When Arvalan, in hour with evil fraught,  
For violation seized the shrieking Maid.



Thus arm'd, in act again to strike he  
stood,

And twice with inefficient wrath essay'd  
To smite the impassive shade.

The lips of scorn their mockery-laugh  
renew'd, 130

And Arvalan put forth a hand and  
caught [light,

The sunbeam, and condensing there its  
Upon Ladurlad turn'd the burning  
stream.

Vain cruelty! the stake  
Fell in white ashes from his hold, but he  
Endured no added pain; his agony  
Was full, and at the height;

The burning stream of radiance nothing  
harm'd him;

A fire was in his heart and brain,  
And from all other flame 140

Kehama's Curse had charm'd him.

## 11

Anon the Spirit waved a second hand;  
Down rush'd the obedient whirlwind  
from the sky,

Scoop'd up the sand like smoke, and  
from on high,

Shed the hot shower upon Ladurlad's  
head. there;

Where'er he turns, the accursed Hand is  
East, West, and North, and South, on  
every side

The Hand accursed waves in air to  
guide

The dizzying storm; ears, nostrils, eyes,  
and mouth

It fills and choaks, and clogging every  
pore, 150

Taught him new torments might be  
yet in store.

Where shall he turn to fly? behold his  
house [bower,

In flames! uprooted lies the marriage-  
The Goddess buried by the sandy  
shower.

Blindly, with staggering step, he reels  
about,

And still the accursed Hand pursued,  
And still the lips of scorn their mockery-  
laugh renew'd.

## 12

What, Arvalan! hast thou so soon  
forgot [defy

The grasp of Pollear? Wilt thou still  
The righteous Powers of heaven? or  
know'st thou not 160

That there are yet superior Powers on  
high, [flight,

Son of the Wicked? . . . Lo, in rapid  
Ereenia hastens from the etherial height,  
Bright is the sword celestial in his hand;

Like lightning in its path athwart  
the sky,

He comes and drives, with angel-arm,  
the blow.

Oft have the Asuras, in the wars of  
Heaven,

Felt that keen sword by arm angelic  
driven,

And fled before it from the fields of light.  
Thrice through the vulnerable shade

The Glendoveer impels the griding  
blade, 171

The wicked Shade flies howling from his  
foe.

So let that Spirit foul

Fly, and for impotence of anger, howl,  
Writhing with anguish, and his wounds  
deplore; [served,

Worse punishment hath Arvalan de-  
And righteous Fate hath heavier doom  
in store.

## 13

Not now the Glendoveer pursues his  
flight;

He bade the Ship of Heaven alight,  
And gently there he laid 180

The astonish'd Father by the happy  
Maid,

The Maid now shedding tears of deep  
 delight. [eyes,  
 Beholding all things with incredulous  
 Still dizzy with the sand-storm, there  
 he lay, [Bark  
 While sailing up the skies, the living  
 Through air and sunshine held its  
 heavenly way.

## X. MOUNT MERU

## 1

SWIFT through the sky the vessel of the  
 Suras

Sails up the fields of ether like an Angel.  
 Rich is the freight, O Vessel, that thou  
 bearest!

Beauty and Virtue,

Fatherly cares and filial veneration,  
 Hearts which are proved and strength-  
 en'd by affliction,

Manly resentment, fortitude and action,  
 Womanly goodness;

All with which Nature halloweth her  
 daughters,

Tenderness, truth, and purity and  
 meekness, 10

Piety, patience, faith and resignation,  
 Love and devotement.

Ship of the Gods, how richly art thou  
 laden!

Proud of the charge, thou voyagest  
 rejoicing,

Clouds float around to honour thee, and  
 Evening.

Lingers in heaven.

## 2

A Stream descends on Meru mountain;  
 None hath seen its secret fountain;

It had its birth, so Sages say,  
 Upon the memorable day 20

When Parvati presumed to lay,  
 In wanton play,

Her hands, too venturesome Goddess, in  
 her mirth,  
 On Seeva's eyes, the light and life of  
 Earth.

Thereat the heart of the Universe stood  
 still:

The Elements ceased their influences;  
 the Hours

Stopt on the eternal round; Motion  
 and Breath,

Time, Change, and Life and Death,  
 In sudden trance oppress, forgot their  
 powers.

A moment, and the dread eclipse was  
 ended; 30

But at the thought of Nature thus  
 suspended,

The sweat on Seeva's forehead stood,  
 And Ganges thence upon the world  
 descended,

The Holy River, the Redeeming Flood.

## 3

None hath seen its secret fountain;

But on the top of Meru Mountain  
 Which rises o'er the hills of earth,  
 In light and clouds, it hath its mortal  
 birth.

Earth seems that pinnacle to rear  
 Sublime above this worldly sphere, 40

Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne;  
 And there the new-born River lies

Outspread beneath its native skies,  
 As if it there would love to dwell

Alone and unapproachable.

Soon flowing forward, and resign'd

To the will of the Creating Mind,

It springs at once, with sudden leap,

Down from the immeasurable steep.

From rock to rock, with shivering force  
 rebounding, 50

The mighty cataract rushes; Heaven  
 around,

Like thunder, with the incessant roar  
 resounding,

And Meru's summit shaking with the  
sound.

Wide spreads the snowy foam, the  
sparkling spray

Dances aloft ; and ever there at  
morning

The earliest sunbeams haste to wing  
their way, [adorning ;

With rainbow wreaths the holy stream  
And duly the adoring Moon at night

Sheds her white glory there,

And in the watery air <sup>60</sup>

Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.

4

A mountain-valley in its blessed breast  
Receives the stream, which there  
delights to lie,

Untroubled and at rest

Beneath the untainted sky.

There in a lovely lake it seems to sleep,  
And thence through many a channel  
dark and deep,

Their secret way the holy Waters wind,  
Till, rising underneath the root

Of the Tree of Life on Hemakoot, <sup>70</sup>

Majestic forth they flow to purify man-  
kind.

5

Towards this Lake, above the nether  
sphere,

The living Bark with angel eye

Directs its course along the obedient sky.

Kehama hath not yet dominion here ;

And till the dreaded hour,

When Indra by the Rajah shall be driven  
Dethroned from Heaven,

Here may Ladurlad rest beyond his  
power.

6

The living Bark alights ; the Glen-  
doveer <sup>80</sup>

Then lays Ladurlad by the blessed  
Lake ; . . [Daughter !

O happy Sire, and yet more happy

The ethereal gales his agony aslake,  
His daughter's tears are on his cheek,

His hand is in the water ;

The innocent man, the man opprest,  
Oh joy ! . . hath found a place of rest

Beyond Kehama's sway ;

The Curse extends not here ; his pains  
have pass'd away.

7

O happy Sire, and happy Daughter ! <sup>90</sup>  
Ye on the banks of that celestial water  
Your resting place and sanctuary have  
found.

What ! hath not then their mortal taint  
defiled

The sacred solitary ground ?

Vain thought ! the Holy Valley smiled  
Receiving such a Sire and Child ;

Ganges, who seem'd asleep to lie,

Beheld them with benignant eye,

And rippled round melodiously,

And roll'd her little waves, to meet  
And welcome their beloved feet. <sup>101</sup>

The gales of Swerga thither fled,

And heavenly odours there were shed

About, below, and overhead ;

And Earth rejoicing in their tread,  
Hath built them up a blooming Bower,

Where every amaranthine flower

Its deathless blossom interweaves

With bright and undecaying leaves.

8

Three happy beings are there here, <sup>110</sup>  
The Sire, the Maid, the Glendoveer.

A fourth approaches, . . who is this

That enters in the Bower of Bliss ?

No form so fair might painter find

Among the daughters of mankind ;

For death her beauties hath refined,

And unto her a form hath given

Framed of the elements of Heaven ;

Pure dwelling place for perfect mind.

She stood and gazed on Sire and Child ;

Her tongue not yet had power to speak,

The tears were streaming down her  
 cheek ; 122  
 And when those tears her sight beguiled,  
 And still her faltering accents fail'd,  
 The Spirit, mute and motionless,  
 Spread out her arms for the caress,  
 Made still and silent with excess  
 Of love and painful happiness.

## 9

The Maid that lovely form survey'd ;  
 Wistful she gazed, and knew her not,  
 But Nature to her heart convey'd 131  
 A sudden thrill, a startling thought,  
 A feeling many a year forgot,  
 Now like a dream anew recurring,  
 As if again in every vein  
 Her mother's milk was stirring,  
 With straining neck and earnest eye  
 She stretch'd her hands imploringly,  
 As if she fain would have her nigh,  
 Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,  
 At once with love and awe oppress. 141  
 Not so Ladurlad ; he could trace,  
 Though brighten'd with angelic grace,  
 His own Yedillian's earthly face ;  
 He ran and held her to his breast !  
 Oh joy above all joys of Heaven,  
 By Death alone to others given,  
 This moment hath to him restored  
 The early-lost, the long-deplored.

## 10

They sin who tell us Love can die. 150  
 With life all other passions fly,  
 All others are but vanity.  
 In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell ;  
 Earthly these passions of the Earth,  
 They perish where they have their birth ;  
 But Love is indestructible.  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven re-  
 turneth ;  
 Too oft on Earth a troubled guest, 160  
 At times deceived, at times oppress,

It here is tried and purified,  
 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest :  
 It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest time of Love is there.

## 11

Oh ! when a Mother meets on high  
 The Babe she lost in infancy,  
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
 The day of woe, the watchful night,  
 For all her sorrow, all her tears, 170  
 An over-payment of delight ?

## 12

A blessed family is this  
 Assembled in the Bower of Bliss !  
 Strange woe, Ladurlad, hath been thine,  
 And pangs beyond all human measure,  
 And thy reward is now divine,  
 A foretaste of eternal pleasure.  
 He knew indeed there was a day  
 When all these joys would pass away,  
 And he must quit this blest abode ; 180  
 And, taking up again the spell,  
 Groan underneath the baleful load,  
 And wander o'er the world again  
 Most wretched of the sons of men :  
 Yet was this brief repose, as when  
 A traveller in the Arabian sands,  
 Half-fainting on his sultry road,  
 Hath reach'd the water-place at last ;  
 And resting there beside the well,  
 Thinks of the perils he has past, 190  
 And gazes o'er the unbounded plain,  
 The plain which must be traversed still,  
 And drinks, . . yet cannot drink his fill ;  
 Then girds his patient loins again.  
 So to Ladurlad now was given  
 New strength, and confidence in heaven,  
 And hope, and faith invincible.

## 13

For often would Ereenia tell  
 Of what in elder days befell, 199  
 When other Tyrants in their might,  
 Usurp'd dominion o'er the earth ;  
 And Veeshnoo took a human birth,



Deliverer of the Sons of men,  
 And slew the huge Ermaccasen,  
 And piece-meal rent, with lion force,  
 Errenen's accursed corse,  
 And humbled Baly in his pride ;  
 And when the Giant Ravanen  
 Had borne triumphant from his side  
 Sita, the earth-born God's beloved bride,  
 Then from his island-kingdom, laugh'd  
 to scorn <sup>211</sup>  
 The insulted husband, and his power  
 defied ; [hied,  
 How to revenge the wrong in wrath he  
 Bridging the sea before his dreadful way,  
 And met the hundred-headed foe,  
 And dealt him the unerring blow ;  
 By Brama's hand the righteous lance  
 was given,

And by that arm immortal driven,  
 It laid the mighty Tyrant low ;  
 And Earth and Ocean, and high Heaven,  
 Rejoiced to see his overthrow. <sup>221</sup>  
 Oh ! doubt not thou, Yedillian cried,  
 Such fate Kehama will betide ;  
 For there are Gods who look below, . .  
 Seeva, the Avenger, is not blind,  
 Nor Veeshnoo careless for mankind.

14

Thus was Ladurlad's soul imbued  
 With hope and holy fortitude ;  
 And Child and Sire, with pious mind,  
 Alike resolved, alike resign'd, <sup>230</sup>  
 Look'd onward to the evil day :  
 Faith was their comfort, Faith their  
 stay ;  
 They trusted woe would pass away,  
 And Tyranny would sink subdued,  
 And Evil yield to Good.

15

Lovely wert thou, O Flower of Earth !  
 Above all flowers of mortal birth ;  
 But foster'd in this blissful bower,  
 From day to day, and hour to hour,  
 Lovelier grew the lovely flower. <sup>240</sup>

O blessed, blessed company !  
 When men and heavenly spirits greet,  
 And they whom Death had sever'd meet,  
 And hold again communion sweet ; . .  
 O blessed, blessed company !

16

The Sun, careering round the sky,  
 Beheld them with rejoicing eye,  
 And bade his willing Charioteer  
 Relax his speed as they drew near ;  
 Arounin check'd the rainbow reins,  
 The seven green coursers shook their  
 manes, <sup>251</sup>  
 And brighter rays around them threw ;  
 The Car of Glory in their view  
 More radiant, more resplendent grew ;  
 And Surya<sup>1</sup>, through his veil of light,  
 Beheld the Bower, and blest the sight.

17

The Lord of Night, as he sail'd by,  
 Stay'd his pearly boat on high ;  
 And while around the blissful Bower  
 He bade the softest moonlight flow,  
 Linger'd to see that earthly flower,  
 Forgetful of his Dragon foe, <sup>262</sup>  
 Who, mindful of their ancient feud,  
 With open jaws of rage pursued.

18

There all good Spirits of the air,  
 Suras and Devetas repair ;  
 Aloft they love to hover there,  
 And view the flower of mortal birth  
 Here for her innocence and worth,  
 Transplanted from the fields of earth ; . .  
 And him, who on the dreadful day  
 When Heaven was fill'd with consterna-  
 tion, <sup>272</sup>  
 And Indra trembled with dismay,  
 And for the sounds of joy and mirth,  
 Woe was heard and lamentation,  
 Defied the Rajah in his pride,

<sup>1</sup> Surya, the Sun.



Of her dead Mother there might  
 strengthen her, [lore,  
 Feeding her with the milk of heavenly  
 And influxes of Heaven imbue her heart  
 With hope and faith, and holy  
 fortitude, 350  
 Against the evil day. Hero rest a while  
 In peace, O father! mark'd for misery  
 Above all sons of men; O daughter!  
 doom'd  
 For sufferings and for trials above all  
 Of women; . . yet both favour'd,  
 both beloved [peace.  
 By all good Powers, rest here a while in

## XI. THE ENCHANTRESS

1

WHEN from the sword by arm angelic  
 driven,  
 Foul Arvalan fled howling, wild in pain,  
 His thin essential spirit, rent and riven  
 With wounds, united soon and heal'd  
 again;  
 Backward the accursed turn'd his eye  
 in flight, [then,  
 Remindful of revengeful thoughts even  
 And saw where, gliding through the  
 evening light,  
 The Ship of Heaven sail'd upward  
 through the sky, [sight.  
 Then, like a meteor, vanish'd from his  
 Where should he follow? vainly might  
 he try 10  
 To trace through trackless air its rapid  
 course,  
 Nor dared he that angelic arm defy,  
 Still sore and writhing from its dreaded  
 force.

2

Should he the lust of vengeance lay  
 aside?  
 Too long had Arvalan in ill been train'd;  
 Nurst up in power and tyranny and pride,

His soul the ignominious thought  
 disdain'd.  
 Or to his mighty Father should he go,  
 Complaining of defeature twice  
 sustain'd,  
 And ask new powers to meet the im-  
 mortal foe? . . 20  
 Repulse he fear'd not, but he fear'd  
 rebuke,  
 And shamed to tell him of his overthrow.  
 There dwelt a dread Enchantress in  
 a nook [been,  
 Obscure; old helpmate she to him had  
 Lending her aid in many a secret sin;  
 And there for counsel now his way  
 he took.

3

She was a woman, whose unlovely youth,  
 Even like a canker'd rose which none  
 will cull,  
 Had wither'd on the stalk; her heart  
 was full  
 Of passions which had found no natural  
 scope, 30  
 Feelings which there had grown but  
 ripen'd not,  
 Desires unsatisfied, abortive hope,  
 Repinings which provoked vindictive  
 thought:  
 These restless elements for ever wrought  
 Fermenting in her with perpetual stir,  
 And thus her spirit to all evil moved;  
 She hated men because they loved not  
 her,  
 And hated women because they were  
 loved.  
 And thus, in wrath and hatred and  
 despair,  
 She tempted Hell to tempt her; and  
 resign'd 40  
 Her body to the Demons of the Air,  
 Wicked and wanton fiends, who where  
 they will  
 Wander abroad, still seeking to do ill,

And take whatever vacant form they  
find, [left,  
Carcase of man or beast that life hath  
Foul instrument for them of fouler mind.  
To these the Witch her wretched body  
gave,

So they would wreak her vengeance on  
mankind ;

She thus at once their mistress and  
their slave ;

And they to do such service nothing  
loth, 50  
Obey'd her bidding, slaves and masters  
both.

4

So from this cursed intercourse she  
caught  
Contagious power of mischief, and was  
taught

Such secrets as are damnable to guess.  
Is there a child whose little lovely ways  
Might win all hearts, . . on whom his  
parents gaze [ness ?

Till they shed tears of joy and tender-  
Oh ! hide him from that Witch's  
withering sight !

Oh ! hide him from the eye of Lorrinite !  
Her look hath crippling in it, and her  
curse 60

All plagues which on mortality can light ;  
Death is his doom if she behold, . . or  
worse, . .

Diseases loathsome and incurable,  
And inward sufferings that no tongue  
can tell.

5

Woe was to him, on whom that eye of  
hate [Fate,  
Was bent ; for, certain as the stroke of  
It did its mortal work, nor human arts  
Could save the unhappy wretch, her  
chosen prey ;

For gazing, she consumed his vital parts,  
Eating his very core of life away. 70

The wine which from yon wounded palm  
on high  
Fills yonder gourd, as slowly it distils,  
Grows sour at once if Lorrinite pass by.  
The deadliest worm from which all  
creatures fly

Fled from the deadlier venom of her eye ;  
The babe unborn, within its mother's  
womb,  
Started and trembled when the Witch  
came nigh ;

And in the silent chambers of the tomb,  
Death shudder'd her unholy tread to  
hear,

And from the dry and mouldering bones  
did fear 80

Force a cold sweat, when Lorrinite  
was near.

6

Power made her haughty : by ambition  
fired,  
Ere long to mightier mischiefs she  
aspired.

The Calis, who o'er Cities rule unseen,  
Each in her own domain a Demon Queen,  
And there adored with blood and  
human life,

They knew her, and in their accurst  
employ

She stirr'd up neighbouring states to  
mortal strife.

Sani, the dreadful God, who rides abroad  
Upon the King of the Ravens, to  
destroy 90

The offending sons of men, when his  
four hands

Were weary with their toil, would let  
her do

His work of vengeance upon guilty lands ;  
And Lorrinite, at his commandment,  
knew

When the ripe earthquake should be  
loosed, and where [air

To point its course. And in the baneful



The pregnant seeds of death he bade her  
 strew,  
 All deadly plagues and pestilence to  
 brew.  
 The Locusts were her army, and their  
 bands,  
 Where'er she turn'd her skinny finger,  
 flew. 100  
 The floods in ruin roll'd at her  
 commands ;  
 And when, in time of drought, the  
 husbandman  
 Beheld the gather'd rain about to fall,  
 Her breath would drive it to the desert  
 sands, [soil  
 While in the marshes' parch'd and gaping  
 The rice-roots by the searching Sun  
 were dried,  
 And in lean groups, assembled at the  
 side  
 Of the empty tank, the cattle dropt  
 and died ; [wide  
 And Famine, at her bidding, wasted  
 The wretched land, till, in the public  
 way, 110  
 Promiscuous where the dead and dying  
 lay,  
 Dogs fed on human bones in the open  
 light of day.

7

Her secret cell the accursed Arvalan,  
 In quest of vengeance, sought, and thus  
 began.

Mighty mother ! mother wise !  
 Revenge me on my enemies.

LORRINITE

Comest thou, son, for aid to me ?  
 Tell me who have injured thee,  
 Where they are, and who they be :  
 Of the Earth, or of the Sea, 120  
 Or of the aerial company ?  
 Earth, nor Sea, nor Air is free  
 From the powers who wait on me,  
 And my tremendous witchery.

ARVALAN

She for whom so ill I sped,  
 Whom my Father deemeth dead,  
 Lives, for Marriataly's aid  
 From the water saved the Maid.  
 In hatred I desire her still,  
 And in revenge would have my will.  
 A Deveta with wings of blue, 131  
 And sword whose edge even now I rue,  
 In a Ship of Heaven on high,  
 Pilots her along the sky.  
 Where they voyage thou canst tell,  
 Mistress of the mighty spell.

8

At this the Witch, through shrivell'd  
 lips and thin,  
 Sent forth a sound half whistle and half  
 hiss.

Two winged Hands came in,  
 Armless and bodiless, 140  
 Bearing a globe of liquid crystal, set  
 In frame as diamond bright, yet black  
 as jet. [night  
 A thousand eyes were quench'd in endless  
 To form that magic globe ; for Lorrinite  
 Had, from their sockets, drawn the  
 liquid sight,  
 And kneaded it, with re-creating skill,  
 Into this organ of her mighty will.  
 Look in yonder orb, she cried,  
 Tell me what is there desiered.

9

ARVALAN

A mountain top, in clouds of light  
 Enveloped, rises on my sight ; 151  
 Thence a cataract rushes down,  
 Hung with many a rainbow crown ;  
 Light and clouds conceal its head ;  
 Below, a silver Lake is spread ;  
 Upon its shores a Bower I see,  
 Fit home for blessed company.  
 See they come forward, . . one, two,  
 three, . .

The last a Maiden, . . it is she ! 159  
 The foremost shakes his wings of blue,  
 'Tis he whose sword even yet I rue ;  
 And in that other one I know  
 The visage of my deadliest foe.  
 Mother, let thy magic might  
 Arm me for the mortal fight ;  
 Helm and shield and mail afford,  
 Proof against his dreaded sword.  
 Then will I invade their seat,  
 Then shall vengeance be complete.

## 10

## LORRINITE

Spirits who obey my will, 170  
 Hear him, and his wish fulfil !  
 So spake the mighty Witch, nor farther  
 spell  
 Needed ; anon a sound, like smother'd  
 thunder,  
 Was heard, slow rolling under ;  
 The solid pavement of the cell  
 Quaked, heaved, and cleft asunder,  
 And at the feet of Arvalan display'd,  
 Helmet and mail, and shield and  
 scymitar, were laid.

## 11

The Asuras, often put to flight  
 And scatter'd in the fields of light  
 By their foes' celestial might, 181  
 Forged this enchanted armour for the  
 fight.  
 'Mid fires intense did they anneal,  
 In mountain furnaces, the quivering  
 steel, [hue,  
 Till, trembling through each deepening  
 It settled in a midnight blue ;  
 Last they cast it, to aslake,  
 In the penal icy lake.  
 Then they consign'd it to the Giant  
 brood ;  
 And while they forged the impenetrable  
 arms, 190

The Evil Powers, to oversee them, stood,  
 And there imbued  
 The work of Giant strength with magic  
 charms.

Foul Arvalan, with joy, survey'd  
 The crescent sabre's cloudy blade,  
 With deeper joy the impervious mail,  
 The shield and helmet of avail.  
 Soon did he himself array,  
 And bade her speed him on his way.

## 12

Then she led him to the den, 200  
 Where her chariot, night and day,  
 Stood harness'd ready for the way.  
 Two Dragons, yoked in adamant, convey  
 The magic car ; from either collar  
 sprung  
 An adamantine rib, which met in air,  
 O'er-arch'd, and crost and bent diverging  
 there,  
 And firmly in its arc upbore,  
 Upon their brazen necks, the seat of  
 power.  
 Arvalan mounts the car, and in his hand  
 Receives the magic reins from Lorrinite ;  
 The dragons, long obedient to command,  
 Their ample sails expand ; 212  
 Like steeds well-broken to fair lady's  
 hand,  
 They feel the reins of might,  
 And up the northern sky begin their  
 flight.

## 13

Son of the Wicked, doth thy soul delight  
 To think its hour of vengeance now is  
 nigh ?  
 Lo ! where the far-off light  
 Of Indra's palace flashes on his sight,  
 And Meru's heavenly summit shines on  
 high, 220  
 With clouds of glory bright,  
 Amid the dark-blue sky.  
 Already, in his hope, doth he espy,

Himself secure in mail of tenfold charms,  
 Ereenia writhing from the magic blade,  
 The Father sent to bear his Curse, . . the  
 Maid

Resisting vainly in his impious arms.

14

Ah, Sinner! whose anticipating soul  
 Incurs the guilt even when the crime is  
 spared!

Joyous toward Meru's summit on he  
 fared, 230

While the twin Dragons, rising as  
 he guides, [the pole.

With steady flight, steer northward for  
 Anon, with irresistible controul,

Force mightier far than his arrests their  
 course;

It wrought as though a Power unseen  
 had caught

Their adamantine yokes to drag them on.  
 Straight on they bend their way, and  
 now, in vain,

Upward doth Arvalan direct the rein;  
 The rein of magic might avails no more,  
 Bootless its strength against that unseen

Power 240

That in their mid career,  
 Hath seized the Chariot and the  
 Charioteer.

With hands resisting, and down-pressing  
 feet

Upon their hold insisting,

He struggles to maintain his difficult  
 seat.

Seeking in vain with that strange Power  
 to vie,

Their doubled speed the affrighted  
 Dragons try.

Forced in a stream from whence was no  
 retreat,

Strong as they are, behold them whirl'd  
 along,

Headlong, with useless pennons, through  
 the sky. 250

15

What Power was that, which, with  
 resistless might,

Foil'd the dread magic thus of  
 Lorrinite?

'Twas all-commanding Nature . . They  
 were here

Within the sphere of the adamantine  
 rocks

Which gird Mount Meru round, as far  
 below

That heavenly height where Ganges  
 hath its birth

Involved in clouds and light,  
 So far above its roots of ice and snow.

16

On . . on they roll . . rapt headlong they  
 roll on; . .

The lost canoe, less rapidly than this,  
 Down the precipitous stream is whirl'd

along 261

To the brink of Niagara's dread abyss.

On . . on they roll, and now, with  
 shivering shock,

Are dash'd against the rock that girds  
 the Pole.

Down from his shatter'd mail the  
 unhappy Soul

Is dropt, . . ten thousand thousand  
 fathoms down, . .

Till in an ice-rift, 'mid the eternal snow,  
 Foul Arvalan is stopt. There let him

howl,

Groan there, . . and there with unavail-  
 ing moan,

For aid on his Almighty Father call.

17

All human sounds are lost 271

Amid those deserts of perpetual frost,  
 Old Winter's drear domain,

Beyond the limits of the living World,  
 Beyond Kehama's reign.

Of utterance and of motion soon bereft,  
Frozen to the ice-rock, there behold him  
lie,

Only the painful sense of Being left,  
A Spirit who must feel, and cannot die,  
Bleaching and bare beneath the polar  
sky. 280

## XII. THE SACRIFICE COMPLETED

### 1

O YE who, by the Lake  
On Meru Mount, partake  
The joys which Heaven hath destined  
for the blest,

Swift, swift, the moments fly,  
The silent hours go by,

And ye must leave your dear abode of  
rest.

O wretched Man, prepare  
Again thy Curse to bear!

Prepare, O wretched Maid, for farther  
woe!

The fatal hour draws near, 10  
When Indra's heavenly sphere  
Must own the Tyrant of the World  
below.

To-day the hundredth Steed,  
At Seeva's shrine must bleed,  
The dreadful sacrifice is full to-day;  
Nor man nor God hath power,

At this momentous hour,  
Again to save the Swerga from his sway.

Fresh woes, O Maid divine,  
Fresh trials must be thine: 20

And what must thou, Ladurlad, yet  
endure!

But let your hearts be strong,  
And rise against all wrong,  
For Providence is just, and virtue is  
secure.

### 2

They, little deeming that the fatal day  
Was come, beheld where through the  
morning sky

A Ship of Heaven drew nigh.  
Onward they watch it steer its steady  
flight;

Till wondering, they espy 29  
Old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods, alight.  
But when Ereenia saw the Sire appear,  
At that unwonted and unwelcome sight  
His heart received a sudden shock of  
fear:

Thy presence doth its doleful tidings tell,  
O Father! cried the startled Glendoveer,  
The dreadful hour is near! I know  
it well! [Gods

Not for less import would the Sire of  
Forsake his ancient and august abodes.

### 3

Even so, serene the immortal Sire replies;  
Soon like an earthquake will ye feel the  
blow 40

Which consummates the mighty sacri-  
fice:

And this World, and its Heaven, and all  
therein,

Are then Kehama's. To the second ring  
Of these seven Spheres, the Swerga-  
King,

Even now, prepares for flight,  
Beyond the circle of the conquer'd world  
Beyond the Rajah's might.

Ocean, that clips this inmost of the  
Spheres,

And girds it round with everlasting roar,  
Set like a gem appears 50

Within that bending shore.  
Thither fly all the Sons of heavenly race:

I too forsake mine ancient dwelling-  
place. [go:

And now, O Child and Father, ye must  
Take up the burthen of your woe,  
And wander once again below.



With patient heart hold onward to the  
end, . .

Be true unto yourselves, and bear in  
mind [friend ;  
That every God is still the good Man's  
And when the Wicked have their day  
assign'd, 60  
Then they who suffer bravely save  
mankind.

## 4

Oh tell me, cried Ereenia, for from thee  
Nought can be hidden, when the end  
will be !

Seek not to know, old Casyapa replied,  
What pleaseth Heaven to hide.

Dark is the abyss of Time,  
But light enough to guide your steps is  
given ;

Whatever weal or woe betide,  
Turn never from the way of truth aside,  
And leave the event, in holy hope, to  
Heaven. 70

The moment is at hand, no more delay,  
Ascend the ethereal bark, and go your  
way ;

And Ye, of heavenly nature, follow me.

## 5

The will of Heaven be done, Ladurlad  
cried,

Nor more the man replied ;  
But placed his daughter in the ethereal  
bark,

Then took his seat beside.  
There was no word at parting, no adieu.  
Down from that empyreal height they  
flew :

One groan Ladurlad breathed, yet  
utter'd not, 80

When, to his heart and brain,  
The fiery Curse again like lightning shot.  
And now on earth the Sire and Child  
alight,

Up soar'd the Ship of Heaven, and  
sail'd away from sight.

## 6

O ye immortal Bowers,  
Where hitherto the Hours  
Have led their dance of happiness for  
aye,

With what a sense of woe  
Do ye expect the blow,  
And see your heavenly dwellers driven  
away ! 90

Lo ! where the annay-birds of graceful  
mien,

Whose milk-white forms were seen,  
Lovely as Nymphs, your ancient trees  
between,

And by your silent springs,  
With melancholy cry

Now spread unwilling wings ;  
Their stately necks reluctant they  
pretend,

And through the sullen sky,  
To other worlds, their mournful progress  
bend.

## 7

The affrighted gales to-day 100  
O'er their beloved streams no longer  
play,

The streams of Paradise have ceased to  
flow ;

The Fountain-Tree withholds its  
diamond shower,

In this portentous hour. . . this universal  
This dolorous hour, . . this universal  
woe.

Where is the Palace, whose far-flashing  
beams,

With streaks and streams of ever-  
varying light,

Brighten'd the polar night  
Around the frozen North's extremest  
shore ?

Gone like a morning rainbow, . . like  
a dream, . . 110

A star that shoots and falls, and then is  
seen no more.

8

Now! now! . . . Before the Golden  
Palaces,  
The Bramin strikes the inevitable hour.  
The fatal blow is given,  
That over Earth and Heaven  
Confirms the Almighty Rajah in his  
power.

All evil Spirits then,  
That roam the World about,  
Or wander through the sky,

Set up a joyful shout. 120

The Asuras and the Giants join the cry ;  
The damn'd in Padalon acclaim  
Their hoped Deliverer's name ;  
Heaven trembles with the thunder-  
drowning sound ;

Back starts affrighted Ocean from the  
shore, [floor

And the adamantine vaults and brazen  
Of Hell are shaken with the roar.

Up rose the Rajah through the con-  
quer'd sky,

To seize the Swerga for his proud abode ;  
Myriads of evil Genii round him fly, 130

As royally on wings of winds he rode,  
And scaled high Heaven, triumphant  
like a God.

### XIII. THE RETREAT

1

AROUND her Father's neck the Maiden  
lock'd

Her arms, when that portentous blow  
was given ; [uproar,

Clinging to him she heard the dread  
And felt the shuddering shock which  
ran through Heaven ;

Earth underneath them rock'd,  
Her strong foundations heaving in com-  
motion,

Such as wild winds upraise in raving  
Ocean,

As though the solid base were rent  
asunder. [sky,  
And lo! where, storming the astonish'd  
Kehama and his evil host ascend! 10  
Before them rolls the thunder,  
Ten thousand thousand lightnings  
round them fly,  
Upward the lengthening pageantries  
aspire,  
Leaving from Earth to Heaven a widen-  
ing wake of fire.

2

When the wild uproar was at length  
allay'd,

And Earth recovering from the shock  
was still,

Thus to her father spake the imploring  
Maid : [borne

Oh! by the love which we so long have  
Each other, and we ne'er shall cease to  
bear, . . .

Oh! by the sufferings we have shared,  
And must not cease to share, . . . 21

One boon I supplicate in this dread hour,  
One consolation in this hour of woe!

Father, thou hast it in thy power,  
Thou wilt not, Father, sure refuse me  
now [know.

The only comfort my poor heart can

3

O dearest, dearest Kailyal! with a  
smile

Of tenderness and anguish, he replied,  
O best beloved, and to be loved the best,  
Best worthy, . . . set thy duteous heart  
at rest. 30

I know thy wish, and let what will  
betide,

Ne'er will I leave thee wilfully again.  
My soul is strengthen'd to endure its  
pain ; [guide ;

Be thou in all my wanderings, still my  
Be thou, in all my sufferings, at my side.

4

The Maiden, at those welcome words,  
imprest

A passionate kiss upon her father's  
cheek ! [seek

They look'd around them then as if to  
Where they should turn, North, South,  
or East, or West,

Wherever to their vagrant feet seem'd  
best. 40

But, turning from the view her mournful  
eyes, [cries,

Oh, whither should we wander, Kailyal  
Or wherefore seek in vain a place of rest?

Have we not here the Earth beneath  
our tread,

Heaven overhead,

A brook that winds through this  
sequester'd glade,

And yonder woods, to yield us fruit and  
shade ?

The little all our wants require is nigh ;  
Hope we have none ; . . why travel

on in fear ?

We cannot fly from Fate, and Fate will  
find us here. 50

5

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,  
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,  
And in the midst an aged Banian grew.

It was a goodly sight to see

That venerable tree,

For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,  
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty  
head ;

And many a long depending shoot,  
Seeking to strike its root,

Straight like a plummet, grew towards  
the ground. 60

Some on the lower boughs which crost  
their way,

Fixing their bearded fibres, round and  
round, [wound ;

With many a ring and wild contortion

Some to the passing wind at times, with  
sway

Of gentle motion swung ;

Others of younger growth, unmoved,  
were hung

Like stone-drops from the cavern's  
fretted height ;

Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,  
Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the  
natural floor,

And through the leafy cope which  
bower'd it o'er 70

Came gleams of chequer'd light.

So like a temple did it seem, that there  
A pious heart's first impulse would be  
prayer.

6

A brook, with easy current, murmur'd  
near ;

Water so cool and clear [well,

The peasants drink not from the humble  
Which they with sacrifice of rural pride,  
Have wedded to the cocoa-grove beside ;

Nor tanks of costliest masonry dispense  
To those in towns who dwell, 80

The work of Kings, in their beneficence.  
Fed by perpetual springs, a small lagoon,

Pellucid, deep and still, in silence join'd  
And swell'd the passing stream. Like  
burnish'd steel

Glowing, it lay beneath the eye of noon ;  
And when the breezes in their play,

Ruffled the darkening surface, then  
with gleam

Of sudden light, around the lotus stem  
It rippled, and the sacred flowers that  
crown

The lakelet with their roseate beauty,  
ride 90

In easy waving rock'd, from side to side ;  
And as the wind upheaves

Their broad and buoyant weight, the  
glossy leaves [down.

Flap on the twinkling waters, up and

## 7

They built them here a bower, of jointed  
cane, [long

Strong for the needful use, and light and  
Was the slight framework rear'd, with  
little pain; [supply,

Lithe creepers, then, the wicker sides  
And the tall jungle-grass fit roofing gave  
Beneath the genial sky. 100

And here did Kailyal, each returning  
day, [pay

Pour forth libations from the brook to  
The Spirits of her Sires their grateful rite;

In such libations pour'd in open  
glades,

Beside clear streams and solitary shades,  
The Spirits of the virtuous dead delight.

And duly here, to Marriataly's praise,  
The Maid, as with an angel's voice  
of song,

Poured her melodious lays  
Upon the gales of even, 110

And gliding in religious dance along,  
Moved graceful as the dark-eyed Nymphs  
of Heaven,

Such harmony to all her steps was given.

## 8

Thus ever, in her Father's doating eye,  
Kailyal perform'd the customary rite;  
He, patient of his burning pain the  
while,

Beheld her, and approved her pious toil;  
And sometimes at the sight

A melancholy smile  
Would gleam upon his awful coun-  
tenance. 120

He too by day and night, and every  
hour,

Paid to a higher Power his sacrifice;  
An offering, not of ghee, or fruit, and  
rice,

Flower-crown, or blood; but of a heart  
subdued,

A resolute, unconquer'd fortitude,

An agony repress, a will resign'd,  
To her, who, on her secret throne  
reclined,

Amid the Sea of Milk, by Veeshnoo's side,  
Looks with an eye of mercy on mankind.

By the Preserver, with his power  
endued, 130

There Voomdavee beholds this lower  
clime, [good,

And marks the silent sufferings of the  
To recompense them in her own good  
time.

## 9

O force of faith! O strength of virtuous  
will!

Behold him in his endless martyrdom,  
Triumphant still!

The Curse still burning in his heart and  
brain,

And yet doth he remain

Patient the while, and tranquil, and  
content!

The pious soul hath framed unto itself  
A second nature, to exist in pain 141  
As in its own allotted element.

## 10

Such strength the will reveal'd had given  
This holy pair, such influxes of grace,

That to their solitary resting place

They brought the peace of Heaven.

Yea, all around was hallow'd! Danger,  
Fear,

Nor thought of evil ever enter'd here.

A charm was on the Leopard when he  
came

Within the circle of that mystic glade;  
Submiss he crouch'd before the heavenly  
maid, 151

And offer'd to her touch his speckled  
side; [head,

Or with arch'd back erect, and bending  
And eyes half-closed for pleasure, would  
he stand,

Courting the pressure of her gentle hand.



11

Trampling his path through wood and  
 brake,  
 And canes which crackling fall before his  
 way, [play  
 And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers  
 O'ertopping the young trees,  
 On comes the Elephant, to slake 160  
 His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.  
 Lo! from his trunk upturn'd, aloft he  
 flings

The grateful shower; and now  
 Plucking the broad-leaved bough  
 Of yonder plane, with wavey motion  
 slow,

Fanning the languid air,  
 He moves it to and fro.

But when that form of beauty meets his  
 sight,

The trunk its undulating motion stops,  
 From his forgetful hold the plane-branch  
 drops, 170

Reverent he kneels, and lifts his rational  
 eyes

To her as if in prayer;

And when she pours her angel voice in  
 song, [notes,

Entranced he listens to the thrilling  
 Till his strong temples, bathed with  
 sudden dews,

Their fragrance of delight and love  
 diffuse.

12

Lo! as the voice melodious floats  
 around,

The Antelope draws near,

The Tigress leaves her toothless cubs to  
 hear;

The Snake comes gliding from the secret  
 brake, 180

Himself in fascination forced along

By that enchanting song;

The antic Monkeys, whose wild gambols  
 late,

When not a breeze waved the tall jungle  
 grass,  
 Shook the whole wood, are hush'd, and  
 silently

Hang on the cluster'd tree.

All things in wonder and delight are still;  
 Only at times the Nightingale is heard,  
 Not that in emulous skill that sweetest  
 bird

Her rival strain would try, 190  
 A mighty songster, with the Maid to vie;  
 She only bore her part in powerful  
 sympathy.

13

Well might they thus adore that heavenly  
 Maid!

For never Nymph of Mountain,  
 Or Grove, or Lake, or Fountain,  
 With a diviner presence fill'd the shade.  
 No idle ornaments deface  
 Her natural grace,

Musk-spot, nor sandal-streak, nor scarlet  
 stain,

Ear-drop nor chain, nor arm nor  
 ankle-ring, 200

Nor trinketry on front, or neck, or breast  
 Marring the perfect form: she seem'd  
 a thing

Of Heaven's prime uncorrupted work,  
 a child

Of early nature undefiled,  
 A daughter of the years of innocence.  
 And therefore all things loved her. When  
 she stood

Beside the glassy pool, the fish, that flies  
 Quick as an arrow from all other eyes,  
 Hover'd to gaze on her. The mother  
 bird,

When Kailyal's step she heard, 210  
 Sought not to tempt her from her secret  
 nest,

But hastening to the dear retreat,  
 would fly  
 To meet and welcome her benignant eye.

14

Hope we have none, said Kailyal to her  
Sire. [Maid

Said she aright? and had the mortal  
No thoughts of heavenly aid, . .

No secret hopes her inmost heart to  
move [desire,

With longings of such deep and pure  
As Vestal Maids, whose piety is love,  
Feel in their ecstasies, when rapt above,  
Their souls unto their heavenly Spouse  
aspire? 221

Why else so often doth that searching  
eye

Roam through the scope of sky?

Why, if she sees a distant speck on high,  
Starts there that quick suffusion to her  
cheek?

'Tis but the Eagle in his heavenly height;  
Reluctant to believe, she hears his cry.

And marks his wheeling flight,  
Then pensively averts her mournful  
sight.

Why ever else, at morn, that waking  
sigh, 230

Because the lovely form no more is nigh  
Which hath been present to her soul all  
night;

And that injurious fear

Which ever, as it riseth, is repress,  
Yet riseth still within her troubled  
breast, [veer!

That she no more shall see the Glendo-

15

Hath he forgotten me? The wrong-  
ful thought

Would stir within her, and though still  
repell'd

With shame and self-reproaches,  
would recur.

Days after days unvarying come and go,  
And neither friend nor foe 241

Approaches them in their sequester'd  
bower.

Maid of strange destiny! but think not  
thou

Thou art forgotten now,  
And hast no cause for farther hope or  
fear;

High-fated Maid, thou dost not know  
What eyes watch over thee for weal and  
woe!

Even at this hour,

Searching the dark decrees divine,  
Kehama, in the fulness of his power,  
Perceives his thread of fate entwine with  
thine. 251

The Glendoveer, from his far sphere,  
With love that never sleeps, beholds thee  
here,

And in the hour permitted will be near.  
Dark Lorrinite on thee hath fix'd her  
sight,

And laid her wiles, to aid

Foul Arvalan when he shall next appear;  
For well she ween'd his Spirit would  
renew [hate;

Old vengeance now, with unremitting  
The Enchantress well that evil nature  
knew, 260

The accursed Spirit hath his prey in  
view;

And thus, while all their separate  
hopes pursue,

All work, unconsciously, the will of Fate.

16

Fate work'd its own the while. A band  
Of Yoguees, as they roam'd the land  
Seeking a spouse for Jaga-Naut their  
God,

Stray'd to this solitary glade,  
And reach'd the bower wherein the  
Maid abode.

Wondering at form so fair, they deem'd  
the Power

Divine had led them to his chosen bride,  
And seized and bore her from her  
Father's side. 271

## XIV. JAGA-NAUT

1

Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut !  
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine !

A virgin-bride his ministers have  
brought,

A mortal maid, in form and face divine,  
Peerless among all daughters of  
mankind ;

Search'd they the world again from East  
to West,

In endless quest,

Seeking the fairest and the best,  
No maid so lovely might they hope to  
find ; . .

For she hath breathed celestial air, 'o  
And heavenly food hath been her fare,  
And heavenly thoughts and feelings give  
her face

That heavenly grace.

Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut,  
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine !  
The fairest Maid his Yoguees sought,

A fairer than the fairest have they  
brought,

A maid of charms surpassing human  
thought,

A maid divine.

2

Now bring ye forth the Chariot of the  
God ! 20

Bring him abroad,

That through the swarming City he may  
ride ;

And by his side

Place ye the Maid of more than mortal  
grace,

The Maid of perfect form and heavenly  
face ;

Set her aloft in triumph, like a bride

Upon the Bridal Car,

And spread the joyful tidings wide and  
far, . .

Spread it with trump and voice  
That all may hear, and all who hear  
rejoice, . . 30

Great Jaga-Naut hath found his mate !  
the God

Will ride abroad !

To-night will he go forth from his abode !

Ye myriads who adore him,

Prepare the way before him !

3

Uprear'd on twenty wheels elate,  
Huge as a Ship, the Bridal Car appear'd ;  
Loud creak its ponderous wheels, as  
through the gate [load.

A thousand Bramins drag the enormous  
There throned aloft in state, 40

The Image of the seven-headed God  
Came forth from his abode ; and at his  
side

Sate Kailyal like a bride.

A bridal statue rather might she seem,  
For she regarded all things like a dream,  
Having no thought, nor fear, nor will,  
nor aught

Save hope and faith, that lived within  
her still.

4

O silent night, how have they startled  
thee

With the brazen trumpet's blare ;  
And thou, O Moon ! whose quiet light  
serene 50

Filleth wide heaven, and bathing hill  
and wood, [flood,

Spreads o'er the peaceful valley like a  
How have they dimm'd thee with the  
torches' glare,

Which round yon moving pageant flame  
and flare,

As the wild rout, with deafening song  
and shout,

Fling their long flashes out,  
That, like infernal lightnings, fire the air.

## 5

A thousand pilgrims strain  
 Arm, shoulder, breast and thigh, with  
 might and main,  
 To drag that sacred wain, 60  
 And scarce can draw along the enormous  
 load.

Prone fall the frantic votaries in its road,  
 And calling on the God,  
 Their self-devoted bodies there they lay  
 To pave his chariot-way.

On Jaga-Naut they call,  
 The ponderous Car rolls on, and crushes  
 all.

Through flesh and bones it ploughs its  
 dreadful path.

Groans rise unheard: the dying cry,  
 And death and agony 70  
 Are trodden under foot by yon mad  
 throng,

Who follow close, and thrust the deadly  
 wheels along.

## 6

Pale grows the Maid at this accursed  
 sight;  
 The yells which round her rise  
 Have roused her with affright,  
 And fear hath given to her dilated eyes  
 A wilder light.

Where shall those eyes be turn'd? she  
 knows not where!

Downward they dare not look, for  
 there

Is death, and horror, and despair; 80  
 Nor can her patient looks to Heaven  
 repair,

For the huge Idol over her, in air,  
 Spreads his seven hideous heads, and  
 wide

Extends their snaky necks on every side;

And all around, behind, before,

The Bridal Car, is the raging rout,

With frantic shout, and deafening roar,  
 Tossing the torches' flames about.

And the double double peals of the drum  
 are there,  
 And the startling burst of the trumpet's  
 blare; 90

And the gong, that seems, with its  
 thunders dread

To astound the living, and waken the  
 dead. [rent,

The ear-strings throb as if they were  
 And the eyelids drop as stunned  
 and spent. [fast,

Fain would the Maid have kept them  
 But open they start at the crack of the  
 blast.

## 7

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia!  
 where

In this dread hour of horror and despair?  
 Thinking on him, she strove her fear to  
 quell,

If he be near me, then will all be well;  
 And, if he reck not for my misery,  
 Let come the worst, it matters not to  
 me. 102

Repel that wrongful thought,  
 O Maid! thou feelest, but believest it  
 not;

It is thine own imperfect nature's fault  
 That lets one doubt of him arise within;  
 And this the Virgin knew; and like  
 a sin,

Repell'd the thought, and still believed  
 him true;

And summon'd up her spirit to endure  
 All forms of fear, in that firm trust  
 secure. 110

## 8

She needs that faith, she needs that  
 consolation,  
 For now the Car hath measured back its  
 track  
 Of death, and hath re-enter'd now its  
 station.



There, in the Temple-court with song  
and dance,  
A harlot-band, to meet the Maid,  
advance.

The drum hath ceased its peals; the  
trump and gong  
Are still; the frantic crowd forbear their  
yells;  
And sweet it was to hear the voice of  
song,  
And the sweet music of their girdle-bells,  
Armlets and anklets, that, with cheerful  
sound, 120  
Symphonious tinkled as they wheel'd  
around.

## 9

They sung a bridal measure,  
A song of pleasure,  
A hymn of joyaunce and of gratulation.  
Go, chosen One, they cried,  
Go, happy bride!  
For thee the God descends in expecta-  
tion!

For thy dear sake  
He leaves his Heaven, O Maid of match-  
less charms!  
Go, happy One, the bed divine partake,  
And fill his longing arms! 131  
Thus to the inner fane,  
With circling dance and hymeneal strain,  
The astonish'd Maid they led,  
And there they laid her on the bridal bed.  
Then forth they go, and close the  
Temple-gate,  
And leave the wretched Kailyal to her  
fate.

## 10

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,  
where?  
From the loathed bed she starts, and  
in the air  
Looks up, as if she thought to find him  
there; 140

Then, in despair,  
Anguish and agony, and hopeless  
prayer,  
Prostrate she laid herself upon the floor.  
There trembling as she lay,  
The Bramin of the fane advanced  
And came to seize his prey.  
But as the abominable Priest drew nigh,  
A power invisible opposed his way;  
Starting, he utter'd wildly a death-cry,  
And fell. At that the Maid all eagerly  
Lifted in hope her head; 151  
She thought her own deliverer had been  
near;

When lo! with other life re-animate,  
She saw the dead arise,  
And in the fiendish joy within his eyes,  
She knew the hateful Spirit who  
look'd through  
Their specular orbs, . . . clothed in the  
flesh of man,  
She knew the accursed soul of Arvalan.

## 11

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,  
where?  
But not in vain, with sudden shriek  
of fear, 160  
She calls Ereenia now; the Glendoveer  
Is here! Upon the guilty sight he burst  
Like lightning from a cloud, and caught  
the accurst,  
Bore him to the roof aloft, and on the  
floor  
With vengeance dash'd him, quivering  
there in gore.  
Lo! from the pregnant air, . . . heart-  
withering sight,  
There issued forth the dreadful Lorrinite.  
Seize him! the Enchantress cried;  
A host of Demons at her word appear,  
And like tornado winds, from every side  
At once they rush upon the Glendoveer.  
Alone against a legion, little here 172  
Avails his single might,

Nor that celestial faulchion, which in  
 fight  
 So oft had put the rebel race to flight.  
 There are no Gods on earth to give  
 him aid ;  
 Hemm'd round, he is overpower'd, beat  
 down, and bound,  
 And at the feet of Lorrinite is laid.

## 12

Meantime the scatter'd members of the  
 slain,  
 Obedient to her mighty voice assum'd  
 Their vital form again, 181  
 And that foul Spirit upon vengeance  
 bent,  
 Flew to the fleshly tenement.  
 Lo ! here, quoth Lorrinite, thou seest  
 thy foe !  
 Him in the Ancient Sepulchres, below  
 The billows of the Ocean will I lay ;  
 Gods are there none to help him now,  
 and there  
 For Man there is no way.  
 To that dread scene of durance and  
 despair,  
 Asuras, bear your enemy ! I go 190  
 To chain him in the Tombs. Meantime  
 do thou,  
 Freed from thy foe, and now secure from  
 fear,  
 Son of Kehama, take thy pleasure here.

## 13

Her words the accursed race obey'd ;  
 Forth with a sound like rushing winds  
 they fled,  
 And of all aid from Earth or Heaven  
 bereft,  
 Alone with Arvalan the Maid was left.  
 But in that hour of agony, the Maid  
 Deserted not herself ; her very dread  
 Had calm'd her ; and her heart 200  
 Knew the whole horror, and its only  
 part.

Yamen, receive me undefiled ! she said,  
 And seized a torch, and fired the bridal  
 bed.

Up ran the rapid flames ; on every side  
 They find their fuel wheresoe'er they  
 spread ;  
 Thin hangings, fragrant gums, and  
 odorous wood,  
 That piled like sacrificial altars stood.  
 Around they run, and upward they  
 aspire, [fire.  
 And, lo ! the huge Pagoda lined with

## 14

The wicked Soul, who had assumed  
 again 210  
 A form of sensible flesh for his foul will,  
 Still bent on base revenge and baffled  
 still,  
 Felt that corporeal shape alike to pain  
 Obnoxious as to pleasure : forth he  
 flew, [flame ;  
 Howling and scorch'd by the devouring  
 Accursed Spirit ! Still condemn'd to rue,  
 The act of sin and punishment the same.  
 Freed from his loathsome touch, a  
 natural dread  
 Came on the self-devoted, and she drew  
 Back from the flames, which now toward  
 her spread, 220  
 And, like a living monster, seem'd to dart  
 Their hungry tongues toward their  
 shrinking prey.  
 Soon she subdued her heart ;  
 O Father ! she exclaim'd, there was  
 no way  
 But this ! And thou, Ereenia, who for  
 me [pany.  
 Sufferest, my soul shall bear thee com-

15

So having said, she knit  
 Her body up to work her soul's desire,  
 And rush at once among the thickest  
 fire.

A sudden cry withheld her, . . . Kailyal,  
stay ! 230

Child ! Daughter ! I am here ! the  
voice exclaims,  
And from the gate, unharm'd, through  
smoke and flames,  
Like as a God, Ladurlad made his way ;  
Wrapt his preserving arms around,  
and bore  
His Child, uninjured, o'er the burning  
floor.

## XV. THE CITY OF BALY

## 1

KAILYAL  
Ereenia !

LADURLAD

Nay, let no reproachful thought  
Wrong his heroic heart ! The Evil  
Powers

Have the dominion o'er this wretched  
World, [here.

And no good Spirit now can venture

KAILYAL

Alas, my Father ! he hath ventured  
here,

And saved me from one horror. But the  
Powers

Of Evil beat him down, and bore away  
To some dread scene of durance and  
despair ;

The Ancient Tombs, methought their  
mistress said, 10

Beneath the ocean-waves ; no way for  
Man

Is there ; and Gods, she boasted, there  
are none

On Earth to help him now.

LADURLAD

Is that her boast ?

And hath she laid him in the Ancient  
Tombs,

Relying that the Waves will guard him  
there ? [ness,

Short-sighted are the eyes of Wicked-  
And all its craft but folly. Oh my child !  
The Curses of the Wicked are upon me,  
And the immortal Deities, who see 20  
And suffer all things for their own wise  
end,

Have made them blessings to us !

KAILYAL

Then thou knowest

Where they have borne him ?

LADURLAD

To the Sepulchres

Of the Ancient Kings, which Baly in his  
power

Made in primeval times ; and built  
above them

A City, like the Cities of the Gods,  
Being like a God himself. For many an  
age

Hath Ocean warr'd against his Palaces,  
Till, overwhelm'd, they lie beneath the  
waves, 31

Not overthrown, so well the awful Chief  
Had laid their deep foundations. Rightly  
said

The Accursed, that no way for man was  
there,

But not like man am I !

## 2

Up from the ground the Maid exultant  
sprung,

And clapp'd her happy hands in attitude  
Of thanks to Heaven, and flung

Her arms around her Father's neck, and  
stood

Struggling awhile for utterance, with  
excess 40

Of hope and pious thankfulness.

Come . . . come ! she cried, Oh let us not  
delay, . . . [away !

He is in torments there, . . . away ! . .

## 3

Long time they travell'd on ; at dawn  
 of day  
 Still setting forward with the earliest  
 light,  
 Nor ceasing from their way  
 Till darkness closed the night.  
 Short refuge from the noontide heat,  
 Reluctantly compell'd, the Maiden took,  
 And ill her indefatigable feet 50  
 Could that brief respite brook.  
 Hope kept her up, and her intense desire  
 Supports that heart which ne'er at  
 danger quails,  
 Those feet which never tire,  
 That frame which never fails.

## 4

Their talk was of the City of the days  
 Of old, Earth's wonder once, and of the  
 fame  
 Of Baly its great founder, . . he whose  
 name  
 In ancient story and in poet's praise,  
 Liveth and flourisheth for endless  
 glory, 60  
 Because his might  
 Put down the wrong, and aye upheld  
 the right.  
 Till for ambition, as old sages tell,  
 At length the universal Monarch fell :  
 For he too, having made the World his  
 own,  
 Then in his pride, had driven  
 The Devetas from Heaven,  
 And seized triumphantly the Swerga  
 throne.  
 The Incarnate came before the Mighty  
 One,  
 In dwarfish stature, and in mien obscure ;  
 The sacred cord he bore, 71  
 And ask'd, for Brama's sake, a little  
 boon, [more.  
 Three steps of Baly's ample reign, no

Poor was the boon required, and poor  
 was he  
 Who begg'd, . . a little wretch it seem'd  
 to be ; [prayer.  
 But Baly ne'er refused a suppliant's  
 He on the Dwarf cast down  
 A glance of pity in contemptuous mood,  
 And bade him take the boon,  
 And measure where he would. 80

## 5

Lo, Son of giant birth,  
 I take my grant ! the Incarnate Power  
 replies.  
 With his first step he measured o'er  
 the Earth,  
 The second spann'd the skies.  
 Three paces thou hast granted,  
 Twice have I set my footstep, Veeshnoo  
 cries,  
 Where shall the third be planted ?

## 6

Then Baly knew the God, and at his feet,  
 In homage due, he laid his humbled head.  
 Mighty art thou, O Lord of Earth  
 and Heaven, 90  
 Mighty art thou ! he said,  
 Be merciful, and let me be forgiven.  
 He ask'd for mercy of the Merciful,  
 And mercy for his virtue's sake was  
 shown.  
 For though he was cast down to Padalon,  
 Yet there, by Yamen's throne,  
 Doth Baly sit in majesty and might,  
 To judge the dead, and sentence them  
 aright.  
 And forasmuch as he was still the friend  
 Of righteousness, it is permitted him,  
 Yearly, from those drear regions to  
 ascend, 101  
 And walk the Earth, that he may hear  
 his name  
 Still hymn'd and honour'd by the  
 grateful voice  
 Of humankind, and in his fame rejoice.



7

Such was the talk they held upon their  
way,

Of him to whose old City they were  
bound; [day

And now, upon their journey, many a  
Had risen and closed, and many a  
week gone round,

And many a realm and region had they  
pass'd,

When now the Ancient Towers appear'd  
at last. 110

8

Their golden summits in the noon-day  
light,

Shone o'er the dark green deep that  
roll'd between,

For domes, and pinnacles, and spires  
were seen

Peering above the sea, . . a mournful  
sight!

Well might the sad beholder ween  
from thence

What works of wonder the devouring  
wave

Had swallow'd there, when monuments  
so brave

Bore record of their old magnificence.  
And on the sandy shore, beside the

verge

Of Ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn  
fane 120

Resisted in its strength the surf and  
surge

That on their deep foundations beat in  
vain.

In solitude the Ancient Temples stood,  
Once resonant with instrument and  
song,

And solemn dance of festive multitude;  
Now as the weary ages pass along,

Hearing no voice save of the Ocean flood,  
Which roars for ever on the restless  
shores;

Or, visiting their solitary caves,

The lonely sound of winds, that moan  
around 130

Accordant to the melancholy waves.

9

With reverence did the travellers see  
The works of ancient days, and silently  
Approach the shore. Now on the  
yellow sand,

Where round their feet the rising surges  
part,

They stand. Ladurlad's heart  
Exulted in his wondrous destiny.

To Heaven he raised his hand  
In attitude of stern heroic pride;

Oh what a power, he cried, 140  
Thou dreadful Rajah, doth thy curse  
impart!

I thank thee now! . . Then turning  
to the Maid,

Thou seest how far and wide  
Yon Towers extend, he said,

My search must needs be long. Mean-  
time the flood

Will cast thee up thy food, . .

And in the Chambers of the Rock by  
night,

Take thou thy safe abode.

No prowling beast to harm thee, or  
affright,

Can enter there; but wrap thyself with  
with care 150

From the foul Birds obscene that thirst  
for blood;

For in such caverns doth the Bat delight  
To have its haunts. Do thou with stone  
and shout,

Ere thou liest down at evening, scare  
them out,

And in this robe of mine involve thy  
feet.

Duly commend us both to Heaven  
in prayer, [sweet!

Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be

## 10

So saying, he put back his arm, and gave  
The cloth which girt his loins, and press'd  
her hand

With fervent love, then from the sand  
Advanced into the sea ; the coming

Wave 161

Which knew Kehama's curse, before his  
way

Started, and on he went as on dry land,  
And still around his path the waters  
parted.

She stands upon the shore, where sea-  
weeds play,

Lashing her polish'd ankles, and the  
spray [fled,

Which off her Father, like a rainbow,  
Falls on her like a shower ; there Kailyal  
stands,

And sees the billows rise above his head.  
She at the startling sight forgot the

power 170

The Curse had given him, and held forth  
her hands

Imploringly, . . her voice was on the  
wind,

And the deaf Ocean o'er Ladurlad closed.  
Soon she recall'd his destiny to mind,

And shaking off that natural fear,  
composed

Her soul with prayer, to wait the event  
resign'd.

## 11

Alone, upon the solitary strand,

The lovely one is left ; behold her go,  
Pacing with patient footsteps, to and fro,

Along the bending sand. 180

Save her, ye Gods ! from Evil Powers,  
and here

From man she need not fear :

For never Traveller comes near

These awful ruins of the days of yore,  
Nor fisher's bark, nor venturous mariner,

Approach the sacred shore.

All day, she walk'd the beach, at night  
she sought

The Chamber of the Rock ; with stone  
and shout

Assail'd the Bats obscene, and scared  
them out ;

Then in her Father's robe involved her  
feet, 190

And wrapt her mantle round to guard  
her head,

And laid her down ; the rock was  
Kailyal's bed, [sky,

Her chamber-lamps were in the starry  
The winds and waters were her lullaby.

## 12

Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be  
sweet,

Ladurlad said : . . Alas ! that cannot be  
To one whose days are days of misery.

How often did she stretch her hands to  
greet

Ercenia, rescued in the dreams of night !  
How oft amid the vision of delight,

Fear in her heart all is not as it seems ;  
Then from unsettled slumber start, and

hear 202

The Winds that moan above, the Waves  
below !

Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep ! the  
friend of Woe, [so.

But 'tis the happy who have call'd thee

## 13

Another day, another night are gone,  
A second passes, and a third wanes on.

So long she paced the shore,

So often on the beach she took her stand,  
That the wild Sea-Birds knew her, and

no more 210

Fled, when she pass'd beside them on  
the strand. [light

Bright shine the golden summits in the  
Of the noon-sun, and lovelier far by

night [shed :

Their moonlight glories o'er the sea they

Fair is the dark-green deep: by night  
and day

Unvex'd with storms, the peaceful  
billows play,

As when they closed above Ladurlad's  
head;

The firmament above is bright and clear;  
The sea-fowl, lords of water, air, and  
land,

Joyous alike upon the wing appear,  
Or when they ride the waves, or walk  
the sand; 221

Beauty and light and joy are every  
where;

There is no sadness and no sorrow here,  
Save what that single human breast  
contains,

But oh! what hopes, and fears, and  
pains are there!

14

Seven miserable days the expectant  
Maid,

From earliest dawn till evening, watch'd  
the shore;

Hope left her then; and in her heart  
she said, [more.

Never should she behold her Father

## XVI. THE ANCIENT SEPULCHRES

1

WHEN the broad Ocean on Ladurlad's  
head

Had closed and arch'd him o'er,

With steady tread he held his way  
Adown the sloping shore.

The dark green waves with emerald hue,  
Imbue the beams of day,

And on the wrinkled sand below,

Rolling their mazy network to and fro,  
Light shadows shift and play. 9

The hungry Shark, at scent of prey,

Toward Ladurlad darted;

Beholding then that human form erect,

How like a God the depths he trod,

Appall'd the monster started,

And in his fear departed.

Onward Ladurlad went with heart elate,

And now hath reach'd the Ancient

City's gate.

2

Wondering he stood awhile to gaze

Upon the works of elder days.

The brazen portals open stood, 20

Even as the fearful multitude

Had left them, when they fled

Before the rising flood.

High over-head, sublime,

The mighty gateway's storied roof was  
spread,

Dwarfing the puny piles of younger time.

With the deeds of days of yore

That ample roof was sculptured o'er,

And many a godlike form there met his  
his eye,

And many an emblem dark of mystery.

Through these wide portals oft had

Baly rode 31

Triumphant from his proud abode,

When, in his greatness, he bestrode

The Aullay, hugest of four-footed kind,

The Aullay-Horse, that in his force,

With elephantine trunk, could bind

And lift the elephant, and on the wind

Whirl him away, with sway and swing.

Even like a pebble from the practised

sling.

3

Those streets which never, since the

days of yore, 40

By human footstep had been visited,

Those streets which never more

A human foot shall tread,

Ladurlad trod. In sun-light and sea-  
green,

The thousand Palaces were seen

Of that proud City, whose superb abodes  
Seem'd rear'd by Giants for the immortal  
Gods. [stand,

How silent and how beautiful they  
Like things of Nature! the eternal  
rocks

Themselves not firmer. Neither hath  
the sand 50

Drifted within their gates and choak'd  
their doors,

Nor slime defiled their pavements and  
their floors.

Did then the Ocean wage

His war for love and envy, not in rage,  
O thou fair City, that he spared thee  
thus?

Art thou Varounin's capital and court,  
Where all the Sea-Gods for delight  
resort,

A place too godlike to be held by us,  
The poor degenerate children of the  
Earth?

So thought Ladurlad, as he look'd  
around, 60

Weening to hear the sound  
Of Mermaid's shell, and song  
Of choral throng from some imperial  
hall,

Wherein the Immortal Powers at  
festival,

Their high carousals keep;

But all is silence dread,

Silence profound and dead,

The everlasting stillness of the Deep.

4

Through many a solitary street,  
And silent market-place, and lonely  
square, 70

Arm'd with the mighty Curse, behold  
him fare. [fane

And now his feet attain that royal  
Where Baly held of old his awful reign.

What once had been the Gardens  
spread around,

Fair Gardens, once which wore per-  
petual green,

Where all sweet flowers through all the  
year were found,

And all fair fruits were through all  
seasons seen;

A place of Paradise, where each device  
Of emulous Art with Nature strove to vie;

And Nature on her part, 80

Call'd forth new powers wherewith to  
vanquish Art. [eye,

The Swerga-God himself, with envious  
Survey'd those peerless gardens in their  
prime;

Nor ever did the Lord of Light,  
Who circles Earth and Heaven upon  
his way, [sight

Behold from eldest time a goodlier  
Than were the groves which Baly, in  
his might,

Made for his chosen place of solace  
and delight.

5

It was a Garden still beyond all price,  
Even yet it was a place of Paradise;  
For where the mighty Ocean could not  
spare, 91

There had he with his own creation,  
Sought to repair his work of devasta-  
tion.

And here were coral bowers,

And grots of madrepores,

And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to  
eye

As e'er was mossy bed

Whereon the Wood Nymphs lie  
With languid limbs in summer's sultry  
hours.

Here too were living flowers 100

Which, like a bud compacted,

Their purple cups contracted,

And now in open blossom spread,  
Stretch'd like green anthers many a  
seeking head.



And arborets of jointed stone were  
 there,  
 And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm's  
 thread; [hair  
 Yea, beautiful as Mermaid's golden  
 Upon the waves disspread.  
 Others that, like the broad banana  
 growing.  
 Raised their long wrinkled leaves of  
 purple hue, 110  
 Like streamers wide out-flowing.  
 And whatsoe'er the depths of Ocean  
 hide  
 From human eyes, Ladurlad there  
 espied,  
 Trees of the deep, and shrubs and  
 fruits and flowers,  
 As fair as ours,  
 Wherewith the Sea-Nymphs love their  
 locks to braid,  
 When to their father's hall, at festival  
 Repairing they, in emulous array,  
 Their charms display,  
 To grace the banquet, and the solemn  
 day. 120

## 6

The golden fountains had not ceased  
 to flow :  
 And where they mingled with the  
 briny Sea,  
 There was a sight of wonder and  
 delight,  
 To see the fish, like birds in air,  
 Above Ladurlad flying.  
 Round those strange waters they repair,  
 Their scarlet fins outspread and plying.  
 They float with gentle hovering there ;  
 And now upon those little wings,  
 As if to dare forbidden things, 130  
 With wilful purpose bent,  
 Swift as an arrow from a bow,  
 They shoot across, and to and fro,  
 In rapid glance, like lightning go  
 Through that unwonted element.

## 7

Almost in scenes so wondrous fair,  
 Ladurlad had forgot  
 The mighty cause which led him there ;  
 His busy eye was every where,  
 His mind had lost all thought ; 140  
 His heart, surrender'd to the joys  
 Of sight, was happy as a boy's.  
 But soon the awakening thought  
 recurs  
 Of him who in the Sepulchres,  
 Hopeless of human aid, in chains is  
 laid ;  
 And her who on the solitary shore,  
 By night and day her weary watch  
 will keep,  
 Till she shall see them issuing from  
 the deep.

## 8

Now hath Ladurlad reach'd the Court  
 Of the great Palace of the King ; its  
 floor 150  
 Was of the marble rock ; and there  
 before  
 The imperial door,  
 A mighty Image on the steps was  
 seen,  
 Of stature huge, of countenance serene.  
 A crown and sceptre at his feet were  
 laid ;  
 One hand a scroll display'd,  
 The other pointed there, that all might  
 see ;  
 My name is Death, it said,  
 In mercy have the Gods appointed me.  
 Two brazen gates beneath him night  
 and day 160  
 Stood open ; and within them you  
 behold  
 Descending steps, which in the living  
 stone  
 Were hewn, a spacious way  
 Down to the Chambers of the Kings  
 of old.

9

Trembling with hope, the adventurous  
man descended.

The sea-green light of day  
Not far along the vault extended ;  
But where the slant reflection ended,  
Another light was seen  
Of red and fiery hue, 170  
That with the water blended,  
And gave the secrets of the Tombs to  
view.

10

Deep in the marble rock, the Hall  
Of Death was hollow'd out, a chamber  
wide,  
Low-roof'd, and long ; on either side,  
Each in his own alcove, and on his  
throne, [hand  
The Kings of old were seated : in his  
Each held the sceptre of command,  
From whence, across that scene of  
endless night,  
A carbuncle diffused its everlasting  
light. 180

11

So well had the embalmers done their  
part [imbue  
With spice and precious unguents to  
The perfect corpse, that each had still  
the hue  
Of living man, and every limb was still  
Supple and firm and full, as when of  
yore  
Its motion answer'd to the moving will.  
The robes of royalty which once they  
wore,  
Long since had moulder'd off and left  
them bare : [there,  
Naked upon their thrones behold them  
Statues of actual flesh, . . a fearful  
sight ! 190  
Their large and rayless eyes  
Dimly reflecting to that gem-born light,

Glazed, fix'd, and meaningless, . . yet,  
open wide,  
Their ghastly balls belied  
The mockery of life in all beside.

12

But if amid these chambers drear,  
Death were a-sight of shuddering and  
of fear,  
Life was a thing of stranger horror  
here.  
For at the farther end, in yon alcove,  
Where Baly should have lain, had he  
obey'd 200  
Man's common lot, behold Ereenia laid.  
Strong fetters link him to the rock ;  
his eye  
Now rolls and widens, as with effort  
vain  
He strives to break the chain,  
Now seems to brood upon his misery.  
Before him couch'd there lay  
One of the mighty monsters of the  
deep,  
Whom Lorrinite encountering on the  
way,  
There station'd, his perpetual guard  
to keep ;  
In the sport of wanton power, she  
charm'd him there, 210  
As if to mock the Glendoveer's despair.

13

Upward his form was human, save  
that here  
The skin was cover'd o'er with scale  
on scale  
Compact, a panoply of natural mail.  
His mouth, from ear to ear,  
Weapon'd with triple teeth, extended  
wide,  
And tusks on either side ;  
A double snake below, he roll'd  
His supple length behind in many  
a sinuous fold.

14

With red and kindling eye, the Beast  
beholds 220

A living man draw nigh,  
And rising on his folds,

In hungry joy awaits the expected  
feast,

His mouth half-open, and his teeth  
unsheath'd. [arms

Then on he sprung, and in his scaly  
Seized him, and fasten'd on his neck,  
to suck,

With greedy lips the warm life-blood :  
and sure [charms,

But for the mighty power of magic  
As easily as, in the blithesome hour  
Of spring, a child doth crop the  
meadow-flower, 230

Piecemeal those claws

Had rent their victim, and those armed  
jaws [stood,

Snapt him in twain. Naked Ladurlad  
Yet fearless and unharmed in this  
dread strife,

So well Kehama's Curse had charm'd  
his fated life.

15

He too, . . . for anger, rising at the  
sight

Of him he sought, in such strange  
thrall confined,

With desperate courage fired Ladur-  
lad's mind, . . .

He too unto the fight himself address,  
And grappling breast to breast, 240

With foot firm-planted stands,  
And seized the monster's throat with  
both his hands.

Vainly, with throttling grasp, he prest  
The impenetrable scales ;

And lo ! the Guard rose up, and round  
his foe,

With gliding motion, wreath'd his  
lengthening coils,

Then tighten'd all their folds with  
stress and strain.

Nought would the raging Tiger's  
strength avail [toils ;  
If once involved within those mighty  
The arm'd Rhinoceros, so clasp'd, in  
vain 250

Had trusted to his hide of rugged mail.  
His bones all broken, and the breath  
of life

Crush'd from the lungs, in that un-  
equal strife. [break

Again, and yet again, he sought to  
The impassive limbs ; but when the  
Monster found

His utmost power was vain,  
A moment he relax'd in every round,  
Then knit his coils again with closer  
strain,

And, bearing forward, forced him to  
the ground.

16

Ereenia groan'd in anguish at the sight  
Of this dread fight : once more the  
Glendoveer 261

Essay'd to break his bonds, and fear  
For that brave father who had sought  
him here,

Stung him to wilder strugglings. From  
the rock

He raised himself half-up, with might  
and main

Pluck'd at the adamantine chain,  
And now with long and unrelaxing  
strain,

In obstinate effort of indignant strength,  
Labour'd and strove in vain ;  
Till his immortal sinews fail'd at length ;  
And yielding, with an inward groan,  
to fate, 271

Despairingly, he let himself again  
Fall prostrate on his prison-bed of  
stone, [weight.

Body and chain alike with lifeless

17

Struggling they lay in mortal fray  
All day, while day was in our upper  
sphere,

For light of day

And natural darkness never entered  
here ;

All night, with unabated might,  
They waged the unremitting fight.

A second day, a second night, <sup>281</sup>  
With furious will they wrestled still.

The third came on, the fourth is gone ;

Another comes, another goes,

And yet no respite, no repose !

But day and night, and night and day,

Involv'd in mortal strife they lay ;

Six days and nights have pass'd

away,

And still they wage, with mutual rage,

The unremitting fray. <sup>290</sup>

With mutual rage their war they wage,

But not with mutual will ;

For when the seventh morning came,

The monster's worn and wearied frame

In this strange contest fails ;

And weaker, weaker, every hour,

He yields beneath strong Nature's

power,

For now the Curse prevails.

18

Sometimes the Beast sprung up to bear

His foe aloft ; and trusting there <sup>300</sup>

To shake him from his hold,

Relax'd the rings that wreath'd him  
round ;

But on his throat Ladurlad hung

And weigh'd him to the ground ;

And if they sink, or if they float,

Alike with stubborn clasp he clung,

Tenacious of his grasp ;

For well he knew with what a power,

Exempt from Nature's laws, <sup>309</sup>

The Curse had arm'd him for this hour ;

And in the monster's gasping jaws,

And in his hollow eye,

Well could Ladurlad now descry

The certain signs of victory.

19

And now the Beast no more can keep

His painful watch ; his eyes, opprest,

Are fainting for their natural sleep ;

His living flesh and blood must rest,

The Beast must sleep or die.

Then he, full faint and languidly, <sup>320</sup>

Unwreathes his rings and strives to fly,

And still retreating, slowly trails

His stiff and heavy length of scales.

But that unweariable foe,

With will relentless follows still ;

No breathing time, no pause of fight

He gives, but presses on his flight ;

Along the vaulted chambers, and the

ascent

Up to the emerald-tinted light of day,

He harasses his way, <sup>330</sup>

Till lifeless, underneath his grasp,

The huge Sea-Monster lay.

20

That obstinate work is done ; Ladur-

lad cried,

One labour yet remains !

And thoughtfully he eyed

Ereenia's ponderous chains ;

And with faint effort, half-despairing,

tried

The rivets deep in-driven. Instinc-

tively,

As if in search of aid, he look'd around :

Oh, then how gladly, in the near

alcove, <sup>340</sup>

Fallen on the ground its lifeless Lord

beside,

The crescent scymitar he spied,

Whose cloudy blade, with potent spells

imbued,

Had lain so many an age unhurt in

solitude.



21

Joyfully springing there

He seized the weapon, and with eager  
strokeHew'd at the chain; the force was  
dealt in vain,For not as if through yielding air  
Pass'd the descending scymitar,Its deaden'd way the heavy water  
broke; 350Yet it bit deep. Again, with both his  
hands,He wields the blade, and dealt a surer  
blow.

The baser metal yields

To that fine edge, and lo! the  
GlendoveerRises and snaps the half-sever'd links,  
and stands

Freed from his broken bands.

## XVII. BALY

1

THIS is the appointed night,

The night of joy and consecrated mirth,  
When from his judgement-seat in  
Padalon,

By Yamen's throne,

Baly goes forth, that he may walk the  
Earth

Unseen, and hear his name

Still hymn'd and honour'd by the  
grateful voice

Of humankind, and in his fame rejoice.

Therefore from door to door, and  
street to street,

With willing feet, 10

Shaking their firebrands, the glad  
children run;

Baly! great Baly! they acclaim,

Where'er they run they bear the mighty  
name,

Where'er they meet,

Baly! great Baly! still their choral  
tongues repeat.Therefore at every door the votive  
flameThrough pendant lanterns sheds its  
painted light,And rockets hissing upward through the  
sky.

Fall like a shower of stars

From Heaven's black canopy. 20

Therefore, on yonder mountain's  
templed height,The brazen caldron blazes through  
the night.Huge as a Ship that travels the main  
seaIs that capacious brass; its wick as tall  
As is the mast of some great admiral.

Ten thousand votaries bring

Camphor and ghee to feed the sacred  
flame;And while, through regions round, the  
nations see

Its fiery pillar curling high in heaven,

Baly! great Baly! they exclaim, 30

For ever hallowed be his blessed name!

Honour and praise to him for ever  
more be given!

2

Why art not thou among the festive  
throng,Baly, O righteous Judge! to hear thy  
fame?Still, as of yore, with pageantry and  
song,

The glowing streets along,

They celebrate thy name;

Baly! great Baly! still

The grateful habitants of Earth  
acclaim,

Baly! great Baly! still 40

The ringing walls and echoing towers  
proclaim.

From yonder mountain the portentous  
flame

Still blazes to the nations as before ;  
All things appear to human eyes the  
same,

As perfect as of yore ;  
To human eyes, . . . but how unlike to  
thine !

Thine which were wont to see  
The Company divine,

That with their presence came to  
honour thee !

For all the blessed ones of mortal birth  
Who have been clothed with immor-  
tality, 51

From the eight corners of the Earth,  
From the Seven Worlds assembling, all  
Wont to attend thy solemn festival.

Then did thine eyes behold  
The wide air peopled with that glorious  
train ;

Now may'st thou seek the blessed  
ones in vain,

For Earth and Air are now beneath  
the Rajah's reign.

## 3

Therefore the righteous Judge hath  
walk'd the Earth

In sorrow and in solitude to-night. 60

The sound of human mirth

To him is no delight ;

He turns away from that ungrateful  
sight,

Hallowed not now by visitants divine,  
And there he bends his melancholy  
way

Where, in yon full-orb'd Moon's  
refulgent light,

The Golden Towers of his old City  
shine

Above the silver sea. The ancient Chief

There bent his way in grief,

As if sad thoughts indulged would  
work their own relief. 70

## 4

There he beholds upon the sand  
A lovely Maiden in the moonlight stand.

The land-breeze lifts her locks of jet,  
The waves around her polish'd ankles  
play,

Her bosom with the salt sea-spray is  
wet ;

Her arms are cross'd, unconsciously,  
to fold

That bosom from the cold,  
While statue-like she seems her watch  
to keep,

Gazing intently on the restless deep.

## 5

Seven miserable days had Kailyal  
there, 80

From earliest dawn till evening watch'd  
the deep ;

Six nights within the chamber of the  
rock,

Had laid her down, and found in  
prayer

That comfort which she sought in vain  
from sleep.

But when the seventh night came,  
Never should she behold her father  
more,

The wretched Maiden said in her  
despair ;

Yet would not quit the shore,  
Nor turn her eyes one moment from  
the sea ;

Never before 90  
Had Kailyal watch'd it so impatiently,

Never so eagerly had hoped before,  
As now when she believed, and said all  
hope was o'er.

## 6

Beholding her, how beautiful she stood,  
In that wild solitude,

Baly from his invisibility

Had issued then, to know her cause  
of woe ;

But that in the air beside her, he espied  
Two Powers of Evil for her hurt allied,  
Foul Arvalan and dreadful Lorrinite.  
Walking in darkness him they could not  
see 101

And marking with what demon-like  
delight  
They kept their innocent prey in sight,  
He waits, expecting what the end  
may be.

## 7

She starts; for lo! where floating  
many a rood,  
A Monster, hugest of the Ocean brood,  
Weltering and lifeless, drifts toward  
the shore.  
Backward she starts in fear before the  
flood,

And, when the waves retreat,  
They leave their hideous burthen at  
her feet. 110

## 8

She ventures to approach with timid  
tread,  
She starts, and half draws back in  
fear,  
Then stops, and stretches out her  
head,  
To see if that huge Beast indeed be  
dead.

Now growing bold, the Maid advances  
near,  
Even to the margin of the ocean-flood.  
Rightly she reads her Father's victory,  
And lifts her joyous hands exultingly  
To Heaven in gratitude.

Then spreading them toward the Sea,  
While pious tears bedim her streaming  
eyes, 121

Come! come! my Father, come to me,  
Ereania, come! she eries,  
Lo! from the opening deep they rise,  
And to Ladurlad's arms the happy  
Kailyal flies.

## 9

She turn'd from him, to meet with  
beating heart,  
The Glendoveer's embrace.  
Now turn to me, for mine thou art!  
Foul Arvalan exclaim'd; his loathsome  
face

Came forth, and from the air, 130  
In fleshly form, he burst.  
Always in horror and despair  
Had Kailyal seen that form and face  
accurst,

But yet so sharp a pang had ne'er  
Shot with a thrill like death through  
all her frame,  
As now when on her hour of joy the  
Spectre came.

## 10

Vain is resistance now,  
The fiendish laugh of Lorrinite is heard;  
And at her dreadful word,  
The Asuras once again appear, 140  
And seize Ladurlad and the Glendoveer.

## 11

Hold your accursed hands!  
A voice exclaim'd, whose dread com-  
mands [Padalon;  
Were fear'd through all the vaults of  
And there among them, in the mid-  
night air,

The presence of the mighty Baly shone.  
He, making manifest his mightiness,  
Put forth on every side an hundred  
arms,

And seized the Sorceress; maugre all  
her charms,  
Her and her fiendish ministers he  
caught 150

With force as uncontrollable as fate;  
And that unhappy Soul, to whom  
The Almighty Rajah's power availeth not  
Living to avert, nor dead to mitigate  
His righteous doom.

12

Help, help, Kehama ! Father, help !  
 he cried,  
 But Baly tarried not to abide  
 That mightier Power ; with irresistible  
 feet  
 He stamp'd and cleft the Earth ; it  
 open'd wide,  
 And gave him way to his own Judge-  
 ment-seat. <sup>160</sup>  
 Down, like a plummet, to the World  
 below  
 He sunk, and bore his prey  
 To punishment deserved, and endless  
 woe.

## XVIII. KEHAMA'S DESCENT

1

THE Earth, by Baly's feet divided,  
 Closed o'er his way as to the Judge-  
 ment-seat  
 He plunged and bore his prey.  
 Scarce had the shock subsided,  
 When, darting from the Swerga's  
 heavenly heights,  
 Kehama, like a thunderbolt, alights.  
 In wrath he came, a bickering flame  
 Flash'd from his eyes which made the  
 moonlight dim,  
 And passion forcing way from every  
 limb,  
 Like furnace-smoke, with terrors wrapt  
 him round. <sup>10</sup>  
 Furious he smote the ground ;  
 Earth trembled underneath the dread-  
 ful stroke,  
 Again in sunder riven ;  
 He hurl'd in rage his whirling weapon  
 down.  
 But lo ! the fiery sheckra to his feet  
 Return'd, as if by equal force re-  
 driven,

And from the abyss the voice of Baly  
 came :  
 Not yet, O Rajah, hast thou won  
 The realms of Padalon !  
 Earth and the Swerga are thine own,  
 But, till Kehama shall subdue  
 the throne <sup>21</sup>  
 Of Hell, in torments Yamen holds his  
 son.

2

Fool that he is ! . . in torments let  
 him lie !  
 Kehama, wrathful at his son, replied.  
 But what am I,  
 That thou should'st brave me ? . .  
 kindling in his pride  
 The dreadful Rajah cried.  
 Ho ! Yamen ! hear me. God of  
 Padalon,  
 Prepare thy throne,  
 And let the Amreeta cup <sup>30</sup>  
 Be ready for my lips, when I anon  
 Triumphantly shall take my seat  
 thereon,  
 And plant upon thy neck my royal feet.

3

In voice like thunder thus the Rajah  
 cried,  
 Impending o'er the abyss, with  
 menacing hand  
 Put forth, as in the action of command,  
 And eyes that darted their red anger  
 down.  
 Then drawing back he let the earth  
 subside,  
 And, as his wrath relax'd, survey'd,  
 Thoughtfully and silently, the mortal  
 Maid. <sup>40</sup>  
 Her eye the while was on the farthest  
 sky,  
 Where up the ethereal height  
 Ereenia rose and pass'd away from  
 sight.



Never had she so joyfully  
Beheld the coming of the Glendoveer,  
Dear as he was and he deserved to be,  
As now she saw him rise and disap-  
pear.

Come now what will, within her heart  
said she,  
For thou art safe, and what have I to  
fear ?

4

Meantime the Almighty Rajah, late 50  
In power and majesty and wrath array'd,  
Had laid his terrors by  
And gazed upon the Maid.

Pride could not quit his eye,  
Nor that remorseless nature from his  
front  
Depart; yet whoso had beheld him then  
Had felt some admiration mix'd with  
dread,

And might have said,  
That sure he seem'd to be the King  
of Men !  
Less than the greatest that he could not  
be, 60  
Who carried in his port such might  
and majesty.

5

In fear no longer for the Glendoveer,  
Now towards the Rajah Kailyal turn'd  
her eyes

As if to ask what doom awaited her.  
But then surprise,  
Even as with fascination held them  
there,

So strange a thing it seem'd to see the  
change

Of purport in that all-commanding  
brow,  
Which thoughtfully was bent upon her  
now.

Wondering she gazed, the while her  
Father's eye 70

Was fix'd upon Kehama haughtily ;  
It spake defiance to him, high disdain,  
Stern patience unsubduable by pain,  
And pride triumphant over agony.

6

Ladurlad, said the Rajah, thou and I  
Alike have done the work of Destiny,  
Unknowing each to what the impulse  
tended ;

But now that over Earth and Heaven  
my reign  
Is stablish'd, and the ways of Fate are  
plain

Before me, here our enmity is ended.  
I take away thy Curse . . . As thus he  
said, 81

The fire which in Ladurlad's heart and  
brain

Was burning, fled, and left him free  
from pain.

So rapidly his torments were departed,  
That at the sudden ease he started,  
As with a shock, and to his head  
His hands up-fled,

As if he felt through every failing limb  
The power and sense of life forsaking  
him.

7

Then turning to the Maid, the Rajah  
cried, 90

O Virgin, above all of mortal birth  
Favour'd alike in beauty and in worth,  
And in the glories of thy destiny,  
Now let thy happy heart exult with  
pride,

For Fate hath chosen thee  
To be Kehama's bride,  
To be the Queen of Heaven and Earth,  
And of whatever Worlds beside

Infinity may hide . . . For I can see  
The writing which, at thy nativity,  
All-knowing Nature wrought upon thy  
brain, 101

In branching veins, which to the gifted  
eye

Map out the mazes of futurity.

There is it written, Maid, that thou  
and I,

Alone of human kind a deathless pair,  
Are doom'd to share

The Amreeta-drink divine

Of immortality. Come, Maiden mine !

High-fated One, ascend the subject  
sky,

And by Kehama's side 110

Sit on the Swerga throne, his equal  
bride.

8

Oh never, . . never, . . Father !

Kailyal cried ;

It is not as he saith, . . it cannot be !

I ! . . I, his bride !

Nature is never false ; he wrongeth her !

My heart belies such lines of destiny.

There is no other true interpreter !

9

At that reply, Kehama's darkening  
brow

Bewray'd the anger which he yet  
suppress'd ;

Counsel thy daughter ! tell her thou art  
now 120

Free from thy Curse, he said, and bid  
her bow

In thankfulness to Fate's benign behest.

Bid her her stubborn will restrain,

For Destiny at last must be obey'd,

And tell her, while obedience is delay'd,

Thy Curse will burn again.

10

She needeth not my counsel, he replied,

And idly, Rajah, dost thou reason thus

Of destiny ! for though all other  
things 129

Were subject to the starry influencings,  
And bow'd submissive to thy tyranny,

The virtuous heart and resolute mind  
are free.

Thus in their wisdom did the Gods  
decree

When they created man. Let come  
what will, [ill,

This is our rock of strength ; in every  
Sorrow, oppression, pain and agony,  
The spirit of the good is unsubdued,  
And, suffer as they may, they triumph  
still.

11

Obstinate fools ! exclaim'd the Mighty  
One,

Fate and my pleasure must be done,  
And ye resist in vain ! 141

Take your fit guerdon till we meet  
again !

So saying, his vindictive hand he flung  
Towards them, fill'd with curses ;  
then on high

Aloft he sprung, and vanish'd through  
the Sky.

## XIX. MOUNT CALASAY

1

THE Rajah, scattering curses as he rose,  
Soar'd to the Swerga, and resumed his  
throne.

Not for his own redoubled agony,  
Which now through heart and brain

With renovated pain,

Rush'd to its seat, Ladurlad breathes  
that groan,

That groan is for his child ; he groan'd  
to see

That she was stricken now with  
leprosy,

Which as the enemy vindictive fled,  
O'er all her frame with quick con-  
tagion spread. 10

She, wondering at events so passing  
strange,

And fill'd with hope and fear,  
And joy to see the Tyrant disappear,  
And glad expectance of her Glendoveer,  
Perceived not in herself the hideous  
change.

His burning pain, she thought, had  
forced the groan  
Her father breathed; his agonies alone  
Were present to her mind; she clasp'd  
his knees,  
Wept for his Curse, and did not feel  
her own.

2

Nor when she saw her plague, did her  
good heart, 20  
True to itself, even for a moment fail.  
Ha, Rajah! with disdainful smile she  
cries,

Mighty and wise and wicked as thou art,  
Still thy blind vengeance acts a friendly  
part.

Shall I not thank thee for this scurf  
and scale [ness,  
Of dire deformity, whose loathsome-  
Surer than panoply of strongest mail,  
Arms me against all foes? Oh, better so,  
Better such foul disgrace,  
Than that this innocent face 30  
Should tempt thy wooing! That I  
need not dread;

Nor ever impious foe  
Will offer outrage now, nor farther woe  
Will beauty draw on my unhappy head,  
Safe through the unholy world may  
Kailyal go.

3

Her face in virtuous pride  
Was lifted to the skies,  
As him and his poor vengeance she  
defied;

But earthward, when she ceased, she  
turn'd her eyes,

As if she thought to hide 40  
The tear which in her own despite  
would rise.

Did then the thought of her own  
Glendoveer

Call forth that natural tear?

Was it a woman's fear,  
A thought of earthly love which  
troubled her?

Like yon thin cloud amid the moon-  
light sky

That flits before the wind  
And leaves no trace behind,

The womanly pang pass'd over Kailyal's  
mind.

This is a loathsome sight to human eye.  
Half-shrinking at herself the Maiden  
thought; 50

Will it be so to him? Oh surely not!

The immortal Powers, who see  
Through the poor wrappings of  
mortality, [within,

Behold the soul, the beautiful soul,  
Exempt from age and wasting maladies,  
And undeform'd, while pure and free  
from sin.

This is a loathsome sight to human eyes,  
But not to eyes divine,  
Erenea, Son of Heaven, oh not to  
thine! 60

4

The wrongful thought of fear, the  
womanly pain

Had pass'd away, her heart was calm  
again. [see

She raised her head, expecting now to  
The Glendoveer appear;

Where hath he fled, quoth she,  
That he should tarry now? Oh! had  
she known

Whither the adventurous son of Heaven  
was flown

Strong as her spirit was, it had not  
borne  
The appalling thought, nor dared to  
hope for his return.

5

For he in search of Seeva's throne was  
gone, 70

To tell his tale of wrong ;

In search of Seeva's own abode  
The Glendoveer began his heavenly  
road. [skies

O wild emprise ! above the farthest  
He hoped to rise !

Him who is throned beyond the reach  
of thought,

The Alone, the Inaccessible, he sought.

O wild emprise ! for when in days of  
yore,

For proud pre-eminence of power,  
Brama and Veeshnoo, wild with rage  
contended, 80

And Seeva, in his might,  
Their dread contention ended ;

Before their sight

In form a fiery column did he tower,  
Whose head above the highest height  
extended,

Whose base below the deepest depth  
descended.

Downward, its depth to sound  
Veeshnoo a thousand years explored

The fathomless profound,  
And yet no base he found : 90

Upward, to reach its head,  
Ten myriad years the aspiring Brama  
soar'd,

And still, as up he fled,  
Above him still the Immeasurable  
spread.

The rivals own'd their Lord,  
And trembled and adored.

How shall the Glendoveer attain  
What Brama and what Veeshnoo sought  
in vain ?

6

Ne'er did such thought of lofty daring  
enter

Celestial Spirit's mind. O wild  
adventure 10

That throne to find, for he must leave  
behind

This World, that in the centre,  
Within its salt-sea girdle, lies confined  
Yea the Seven Earths that, each with  
its own ocean,

Ring clasping ring, compose the  
mighty round.

What power of motion,  
In less than endless years shall bear  
him there,

Along the limitless extent,  
To the utmost bound of the remotest  
spheres ?

What strength of wing 11  
Suffice to pierce the Golden Firmamen  
That closes all within ?

Yet he hath pass'd the measureless  
extent

And pierced the Golden Firmament ;  
For Faith hath given him power, and  
Space and Time

Vanish before that energy sublime.  
Nor doth eternal Night

And outer Darkness check his resolute  
flight ;

By strong desire through all he make  
his way,

Till Seeva's Seat appears, . . behold  
Mount Calasay ! 12

7

Behold the Silver Mountain ! round  
about

Seven ladders stand, so high, the  
aching eye,

Seeking their tops in vain amid  
the sky,

Might deem they led from earth to  
highest Heaven.



Ages would pass away,  
 And worlds with age decay,  
 Ere one whose patient feet from ring  
     to ring  
 Must win their upward way,  
 Could reach the summit of Mount  
     Calasay.

But that strong power that nerved his  
     wing, 130

That all-surmounting will,  
 Intensity of faith and holiest love,  
     Sustain'd Ereenia still,  
 And he hath gain'd the plain, the  
     sanctuary above.

8

Lo, there the Silver Bell,  
 That, self-sustain'd, hangs buoyant in  
     the air !

Lo! the broad Table there, too bright  
     For mortal sight,  
 From whose four sides the bordering  
     gems unite

Their harmonising rays, 140

In one mid fount of many-colour'd light.  
 The stream of splendour, flashing as  
     it flows,

Plays round, and feeds the stem of yon  
     celestial Rose ! [declare

Where is the Sage whose wisdom can  
 The hidden things of that mysterious  
     flower, [to bear ?

That flower which serves all mysteries  
 The sacred Triangle is there,  
 Holding the Emblem which no tongue  
     may tell ;

Is this the Heaven of Heavens, where  
     Seeva's self doth dwell ?

9

Here first the Glendoveer 150

Felt his wing flag, and paused upon  
     his flag. [here

Was it that fear came over him, when  
 He saw the imagined throne appear ?

Not so, for his immortal sight  
 Endured the Table's light ;  
 Distinctly he beheld all things around,  
 And doubt and wonder rose within his  
     mind

That this was all he found.

Howbeit he lifted up his voice and  
     spake.

There is oppression in the World below ;  
 Earth groans beneath the yoke ; yea,  
     in her woe, 161

She asks if the Avenger's eye is blind ?  
     Awake, O Lord, awake !

Too long thy vengeance sleepeth. Holiest  
     One ! [sake,

Put thou thy terrors on for mercy's  
 And strike the blow, in justice to  
     mankind !

10

So as he pray'd, intenser faith he felt,  
 His spirit seem'd to melt  
 With ardent yearnings of increasing  
     love ;

Upward he turn'd his eyes 170  
 As if there should be something yet  
     above ; [cries ;

Let me not, Seeva, seek in vain ! he  
 Thou art not here, . . for how should  
     these contain thee ?

Thou art not here, . . for how should  
     I sustain thee ?

But thou, where'er thou art,  
 Canst hear the voice of prayer,  
 Canst read the righteous heart.

Thy dwelling who can tell,  
 Or who, O Lord, hath seen thy secret  
     throne ?

But thou art not alone, 180  
     Not unapproachable !

O all-containing Mind,  
 Thou who art every where,  
 Whom all who seek shall find,  
 Hear me, O Seeva ! hear the sup-  
     pliant's prayer !

## 11

So saying, up he sprung,  
And struck the Bell, which self-sus-  
pended hung

Before the mystic Rose.

From side to side the silver tongue  
Melodious swung, and far and wide  
Soul-thrilling tones of heavenly music  
rung. 191

Abash'd, confounded,

It left the Glendoveer ; . . yea all  
astounded

In overpowering fear and deep dismay ;  
For when that Bell had sounded,  
The Rose, with all the mysteries it  
surrounded,

The Bell, the Table, and Mount Calasay,  
The holy Hill itself, with all thereon,  
Even as a morning dream before the day  
Dissolves away, they faded and were  
gone. 200

## 12

Where shall he rest his wing, where  
turn for flight,

For all around is Light,  
Primal, essential, all-pervading Light !  
Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,

Nor eyes of Angel bear  
That Glory unimaginably bright ;  
The Sun himself had seem'd  
A speck of darkness there,  
Amid that Light of Light !

## 13

Down fell the Glendoveer, 210  
Down through all regions, to our  
mundane sphere

He fell ; but in his ear [heard,  
A Voice, which from within him came, was  
The indubitable word  
Of Him to whom all secret things are  
known : [throne.

Go, ye who suffer, go to Yamen's  
He hath the remedy for every woe ;  
He setteth right whate'er is wrong below.

## XX. THE EMBARKATION

## 1

Down from the Heaven of Heavens  
Erencia fell

Precipitate, yet imperceptible  
His fall, nor had he cause nor thought  
of fear ;

And when he came within this mundane  
sphere,

And felt that Earth was near,  
The Glendoveer his azure wings  
expanded,

And, sloping down the sky  
Toward the spot from whence he  
sprung on high,  
There on the shore he landed.

## 2

Kailyal advanced to meet him, 10  
Not moving now as she was wont to  
greet him,

Joy in her eye and in her eager pace ;  
With a calm smile of melancholy pride  
She met him now, and turning half aside

Her warning hand repell'd the dear  
embrace.

## 3

Strange things, Erencia, have befallen  
us here,

The Virgin said ; the Almighty Man  
hath read

The lines which, traced by Nature on  
my brain,

There to the gifted eye

Make all my fortunes plain, 20

Mapping the mazes of futurity.

He sued for peace, for it is written there  
That I with him the Amreeta cup  
must share ;

Wherefore he bade me come, and by  
his side

Sit on the Swerga throne, his equal  
bride.

I need not tell thee what reply was  
 given ;  
 My heart, the sure interpreter of Heaven,  
 His impious words belied.  
 Thou seest his poor revenge ! So  
 having said,  
 One look she glanced upon her leprous  
 stain 30  
 Indignantly, and shook  
 Her head in calm disdain.

## 4

O Maid of soul divine !  
 O more than ever dear,  
 And more than ever mine,  
 Replied the Glendoveer ;  
 He hath not read, be sure, the mystic  
 ways  
 Of Fate ; almighty as he is, that maze  
 Hath mock'd his fallible sight.  
 Said he the Amrecta-cup ? So far aright  
 The Evil One may see ; for Fate  
 displays 41  
 Her hidden things in part, and part  
 conceals,  
 Baffling the wicked eye  
 Alike with what she hides, and what  
 reveals,  
 When with unholy purpose it would pry  
 Into the secrets of futurity.  
 So may it be permitted him to see  
 Dimly the inscrutable decree ;  
 For to the World below,  
 Where Yamen guards the Amrecta, we  
 must go ; 50  
 Thus Seeva hath express'd his will,  
 even he [he saith,  
 The Holiest hath ordain'd it ; there,  
 All wrongs shall be redrest  
 By Yamen, by the righteous Power of  
 Death.

## 5

Forthwith the Father and the fated  
 Maid,  
 And that heroic Spirit, who for them

Such flight had late essay'd,  
 The will of Heaven obey'd.  
 They went their way along the road  
 That leads to Yamen's dread abode.

## 6

Many a day hath pass'd away 61  
 Since they began their arduous way,  
 Their way of toil and pain ;  
 And now their weary feet attain  
 The Earth's remotest bound,  
 Where outer Ocean girds it round.  
 But not like other Oceans this ;  
 Rather it seem'd a drear abyss,  
 Upon whose brink they stood.  
 Oh ! scene of fear ! the travellers hear  
 The raging of the flood ; 71  
 They hear how fearfully it roars,  
 But clouds of darker shade than night  
 For ever hovering round those shores,  
 Hide all things from their sight ;  
 The Sun upon that darkness pours  
 His unavailing light,  
 Nor ever Moon nor Stars display,  
 Through the thick shade, one guiding  
 ray  
 To show the perils of the way. 80

## 7

There in a creek a vessel lay,  
 Just on the confines of the day,  
 It rode at anchor in its bay,  
 These venturous pilgrims to convey  
 Across that outer Sea.  
 Strange vessel sure it seem'd to be,  
 And all unfit for such wild sea !  
 For through its yawning side the wave  
 Was oozing in ; the mast was frail,  
 And old and torn its only sail. 90  
 How may that crazy vessel brave  
 The billows that in wild commotion  
 For ever roar and rave ?  
 How hope to cross the dreadful Ocean  
 O'er which eternal shadows dwell,  
 Whose secrets none return to tell !

8

Well might the travellers fear to enter !  
But summon'd once on that adventure,

For them was no retreat.

Nor boots it with reluctant feet 100

To linger on the strand ;

Aboard ! aboard !

An awful voice, that left no choice,

Sent forth its stern command,

Aboard ! aboard !

The travellers hear that voice in fear,

And breathe to Heaven an inward

prayer,

And take their seats in silence there.

9

Self-hoisted then, behold the sail

Expands itself before the gale ; 110

Hands, which they cannot see, let slip

The cable of that fated ship ;

The land breeze sends her on her way,

And lo ! they leave the living light of  
day !

## XXI. THE WORLD'S END

1

SWIFT as an arrow in its flight

The Ship shot through the incumbent  
night ;

And they have left behind

The raging billows and the roaring wind,

The storm, the darkness, and all  
mortal fears ;

And lo ! another light

To guide their way appears,

The light of other spheres.

2

That instant from Ladurlad's heart  
and brain

The Curse was gone ; he feels again  
Fresh as in youth's fair morning, and  
the Maid

Hath lost her leprous stain. 11

The Tyrant then hath no dominion here  
Starting she cried ; O happy, happy  
hour !

We are beyond his power !

Then raising to the Glendoveer,

With heavenly beauty bright, her  
angel face,

Turn'd not reluctant now, and met his  
dear embrace.

3

Swift glides the Ship with gentle motion

Across that calm and quiet ocean ; 20

That glassy sea which seem'd to be

The mirror of tranquillity.

Their pleasant passage soon was o'er,

The Ship hath reach'd its destined  
shore ;

A level belt of ice which bound,

As with an adamantine mound,

The waters of the sleeping Ocean round.

Strange forms were on the strand

Of earth-born spirits slain before their  
time ;

Who wandering over sea and sky and  
land, 30

Had so fulfill'd their term ; and now  
were met

Upon this icy belt, a motley band,

Waiting their summons at the

appointed hour,

When each before the Judgement-seat  
must stand,

And hear his doom from Baly's  
righteous power.

4

Foul with habitual crimes, a hideous  
crew

Were there, the race of rapine and of  
blood.

Now having overpass'd the mortal flood,

Their own deformity they knew,

And knew the meed that to their  
deeds was due. 40



Therefore in fear and agony they stood,  
Expecting when the Evil Messenger  
Among them should appear. But with  
their fear

A hope was mingled now ;  
O'er the dark shade of guilt a deeper hue  
It threw, and gave a fiercer character  
To the wild eye and lip and sinful brow.  
They hoped that soon Kehama would  
subdue

The inexorable God and seize his throne,  
Reduce the infernal World to his  
command, 50  
And with his irresistible right hand,  
Redeem them from the vaults of  
Padalon.

5

Apart from these a milder company,  
The victims of offences not their own,  
Look'd when the appointed Messenger  
should come ;  
Gather'd together some, and some alone  
Brooding in silence on their future  
doom.

Widows whom, to their husbands'  
funeral fire, [pyre,  
Force or strong error led, to share the  
As to their everlasting marriage-bed :  
And babes, by sin unstain'd, 61  
Whom erring parents vow'd  
To Ganges, and the holy stream pro-  
faned [unordain'd

With that strange sacrifice, rite  
By Law, by sacred Nature unallow'd :  
Others more hapless in their destiny,  
Scarce having first inhaled their vital  
breath,

Whose cradles from some tree  
Unnatural hands suspended,  
Then left, till gentle Death, 70  
Coming like Sleep, their feeble moan-  
ings ended ;  
Or for his prey the ravenous Kite  
descended ;

Or marching like an army from their  
caves,  
The Pismires blacken'd o'er, then  
bleach'd and bare  
Left their unhardened bones to fall  
asunder there.

6

Innocent Souls ! thus set so early free  
From sin and sorrow and mortality,  
Their spotless spirits all-creating Love  
Received into its universal breast.

Yon blue serene above 80  
Was their domain ; clouds pillow'd  
them to rest ;  
The Elements on them like nurses  
tended,

And with their growth ethereal  
substance blended.  
Less pure than these is that strange  
Indian bird, [bill,  
Who never dips in earthly streams her  
But, when the sound of coming  
showers is heard,  
Looks up, and from the clouds receives  
her fill.

Less pure the footless fowl of Heaven,  
that never [ever  
Rest upon earth, but on the wing for  
Hovering o'er flowers, their fragrant  
food inhale, 90

Drink the descending dew upon its way,  
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale.

7

And thus these innocents in yonder sky  
Grow and are strengthen'd, while the  
allotted years

Perform their course ; then hither-  
ward they fly,  
Being free from moral taint, so free  
from fears,

A joyous band, expecting soon to soar  
To Indra's happy spheres, 98  
And mingle with the blessed company  
Of heavenly spirits there for ever more.

## 8

A Gulph profound surrounded  
 This icy belt ; the opposite side  
 With highest rocks was bounded ;  
 But where their heads they hide,  
 Or where their base is founded,  
 None could espy. Above all reach of  
 sight  
 They rose, the second Earth was on  
 their height, [night.  
 Their feet were fix'd in everlasting

## 9

So deep the Gulph, no eye  
 Could plum its dark profundity, 110  
 Yet all its depth must try ; for this  
 the road  
 To Padalon, and Yamen's dread abode.  
 And from below continually  
 Ministrant Demons rose and caught  
 The Souls whose hour was come ;  
 ' Then with their burthen fraught,  
 Plunged down, and bore them to  
 receive their doom.

## 10

Then might be seen who went in hope,  
 and who  
 Trembled to meet the meed  
 Of many a foul misdeed, as wild they  
 threw 120  
 Their arms retorted from the Demons'  
 grasp,  
 And look'd around, all eagerly, to seek  
 For help, where help was none ; and  
 strove for aid  
 To clasp the nearest shade ;  
 Yea, with imploring looks and horrent  
 shriek, [bending,  
 Even from one Demon to another  
 With hands extending,  
 Their mercy they essay'd.  
 Still from the verge they strain,  
 And from the dreadful gulph avert their  
 eyes, 130

In vain ; down plunge the Demons, and  
 their cries  
 Feebly, as down they sink, from that  
 profound arise.

## 11

What heart of living man could,  
 undisturb'd, [there  
 Bear sight so sad as this ! What wonder  
 If Kailyal's lip were blanch'd with  
 inmost dread !  
 The chill which from that icy belt  
 Struck through her, was less keen than  
 what she felt  
 With her heart's blood through every  
 limb dispread.  
 Close to the Glendoveer she clung,  
 And clasping round his neck her  
 trembling hands, 140  
 She closed her eyes, and there in  
 silence hung.

## 12

Then to Ladurlad said the Glendoveer,  
 These Demons, whom thou seest, the  
 ministers  
 Of Yamen, wonder to behold us here ;  
 But for the dead they come, and not  
 for us : [thus,  
 Therefore albeit they gaze upon thee  
 Have thou no fear.  
 A little while thou must be left alone,  
 Till I have borne thy daughter down,  
 And placed her safely by the throne  
 Of him who keeps the Gate of Padalon.

## 13

Then taking Kailyal in his arms, he  
 said, 152  
 Be of good heart, Beloved ! it is I  
 Who bear thee. Saying this, his wings  
 he spread,  
 Sprung upward in the sky, and poised  
 his flight,  
 Then plunged into the Gulph, and  
 sought the World of Night.

## XXII. THE GATE OF PADALON

1

THE strong foundations of this inmost  
Earth

Rest upon Padalon. That icy Mound  
Which girt the mortal Ocean round,  
Reach'd the profound, . .

Ice in the regions of the upper air,  
Crystal midway, and adamant below,  
Whose strength sufficed to bear  
The weight of all this upper World of  
ours, [of Woe.

And with its rampart closed the Realm  
Eight gates hath Padalon; eight  
heavenly Powers. 10

Have them in charge, each alway at  
his post,

Lest from their penal caves the  
accursed host,  
Maugre the might of Baly and the God,  
Should break, and carry ruin all abroad.

2

Those gates stand ever open, night and  
day,

And Souls of mortal men  
For ever throug the way.  
Some from the dolorous den,  
Children of sin and wrath, return no  
more :

They, fit companions of the Spirits  
accurst, 20

Are doom'd, like them in baths of fire  
immerst,

Or weltering upon beds of molten ore,  
Or stretch'd upon the brazen floor,  
Are fasten'd down with adamantine  
chains ;

While, on their substance inconsumable,  
Leeches of fire for ever hang and pull,  
And worms of fire for ever gnaw their  
food,

That, still renew'd,  
Freshens for ever their perpetual pains.

3

Others there were whom Baly's voice  
condemn'd, 30

By long and painful penance, to atone  
Their fleshly deeds. Them, from the  
Judgement-throne,

Dread Azyoruea, where she sat involved  
In darkness as a tent, received, and  
dealt

To each the measure of his punishment ;  
Till, in the central springs of fire, the  
Will

Impure is purged away ; and the  
freed soul,

Thus fitted to receive a second birth,  
Embodied once again, revisits Earth.

4

But they whom Baly's righteous voice  
absolved, 40

And Yamen, viewing with benignant  
eye,

Dismiss'd to seek their heritage on high,  
How joyfully they leave this gloomy  
bourne,

The dread sojourn  
Of Guilt and twin-born Punishment  
and Woe,

And wild Remorse, here link'd with  
worse Despair !

They to the eastern Gate rejoicing go :  
The Ship of Heaven awaits their  
coming there, [light

And on they sail, greeting the blessed  
Through realms of upper air, 50  
Bound for the Swerga once ; but now  
no more

Their voyage rests upon that happy  
shore, [might

Since Indra, by the dreadful Rajah's  
Compell'd, hath taken flight ;

On to the second World their way  
they wend,

And there, in trembling hope, await  
the doubtful end.

5

For still in them doth hope pre-  
 dominate,  
 Faith's precious privilege, when higher  
 Powers [hours.  
 Give way to fear in these portentous  
 Behold the Wardens eight, 60  
 Each silent at his gate  
 Expectant stands; they turn their  
 anxious eyes  
 Within, and, listening to the dizzy din  
 Of mutinous uproar, each in all his  
 hands [fight.  
 Holds all his weapons, ready for the  
 For, hark! what clamorous cries  
 Upon Kehama, for deliverance, call!  
 Come, Rajah! they exclaim, too long  
 we groan  
 In torments. Come, Deliverer!  
 yonder throne  
 Awaits thee. . . Now, Kehama!  
 Rajah, now! 70  
 Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarriest  
 thou? . . .  
 Such were the sounds that rung, in  
 wild uproar,  
 O'er all the echoing vaults of Padalon;  
 And as the Asuras from the Brazen  
 floor, [to rise,  
 Struggling against their fetters, strove  
 Their clashing chains were heard, and  
 shrieks and cries,  
 With curses mix'd, against the Fiends  
 who urge,  
 Fierce on their rebel limbs, the avenging  
 scourge.

6

These were the sounds which, at the  
 southern gate,  
 Assail'd Ereenia's ear; alighting here  
 He laid before Neroodi's feet the Maid,  
 Who, pale and cold with fear, 81  
 Hung on his neck, well-nigh a lifeless  
 weight.

7

Who and what art thou? cried the  
 Guardian Power,  
 Sight so unwonted wondering to  
 behold, . . .  
 O Son of Light!  
 Who comest here at this portentous  
 hour,  
 When Yamen's throne  
 Trembles, and all our might can scarce  
 keep down  
 The rebel race from seizing Padalon, . . .  
 Who and what art thou? and what  
 wild despair, 91  
 Or wilder hope, from realms of upper air,  
 Tempts thee to bear  
 This mortal Maid to our forlorn abodes?  
 Fitter for her, I ween, the Swerga  
 bowers,  
 And sweet society of heavenly Powers,  
 Than this, . . . a doleful scene,  
 Even in securest hours.  
 And whither would ye go?  
 Alas! can human or celestial ear,  
 Unmadden'd, hear 101  
 The shrieks and yellings of infernal woe?  
 Can living flesh and blood  
 Endure the passage of the fiery flood!

8

Lord of the Gate, replied the Glendoveer,  
 We come obedient to the will of Fate;  
 And haply doom'd to bring  
 Hope and salvation to the Infernal  
 King,  
 For Seeva sends us here,  
 Even He to whom futurity is known,  
 The Holiest, bade us go to Yamen's  
 throne. 111  
 Thou seest my precious charge;  
 Under thy care, secure from harm, I  
 leave her,  
 While I ascend to bear her father down.  
 Beneath the shelter of thine arm  
 receive her!



9

Then quoth he to the Maid,  
 Be of good cheer, my Kailyal ! dearest  
 dear,  
 In faith subdue thy dread ;  
 Anon I shall be here. So having said,  
 Aloft with vigorous bound the Glen-  
 doveer 120  
 Sprung in celestial might,  
 And soaring up, in spiral circles, wound  
 His indefatigable flight.

10

But as he thus departed,  
 The Maid, who at Neroodi's feet was  
 lying,  
 Like one entranced or dying,  
 Recovering strength from sudden  
 terror, started ; [sight,  
 And gazing after him with straining  
 And straining arms, she stood,  
 As if in attitude 130  
 To win him back from flight.  
 Yea, she had shaped his name  
 For utterance, to recall and bid him  
 stay, [shame  
 Nor leave her thus alone ; but virtuous  
 Represt the unbidden sounds upon  
 their way ;  
 And calling faith to aid,  
 Even in this fearful hour, the pious Maid  
 Collected courage, till she seem'd to be  
 Calm and in hope, such power hath  
 piety.  
 Before the Giant Keeper of the Gate  
 She crost her patient arms, and at his  
 feet, 141  
 Prepar'd to meet  
 The awful will of Fate with equal mind,  
 She took her seat resign'd.

11

Even the stern trouble of Neroodi's brow  
 Relax'd as he beheld the valiant Maid.  
 Hope, long unfelt till now,

Rose in his heart reviving, and a smile  
 Dawn'd in his brightening countenance,  
 the while

He gazed on her with wonder and  
 delight. 150

The blessing of the Powers of Padalon,  
 Virgin, be on thee ! said the admiring  
 God ; [birth,  
 And blessed be the hour that gave thee  
 Daughter of Earth !

For thou to this forlorn abode hast  
 brought

Hope, who too long hath been a  
 stranger here.

And surely for no lamentable lot  
 Nature, that erreth not,  
 To thee that heart of fortitude hath  
 given,

Those eyes of purity, that face of  
 love ; . . 160

If thou beest not the inheritrix of  
 Heaven,

There is no truth above.

12

Thus as Neroodi spake, his brow severe  
 Shone with an inward joy ; for sure  
 he thought

When Seeva sent so fair a creature here,  
 In this momentous hour,

Ere long the World's deliverance would  
 be wrought,

And Padalon escape the Rajah's power.  
 With pious mind the Maid, in humble  
 guise

Inclined, received his blessing silently.

And raised her grateful eyes 171

A moment, then again [high  
 Abased them at his presence. Hark ! on  
 The sound of coming wings ! . . her  
 anxious ears

Have caught the distant sound. Ereenia  
 brings

His burthen down ! Upstarting from  
 her seat,



Nor thy good heart, which horror might  
 assail  
 And pity quail,  
 Pity in these abodes of no avail ;  
 But take thy seat this mortal pair  
 beside,  
 And Carmala the infernal Car will  
 guide. 240  
 Go, and may happy end your way  
 betide ! [roll'd on,  
 So, as he spake, the self-moved Car  
 And lo ! they pass the Gate of Padalon.

## XXIII. PADALON

1

WHOE'ER hath loved with venturous  
 step to tread  
 The chambers dread  
 Of some deep cave, and seen his taper's  
 beam  
 Lost in the arch of darkness overhead,  
 And mark'd its gleam,  
 Playing afar upon the sunless stream,  
 Where from their secret bed,  
 And course unknown and inaccessible,  
 The silent waters well ;  
 Whoe'er hath trod such caves of endless  
 night, 10  
 He knows, when measuring back the  
 gloomy way,  
 With what delight refresh'd his eye  
 Perceives the shadow of the light of  
 day, [it falls  
 Through the far portal slanting, where  
 Dimly reflected on the watery walls ;  
 How heavenly seems the sky ;  
 And how, with quicken'd feet, he  
 hastens up,  
 Eager again to greet  
 The living World and blessed sunshine  
 there,  
 And drink, as from a cup 20  
 Of joy, with thirsty lips, the open air.

2

Far other light than that of day there  
 shone  
 Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.  
 They too in darkness enter'd on their  
 way,  
 But, far before the Car,  
 A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,  
 Fill'd all before them. 'Twas a light  
 which made  
 Darkness itself appear  
 A thing of comfort, and the sight,  
 dismay'd,  
 Shrunk inward from the molten  
 atmosphere. 30  
 Their way was through the adaman-  
 tine rock [side  
 Which girt the World of Woe ; on either  
 Its massive walls arose, and overhead  
 Arch'd the long passage ; onward as  
 they ride,  
 With stronger glare the light around  
 them spread ;  
 And lo ! the regions dread,  
 The World of Woe before them,  
 opening wide.

3

There rolls the fiery flood,  
 Girding the realms of Padalon around.  
 A sea of flame it seem'd to be, 40  
 Sea without bound ;  
 For neither mortal nor immortal sight,  
 Could pierce across through that  
 intensest light.  
 A single rib of steel,  
 Keen as the edge of keenest scymitar,  
 Spann'd this wide gulph of fire. The  
 infernal Car  
 Roll'd to the Gulph, and on its single  
 wheel  
 Self-balanced, rose upon that edge of  
 steel. [head,  
 Red-quivering float the vapours over-  
 The fiery gulph beneath them spread.

Tosses its billowing blaze with rush  
 and roar ; 51  
 Steady and swift the self-moved  
 Chariot went,  
 Winning the long ascent,  
 Then, downward rolling, gains the  
 farther shore.

4

But, oh ! what sounds and sights of woe,  
 What sights and sounds of fear,  
 Assail the mortal travellers here !  
 Their way was on a causey straight  
 and wide,

Where penal vaults on either side were  
 seen,

Ranged like the cells wherein 60  
 Those wondrous winged alchemists  
 infold

Their stores of liquid gold.  
 Thick walls of adamant divide  
 The dungeons ; and from yonder  
 circling flood,  
 Off-streams of fire through secret  
 channels glide,  
 And wind among them, and in each  
 provide

An everlasting food  
 Of rightful torments for the accursed  
 brood.

5

These were the rebel race, who in their  
 might

Confiding impiously, would fain have  
 driven 70

The Deities supreme from highest  
 Heaven :

But by the Suras, in celestial fight,  
 Opposed and put to flight,  
 Here, in their penal dens, the accursed  
 crew,

Not for its crime, but for its failure, rue  
 Their wild ambition. Yet again they  
 long

The contest to renew,

And wield their arms again in happier  
 hour ;

And with united power,  
 Following Kehama's triumph, to press  
 on 80

From World to World, and Heaven  
 to Heaven, and Sphere  
 To Sphere, till Hemakoot shall be  
 their own,

And Meru-Mount, and Indra's Swerga-  
 Bowers,

And Brama's region, where the  
 heavenly Hours [day.

Weave the vast circle of his age-long  
 Even over Veesnool's empyreal seat  
 They trust the Rajah shall extend  
 their way,

And that the seven-headed Snake,  
 whereon

The strong Preserver sets his con-  
 quering feet,  
 Will rise and shake him headlong from  
 his throne, 90

When, in their irresistible array,  
 Amid the Milky Sea they force their  
 way.

Even higher yet their frantic thoughts  
 aspire ;

Yea, on their beds of torment as they  
 lie,

The highest, holiest Seeva, they defy,  
 And tell him they shall have anon  
 their day,

When they will storm his realm, and  
 seize Mount Calasay.

6

Such impious hopes torment  
 Their raging hearts, impious and  
 impotent ;

And now, with unendurable desire  
 And lust of vengeance, that, like in-  
 ward fire, 101

Doth aggravate their punishment,  
 they rave



Upon Kehama ; him the accursed rout  
 Acclaim ; with furious cries and  
 maddening shout  
 They call on him to save ;  
 Kehama ! they exclaim ;  
 Thundering the dreadful echo rolls  
 about,  
 And Hell's whole vault repeats  
 Kehama's name.

## 7

Over these dens of punishment, the host  
 Of Padalon maintain eternal guard,  
 Keeping upon the walls their vigilant  
 ward. 111

At every angle stood

A watch-tower, the decurion Demon's  
 post,

Where raised on high he view'd with  
 sleepless eye

His trust, that all was well. And over  
 these, [Hell,

Such was the perfect discipline of  
 Captains of fifties and of hundreds held  
 Authority, each in his loftier tower ;  
 And chiefs of legions over them had  
 power ;

And thus all Hell with towers was  
 girt around. 120

Aloft the brazen turrets shone

In the red light of Padalon ;

And on the walls between,

Dark moving, the infernal Guards  
 were seen,

Gigantic Demons, pacing to and fro ;  
 Who ever and anon,

Spreading their crimson pennons,  
 plunged below,

Faster to rivet down the Asuras' chains,  
 And with the snaky scourge and fiercer  
 pains,

Repress their rage rebellious. Loud  
 around, 130

In mingled sound, the echoing lash,  
 the clash

Of chains, the ponderous hammer's  
 iron stroke,  
 With execrations, groans, and shrieks  
 and cries  
 Combined, in one wild dissonance,  
 arise ;  
 And through the din there broke,  
 Like thunder heard through all the  
 warring winds,  
 The dreadful name. Kehama, still  
 they rave,  
 Hasten and save !  
 Now, now, Deliverer ! now, Kehama,  
 now !  
 Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarricest  
 thou ? 140

## 8

Oh, if that name abhorr'd,

Thus utter'd, could well nigh

Dismay the Powers of Hell, and daunt  
 their Lord,

How fearfully to Kailyal's ear it came !  
 She, as the Car roll'd on its rapid way,  
 Bent down her head, and closed her  
 eyes for dread ;

And deafening, with strong effort  
 from within,

Her ears against the din,

Cover'd and press'd them close with  
 both her hands.

Sure if the mortal Maiden had not fed  
 On heavenly food, and long been  
 strengthened 151

With heavenly converse for such end  
 vouchsafed,

Her human heart had fail'd, and she  
 had died

Beneath the horrors of this awful hour.

But Heaven supplied a power

Beyond her earthly nature, to the  
 measure

Of need infusing strength ;

And Fate, whose secret and unerring  
 pleasure

Appointed all, decreed  
An ample meed and recompense at  
length. 160

High-fated Maid, the righteous hour  
is nigh !

The all-embracing Eye  
Of Retribution still beholdeth thee ;  
Bear onward to the end, O Maid,  
courageously !

## 9

On roll'd the Car, and lo ! afar  
Upon its height the towers of Yamenpur  
Rise on the astonish'd sight.

Behold the infernal City, Yamen's seat  
Of empire, in the midst of Padalon,  
Where the eight causeys meet. 170

There on a rock of adamant it stood,  
Resplendent far and wide,

Itself of solid diamond edified,  
And all around it roll'd the fiery flood.  
Eight bridges arch'd the stream ; huge  
piles of brass

Magnificent, such structures as beseech  
The Seat and Capital of such great God,  
Worthy of Yamen's own august abode.

A brazen tower and gateway at each  
end

Of each was raised, where Giant  
Wardens stood, 180  
Station'd in arms the passage to defend,  
That never foe might cross the fiery  
flood.

## 10

Oh what a gorgeous sight it was to see  
The Diamond City blazing on its height  
With more than mid-sun splendour,  
by the light

Of its own fiery river !

Its towers and domes and pinnacles  
and spires,  
Turrets and battlements, that flash  
and quiver

Through the red restless atmosphere  
for ever ;

And hovering over head, 190  
The smoke and vapours of all Padalon,  
Fit firmament for such a world, were  
spread,  
With surge and swell, and everlasting  
motion, [ocean.  
Heaving and opening like tumultuous

## 11

Nor were there wanting there  
Such glories as beseech'd such region  
well ;

For though with our blue heaven and  
genial air  
The firmament of Hell might not  
compare,

As little might our earthly tempests vie  
With the dread storms of that infernal  
sky, 200

Whose clouds of all metallic elements  
Sublimed were full. For, when its  
thunder broke,

Not all the united World's artillery,  
In one discharge, could equal that  
loud stroke ;

And though the Diamond Towers and  
Battlements

Stood firm upon their adamantine rock,  
Yet while it vollied round the vault of  
Hell, [shock,

Earth's solid arch was shaken with the  
And Cities in one mighty ruin fell.

Through the red sky terrific meteors  
scour ; 210

Huge stones come hailing down ; or  
sulphur-shower,

Floating amid the lurid air like snow,  
Kindles in its descent,

And with blue fire-drops rains on all  
below.

At times the whole supernal element  
Igniting, burst in one large sheet of  
flame.

And roar'd as with the sound  
Of rushing winds, above, below, around ;

Anon the flame was spent, and overhead  
A heavy cloud of moving darkness  
spread. 220

## 12

Straight to the brazen bridge and gate  
The self-moved Chariot bears its  
mortal load.

At sight of Carmala,

On either side the Giant guards divide,  
And give the chariot way.

Up yonder winding road it rolls along,  
Swift as the bittern soars on spiral wing,  
And lo! the Palace of the Infernal  
King!

## 13

Two forms inseparable in unity  
Hath Yamen; even as with hope or  
fear 230

The Soul regardeth him doth he appear;  
For hope and fear

At that dread hour, from ominous  
conscience spring,

And err not in their bodings. There-  
fore some,

They who polluted with offences come,  
Behold him as the King

Of Terrors, black of aspect, red of eye,  
Reflecting back upon the sinful mind,  
Heighten'd with vengeance, and with  
wrath divine

Its own inborn deformity. 240

But to the righteous Spirit how benign  
His awful countenance,

Where, tempering justice with parental  
love,

Goodness and heavenly grace

And sweetest mercy shine! Yet is he still  
Himself the same, one form, one face,  
one will; [one;

And these his twofold aspects are but  
And change is none

In him, for change in Yamen could  
not be,

The Immutable is he. 250

## 14

He sat upon a marble sepulchre  
Massive and huge, where at the  
Monarch's feet,

The righteous Baly had his Judgement-  
seat. [stood;

A Golden Throne before them vacant  
Three human forms sustain'd its pon-  
derous weight,

With lifted hands outspread, and  
shoulders bow'd

Bending beneath the load.

A fourth was wanting. They were of  
the hue

Of coals of fire; yet were they flesh  
and blood,

And living breath they drew; 260

And their red eye-balls roll'd with  
ghastly stare,

As thus, for their misdeeds, they stood  
tormented there.

## 15

On steps of gold those living Statues  
stood,

Who bore the Golden Throne. A cloud  
behind [light

Immovable was spread; not all the  
Of all the flames and fires of Padalon  
Could pierce its depth of night.

There Azyoruca veil'd her awful form  
In those eternal shadows: there she

sate,

And as the trembling Souls, who crowd  
around 270

The Judgement-seat, received the  
doom of fate,

Her giant arms, extending from the  
cloud,

Drew them within the darkness. Mov-  
ing out [rout,

To grasp and bear away the innumerable  
For ever and for ever thus were seen

The thousand mighty arms of that  
dread Queen.

16

Here, issuing from the car, the Glendoveer

Did homage to the God, then raised his head.

Suppliants we come, he said,  
I need not tell thee by what wrongs  
opprest, 280

For nought can pass on earth to thee  
unknown ;

Sufferers from tyranny we seek for rest,  
And Seeva bade us go to Yamen's  
throne ;

Here, he hath said, all wrongs shall be  
redrest.

Yamen replied, Even now the hour  
draws near,

When Fate its hidden ways will  
manifest.

Not for light purpose would the Wisest  
send

His suppliants here, when we, in doubt  
and fear,

The awful issue of the hour attend.

Wait ye in patience and in faith the  
end ! 290

#### XXIV. THE AMREETA

1

So spake the King of Padalon, when,  
lo ! [Hell,

The voice of lamentation ceased in  
And sudden silence all around them fell,  
Silence more wild and terrible

Than all the infernal dissonance before.  
Through that portentous stillness, far  
away,

Unwonted sounds were heard, ad-  
vancing on

And deepening on their way ;

For now the inexorable hour  
Was come, and, in the fulness of his  
power, 10

Now that the dreadful rites had all  
been done,

Kehama from the Swerga hasten'd  
down,

To seize upon the throne of Padalon.

2

He came in all his might and majesty,  
With all his terrors clad, and all his  
pride ;

And, by the attribute of Deity,  
Which he had won from Heaven, self-  
multiplied,

The Almighty Man appear'd on every  
side.

In the same indivisible point of time,  
At the eight Gates he stood at once,  
and beat 20

The Warden-Gods of Hell beneath his  
feet ;

Then, in his brazen Cars of triumph,  
straight,

At the same moment, drove through  
every gate.

By Aullays, hugest of created kind,  
Fiercest, and fleetest than the viewless  
wind,

His Cars were drawn, ten yokes of  
ten abreast, . .

What less sufficed for such almighty  
weight ?

Eight bridges from the fiery flood arose  
Growing before his way ; and on he goes,  
And drives the thundering Chariot  
wheels along, 30

At once o'er all the roads of Padalon.

3

Silent and motionless remain  
The Asuras on their bed of pain,  
Waiting, with breathless hope, the  
great event.

All Hell was hush'd in dread,  
Such awe that omnipresent coming  
spread ;



Nor had its voice been heard, though  
 all its rout  
 Innumerable had lifted up one shout ;  
 Nor if the infernal firmament  
 Had in one unimaginable burst 40  
 Spent its collected thunders, had the  
 sound,  
 Been audible, such louder terrors went  
 Before his forms substantial. Round  
 about [wide,  
 The presence scattered lightnings far and  
 That quench'd on every side,  
 With their intensest blaze, the feebler fire  
 Of Padalon, even as the stars go out,  
 When, with prodigious light,  
 Some blazing meteor fills the astonish'd  
 night.

4

The Diamond City shakes ! 50  
 The adamantine Rock  
 Is loosen'd with the shock !  
 From its foundation moved, it heaves  
 and quakes ; [dust ;  
 The brazen portals crumbling fall to  
 Prone fall the Giant Guards  
 Beneath the Aullays crush'd ;  
 On, on, through Yamenpur, their  
 thundering feet  
 Speed from all points to Yamen's  
 Judgement-seat.  
 And lo ! where multiplied,  
 Behind, before him, and on every side,  
 Wielding all weapons in his countless  
 hands, 61  
 Around the Lord of Hell Kehama  
 stands !  
 Then too the Lord of Hell put forth  
 his might :  
 Thick darkness, blacker than the  
 blackest night,  
 Rose from their wrath, and veil'd  
 The unutterable fight.  
 The power of Fate and Sacrifice  
 prevail'd,

And soon the strife was done.  
 Then did the Man-God re-assume  
 His unity, absorbing into one 70  
 The consubstantiate shapes ; and as  
 the gloom  
 Opened, fallen Yamen on the ground  
 was seen,  
 His neck beneath the conquering  
 Rajah's feet,  
 Who on the marble tomb  
 Had his triumphal seat.

5

Silent the Man-Almighty sate ;  
 a smile  
 Gleam'd on his dreadful lips, the  
 while  
 Dallying with power, he paused from  
 following up  
 His conquest, as a man in social hour  
 Sips of the grateful cup, 80  
 Again and yet again with curious  
 taste  
 Searching its subtle flavour ere he  
 drink :  
 Even so Kehama now forbore his  
 haste ;  
 Having within his reach whate'er he  
 sought,  
 On his own haughty power he seem'd  
 to muse,  
 Pampering his arrogant heart with  
 silent thought.  
 Before him stood the Golden Throne  
 in sight,  
 Right opposite ; he could not choose  
 but see  
 Nor seeing choose but wonder. Who  
 are ye  
 Who bear the Golden Throne tor-  
 mented there ? 90  
 He cried ; for whom doth Destiny  
 prepare  
 The Imperial Seat, and why are ye  
 but Three ?



And I will place the Kingdoms of the  
World

Beneath thy Father's feet, 150  
Appointing him the King of mortal  
men :

Else underneath that Throne,  
The Fourth supporter he shall stand  
and groan ;

Prayers will be vain to move my  
mercy then.

## 12

Again the Virgin answer'd, I have said !  
Ladurlad caught her in his proud  
embrace,

While on his neck she hid  
In agony her face.

## 13

Bring forth the Amreeta-cup ! Kehama  
cried 159

To Yamen, rising sternly in his pride.

It is within the Marble Sepulchre,  
The vanquish'd Lord of Padalon replied,  
Bid it be open'd. Give thy treasure up !  
Exclaim'd the Man-Almighty to the  
Tomb.

And at his voice and look  
The massy fabric shook, and open'd  
wide.

A huge Anatomy was seen reclined  
Within its marble womb. Give me  
the Cup !

Again Kehama cried ; no other charm  
Was needed than that voice of stern  
command. 170

From his repose the ghastly form arose,  
Put forth his bony and gigantic arm,  
And gave the Amreeta to the Rajah's  
hand.

Take ! drink ! with accents dread the  
Spectre said,

For thee and Kailyal hath it been  
assign'd,

Ye only of the Children of Mankind.

## 14

Then was the Man-Almighty's heart  
elate ;

This is the consummation ! he exclaim'd ;  
Thus have I triumphed over Death  
and Fate. 179

Now, Seeva ! look to thine abode !  
Henceforth, on equal footing we engage,  
Alike immortal now, and we shall wage  
Our warfare, God to God !  
Joy fill'd his impious soul,  
And to his lips he raised the fatal bowl.

## 15

Thus long the Glendoveer had stood  
Watching the wonders of the eventful  
hour,

Amazed but undismay'd ; for in his  
heart

Faith, overcoming fear, maintain'd its  
power.

Nor had that faith abated, when the  
God 190

Of Padalon was beaten down in fight ;  
For then he look'd to see the heavenly  
might [now

Of Seeva break upon them. But when  
He saw the Amreeta in Kehama's hand,  
An impulse which defied all self-  
command

In that extremity  
Stung him, and he resolved to seize  
the cup,

And dare the Rajah's force in Seeva's  
sight.

Forward he sprung to tempt the  
unequal fray,

When lo ! the Anatomy, 200  
With warning arm, withstood his  
desperate way,

And from the Golden Throne the fiery  
Three

Again, in one accord, renew'd their  
song. [long.

Kehama, come ! we wait for thee too

16

O fool of drunken hope and frantic  
 vice!  
 Madman! to seek for power beyond thy  
 scope  
 Of knowledge, and to deem  
 Less than Omniscience could suffice  
 To wield Omnipotence! O fool,  
 to dream  
 That immortality could be 210  
 The meed of evil! . . . yea thou hast it  
 now,  
 Victim of thine own wicked heart's  
 device,  
 Thou hast thine object now, and now  
 must pay the price.

17

He did not know the holy mystery  
 Of that divinest cup, that as the lips  
 Which touch it, even such its quality,  
 Good or malignant: Madman! and  
 he thinks  
 The blessed prize is won, and joyfully  
 he drinks.

18

Then Seeva open'd on the Accursed One  
 His Eye of Anger: upon him alone  
 The wrath-beam fell. He shudders . .  
 but too late; 221  
 The deed is done,  
 The dreadful liquor works the will of  
 Fate.  
 Immortal he would be,  
 Immortal he is made; but through  
 his veins  
 Torture at once and immortality,  
 A stream of poison doth the Amreeta  
 run,  
 And while within the burning anguish  
 flows,  
 His outward body glows  
 Like molten ore, beneath the avenging  
 Eye, 230  
 Doom'd thus to live and burn eternally.

19

The fiery Three,  
 Beholding him, set up a fiendish cry,  
 A song of jubilee; [long  
 Come, Brother, come! they sung; too  
 Have we expected thee,  
 Henceforth we bear no more  
 The unequal weight; Come, Brother,  
 we are Four!

20

Vain his almightiness, for mightier pain  
 Subdued all power; pain ruled supreme  
 alone; 240  
 And yielding to the bony hand  
 The unemptied cup, he moved toward  
 the Throne, [stand.  
 And at the vacant corner took his  
 Behold the Golden Throne at length  
 complete, [ment-seat.  
 And Yamen silently ascends the Judge-

21

For two alone, of all mankind, to me  
 The Amreeta Cup was given,  
 Then said the Anatomy;  
 The Man hath drunk, the Woman's  
 turn is next.  
 \*Come, Kailyal, come, receive thy doom,  
 And do the Will of Heaven! . . 251  
 Wonder, and Fear, and Awe at once  
 perplex  
 The mortal Maiden's heart, but over all  
 Hope rose triumphant. With a  
 trembling hand,  
 Obedient to his call,  
 She took the fated Cup; and, lifting up  
 Her eyes, where holy tears began to swell,  
 Is it not your command,  
 Ye heavenly Powers? as on her knees  
 she fell,  
 The pious Virgin cried; 260  
 Ye know my innocent will, my heart  
 sincere,  
 Ye govern all things still,  
 And wherefore should I fear!



22

She said, and drank. The Eye of  
 Mercy beam'd  
 Upon the Maid : a cloud of fragrance  
 steam'd  
 Like incense-smoke, as all her mortal  
 frame  
 Dissolv'd beneath the potent agency  
 Of that mysterious draught ; such  
 quality,  
 From her pure touch, the fated Cup  
 partook.  
 Like one entranced she knelt, 270  
 Feeling her body melt  
 Till all but what was heavenly pass'd  
 away :

Yet still she felt  
 Her Spirit strong within her, the same  
 heart,  
 With the same loves, and all her  
 heavenly part  
 Unchang'd, and ripen'd to such perfect  
 state [Earth,  
 In this miraculous birth, as here on  
 Dimly our holiest hopes anticipate.

23

Mine ! mine ! with rapturous joy  
 Ereenia cried,  
 Immortal now, and yet not more  
 divine ; 280  
 Mine, mine, . . . for ever mine !  
 The immortal Maid replied,  
 For ever, ever, thine !

24

Then Yamen said, O thou to whom  
 by Fate,  
 Alone of all mankind, this lot is given,  
 Daughter of Earth, but now the Child  
 of Heaven !  
 Go with thy heavenly Mate,  
 Partaker now of his immortal bliss ;  
 Go to the Swerga Bowers,  
 And there recall the hours 290  
 Of endless happiness.

25

But that sweet Angel, for she still  
 retain'd  
 Her human loves and human piety,  
 As if reluctant at the God's commands,  
 Linger'd, with anxious eye  
 Upon her Father fix'd, and spread her  
 hands  
 Toward him wistfully.  
 Go ! Yamen said, nor cast that look  
 behind  
 Upon Ladurlad at this parting hour,  
 For thou shalt find him in thy Mother's  
 Bower. 300

26

The Car, for Carmala his word obey'd,  
 Moved on, and bore away the  
 Maid,  
 While from the Golden Throne the  
 Lord of Death  
 With love benignant on Ladurlad  
 smiled,  
 And gently on his head his blessing  
 laid.  
 As sweetly as a Child,  
 Whom neither thought disturbs nor  
 care encumbers,  
 Tired with long play, at close of  
 summer day,  
 Lies down and slumbers,  
 Even thus as sweet a boon of sleep  
 partaking, 310  
 By Yamen blest, Ladurlad sunk to  
 rest.  
 Blessed that sleep ! more blessed was  
 the waking !  
 For on that night a heavenly morning  
 broke,  
 The light of heaven was round him  
 when he woke,  
 And in the Swerga, in Yedillian's  
 Bower,  
 All whom he loved he met, to part no  
 more.

# RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS :

A TRAGIC POEM.

‘Tanto acrior apud majores, sicut virtutibus gloria, ita flagitiis poenitentia, fuit. Sed haec aliaque, ex veteri memoria petita, quotiens res locusque exempla recti, aut solatia mali, poscet, haud absurde memorabimus.’—*Taciti Hist. lib. iii. c. 51.*

TO  
GROSVENOR CHARLES BEDFORD,  
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

IN LASTING MEMORIAL OF A LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP,  
BY HIS OLD SCHOOLFELLOW,  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

.. ‘As the ample Moon,  
In the deep stillness of a summer even  
Rising behind a thick and lofty Grove,  
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light  
In the green trees; and kindling on all  
sides  
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
Into a substance glorious as her own,  
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power

Capacious and serene : Like power abides  
In Man’s celestial Spirit ; Virtue thus  
Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds  
A calm, a beautiful and silent fire,  
From the incumbrances of mortal life,  
From error, disappointment, . . nay from  
guilt ;  
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,  
From palpable oppressions of Despair.’

*Wordsworth.*

## PREFACE.

THE history of the Wisi-Goths for some years before their overthrow is very imperfectly known. It is, however, apparent, that the enmity between the royal families of Chindasuintho and Wamba was one main cause of the destruction of the kingdom, the latter party having assisted in betraying their country to the Moors for the gratification of their own revenge. Theodofred and Favila were younger sons of King Chindasuintho ; King Witiza, who was of Wamba’s family, put out the eyes of Theodofred, and murdered Favila, at the instigation of that Chieftain’s wife, with whom he lived in adultery. Pelayo,

the son of Favila, and afterwards the founder of the Spanish monarchy, was driven into exile. Roderick, the son of Theodofred, recovered the throne, and put out Witiza’s eyes in vengeance for his father ; but he spared Orpas, the brother of the tyrant, as being a Priest, and Ebba and Sisibert, the two sons of Witiza, by Pelayo’s mother. It may be convenient thus briefly to premise these circumstances of an obscure portion of history, with which few readers can be supposed to be familiar ; and a list of the principal persons who are introduced, or spoken of, may as properly be prefixed to a Poem as to a Play.

WITIZA, . . . . . King of the Wisi-Goths ;  
dethroned and blinded by Roderick.  
THEODOFRED, . . son of King Chindasuintho,  
blinded by King Witiza.  
FAVILA, . . . . . his brother ; put to death  
by Witiza.  
The Wife of Favila, Witiza's adulterous  
mistress.  
*(These four persons are dead before the  
action of the poem commences.)*  
RODERICK, . . . . the last King of the Wisi-  
Goths : son of Theodofred.  
PELAYO, . . . . . the founder of the Spanish  
Monarchy : son of Favila.  
GAUDIOSA, . . . . his wife.  
GUISLA, . . . . . his sister.  
FAVILA, . . . . . his son.  
HERMESIND, . . . his daughter.  
RUSILLA, . . . . widow of Theodofred, and  
mother of Roderick.  
COUNT PEDRO, } powerful Lords of Can-  
COUNT EUDON, } tabria.  
ALPHONSO, . . . . Count Pedro's son, after-  
wards King.  
URBAN, . . . . . Archbishop of Toledo.  
ROMANO, . . . . . a Monk of the Caulian  
Schools, near Merida.  
ABDALAZIZ, . . . the Moorish Governor of  
Spain.  
EGILONA, . . . . formerly the wife of  
Roderick, now of Abdalaziz.

ABULCACEM, . . }  
ALCAHMAN, . . }  
AYUB, . . . . . } Moorish Chiefs.  
IBRAHIM, . . . }  
MAGUED, . . . . }  
ORPAS, . . . . . brother to Witiza, and  
formerly Archbishop of Seville, now a  
renegade.  
SISIBERT, . . . . } sons of Witiza and of  
EBBA, . . . . . } Pelayo's mother.  
NUMACIAN, . . . a renegade, governor of  
Gegio.  
COUNT JULIAN, . a powerful Lord among  
the Wisi-Goths, now a renegade.  
FLORINDA, . . . his daughter, violated by  
King Roderick.  
ADOSINDA, . . . daughter of the Governor  
of Auria.  
ODOAR, . . . . . Abbot of St. Felix.  
SIVERIAN, . . . . Roderick's foster-father.  
FAVINIA, . . . . Count Pedro's wife.

The four latter persons are imaginary.  
All the others are mentioned in history.  
I ought, however, to observe that Romano  
is a creature of monkish legends ; that the  
name of Pelayo's sister has not been pre-  
served ; and that that of Roderick's mother,  
Ruscilo, has been altered to Rusilla, for the  
sake of euphony.

## RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

### I. RODERICK AND ROMANO

LONG had the crimes of Spain cried out  
to Heaven ;  
At length the measure of offence was full.  
Count Julian call'd the invaders ; not  
because  
Inhuman priests with unoffending blood  
Had stain'd their country ; not because  
a yoke  
Of iron servitude oppress'd and gall'd  
The children of the soil ; a private wrong  
Roused the remorseless Baron. Mad to  
wreak  
His vengeance for a violated child  
On Roderick's head an evil hour for  
Spain,

For that unhappy daughter and himself,  
Desperate apostate . . on the Moors he  
call'd ;  
And like a cloud of locusts, whom the  
South  
Wafts from the plains of wasted Africa,  
The Musselmen upon Iberia's shore  
Descend. A countless multitude they  
came ;  
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,  
Persian and Copt and Tatar, in one bond  
Of erring faith conjoin'd, . . strong in  
the youth  
And heat of zeal, . . a dreadful brother-  
hood,  
In whom all turbulent vices were let  
loose ;

While Conscience, with their impious  
 creed accurst,  
 Drunk as with wine, had sanctified to  
 them  
 All bloody, all abominable things.

Thou, Calpe, saw'st their coming ;  
 ancient Rock  
 Renown'd, no longer now shalt thou be  
 call'd  
 From Gods and Heroes of the years of  
 yore,  
 Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,  
 Bacchus or Hercules ; but doom'd to bear  
 The name of thy new conqueror, and  
 thenceforth 30  
 To stand his everlasting monument.  
 Thou saw'st the dark-blue waters flash  
 before  
 Their ominous way, and whiten round  
 their keels ;  
 Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er  
 thy sands.  
 There on the beach the Misbelievers  
 spread  
 Their banners, flaunting to the sun and  
 breeze ;  
 Fair shone the sun upon their proud  
 array,  
 White turbans, glittering armour, shields  
 engrail'd  
 With gold, and scymitars of Syrian steel ;  
 And gently did the breezes, as in sport,  
 Curl their long flags outrolling, and  
 display 41  
 The blazon'd scrolls of blasphemy. Too  
 soon  
 The gales of Spain from that unhappy land  
 Wafted, as from an open charnel-house,  
 The taint of death ; and that bright  
 sun, from fields  
 Of slaughter, with the morning dew drew  
 up  
 Corruption through the infected atmo-  
 sphere.

Then fell the kingdom of the Goths ;  
 their hour  
 Was come, and Vengeance, long with-  
 held, went loose. 49  
 Famine and Pestilence had wasted them,  
 And Treason, like an old and eating sore,  
 Consumed the bones and sinews of their  
 strength ;  
 And worst of enemies, their Sins were  
 arm'd  
 Against them. Yet the sceptre from  
 their hands  
 Pass'd not away inglorious, nor was  
 shame  
 Left for their children's lasting heritage ;  
 Eight summer days, from morn till  
 latest eve,  
 The fatal fight endured, till perfidy  
 Prevailing to their overthrow, they sunk  
 Defeated, not dishonour'd. On the  
 banks 60  
 Of Chrysus, Roderick's royal car was  
 found,  
 His battle-horse Orelia, and that helm  
 Whose horns, amid the thickest of the fray  
 Eminent, had mark'd his presence. Did  
 the stream  
 Receive him with the undistinguish'd  
 dead,  
 Christian and Moor, who clogg'd its  
 course that day ?  
 So thought the Conqueror, and from  
 that day forth,  
 Memorial of his perfect victory,  
 He bade the river bear the name of Joy.  
 So thought the Goths ; they said no  
 prayer for him, 70  
 For him no service sung. For mourning  
 made,  
 But charged their crime upon his head,  
 and curs'd  
 His memory.  
 Bravely <sup>at eight-days' fight</sup>  
 The King had <sup>even,</sup> . . . for victory  
 first, whi<sup>pe</sup>



Remain'd, then desperately in search  
of death.  
The arrows pass'd him by to right and  
left,  
The spear-point pierced him not, the  
scymitar  
Glanced from his helmet. Is the shield  
of Heaven,  
Wretch that I am, extended over me ?  
Cried Roderick ; and he dropt Orelio's  
reins, 80  
And threw his hands aloft in frantic  
prayer. . .  
Death is the only mercy that I crave,  
Death soon and short, death and forget-  
fulness !  
Aloud he cried ; but in his inmost heart  
There answer'd him a secret voice, that  
spake  
Of righteousness and judgement after  
death,  
And God's redeeming love, which fain  
would save  
The guilty soul alive. 'Twas agony,  
And yet 'twas hope ; . . a momentary  
light,  
That flash'd through utter darkness on  
the Cross 90  
To point salvation, then left all within  
Dark as before. Fear, never felt till  
then,  
Sudden and irresistible as stroke  
Of lightning, smote him. From his  
horse he dropt,  
Whether with human impulse, or by  
Heaven  
Struck down, he knew not ; loosen'd  
from his wrist  
The sword-chain, and let fall the sword,  
whose hilt  
Clung to his palm a moment ere it fell,  
Glued there with Moorish gore. His  
royal robe, 99  
His horned helmet and enamell'd mail,  
He cast aside, and taking from the dead

A peasant's garment, in those weeds  
involved  
Stole, like a thief in darkness, from the  
field.  
  
Evening closed round to favour him.  
All night  
He fled, the sound of battle in his ear  
Ringing, and sights of death before his  
eyes.  
With forms more horrible of eager fiends  
That seem'd to hover round, and gulphs  
of fire  
Opening beneath his feet. At times the  
groan  
Of some poor fugitive, who, bearing  
with him 110  
His mortal hurt, had fallen beside the  
way,  
Roused him from these dread visions,  
and he call'd  
In answering groans on his Redeemer's  
name,  
That word the only prayer that pass'd  
his lips  
Or rose within his heart. Then would  
he see  
The Cross whereon a bleeding Saviour  
hung,  
Who call'd on him to come and cleanse  
his soul  
In those all-healing streams, which from  
his wounds,  
As from perpetual springs, for ever  
flow'd.  
No hart e'er panted for the water-  
brooks 120  
As Roderick thirsted there to drink and  
live ;  
But Hell was interposed ; and worse  
than Hell . .  
Yea to his eyes more dreadful than the  
fiends  
Who flock'd like hungry ravens round  
his head, . .

Florinda stood between, and warn'd  
him off

With her abhorrent hands, . . . that agony  
Still in her face, which, when the deed  
was done,

Inflicted on her ravisher the curse  
That it invoked from Heaven. . . Oh  
what a night

Of waking horrors ! Nor when morning  
came 130

Did the realities of light and day  
Bring aught of comfort ; wheresoe'er  
he went

The tidings of defeat had gone before ;  
And leaving their defenceless homes to  
seek

What shelter walls and battlements  
might yield,

Old men with feeble feet, and tottering  
babes,

And widows with their infants in their  
arms,

Hurried along. Nor royal festival,  
Nor sacred pageant, with like multitudes  
E'er fill'd the public way. All whom  
the sword 140

Had spared were here ; bed-rid infirmity  
Alone was left behind ; the cripple plied  
His crutches, with her child of yester-  
day

The mother fled, and she whose hour  
was come

Fell by the road.

Less dreadful than this view  
Of outward suffering which the day  
disclosed,

Had night and darkness seem'd to  
Roderick's heart,

With all their dread creations. From  
the throng

He turn'd aside, unable to endure

This burthen of the general woe ; nor  
walls, 150

Nor towers, nor mountain fastnesses he  
sought,

A firmer hold his spirit yearn'd to find,  
A rock of surer strength. Unknowing  
where,

Straight through the wild he hasten'd  
on all day,

And with unslacken'd speed was travel-  
ling still

When evening gather'd round. Seven  
days from morn

Till night he travell'd thus ; the forest  
oaks,

The fig-grove by the fearful husbandman  
Forsaken to the spoiler, and the vines,  
Where fox and household dog together  
now 160

Fed on the vintage, gave him food ; the  
hand

Of Heaven was on him, and the agony  
Which wrought within, supplied a  
strength beyond

All natural force of man.

When the eighth eve  
Was come, he found himself on Ana's  
banks,

Fast by the Caulian Schools. It was  
the hour

Of vespers, but no vesper bell was heard,  
Nor other sound, than of the passing  
stream,

Or stork, who flapping with wide wing  
the air,

Sought her broad nest upon the silent  
tower. 170

Brethren and pupils thence alike had  
fled

To save themselves within the embattled  
walls

Of neighbouring Merida. One aged  
Monk

Alone was left behind ; he would not  
leave

The sacred spot beloved, for having  
served

There from his childhood up to ripe old  
age

God's holy altar, it became him now,  
He thought, before that altar to await  
The merciless misbelievers, and lay  
down

His life, a willing martyr. So he staid  
When all were gone, and duly fed the  
lamps, 181

And kept devotedly the altar drest,  
And duly offer'd up the sacrifice.

Four days and nights he thus had pass'd  
alone,

In such high mood of saintly fortitude,  
That hope of Heaven became a heavenly  
joy ;

And now at evening to the gate he went  
If he might spy the Moors, . . for it  
seem'd long

To tarry for his crown.

Before the Cross

Roderick had thrown himself ; his body  
raised, 190

Half kneeling, half at length he lay ; his  
arms

Embraced its foot, and from his lifted  
face

Tears streaming down bedew'd the  
senseless stone.

He had not wept till now, and at the  
gush

Of these first tears, it seem'd as if his  
heart,

From a long winter's icy thrall let loose,  
Had open'd to the genial influences

Of Heaven. In attitude, but not in act  
Of prayer he lay ; an agony of tears

Was all his soul could offer. When the  
Monk 200

Beheld him suffering thus, he raised him  
up,

And took him by the arm, and led him in ;  
And there before the altar, in the name

Of Him whose bleeding image there was  
hung,

Spake comfort, and adjured him in that  
name

There to lay down the burthen of his  
sins.

Lo ! said Romano, I am waiting here  
The coming of the Moors, that from their  
hands

My spirit may receive the purple robe  
Of martyrdom, and rise to claim its  
crown. 210

That God who willeth not the sinner's  
death

Hath led thee hither. Threescore years  
and five,

Even from the hour when I, a five-years'  
child,

Enter'd the schools, have I continued  
here

And served the altar : not in all those  
years

Hath such a contrite and a broken heart  
Appear'd before me. O my brother,  
Heaven

Hath sent thee for thy comfort, and for  
mine,

That my last earthly act may reconcile  
A sinner to his God.

Then Roderick knelt 220

Before the holy man, and strove to  
speak.

Thou seest, he cried, . . thou seest, . .  
but memory

And suffocating thoughts repress'd the  
word,

And shudderings, like an ague fit, from  
head

To foot convulsed him ; till at length,  
subduing

His nature to the effort, he exclaim'd,  
Spreading his hands and lifting up his  
face,

As if resolved in penitence to bear  
A human eye upon his shame, . . Thou  
seest

Roderick the Goth ! That name would  
have sufficed 230

To tell its whole abhorred history :

He not the less pursued, . . the ravisher,  
The cause of all this ruin ! Having said,  
In the same posture motionless he knelt,  
Arms straighten'd down, and hands out-  
spread, and eyes

Raised to the Monk, like one who from  
his voice

Awaited life or death.

All night the old man  
Pray'd with his penitent, and minister'd  
Unto the wounded soul, till he infused  
A healing hope of mercy that allay'd 240  
Its heat of anguish. But Romano saw  
What strong temptations of despair  
beset,

And how he needed in this second birth,  
Even like a yearling child, a fosterer's  
care.

Father in Heaven, he cried, thy will be  
done !

Surely I hoped that I this day should  
sing

Hosannahs at thy throne ; but thou  
hast yet

Work for thy servant here. He girt his  
loins,

And from her altar took with reverent  
hands

Our Lady's image down : In this, quoth  
he, 250

We have our guide and guard and com-  
forter,

The best provision for our perilous way.  
Fear not but we shall find a resting-  
place,

The Almighty's hand is on us.

They went forth,  
They cross'd the stream, and when  
Romano turn'd

For his last look toward the Caulian  
towers,

Far off the Moorish standards in the  
light

Of morn were glittering, where the  
miscreant host

Toward the Lusitanian capital  
To lay their siege advanced ; the eastern  
breeze 260

Bore to the fearful travellers far away  
The sound of horn and tambour o'er the  
plain.

All day they hasten'd, and when evening  
fell

Sped toward the setting sun, as if its line  
Of glory came from Heaven to point  
their course.

But feeble were the feet of that old man  
For such a weary length of way ; and  
now

Being pass'd the danger (for in Merida  
Sacaru long in resolute defence  
Withstood the tide of war,) with easier  
pace 270

The wanderers journey'd on ; till having  
cross'd

Rich Tagus, and the rapid Zezere,  
They from Albardos' hoary height  
beheld

Pine-forest, fruitful vale, and that fair  
lake

Where Alcoa, mingled there with Baza's  
stream,

Rests on its passage to the western sea,  
That sea the aim and boundary of their  
toil.

The fourth week of their painful  
pilgrimage  
Was full, when they arrived where from  
the land

A rocky hill, rising with steep ascent,  
O'erhung the glittering beach ; there  
on the top 281

A little lowly hermitage they found,  
And a rude Cross, and at its foot a  
grave,

Bearing no name, nor other monument.  
Where better could they rest than here,  
where faith

And secret penitence and happiest death



Had bless'd the spot, and brought good  
 Angels down,  
 And open'd as it were a way to Heaven ?  
 Behind them was the desert, offering  
 fruit  
 And water for their need : on either  
 side 290  
 The white sand sparkling to the sun ; in  
 front,  
 Great Ocean with its everlasting voice,  
 As in perpetual jubilee, proclaim'd,  
 The wonders of the Almighty, filling  
 thus  
 The pauses of their fervent orisons.  
 Where better could the wanderers rest  
 than here ?

## II. RODERICK IN SOLITUDE

TWELVE months they sojourn'd in their  
 solitude,  
 And then beneath the burthen of old age  
 Romano sunk. No brethren were there  
 here  
 To spread the sackcloth, and with ashes  
 strew  
 That penitential bed, and gather round  
 To sing his requiem, and with prayer  
 and psalm  
 Assist him in his hour of agony.  
 He lay on the bare earth, which long  
 had been  
 His only couch ; beside him Roderick  
 knelt,  
 Moisten'd from time to time his  
 blaeken'd lips, 10  
 Received a blessing with his latest  
 breath,  
 Then closed his eyes, and by the name-  
 less grave  
 Of the fore-tenant of that holy place  
 Consign'd him earth to earth.  
Two graves are here,  
 And Roderick converse at their feet  
 began

To break the third. In all his intervals  
 Of prayer, save only when he search'd  
 the woods  
 And fill'd the water-cruise, he labour'd  
 there ;  
 And when the work was done and he  
 had laid  
 Himself at length within its narrow sides  
 And measured it, he shook his head to  
 think 21  
 There was no other business now for  
 him.  
 Poor wretch, thy bed is ready, he  
 exclaim'd,  
 And would that night were come ! . . It  
 was a task,  
 All gloomy as it was, which had beguiled  
 The sense of solitude ; but now he felt  
 The burthen of the solitary hours :  
 The silence of that lonely hermitage  
 Lay on him like a spell ; and at the  
 voice  
 Of his own prayers, he started half  
 aghast. 30  
 Then too as on Romano's grave he sat  
 And pored upon his own, a natural  
 thought  
 Arose within him, . . well might he have  
 spared  
 That useless toil ; the sepulchre would  
 be  
 No hiding place for him ; no Christian  
 hands  
 Were here who should compose his  
 decent corpse  
 And cover it with earth. There he  
 might drag  
 His wretched body at its passing hour,  
 But there the Sea-Birds of her heritage  
 Would rob the worm, or peradventure  
 seize, 40  
 Ere death had done its work, their  
 helpless prey.  
 Even now they did not fear him : when  
 he walk'd

Beside them on the beach, regardlessly  
They saw his coming; and their whirring  
wings

Upon the height had sometimes fann'd  
his cheek,

As if, being thus alone, humanity  
Had lost its rank, and the prerogative  
Of man were done away.

For his lost crown  
And sceptre never had he felt a thought  
Of pain; repentance had no pangs to  
spare

For trifles such as these, . . . the loss of  
these

Was a cheap penalty; . . . that he had  
fallen

Down to the lowest depth of wretched-  
ness,

His hope and consolation. But to lose  
His human station in the scale of  
things, . . .

To see brute nature scorn him, and  
renounce

Its homage to the human form divine; . .  
Had then Almighty vengeance thus  
reveal'd

His punishment, and was he fallen  
indeed

Below fallen man, below redemption's  
reach, . . .

Made lower than the beasts, and like the  
beasts

To perish! . . . Such temptations troubled  
him

By day, and in the visions of the night;  
And even in sleep he struggled with the  
thought,

And waking with the effort of his  
prayers

The dream assail'd him still.

A wilder form  
Sometimes his poignant penitence as-  
sumed,

Starting with force revived from inter-  
vals

Of calmer passion, or exhausted rest;  
When floating back upon the tide of  
thought

Remembrance to a self-excusing strain  
Beguiled him, and recall'd in long array  
The sorrows and the secret impulses  
Which to the abyss of wretchedness and  
guilt

Led their unwary victim. The evil hour  
Return'd upon him, when reluctantly  
Yielding to worldly counsel his assent,

In wedlock to an ill-assorted mate  
He gave his cold unwilling hand: then  
came

The disappointment of the barren bed,  
The hope deceived, the soul dissatisfied,  
Home without love, and privacy from  
which

Delight was banish'd first, and peace too  
soon

Departed. Was it strange that when  
he met

A heart attuned, . . . a spirit like his own,  
Of lofty pitch, yet in affection mild,  
And tender as a youthful mother's joy, . .  
Oh was it strange if at such sympathy  
The feelings which within his breast  
repell'd

And chill'd had shrunk, should open  
forth like flowers

After cold winds of night, when gentle  
gales

Restore the genial sun? If all were  
known,

Would it indeed be not to be forgiven? . .  
(Thus would he lay the unction to his  
soul,)

If all were truly known, as Heaven knows  
all,

Heaven that is merciful as well as just, . .  
A passion slow and mutual in its growth,  
Pure as fraternal love, long self-con-  
ceal'd,

And when confess'd in silence, long  
control'd;

Treacherous occasion, human frailty,  
 fear 100  
 Of endless separation, worse than  
 death, . . .  
 The purpose and the hope with which  
 the Fiend  
 Tempted, deceived, and madden'd him ;  
 . . . but then  
 As at a new temptation would he start,  
 Shuddering beneath the intolerable  
 shame,  
 And clench in agony his matted hair ;  
 While in his soul the perilous thought  
 arose,  
 How easy 'twere to plunge where yonder  
 waves  
 Invited him to rest.

Oh for a voice

Of comfort, . . . for a ray of hope from  
 Heaven ! 110  
 A hand that from these billows of despair  
 May reach and snatch him ere he sink  
 engulf'd !  
 At length, as life when it hath lain long  
 time  
 Oppress'd beneath some grievous mal-  
 ady,  
 Seems to rouse up with re-collected  
 strength,  
 And the sick man doth feel within him-  
 self  
 A second spring ; so Roderick's better  
 mind  
 Arose to save him. Lo ! the western sun  
 Flames o'er the broad Atlantic ; on the  
 verge  
 Of glowing ocean rests ; retiring then  
 Draws with it all its rays, and sudden  
 night 121  
 Fills the whole cope of heaven. The  
 penitent  
 Knel't by Romano's grave, and falling  
 prone,  
 Clasp'd with extended arms the funeral  
 mould.

Father ! he cried ; Companion ! only  
 friend,  
 When all beside was lost ! thou too art  
 gone,  
 And the poor sinner whom from utter  
 death  
 Thy providential hand preserved, once  
 more  
 Totters upon the gulph. I am too weak  
 For solitude, . . . too vile a wretch to bear  
 This everlasting commune with myself.  
 The Tempter hath assail'd me ; my own  
 heart 132  
 Is leagued with him ; Despair hath laid  
 the nets  
 To take my soul, and Memory like a  
 ghost,  
 Haunts me, and drives me to the toils.  
 O Saint,  
 While I was blest with thee, the her-  
 mitage  
 Was my sure haven ! Look upon me  
 still,  
 For from thy heavenly mansion thou  
 canst see  
 The suppliant ; look upon thy child in  
 Christ,  
 Is there no other way for penitence ? 140  
 I ask not martyrdom ; for what am I  
 That I should pray for triumphs, the  
 fit meed  
 Of a long life of holy works like thine ;  
 Or how should I presumptuously aspire  
 To wear the heavenly crown resign'd by  
 thee,  
 For my poor sinful sake ? Oh point me  
 thou  
 Some humblest, painfulest, severest  
 path, . . .  
 Some new austerity, unheard of yet  
 In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands  
 Of holiest Egypt. Let me bind my  
 brow 150  
 With thorns, and barefoot seek Jeru-  
 salem,

Tracking the way with blood; there  
day by day

Inflict upon this guilty flesh the scourge,  
Drink vinegar and gall, and for my bed  
Hang with extended limbs upon the  
Cross,

A nightly crucifixion! . . . any thing  
Of action, difficulty, bodily pain,  
Labour, and outward suffering, . . . any  
thing

But stillness and this dreadful solitude!  
Romano! Father! let me hear thy  
voice 160

In dreams, O sainted Soul! or from the  
grave

Speak to thy penitent; even from the  
grave

Thine were a voice of comfort.

Thus he cried,

Easing the pressure of his burthen'd  
heart

With passionate prayer; thus pour'd  
his spirit forth,

Till with the long impetuous effort spent  
His spirit fail'd, and laying on the grave  
His weary head as on a pillow, sleep  
Fell on him. He had pray'd to hear  
a voice

Of consolation, and in dreams a voice  
Of consolation came. Roderick, it  
said, . . . 171

Roderick, my poor, unhappy, sinful  
child,

Jesus have mercy on thee! . . . Not if  
Heaven

Had opened, and Romano, visible  
In his beatitude, had breathed that  
prayer; . . .

Not if the grave had spoken, had it  
pierced

So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart  
With such compunctious visitings, nor  
given

So quick, so keen a pang. It was that  
voice

Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep  
So patiently; which soothed his child-  
ish griefs, 181

Counsell'd, with anguish and prophetic  
tears,

His headstrong youth. And lo! his  
Mother stood

Before him in the vision; in those weeds  
Which never from the hour when to the  
grave

She follow'd her dear lord Theodofred  
Rusilla laid aside; but in her face  
A sorrow that bespoke a heavier load

At heart, and more unmitigated woe, . . .  
Yea a more mortal wretchedness than  
when 190

Witiza's ruffians and the red-hot brass  
Had done their work, and in her arms  
she held

Her eyeless husband; wiped away the  
sweat

Which still his tortures forced from  
every pore;

Cool'd his scorch'd lids with medicinal  
herbs,

And pray'd the while for patience for  
herself

And him, and pray'd for vengeance too,  
and found

Best comfort in her curses. In his  
dream,

Groaning he knelt before her to beseech  
Her blessing, and she raised her hands  
to lay 200

A benediction on him. But those hands  
Were chain'd, and casting a wild look  
around,

With thrilling voice she cried, Will no  
one break

These shameful fetters? Pedro, Theu-  
demir,

Athanagild, where are ye? Roderick's  
arm

Is wither'd; . . . Chiefs of Spain, but  
where are ye?



And thou, Pelayo, thou our surest hope, Dost thou too sleep? . . . Awake, Pelayo! . . . up! . . .	Oh, might he hear That actual voice! and if Rusilla lived, . . .
Why tarriest thou, Deliverer? . . . But with that	If shame and anguish for his crimes not yet
She broke her bonds, and lo! her form was changed! 210	Had brought her to the grave, . . . sure she would bless
Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody Cross	Her penitent child, and pour into his heart
Gleam'd on her breast-plate, in her shield display'd	Prayers and forgiveness, which, like precious balm,
Erect a lion ramp'd; her helmed head Rose like the Berecynthian Goddess crown'd	Would heal the wounded soul. Nor to herself
With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword	Less precious, or less healing, would the voice
Red as a fire-brand blazed. Anon the tramp	That spake forgiveness flow. She wept her son 240
Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes Moving to mortal conflict, rang around; The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,	For ever lost, cut off with all the weight Of unrepented sin upon his head, Sin which had weigh'd a nation down . . . what joy
War-cries and tumult, strife and hate and rage, 220	To know that righteous Heaven had in its wrath
Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony, Rout and pursuit and death; and over all	Remember'd mercy, and she yet might meet
The shout of victory. . . Spain and Victory!	The child whom she had borne, redeem'd, in bliss.
Roderick, as the strong vision master'd him,	The sudden impulse of such thoughts confirmed
Rush'd to the fight rejoicing: starting then,	That unacknowledged purpose, which till now
As his own effort burst the charm of sleep,	Vainly had sought its end. He girt his loins,
He found himself upon that lonely grave In moonlight and in silence. But the dream	Laid holiest Mary's image in a cleft 250 Of the rock, where, shelter'd from the elements,
Wrought in him still; for still he felt his heart	It might abide till happier days came on, From all defilement safe; pour'd his last prayer
Pant, and his wither'd arm was trem- bling still; 230	Upon Romano's grave, and kiss'd the earth
And still that voice was in his ear which call'd	Which cover'd his remains, and wept as if
On Jesus for his sake.	At long leave-taking, then began his way.

## III. ADOSINDA

'Twas now the earliest morning; soon  
the Sun,

Rising above Albardos, pour'd his light  
Amid the forest, and with ray aslant  
Entering its depth, illumed the branch-  
less pines,

Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a  
redder hue

Its rusty stains, and cast along the floor  
Long lines of shadow, where they rose  
erect

Like pillars of the temple. With slow  
foot

Roderick pursued his way; for peni-  
tence,

Remorse which gave no respite, and  
the long 10

And painful conflict of his troubled soul,  
Had worn him down. Now brighter  
thoughts arose,

And that triumphant vision floated still  
Before his sight with all her blazonry,  
Her castled helm, and the victorious  
sword

That flash'd like lightning o'er the field  
of blood.

Sustain'd by thoughts like these, from  
morn till eve

He journey'd, and drew near Leyria's  
walls.

'Twas even-song time, but not a bell was  
heard;

Instead thereof, on her polluted towers,  
Bidding the Moors to their unhallow'd  
prayer, 21

The cryer stood, and with his sonorous  
voice

Fill'd the delicious vale where Lena winds  
Thro' groves and pastoral meads. The  
sound, the sight

Of turban, girdle, robe, and scymitar,  
And tawny skins, awoke contending  
thoughts

Of anger, shame, and anguish in the  
Goth;

The face of human-kind so long unseen  
Confused him now, and through the  
streets he went

With hagg'd mien, and countenance  
like one 30

Crazed or bewilder'd. All who met him  
turn'd,

And wonder'd as he pass'd. One stopt  
him short,

Put alms into his hand, and then desired  
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-  
struck man

To bless him. With a look of vacancy  
Roderick received the alms; his wan-  
dering eye

Fell on the money, and the fallen King,  
Seeing his own royal impress on the  
piece,

Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,  
That seem'd like laughter first, but  
ended soon 40

In hollow groans suppress; the Mussel-  
man

Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and  
magnified

The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.  
A Christian woman spinning at her door  
Beheld him, and, with sudden pity  
touch'd,

She laid her spindle by, and running in  
Took bread, and following after call'd  
him back,

And placing in his passive hands the  
loaf,

She said, Christ Jesus for his mother's  
sake

Have mercy on thee! With a look that  
seem'd 50

Like idiotcy he heard her, and stood  
still,

Staring awhile; then bursting into tears  
Wept like a child, and thus relieved his  
heart,

Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.

So through the streets, and through the northern gate

Did Roderick, reckless of a resting-place,

With feeble yet with hurried step pursue His agitated way ; and when he reach'd

The open fields, and found himself alone Beneath the starry canopy of Heaven,

The sense of solitude, so dreadful late, Was then repose and comfort. There he stopt 62

Beside a little rill, and brake the loaf ; And shedding o'er that long untasted food

Painful but quiet tears, with grateful soul He breathed thanksgiving forth, then made his bed

On heath and myrtle.

But when he arose

At day-break and pursued his way, his heart

Felt lighten'd that the shock of mingling first

Among his fellow-kind was overpast ; 70 And journeying on, he greeted whom he met

With such short interchange of benison As each to other gentle travellers give,

Recovering thus the power of social speech

Which he had long disused. When hunger prest

He ask'd for alms : slight supplication served ;

A countenance so pale and woe-begone Moved all to pity ; and the marks it bore

Of rigorous penance and austerest life, With something too of majesty that still

Appear'd amid the wreck, inspired a sense 81

Of reverence too. The goat-herd on the hills

Open'd his scrip for him ; the babe in arms,

Affrighted at his visage, turn'd away, And clinging to the mother's neck in tears

Would yet again look up, and then again Shrink back, with cry renew'd. The bolder imps

Sporting beside the way, at his approach Brake off their games for wonder, and stood still

In silence ; some among them cried, A Saint ! 90

The village matron when she gave him food

Besought his prayers ; and one entreated him

To lay his healing hands upon her child, For with a sore and hopeless malady

Wasting, it long had lain, . . and sure, she said,

He was a man of God.

Thus travelling on

He pass'd the vale where wild Arunea pours

Its wintry torrents ; and the happier site

Of old Conimbrica, whose ruin'd towers Bore record of the fierce Alani's wrath.

Mondego too he cross'd, not yet renown'd 101

In poets' amorous lay ; and left behind The walls at whose foundation pious hands

Of Priest and Monk and Bishop meekly toil'd, . .

So had the insulting Arian given command.

Those stately palaces and rich domains Were now the Moor's, and many a weary age

Must Coimbra wear the misbeliever's yoke,

Before Fernando's banner through her gate

<p>Shall pass triumphant, and her hallow'd          Mosque <span style="float: right;">110</span>          Behold the hero of Bivar receive          The knighthood which he glorified so oft          In his victorious fields. Oh, if the years          To come might then have risen on          Roderick's soul,          How had they kindled and consoled his          heart! . . .          What joy might Douro's haven then          have given,          Whence Portugal, the faithful and the          brave,          Shall take her name illustrious! . . . what,          those walls          Where Mumadona one day will erect          Convent and town and towers, which          shall become <span style="float: right;">120</span>          The cradle of that famous monarchy!          What joy might these prophetic scenes          have given, . . .          What ample vengeance on the Mussel-          man,          Driven out with foul defeat, and made          to feel          In Africa the wrongs he wrought to          Spain;          And still pursued by that relentless          sword,          Even to the farthest Orient, where his          power          Received its mortal wound.  <div style="text-align: center;">O years of pride!</div>         In undiscoverable futurity,          Yet unevolved, your destined glories          lay; <span style="float: right;">130</span>          And all that Roderick in these fated          scenes          Beheld, was grief and wretchedness, . . .          the waste          Of recent war, and that more mournful          calm          Of joyless, helpless, hopeless servitude.          'Twas not the ruin'd walls of church or          tower,</p>	<p>Cottage or hall or convent, black with          smoke;          'Twas not the unburied bones, which          where the dogs          And crows had strewn them, lay amid          the field          Bleaching in sun or shower, that wrung          his heart          With keenest anguish: 'twas when he          beheld <span style="float: right;">140</span>          The turban'd traitor show his shameless          front          In the open eye of Heaven, . . . the          renegade,          On whose base brutal nature unredeem'd          Even black apostacy itself could stamp          No deeper reprobation, at the hour          Assign'd fall prostrate; and unite the          names          Of God and the Blasphemer, . . . impious          prayer, . . .          Most impious, when from unbelieving          lips          The accurs'd utterance came. Then          Roderick's heart          With indignation burnt, and then he          long'd <span style="float: right;">150</span>          To be a King again, that so, for Spain          Betray'd and his Redeemer thus re-          nounced,          He might inflict due punishment, and          make          These wretches feel his wrath. But          when he saw          The daughters of the land, who, as          they went          With cheerful step to church, were wont          to show          Their innocent faces to all passers' eyes          Freely, and free from sin as when they          look'd          In adoration and in praise to Heaven, . . .          Now mask'd in Moorish mufflers, to the          Mosque <span style="float: right;">160</span>          Holding unaccompanied their jealous way,</p>
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His spirit seem'd at that unhappy sight  
 To die away within him, and he too  
 Would fain have died, so death could  
 bring with it  
 Entire oblivion.

Rent with thoughts like these  
 He reach'd that city, once the seat  
 renown'd  
 Of Suevi kings, where, in contempt of  
 Rome

Degenerate long, the North's heroic race  
 Raised first a rival throne; now from  
 its state

Of proud regality debased and fallen. 170  
 Still bounteous nature o'er the lovely  
 vale,

Where like a Queen rose Bracara august,  
 Pour'd forth her gifts profuse; perennial  
 springs

Flow'd for her habitants, and genial  
 suns,

With kindly showers to bless the happy  
 clime,

Combined in vain their gentle influences;  
 For patient servitude was there, who  
 bow'd

His neck beneath the Moor, and silent  
 grief

That eats into the soul. The walls and  
 stones

Seem'd to reproach their dwellers;  
 stately piles 180

Yet undecayed, the mighty monuments  
 Of Roman pomp, Barbaric palaces,  
 And Gothic halls, where haughty Barons

Gladden'd their faithful vassals with the  
 feast

And flowing bowl, alike the spoiler's now.

Leaving these captive scenes behind,  
 he crost

Cavado's silver current, and the banks  
 Of Lima, through whose groves in after  
 years,

Mournful yet sweet, Diogo's amorous  
 lute

Prolong'd its tuneful echoes. But when  
 now 190

Beyond Arnoya's tributary tide,  
 He came where Minho roll'd its ampler  
 stream

By Auria's ancient walls, fresh horrors  
 met

His startled view; for prostrate in the  
 dust

Those walls were laid, and towers and  
 temples stood

Tottering in frightful ruins, as the flame  
 Had left them black and bare; and  
 through the streets,

All with the recent wreck of war  
 bestrewn,

Helmet and turban, scymitar and sword,  
 Christian and Moor in death pro-  
 miscuous lay 200

Each where they fell; and blood-flakes,  
 parch'd and crack'd

Like the dry slime of some receding  
 flood;

And half-burnt bodies, which allured  
 from far

The wolf and raven, and to impious food  
 Tempted the houseless dog.

A thrilling pang,  
 A sweat like death, a sickness of the soul,  
 Came over Roderick. Soon they pass'd  
 away,

And admiration in their stead arose,  
 Stern joy, and inextinguishable hope,  
 With wrath, and hate, and sacred ven-  
 geance now 210

Indissolubly link'd. O valiant race,  
 O people excellently brave, he cried,

True Gotlis ye fell, and faithful to the  
 last;

Though overpower'd, triumphant, and  
 in death

Unconquer'd! Holy be your memory!  
 Bless'd and glorious now and evermore

Be your heroic names! . . . Led by the  
sound,

As thus he cried aloud, a woman came  
Toward him from the ruins. For the  
love

Of Christ, she said, lend me a little while  
Thy charitable help! . . . Her words, her  
voice, 221

Her look, more horror to his heart con-  
vey'd

Than all the havoc round: for though  
she spake

With the calm utterance of despair, in  
tones

Deep-breathed and low, yet never  
sweeter voice

Pour'd forth its hymns in ecstasy to  
Heaven.

Her hands were bloody, and her gar-  
ments stain'd

With blood, her face with blood and  
dust defiled.

Beauty and youth, and grace and  
majesty,

Had every charm of form and feature  
given; 230

But now upon her rigid countenance  
Severest anguish set a fixedness  
Ghastlier than death.

She led him through the streets  
A little way along, where four low walls,  
Heapt rudely from the ruins round,  
enclosed

A narrow space: and there upon the  
ground

Four bodies, decently composed, were  
laid,

Though horrid all with wounds and  
clotted gore;

A venerable ancient, by his side

A comely matron, for whose middle age,  
(If ruthless slaughter had not inter-  
vened,) 241

Nature it seem'd, and gentle Time,  
might well

Have many a calm declining year in store;  
The third an arm'd warrior, on his breast  
An infant, over whom his arms were  
cross'd.

There, . . . with firm eye and steady  
countenance

Unflinching, she address him, . . . there  
they lie,

Child, Husband, Parents, . . . Adosinda's  
all!

I could not break the earth with these  
poor hands,

Nor other tomb provide, . . . but let that  
pass! 250

Auria itself is now but one wide tomb  
For all its habitants:—What better  
grave?

What worthier monument? . . . Oh cover  
not

Their blood, thou Earth! and ye, ye  
bless'd Souls

Of Heroes and of murder'd Innocents,  
Oh never let your everlasting cries

Cease round the Eternal Throne, till the  
Most High

For all these unexampled wrongs hath  
given

Full, . . . over-flowing vengeance!  
While she spake

She raised her lofty hands to Heaven,  
as if 260

Calling for justice on the Judgement-  
seat;

Then laid them on her eyes, and leaning  
on

Bent o'er the open sepulchre.  
But soon

With quiet mien collectedly, like one  
Who from intense devotion, and the act

Of ardent prayer, arising, girds himself  
For this world's daily business, . . . she  
arose,

And said to Roderick, Help me now to  
raise

The covering of the tomb.

With half-burnt planks,  
 Which she had gather'd for this funeral  
 use, 270  
 They roof'd the vault, then, laying  
 stones above,  
 They closed it down ; last, rendering all  
 secure,  
 Stones upon stones they piled, till all  
 appeared  
 A huge and shapeless heap. Enough,  
 she cried ;  
 And taking Roderick's hands in both her  
 own,  
 And wringing them with fervent thank-  
 fulness,  
 May God shew mercy to thee, she  
 exclaim'd,  
 When most thou needest mercy ! Who  
 thou art  
 I know not ; not of Auria, . . for of all  
 Her sons and daughters, save the one  
 who stands 280  
 Before thee, not a soul is left alive.  
 But thou hast render'd to me, in my  
 hour  
 Of need, the only help which man could  
 give.  
 What else of consolation may be found  
 For one so utterly bereft, from Heaven  
 And from myself must come. For deem  
 not thou  
 That I shall sink beneath calamity :  
 This visitation, like a lightning-stroke,  
 Hath scathed the fruit and blossom of  
 my youth ;  
 One hour hath orphan'd me, and  
 widow'd me, 290  
 And made me childless. In this  
 sepulchre  
 Lie buried all my earthward hopes and  
 fears,  
 All human loves and natural charities ; . .  
 All womanly tenderness, all gentle  
 thoughts,  
 All female weakness too, I bury here,

Yea, all my former nature. There  
 remain  
 Revenge and death : . . the bitterness  
 of death  
 Is past, and Heaven already hath  
 vouchsafed  
 A foretaste of revenge.  
Look here ! she cried,  
 And drawing back, held forth her  
 bloody hands, . . 300  
 'Tis Moorish ! . . In the day of massacre,  
 A captain of Aleahman's murderous  
 host  
 Reserved me from the slaughter. Not  
 because  
 My rank and station tempted him with  
 thoughts  
 Of ransom, for amid the general waste  
 Of ruin all was lost ; . . Nor yet, be sure,  
 That pity moved him, . . they who from  
 this race  
 Accurst for pity look, such pity find  
 As ravenous wolves show the defenceless  
 flock.  
 My husband at my feet had fallen ; my  
 babe, . . 310  
 Spare me that thought, O God ! . . and  
 then . . even then  
 Amid the maddening throes of agony  
 Which rent my soul, . . when if this  
 solid Earth  
 Had open'd and let out the central fire  
 Before whose all-involving flames wide  
 Heaven  
 Shall shrivel like a scroll and be con-  
 sumed,  
 The universal wreck had been to me  
 Relief and comfort ; . . even then this  
 Moor  
 Turn'd on me his libidinous eyes, and  
 bade 319  
 His men reserve me safely for an hour  
 Of dalliance . . me ! . . me in my agonies !  
 But when I found for what this mis-  
 creant child

Of Hell had snatch'd me from the  
butchery,

The very horror of that monstrous  
thought

Saved me from madness; I was calm  
at once, . .

Yea comforted and reconciled to life :  
Hatred became to me the life of life,  
Its purpose and its power.

The glutt'd Moors  
At length broke up. This hell-dog  
turn'd aside

Toward his home; we travell'd fast and  
far, 330

Till by a forest edge at eve he pitched  
His tents. I wash'd and ate at his  
command,

Forcing revolted nature; I composed  
My garments and bound up my scatter'd  
hair;

And when he took my hand, and to his  
couch

Would fain have drawn me, gently I  
retired

From that abominable touch, and said,  
Forbear to-night I pray thee, for this  
day

A widow, as thou seest me, am I made;  
Therefore, according to our law, must  
watch 340

And pray to-night. The loathsome  
villain paused

Ere he assented, then laid down to rest;  
While at the door of the pavilion, I  
Knelt on the ground, and bowed my  
face to earth;

But when the neighbouring tents had  
ceased their stir,

The fires were out, and all were fast  
asleep,

Then I arose. The blessed Moon from  
Heaven

Lent me her holy light. I did not pray  
For strength, for strength was given me  
as I drew

The scymitar, and standing o'er his  
couch, 350

Raised it in both my hands with steady  
aim

And smote his neck. Upward, as from  
a spring

When newly open'd by the husbandman  
The villain's life-blood spouted. Twice  
I struck,

So making vengeance sure; then  
praising God,

Retired amid the wood, and measurec  
back

My patient way to Auria, to perform  
This duty which thou seest.

As thus she spake  
Roderick intently listening had forgot  
His crown, his kingdom, his calamities  
His crimes, . . so like a spell upon th  
Goth 36

Her powerful words prevail'd. With  
open lips,

And eager ear, and eyes which, whil  
they watch'd

Her features, caught the spirit that sh  
breathed,

Mute and enrapt he stood, and motion  
less;

The vision rose before him; and tha  
shout,

Which, like a thunder-peal, victoriou  
Spain

Sent through the welkin, rung withi  
his soul

Its deep prophetic echoes. On his brow  
The pride and power of former majest  
Dawn'd once again, but changed an  
purified: 37

Duty and high heroic purposes  
Now hallow'd it, and as with inward ligh

Illumed his meagre countenance austere

Awile in silence Adosinda stood,  
Reading his alter'd visage and th  
thoughts



Which thus transfigured him. Ay, she  
 exclaim'd,  
 My tale hath moved thee! it might  
 move the dead,  
 Quickened captivity's dead soul, and  
 rouse  
 This prostrate country from her mortal  
 trance: 380  
 Therefore I live to tell it; and for this  
 Hath the Lord God Almighty given to  
 me  
 A spirit not mine own and strength from  
 Heaven;  
 Dealing with me as in the days of old  
 With that Bethulian Matron when she  
 saved  
 His people from the spoiler. What  
 remains  
 But that the life which he hath thus  
 preserved  
 I consecrate to him? Not veil'd and  
 vow'd  
 To pass my days in holiness and peace;  
 Nor yet between sepulchral walls  
 immured, 390  
 Alive to penitence alone; my rule  
 He hath himself prescribed, and hath  
 infused  
 A passion in this woman's breast,  
 wherein  
 All passions and all virtues are com-  
 bined;  
 Love, hatred, joy, and anguish, and  
 despair,  
 And hope, and natural piety, and faith,  
 Make up the mighty feeling. Call it not  
 Revenge! thus sanctified and thus  
 sublimed,  
 'Tis duty, 'tis devotion. Like the grace  
 Of God, it came and saved me; and in  
 it 400  
 Spain must have her salvation. In thy  
 hands  
 Here, on the grave of all my family,  
 make my vow.

She said, and kneeling down,  
 Placed within Roderick's palms her  
 folded hands.  
 This life, she cried, I dedicate to God,  
 Therewith to do him service in the way  
 Which he hath shown. To rouse the  
 land against  
 This impious, this intolerable yoke, . .  
 To offer up the invader's hateful  
 blood, . .  
 This shall be my employ, my rule and  
 rite, 410  
 Observances and sacrifice of faith;  
 For this I hold the life which he hath  
 given,  
 A sacred trust; for this, when it shall  
 suit  
 His service, joyfully will lay it down.  
 So deal with me as I fulfil the pledge,  
 O Lord my God, my Saviour and my  
 Judge.

Then rising from the earth, she spread  
 her arms,  
 And looking round with sweeping eyes  
 exclaim'd,  
 Auria, and Spain, and Heaven receive  
 the vow!

#### IV. THE MONASTERY OF ST. FELIX

Thus long had Roderick heard her  
 powerful words  
 In silence, awed before her: but his  
 heart  
 Was fill'd the while with swelling sym-  
 pathy,  
 And now with impulse not to be re-  
 strain'd  
 The feeling overpower'd him. Hear  
 me too,  
 Auria, and Spain, and Heaven! he  
 cried; and thou

Who risest thus above mortality,  
Sufferer and patriot, saint and heroine,  
The servant and the chosen of the Lord,  
For surely such thou art, . . . receive in  
me 10

The first-fruits of thy calling. Kneeling  
then,

And placing as he spake his hand in hers,  
As thou hast sworn, the royal Goth  
pursued,

Even so I swear; my soul hath found  
at length

Her rest and refuge; in the invader's  
blood

She must efface her stains of mortal sin,  
And in redeeming this lost land, work out  
Redemption for herself. Herein I place  
My penance for the past, my hope to  
come,

My faith and my good works; here offer  
up 20

All thoughts and passions of mine in-  
most heart,

My days and night, . . . this flesh, this  
blood, this life,

Yea this whole being, do I here devote  
For Spain. Receive the vow, all Saints  
in Heaven,

And prosper its good end! . . . Clap now  
your wings,

The Goth with louder utterance as he  
rose

Exclaim'd, . . . clap now your wings  
exultingly,

Ye ravenous fowl of Heaven; and in  
your dens

Set up, ye wolves of Spain, a yell of joy;  
For, lo! a nation hath this day been  
sworn 30

To furnish forth your banquet; for a  
strife

Hath been commenced, the which from  
this day forth

Permits no breathing-time, and knows  
no end

Till in this land the last invader bow  
His neck beneath the exterminating  
sword.

Said I not rightly? Adosinda cried  
The will which goads me on is not mine  
own,

'Tis from on high, . . . yea, verily of  
Heaven!

But who art thou who hast profess'd  
with me,

My first sworn brother in the appointed  
rule?

Tell me thy name.

Ask any thing but that  
The fallen King replied. My name was  
lost

When from the Goths the sceptre pass'd  
away.

The nation will arise regenerate;  
Strong in her second youth and beauti-  
ful,

And like a spirit which hath shaken off  
The clog of dull mortality, shall Spain  
Arise in glory. But for my good name  
No resurrection is appointed here.

Let it be blotted out on earth: in  
Heaven

There shall be written with it penitence  
And grace, and saving faith, and such  
good deeds

Wrought in atonement, as my soul this  
day

Hath sworn to offer up.

Then be thy name  
She answer'd, Maccabee, from this day  
forth:

For this day art thou born again; as  
like

Those brethren of old times, whose holy  
names

Live in the memory of all noble hearts  
For love and admiration, ever young, .

So for our native country, for her  
hearths

And altars, for her cradles and her graves,

Hast thou thyself devoted. Let us now  
Each to our work. Among the neigh-  
bouring hills,

I to the vassals of my father's house ;  
Thou to Visonia. Tell the Abbot there  
What thou hast seen at Auria ; and with  
him

Take counsel who of all our Baronage  
Is worthiest to lead on the sons of Spain,  
And wear upon his brow the Spanish  
crown.

Now, brother, fare thee well ! we part  
in hope, 70  
And we shall meet again, be sure, in joy.

So saying, Adosinda left the King  
Alone amid the ruins. There he stood,  
As when Elisha, on the farther bank  
Of Jordan, saw that elder prophet mount  
The fiery chariot, and the steeds of fire,  
Trampling the whirlwind, bear him up  
the sky :

Thus gazing after her did Roderick  
stand ;

And as the immortal Tishbite left  
behind

His mantle and prophetic power, even  
so 80

Had her inspiring presence left infused  
The spirit which she breathed. Gazing  
he stood,

As at a heavenly visitation there  
Vouchsafed in mercy to himself and  
Spain ;

And when the heroic mourner from his  
sight

Had pass'd away, still reverential awe  
Held him suspended there and motion-  
less.

Then turning from the ghastly scene of  
death

Up murmuring Lona, he began toward  
The holy Bierzo his obedient way. 90

Sil's ample stream he crost, where  
through the vale

Of Orras, from that sacred land it bears  
The whole collected waters ; northward  
then,

Skirting the heights of Aguiar, he  
reach'd

That consecrated pile amid the wild,  
Which sainted Fructuoso in his zeal  
Rear'd to St. Felix, on Visonia's banks.

In commune with a priest of age  
mature,

Whose thoughtful visage and majestic  
mien

Bespake authority and weight of care,  
Odoar, the venerable Abbot, sate, 100  
When ushering Roderick in, the Porter  
said,

A stranger came from Auria, and re-  
quired

His private car. From Auria ? said the  
old man,

Comest thou from Auria, brother ? I  
can spare

Thy painful errand then, . . we know the  
worst.

Nay, answer'd Roderick, but thou hast  
not heard

My tale. Where that devoted city lies  
In ashes, 'mid the ruins and the dead

I found a woman, whom the Moors had  
borne 110

Captive away ; but she, by Heaven  
inspired

And her good heart, with her own arm  
had wrought

Her own deliverance, smiting in his tent  
A lustful Moorish miscreant, as of yore

By Judith's holy deed the Assyrian fell.  
And that same spirit which had

strengthen'd her

Work'd in her still. Four walls with  
patient toil

She rear'd, wherein, as in a sepulchre,  
 With her own hands she laid her mur-  
 der'd babe,  
 Her husband and her parents, side by  
 side; 120  
 And when we cover'd in this shapeless  
 tomb,  
 There on the grave of all her family,  
 Did this courageous mourner dedicate  
 All thoughts and actions of her future  
 life  
 To her poor country. For she said, that  
 Heaven  
 Supporting her, in mercy had vouch-  
 safed  
 A foretaste of revenge; that, like the  
 grace  
 Of God, revenge had saved her; that in it  
 Spain must have her salvation; and  
 henceforth  
 That passion, thus sublimed and sancti-  
 fied, 130  
 Must be to all the loyal sons of Spain  
 The pole-star of their faith, their rule  
 and rite,  
 Observances and worthiest sacrifice.  
 I took the vow, unworthy as I am,  
 Her first sworn follower in the appointed  
 rule;  
 And then we parted; she among the hills  
 To rouse the vassals of her father's  
 house:  
 I at her bidding hitherward, to ask  
 Thy counsel, who of our old Baronage  
 Shall place upon his brow the Spanish  
 crown. 140

The Lady Adosinda? Odoar cried.  
 Roderick made answer, So she call'd  
 herself.

Oh, none but she! exclaim'd the good  
 old man,  
 Claspings his hands, which trembled as  
 he spake

In act of pious passion raised to  
 Heaven, . .  
 Oh, none but Adosinda! . . none but  
 she, . .  
 None but that noble heart, which wa  
 the heart  
 Of Auria while it stood, its life and  
 strength,  
 More than her father's presence, or th  
 arm  
 Of her brave husband, valiant as he was  
 Hers was the spirit which inspired ol  
 age, 15  
 Ambitious boyhood, girls in timid youth  
 And virgins in the beauty of their spring  
 And youthful mothers, doting like her  
 self  
 With ever-anxious love: She breathe  
 through all  
 That zeal and that devoted faithfulness  
 Which to the invader's threats and  
 promises  
 Turn'd a deaf ear alike; which in th  
 head  
 And flood of prosperous fortune check'  
 his course,  
 Repell'd him from the walls, and whe  
 at length 16  
 His overpowering numbers forced thei  
 way,  
 Even in that uttermost extremity  
 Unyielding, still from street to street  
 from house  
 To house, from floor to floor, maintain'  
 the fight:  
 Till by their altars falling, in their doors  
 And on their household hearths, and b  
 their beds  
 And cradles, and their fathers' sepu  
 chres,  
 This noble army, gloriously revenged,  
 Embraced their martyrdom. Heroi  
 souls!  
 Well have ye done, and righteousl  
 discharged 17



Your arduous part! Your service is  
perform'd,

Your earthly warfare done! Ye have  
put on

The purple robe of everlasting peace!  
Ye have received your crown! Ye bear  
the palm

Before the throne of Grace!

With that he paused,  
Checking the strong emotions of his soul.  
Then with a solemn tone addressing  
him

Who shared his secret thoughts, thou  
knowest, he said,

O Urban, that they have not fallen in  
vain;

For by this virtuous sacrifice they  
thinn'd 180

Alcahman's thousands; and his broken  
force,

Exhausted by their dear-bought victory,  
Turn'd back from Auria, leaving us to  
breathe

Among our mountains yet. We lack  
not here

Good hearts, nor valiant hands. What  
walls or towers

Or battlements are like these fastnesses,  
These rocks and glens and everlasting  
hills?

Give but that Aurian spirit, and the  
Moors

Will spend their force as idly on these  
holds,

As round the rocky girdle of the land 190  
The wild Cantabrian billows waste their  
rage.

Give but that spirit! . . . Heaven hath  
given it us,

If Adosinda thus, as from the dead,  
Be granted to our prayers!

And who art thou,  
Said Urban, who hast taken on thyself  
This rule of warlike faith? Thy coun-  
tenance

And those poor weeds bespeak a life ere  
this

Devoted to austere observances.

Roderick replied, I am a sinful man,  
One who in solitude hath long deplored  
A life mis-spent; but never bound by  
vows, 201

Till Adosinda taught me where to find  
Comfort, and how to work forgiveness  
out.

When that exalted woman took my vow,  
She call'd me Maccabee; from this day  
forth

Be that my earthly name. But tell me  
now,

Whom shall we rouse to take upon his  
head

The crown of Spain? Where are the  
Gothic Chiefs?

Sacaru, Theudemir, Athanagild,  
All who survived that eight days'  
obstinate fight, 210

When clogg'd with bodies Chrysus scarce  
could force

Its bloody stream along? Witiza's sons,  
Bad offspring of a stock accurst, I know,  
Have put the turban on their recreant  
heads.

Where are your own Cantabrian Lords?  
I ween,

Eudon, and Pedro, and Pelayo now  
Have ceased their rivalry. If Pelayo  
live,

His were the worthy heart and rightful  
hand

To wield the sceptre and the sword of  
Spain.

Odoar and Urban eyed him while he  
spake, 220

As if they wonder'd whose the tongue  
might be

Familiar thus with Chiefs and thoughts  
of state.

They scann'd his countenance, but not  
 a trace  
 Betray'd the Royal Goth: sunk was  
 that eye  
 Of sovereignty, and on the emaciate  
 cheek  
 Had penitence and anguish deeply  
 drawn  
 Their furrows premature, . . forestalling  
 time,  
 And shedding upon thirty's brow more  
 snows  
 Than threescore winters in their natural  
 course  
 Might else have sprinkled there. It  
 seems indeed 230  
 That thou hast pass'd thy days in  
 solitude,  
 Replied the Abbot, or thou would'st not  
 ask  
 Of things so long gone by. Athanagild  
 And Theudemir have taken on their  
 necks  
 The yoke. Sacaru play'd a nobler part.  
 Long within Merida did he withstand  
 The invader's hot assault; and when  
 at length,  
 Hopeless of all relief, he yielded up  
 The gates, disdaining in his father's land  
 To breathe the air of bondage, with a  
 few 240  
 Found faithful till the last, indignantly  
 Did he toward the ocean bend his way,  
 And shaking from his feet the dust of  
 Spain,  
 Took ship, and hoisted sail through seas  
 unknown  
 To seek for freedom. Our Cantabrian  
 Chiefs  
 All have submitted, but the wary Moor  
 Trusteth not all alike: At his own Court  
 He holds Pelayo, as suspecting most  
 That calm and manly spirit; Pedro's  
 son  
 There too is held as hostage, and scoures

His father's faith; Count Eudon is  
 despised, 251  
 And so lives unmolested. When he  
 pays  
 His tribute, an uncomfortable thought  
 May then perhaps disturb him: . . or  
 more like  
 He meditates how profitable 'twere  
 To be a Moor; and if apostasy  
 Were all, and to be unbaptized might  
 serve, . .  
 But I waste breath upon a wretch like  
 this;  
 Pelayo is the only hope of Spain,  
 Only Pelayo.  
 If, as we believe, 260  
 Said Urban then, the hand of Heaven is  
 here,  
 And dreadful though they be, yet for  
 wise end  
 Of good, these visitations do its work;  
 And dimly as our mortal sight may scan  
 The future, yet methinks my soul  
 descries  
 How in Pelayo should the purposes  
 Of Heaven be best accomplished. All  
 too long,  
 Here in their own inheritance, the sons  
 Of Spain have groan'd beneath a foreign  
 yoke.  
 Punic and Roman, Kelt, and Goth, and  
 Greek: 270  
 This latter tempest comes to sweep  
 away  
 All proud distinctions which com-  
 mingling blood  
 And time's long course have fail'd to  
 efface; and now  
 Perchance it is the will of Fate to rear  
 Upon the soil of Spain a Spanish throne,  
 Restoring in Pelayo's native line  
 The sceptre to the Spaniard.  
 Go thou, then,  
 And seek Pelayo at the Conqueror's  
 court.

Tell him the mountaineers are unsub-  
 dued ;  
 The precious time they needed hath  
 been gain'd 280  
 By Auria's sacrifice, and all they ask  
 Is him to guide them on. In Odoar's  
 name  
 And Urban's, tell him that the hour is  
 come.

Then pausing for a moment, he pur-  
 sued,  
 The rule which thou hast taken on thy-  
 self  
 Toledo ratifies : 'tis meet for Spain,  
 And as the will divine, to be received,  
 Observed, and spread abroad. Come  
 hither thou,  
 Who for thyself hast chosen the good  
 part ;  
 Let me lay hands on thee, and conse-  
 crate 290  
 Thy life unto the Lord.

Me ! Roderick cried ;  
 Me ! sinner that I am ! . . and while he  
 spake  
 His wither'd cheek grew paler, and his  
 limbs  
 Shook. As thou goest among the  
 infidels,  
 Pursued the Primate, many thou wilt  
 find  
 Fallen from the faith ; by weakness  
 some betray'd,  
 Some led astray by baser hope of gain,  
 And haply too by ill example led  
 Of those in whom they trusted. Yet  
 have these  
 Their lonely hours, when sorrow, or the  
 touch 300  
 Of sickness, and that awful power  
 divine  
 Which hath its dwelling in the heart of  
 man,  
 Life of his soul, his monitor and judge,

Move them with silent impulse ; but  
 they look  
 For help, and finding none to succour  
 them,  
 The irrevocable moment passeth by.  
 Therefore, my brother, in the name of  
 Christ  
 Thus I lay hands on thee, that in His  
 name  
 Thou with His gracious promises may'st  
 raise  
 The fallen, and comfort those that are in  
 need, 310  
 And bring salvation to the penitent.  
 Now, brother, go thy way : the peace  
 of God  
 Be with thee, and his blessing prosper us !

## V. RODERICK AND SIVERIAN

BETWEEN St. Felix and the regal seat  
 Of Abdalazis, ancient Cordoba,  
 Lay many a long day's journey inter-  
 posed ;  
 And many a mountain range hath  
 Roderick crost,  
 And many a lovely vale, ere he beheld  
 Where Betis, winding through the un-  
 bounded plain,  
 Roll'd his majestic waters. There at eve,  
 Entering an inn, he took his humble seat  
 With other travellers round the crack-  
 ling hearth,  
 Where heath and cistus gave their  
 fragrant flame. 10  
 That flame no longer, as in other times,  
 Lit up the countenance of easy mirth  
 And light discourse : the talk which  
 now went round  
 Was of the grief that press'd on every  
 heart ;  
 Of Spain subdued ; the sceptre of the  
 Goths  
 Broken ; their nation and their name  
 effaced ;

Slaughter and mourning, which had  
left no house

Unvisited; and shame, which set its  
mark

On every Spaniard's face. One who  
had seen

His sons fall bravely at his side,  
bewail'd 20

The unhappy chance which, rescuing  
him from death,

Left him the last of all his family;

Yet he rejoiced to think that none who  
drew

Their blood from him remain'd to wear  
the yoke,

Be at the miscreant's beck, and propa-  
gate

A breed of slaves to serve them. Here  
sate one

Who told of fair possessions lost, and  
babes

To goodly fortunes born, of all bereft.

Another for a virgin daughter mourn'd,  
The lewd barbarian's spoil. A fourth  
had seen 30

His only child forsake him in his age,  
And for a Moor renounce her hope in  
Christ.

His was the heaviest grief of all, he said;

And clenching as he spake his hoary  
locks,

He cursed King Roderick's soul.

Oh curse him not!

Roderick exclaim'd, all shuddering as  
he spake.

Oh, for the love of Jesus, curse him not!

Sufficient is the dreadful load of guilt  
That lies upon his miserable soul!

O brother, do not curse that sinful soul,  
Which Jesus suffer'd on the cross to  
save! 41

But then an old man, who had sate  
thus long

A silent listener, from his seat arose,

And moving round to Roderick took his  
hand;

Christ bless thee, brother, for that  
Christian speech,

He said; and shame on me that any  
tongue

Readier than mine was found to utter it!

His own emotion fill'd him while he  
spake,

So that he did not feel how Roderick's  
hand

Shook like a palsied limb; and none  
could see 50

How, at his well-known voice, the  
countenance

Of that poor traveller suddenly was  
changed,

And sunk with deadlier paleness; for  
the flame

Was spent, and from behind him, on the  
wall

High hung, the lamp with feeble glim-  
mering play'd.

Oh it is ever thus! the old man  
pursued,

The crimes and woes of universal Spain  
Are charged on him; and curses which  
should aim

At living heads, pursue beyond the grave  
His poor unhappy soul! As if his sin 60

Had wrought the fall of our old  
monarchy!

As if the Musselmen in their career  
Would ne'er have overleapt the gulph

which parts

Iberia from the Mauritanian shore,  
If Julian had not beckon'd them! . . .

Alas!

The evils which drew on our overthrow,  
Would soon by other means have  
wrought their end,

Though Julian's daughter should have  
lived and died

A virgin vow'd and veil'd.



Touch not on that,  
 Shrinking with inward shiverings at the  
 thought, 70  
 The penitent exclaim'd. Oh, if thou  
 lovest  
 The soul of Roderick, touch not on that  
 deed!  
 God in his mercy may forgive it him,  
 But human tongue must never speak his  
 name  
 Without reproach and utter infamy,  
 For that abhorred act. Even thou . .  
 But here  
 Siverian taking up the word, brake off  
 Unwittingly the incautious speech.  
 Even I,  
 Quoth he, who nursed him in his father's  
 hall, . .  
 Even I can only for that deed of shame  
 Offer in agony my secret prayers. 81  
 But Spain hath witness'd other crimes  
 as foul:  
 Have we not seen Favila's shameless  
 wife,  
 Throned in Witiza's ivory car, parade  
 Our towns with regal pageantry, and bid  
 The murderous tyrant in her husband's  
 blood  
 Dip his adulterous hand? Did we not  
 see  
 Pelayo, by that bloody king's pursuit,  
 And that unnatural mother, from the  
 land  
 With open outcry, like an outlaw'd  
 thief, 90  
 Hunted? And saw ye not, Theodofred,  
 As through the streets I guided his dark  
 steps,  
 Roll mournfully toward the noon-day  
 sun  
 His blank and senseless eye-balls?  
 Spain saw this,  
 And suffer'd it! . . I seek not to excuse  
 The sin of Roderick. Jesu, who beholds  
 The burning tears I shed in solitude,

Knows how I plead for him in midnight  
 prayer.  
 But if, when he victoriously revenged  
 The wrongs of Chindasuintho's house,  
 his sword 100  
 Had not for mercy turn'd aside its edge,  
 Oh what a day of glory had there been  
 Upon the banks of Chrysus! Curse not  
 him,  
 Who in that fatal conflict to the last  
 So valiantly maintain'd his country's  
 cause;  
 But if your sorrow needs must have its  
 vent  
 In curses, let your imprecations strike  
 The caitiffs, who, when Roderick's  
 horned helm  
 Rose eminent amid the thickest fight,  
 Betraying him who spared and trusted  
 them, 110  
 Forsook their King, their Country, and  
 their God,  
 And gave the Moor his conquest.  
 Ay! they said,  
 These were Witiza's hateful progeny;  
 And in an evil hour the unhappy King  
 Had spared the viperous brood. With  
 that they talk'd  
 How Sisibert and Ebba through the land  
 Guided the foe: and Orpas, who had  
 cast  
 The mitre from his renegado brow,  
 Went with the armies of the infidels;  
 And how in Hispalis, even where his  
 hands 120  
 Had minister'd so oft the bread of life,  
 The circumcised apostate did not shame  
 To shew in open day his turban'd head.  
 The Queen too, Egilona, one exclaim'd;  
 Was she not married to the enemy,  
 The Moor, the Misbeliever? What a  
 heart  
 Were hers, that she could pride and  
 plume herself  
 To rank among his herd of concubines,

Having been what she had been ! And  
who could say

How far domestic wrongs and discon-  
tent 130

Had wrought upon the King ! . . Hereat  
the old man,

Raising beneath the knit and curly brow  
His mournful eyes, replied, This I can  
tell,

That that unquiet spirit and unblest,  
Though Roderick never told his sorrows,  
drove

Rusilla from the palace of her son.  
She could not bear to see his generous  
mind

Wither beneath the unwholesome in-  
fluence,

And cankering at the core. And I know  
well,

That oft when she deplored his barren  
bed, 140

The thought of Egilona's qualities  
Came like a bitter medicine for her grief,  
And to the extinction of her husband's  
line,

Sad consolation, reconciled her heart.

But Roderick, while they communed  
thus, had ceased

To hear, such painfulest anxiety

The sight of that old venerable man

Awoke. A sickening fear came over  
him :

The hope which led him from his her-  
mitage

Now seem'd for ever gone, for well he  
knew 150

Nothing but death could break the ties  
which bound

That faithful servant to his father's  
house.

She then for whose forgiveness he had  
yearn'd,

Who in her blessing would have given  
and found

The peace of Heaven, . . she then wa-  
to the grave

Gone down disconsolate at last ; in thi  
Of all the woes of her unhappy life

Unhappiest, that she did not live to see  
God had vouchsafed repentance to he  
child.

But then a hope arose that yet she lived  
The weighty cause which led Siverian  
here 16

Might draw him from her side ; bette  
to know

The worst than fear it. And with tha  
he bent

Over the embers, and with head hal  
raised

Aslant, and shadow'd by his hand, he  
said,

Where is King Roderick's mother  
lives she still ?

God hath upheld her, the old man  
replied ;

She bears this last and heaviest of he  
griefs,

Not as she bore her husband's wrongs  
when hope

And her indignant heart supported her  
But patiently, like one who finds fron  
Heaven 17

A comfort which the world can neithe  
give

Nor take away. . . Roderick inquired no  
more ;

He breathed a silent prayer in gratitude  
Then wrapt his cloak around him, and

lay down  
Where he might weep unseen.

When morning came

Earliest of all the travellers he wen  
forth,

And linger'd for Siverian by the way,  
Beside a fountain, where the constan

fall 17  
Of water its perpetual gurgling made,

To the wayfaring or the musing man  
Sweetest of all sweet sounds. The  
Christian hand,

Whose general charity for man and  
beast

Built it in better times, had with a cross  
Of well-hewn stone crested the pious  
work,

Which now the misbelievers had cast  
down,

And broken in the dust it lay defiled.

Roderick beheld it lying at his feet,  
And gathering reverently the fragments  
up,

Placed them within the cistern, and  
restored 190

With careful collocation its dear form, . .  
So might the waters, like a crystal  
shrine,

Preserve it from pollution. Kneeling  
then,

O'er the memorial of redeeming love  
He bent, and mingled with the fount his  
tears,

And pour'd his spirit to the Crucified.

A Moor came by, and seeing him,  
exclaim'd,

Ah, Kaffer! worshipper of wood and  
stone,

God's curse confound thee! And as  
Roderick turn'd

His face, the miscreant spurn'd him with  
his foot 200

Between the eyes. The indignant King  
arose,

And fell'd him to the ground. But then  
the Moor

Drew forth his dagger, rising as he cried,  
What, dar'est thou, thou infidel and slave,

Strike a believer? and he aim'd a blow  
At Roderick's breast. But Roderick  
caught his arm,

And closed, and wrench'd the dagger  
from his hold, . .

Such timely strength did those emaciate  
limbs

From indignation draw, . . and in his  
neck

With mortal stroke he drove the  
avenging steel 210

Hilt deep. Then, as the thirsty sand  
drank in

The expiring miscreant's blood, he  
look'd around

In sudden apprehension, lest the Moors  
Had seen them; but Siverian was in  
sight,

The only traveller, and he smote his  
mule

And hasten'd up. Ah, brother! said  
the old man,

Thine is a spirit of the ancient mould!  
And would to God a thousand men like  
thee

Had fought at Roderick's side on that  
last day

When treason overpower'd him! Now,  
alas! 220

A manly Gothic heart doth ill accord  
With these unhappy times. Come, let  
us hide

This carrion, while the favouring hour  
permits.

So saying he alighted. Soon they  
scoop'd

Amid loose-lying sand a hasty grave,  
And levell'd over it the easy soil.

Father, said Roderick, as they journey'd  
on,

Let this thing be a seal and sacrament  
Of truth between us: Wherefore should  
there be

Concealment between two right Gothic  
hearts 230

In evil days like ours? What thou hast  
seen

Is but the first fruit of the sacrifice,  
Which on this injured and polluted soil,

As on a bloody altar, I have sworn  
 To offer to insulted Heaven for Spain,  
 Her vengeance and her expiation. This  
 Was but a hasty act, by sudden wrong  
 Provoked: but I am bound for Cordoba,  
 On weighty mission from Visonia sent,  
 To breathe into Pelayo's ear a voice 240  
 Of spirit-stirring power, which, like the  
 trump  
 Of the Arch-angel, shall awake dead  
 Spain.  
 The northern mountaineers are unsub-  
 dued;  
 They call upon Pelayo for their chief;  
 Odoar and Urban tell him that the hour  
 Is come. Thou too, I ween, old man,  
 art charged  
 With no light errand, or thou wouldst  
 not now  
 Have left the ruins of thy master's house.

Who art thou? cried Siverian, as he  
 search'd  
 The wan and wither'd features of the  
 King. 250  
 The face is of a stranger, but thy voice  
 Disturbs me like a dream.

Roderick replied,  
 Thou seest me as I am, . . . a stranger;  
 one  
 Whose fortunes in the general wreck  
 were lost,  
 His name and lineage utterly extinct,  
 Himself in mercy spared, surviving all; . .  
 In mercy, that the bitter cup might heal  
 A soul diseased. Now, having cast the  
 slough  
 Of old offences, thou beholdest me  
 A man new born; in second baptism  
 named, 260  
 Like those who in Judea bravely raised  
 Against the Heathen's impious tyranny  
 The banner of Jehovah, Maccabee;  
 So call me. In that name hath Urban  
 laid

His consecrating hands upon my head;  
 And in that name have I myself for Spain  
 Devoted. Tell me now why thou art  
 sent  
 To Cordoba; for sure thou goëst not  
 An idle gazer to the Conqueror's court.

Thou judgest well, the old man replied.  
 I too 270  
 Seek the Cantabrian Prince, the hope of  
 Spain,  
 With other tidings charged, for other  
 end  
 Design'd, yet such as well may work  
 with thine.  
 My noble Mistress sends me to avert  
 The shame that threatens his house. The  
 renegade

Numacian, he who for the infidels  
 Oppresses Gegio, insolently woos  
 His sister. Moulded in a wicked womb,  
 The unworthy Guisla hath inherited  
 Her Mother's leprous taint; and will-  
 ingly 280

She to the circumcised and upstart  
 slave,  
 Disdaining all admonishment, gives ear.  
 The Lady Gaudiosa sees in this,  
 With the quick foresight of maternal  
 care,

The impending danger to her husband's  
 house,  
 Knowing his generous spirit ne'er will  
 brook  
 The base alliance. Guisla lewdly sets  
 His will at nought; but that vile rene-  
 gade,

From hatred, and from avarice, and  
 from fear, 289  
 Will seek the extinction of Pelayo's line.  
 This too my venerable Mistress sees;  
 Wherefore these valiant and high-  
 minded dames

Send me to Cordoba; that if the Prince  
 Cannot by timely interdiction stop



The irrevocable act of infamy,  
He may at least to his own safety look,  
Being timely warn'd.

Thy Mistress sojourns then  
With Gaudiosa, in Pelayo's hall ?  
Said Roderick. 'Tis her natural home,  
rejoin'd

Siverian : Chindasuintho's royal race  
Have ever shared one lot of weal or woe :  
And she who hath beheld her own fair  
shoot, 301

The goodly summit of that ancient tree,  
Struck by Heaven's bolt, seeks shelter  
now beneath

The only branch of its majestic stem  
That still survives the storm.

Thus they pursued  
Their journey, each from other gathering  
store

For thought, with many a silent interval  
Of mournful meditation, till they saw  
The temples and the towers of Cordoba  
Shining majestic in the light of eve. 310  
Before them Betis roll'd his glittering  
stream,

In many a silvery winding traced afar  
Amid the ample plain. Behind the  
walls

And stately piles which crown'd its  
margin, rich

With olives, and with sunny slope of  
vines,

And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,  
Whose citron bowers were once the  
abode of peace,

Height above height, receding hills were  
seen

Imbued with evening hues ; and over all  
The summits of the dark sierra rose, 320  
Lifting their heads amid the silent sky.  
The traveller who with a heart at ease  
Had seen the goodly vision, would have  
loved

To linger, seeking with insatiate sight  
To treasure up its image, deep impress'd,

A joy for years to come. O Cordoba,  
Exclaim'd the old man, how princely are  
thy towers,

How fair thy vales, thy hills how beauti-  
ful !

The sun who sheds on thee his parting  
smiles 329

Sees not in all his wide career a scene  
Lovelier, nor more exuberantly blest  
By bounteous earth and heaven. The  
very gales

Of Eden waft not from the immortal  
bowers

Odours to sense more exquisite, than  
these

Which, breathing from thy groves and  
gardens, now

Recall in me such thoughts of bitterness.  
The time has been when happy was  
their lot

Who had their birthright here ; but  
happy now

Are they who to thy bosom are gone  
home,

Because they feel not in their graves  
the feet 340

That trample upon Spain. 'Tis well  
that age

Hath made me like a child, that I can  
weep :

My heart would else have broken, over-  
charged,

And I, false servant, should lie down to  
rest

Before my work is done.

Hard by their path,  
A little way without the walls, there  
stood

An edifice, whereto, as by a spell,  
Siverian's heart was drawn. Brother,  
quoth he,

'Tis like the urgency of our return  
Will brook of no retardment ; and this  
spot 350

It were a sin if I should pass, and leave

Unvisited. Beseech you turn with me,  
The while I offer up one duteous prayer.

Roderick made no reply. He had not  
dared  
To turn his face toward those walls; but  
now  
He follow'd where the old man led the  
way.  
Lord! in his heart the silent sufferer  
said,  
Forgive my feeble soul, which would  
have shrunk  
From this, . . for what am I that I should  
put 359  
The bitter cup aside! O let my shame  
And anguish be accepted in thy sight!

## VI. RODERICK IN TIMES PAST

THE mansion whitherward they went,  
was one  
Which in his youth Theodofred had  
built:  
Thither had he brought home in happy  
hour  
His blooming bride; there fondled on  
his knee  
The lovely boy she bore him. Close  
beside,  
A temple to that Saint he rear'd, who  
first,  
As old tradition tells, proclaim'd to  
Spain  
The gospel-tidings; and in health and  
youth,  
There mindful of mortality, he saw  
His sepulchre prepared. Witiza took <sup>10</sup>  
For his adulterous leman and himself  
The stately pile: but to that sepulchre,  
When from captivity and darkness  
death  
Enlarged him, was Theodofred con-  
sign'd;

For that unhappy woman, wasting then  
Beneath a mortal malady, at heart  
Was smitten, and the Tyrant at her  
prayer

This poor and tardy restitution made.  
Soon the repentant sinner follow'd him;  
And calling on Pelayo ere she died, <sup>20</sup>  
For his own wrongs, and for his father's  
death,  
Implored forgiveness of her absent  
child, . .

If it were possible he could forgive  
Crimes black as hers, she said. And by  
the pangs  
Of her remorse, . . by her last agonies, . .  
The unutterable horrors of her death, . .  
And by the blood of Jesus on the cross  
For sinners given, did she beseech his  
prayers

In aid of her most miserable soul.  
Thus mingling sudden shrieks with  
hopeless vows, <sup>30</sup>  
And uttering frantically Pelayo's name,  
And crying out for mercy in despair,  
Here had she made her dreadful end,  
and here  
Her wretched body was deposited.  
That presence seem'd to desecrate the  
place:

Thenceforth the usurper shunn'd it with  
the heart  
Of conscious guilt; nor could Rusilla bear  
These groves and bowers, which, like  
funereal shades,  
Oppress'd her with their monumental  
forms:  
One day of bitter and severe delight, <sup>40</sup>  
When Roderick came for vengeance, she  
endured,  
And then for ever left her bridal halls.

Oh when I last beheld yon princely  
pile,  
Exclaim'd Siverian, with what other  
thoughts

Full, and elate of spirit, did I pass  
 Its joyous gates! The weedy which  
 through  
 The interstices of those neglected courts  
 Uncheck'd had flourish'd long, and  
 seeded there,  
 Was trampled then and bruised beneath  
 the feet  
 Of thronging crowds. Here drawn in  
 fair array, 50  
 The faithful vassals of my master's  
 house,  
 Their javelins sparkling to the morning  
 sun,  
 Spread their triumphant banners; high-  
 plumed helms  
 Rose o'er the martial ranks, and pranc-  
 ing steeds  
 Made answer to the trumpet's stirring  
 voice;  
 While yonder towers shook the dull  
 silence off  
 Which long to their deserted walls had  
 clung,  
 And with redoubling echoes swell'd the  
 shout  
 That hail'd victorious Roderick. Louder  
 rose  
 The acclamation, when the dust was  
 seen 60  
 Rising beneath his chariot-wheels far off;  
 But nearer as the youthful hero came,  
 All sounds of all the multitude were  
 hush'd,  
 And from the thousands and ten  
 thousands here,  
 Whom Cordoba and Hispalis sent  
 forth, . .  
 Yea whom all Baetica, all Spain pour'd  
 out  
 To greet his triumph, . . not a whisper  
 rose  
 To Heaven, such awe and reverence  
 master'd them,  
 Such expectation held them motionless.

Conqueror and King he came; but with  
 no joy 70  
 Of conquest, and no pride of sovereignty  
 That day display'd; for at his father's  
 grave  
 Did Roderick come to offer up his vow  
 Of vengeance well perform'd. Three  
 coal-black steeds  
 Drew on his ivory chariot: by his side,  
 Still wrapt in mourning for the long-  
 deceased,  
 Rusilla sate; a deeper paleness blanch'd  
 Her faded countenance, but in her eye  
 The light of her majestic nature shone.  
 Bound, and expecting at their hands  
 the death 80  
 So well deserved, Witiza follow'd them;  
 Aghast and trembling, first he gazed  
 around,  
 Wildly from side to side; then from the  
 face  
 Of universal execration shrunk,  
 Hanging his wretched head abased;  
 and poor  
 Of spirit, with unmanly tears deplored  
 His fortune, not his crimes. With  
 bolder front,  
 Confiding in his priestly character,  
 Came Orpas next; and then the spurious  
 race  
 Whom in unhappy hour Favila's wife 90  
 Brought forth for Spain. O mercy ill  
 bestow'd,  
 When Roderick, in compassion for their  
 youth,  
 And for Pelayo's sake, forbore to crush  
 The brood of vipers!  
 Err perchance he might,  
 Replied the Goth, suppressing as he  
 spake  
 All outward signs of pain, though every  
 word  
 Went like a dagger to his bleeding  
 heart; . .  
 But sure, I ween, that error is not placed

Among his sins. Old man, thou mayest  
regret

The mercy ill deserved, and worse  
return'd, 100

But not for this wouldst thou reproach  
the King!

Reproach him! cried Siverian; . . I  
reproach

My child, . . my noble boy, . . whom  
every tongue

Bless'd at that hour, . . whose love fill'd  
every heart

With joy, and every eye with joyful  
tears!

My brave, my beautiful, my generous  
boy!

Brave, beautiful, and generous as he was,  
Never so brave, so beautiful, so great

As then, . . not even on that glorious day,  
When on the field of victory, elevate 110

Amid the thousands who acclaim'd him  
King,

Firm on the shield above their heads  
upraised,

Erect he stood, and waved his bloody  
sword. . .

Why dost thou shake thy head as if in  
doubt?

I do not dream, nor fable! Ten short  
years

Have scarcely pass'd away, since all  
within

The Pyrenean hills, and the three seas  
Which girdle Spain, echoed in one

response

The acclamation from that field of  
fight. . .

Or doth aught ail thee, that thy body  
quakes 120

And shudders thus?

'Tis but a chill, replied

The King, in passing from the open air  
Under the shadow of this thick-set

grove.

Oh! if this scene awoke in thee such  
thoughts

As swell my bosom here, the old man  
pursued,

Sunshine, or shade, and all things from  
without,

Would be alike indifferent. Gracious  
God,

Only but ten short years, . . and all so  
changed!

Ten little years since in yon court he  
check'd

His fiery steeds. The steeds obey'd his  
hand, 130

The whirling wheels stood still, and  
when he leapt

Upon the pavement, the whole people  
heard,

In their deep silence, open-ear'd, the  
sound.

With slower movement from the ivory  
seat

Rusilla rose, her arm, as down she stept,  
Extended to her son's supporting hand;

Not for default of firm or agile strength,  
But that the feeling of that solemn hour

Subdued her then, and tears bedimm'd  
her sight.

Howbeit when to her husband's grave  
she came, 140

On the sepulchral stone she bow'd her  
head

Awhile; then rose collectedly, and fix'd  
Upon the scene her calm and steady eye.

Roderick, . . oh when did valour wear a  
form

So beautiful, so noble, so august?  
Or vengeance, when did it put on before

A character so awful, so divine?  
Roderick stood up, and reaching to the

tomb  
His hands, my hero cried, Theodofred!

Father! I stand before thee once again,  
According to thy prayer, when kneeling

down

151



Between thy knees I took my last farewell ;  
 And vow'd by all thy sufferings, all thy wrongs,  
 And by my mother's days and nights of woe,  
 Her silent anguish, and the grief which then  
 Even from thee she did not seek to hide,  
 That if our cruel parting should avail  
 To save me from the Tyrant's jealous guilt,  
 Surely should my avenging sword fulfil  
 Whate'er he omen'd. Oh that time,  
 I cried, 160  
 Would give the strength of manhood to  
 this arm,  
 Already would it find a manly heart  
 To guide it to its purpose ! And I swore  
 Never again to see my father's face,  
 Nor ask my mother's blessing, till I  
 brought,  
 Dead or in chains, the Tyrant to thy feet.  
 Boy as I was, before all Saints in  
 Heaven,  
 And highest God, whose justice slumbereth not,  
 I made the vow. According to thy  
 prayer,  
 In all things, O my father, is that vow  
 Perform'd, alas too well ! for thou didst  
 pray, 171  
 While looking up I felt the burning tears  
 Which from thy sightless sockets  
 stream'd, drop down, . .  
 That to thy grave, and not thy living  
 feet,  
 The oppressor might be led. Behold  
 him there, . .  
 Father ! Theodofred ! no longer now  
 In darkness, from thy heavenly seat  
 look down,  
 And see before thy grave thine enemy  
 In bonds, awaiting judgement at my  
 hand !

Thus while the hero spake, Witiza  
 stood 180  
 Listening in agony, with open mouth,  
 And head half-raised, toward his sen-  
 tence turn'd ;  
 His eye-lids stiffen'd and purs'd up, . .  
 his eyes  
 Rigid, and wild, and wide ; and when  
 the King  
 Had ceased, amid the silence which  
 ensued,  
 The dastard's chains were heard, link  
 against link  
 Clinking. At length upon his knees he  
 fell,  
 And lifting up his trembling hands,  
 outstretch'd  
 In supplication, . . Mercy ! he ex-  
 claim'd, . .  
 Chains, dungeons, darkness, . . any  
 thing but death ! . . 190  
 I did not touch his life.  
Roderick replied,
 His hour, whenever it had come, had  
 found  
 A soul prepared : he lived in peace with  
 Heaven,  
 And life prolong'd for him, was bliss  
 delay'd.  
 But life, in pain and darkness and de-  
 spair,  
 For thee, all leprous as thou art with  
 crimes,  
 Is mercy . . Take him hence, and let him  
 see  
 The light of day no more !  
Such Roderick was
 When last I saw these courts, . . his  
 theatre  
 Of glory ; . . such when last I visited 200  
 My master's grave ! Ten years have  
 hardly held  
 Their course, . . ten little years . . break,  
 break, old heart . .  
 Oh, why art thou so tough !

As thus he spake  
 They reach'd the church. The door  
 before his hand  
 Gave way; both blinded with their  
 tears, they went  
 Straight to the tomb; and there  
 Siverian knelt,  
 And bow'd his face upon the sepulchre,  
 Weeping aloud; while Roderick, over-  
 power'd,  
 And calling upon earth to cover him,  
 Threw himself prostrate on his father's  
 grave. 210

Thus as they lay, an awful voice in  
 tones  
 Severe address'd them. Who are ye, it  
 said,  
 That with your passion thus, and on  
 this night,  
 Disturb my prayers? Starting they  
 rose; there stood  
 A man before them of majestic form  
 And stature, clad in sackcloth, bare of  
 foot,  
 Pale, and in tears, with ashes on his  
 head.

## VII. RODERICK AND PELAYO

'Twas not in vain that on her absent  
 son,  
 Pelayo's mother from the bed of death  
 Call'd for forgiveness, and in agony  
 Besought his prayers; all guilty as she  
 was,  
 Sure he had not been human, if that cry  
 Had fail'd to pierce him. When he  
 heard the tale  
 He bless'd the messenger, even while his  
 speech  
 Was faltering, . . . while from head to  
 foot he shook  
 With icy feelings from his inmost heart

Effused. It changed the nature of his  
 woe, 10  
 Making the burthen more endurable:  
 The life-long sorrow that remain'd,  
 became  
 A healing and a chastening grief, and  
 brought  
 His soul, in close communion, nearer  
 Heaven.  
 For he had been her first-born, and the  
 love  
 Which at her breast he drew, and from  
 her smiles,  
 And from her voice of tenderness  
 imbibed,  
 Gave such unnatural horror to her  
 crimes,  
 That when the thought came over him,  
 it seem'd  
 As if the milk which with his infant life  
 Had blended, thrill'd like poison  
 through his frame. 21  
 It was a woe beyond all reach of hope,  
 Till with the dreadful tale of her remorse  
 Faith touch'd his heart; and ever from  
 that day  
 Did he for her who bore him, night and  
 morn,  
 Pour out the anguish of his soul in  
 prayer:  
 But chiefly as the night return'd, which  
 heard  
 Her last expiring groans of penitence,  
 Then through the long and painful  
 hours, before  
 The altar, like a penitent himself, 30  
 He kept his vigils; and when Roderick's  
 sword  
 Subdued Witiza, and the land was free,  
 Duly upon her grave he offer'd up  
 His yearly sacrifice of agony  
 And prayer. This was the night, and  
 he it was  
 Who now before Siverian and the King  
 Stood up in sackcloth.

The old man, from fear  
Recovering and from wonder, knew  
him first.

It is the Prince ! he cried, and bending  
down

Embraced his knees. The action and  
the word 40

Awaken'd Roderick ; he shook off the  
load

Of struggling thoughts, which pressing  
on his heart,

Held him like one entranced ; yet, all  
untaught

To bend before the face of man, confused  
Awhile he stood, forgetful of his part.

But when Siverian cried, My Lord, my  
Lord,

Now God be praised that I have found  
thee thus,

My Lord and Prince, Spain's only hope  
and mine !

Then Roderick, cchoing him, exclaim'd,  
My Lord

And Prince, Pelayo ! . . and approaching  
near, 50

He bent his knee obeisant : but his head  
Earthward inclined ; while the old man,  
looking up

From his low gesture to Pelayo's face,  
Wept at beholding him for grief and joy.

Siverian ! cried the chief, . . of whom  
hath Death

Bereaved me, that thou comest to  
Cordoba ? . .

Children, or wife ? . . Or hath the merci-  
less scythe

Of this abhorr'd and jealous tyranny  
Made my house desolate at one wide  
sweep ?

They are as thou couldst wish, the  
old man replied, 60

Wert thou but lord of thine own house  
again,

And Spain were Spain once more. A  
tale of ill

I bear, but one that touches not the  
heart

Like what thy fears forbode. The  
renegade

Numacian woos thy sister, and she lends  
To the vile slave, unworthily, her ear :

The Lady Gaudiosa hath in vain  
Warn'd her of all the evils which await

A union thus accurst : she sets at  
nought

Her faith, her lineage, and thy certain  
wrath. 70

Pelayo hearing him, remain'd awhile  
Silent ; then turning to his mother's  
grave, . .

O thou poor dust, hath then the infec-  
tious taint

Survived thy dread remorse, that it  
should run

In Guisla's veins ? he cried ; . . I should  
have heard

This shameful sorrow any where but  
here ! . .

Humble thyself, proud heart ; thou,  
gracious Heaven,

Be merciful ! . . it is the original flaw, . .  
And what are we ? . . a weak unhappy

race,  
Born to our sad inheritance of sin 80

And death ! . . He smote his forehead as  
he spake,

And from his head the ashes fell, like  
snow

Shaken from some dry beech-leaves,  
when a bird

Lights on the bending spray. A little  
while

In silence, rather than in thought, he  
stood

Passive beneath the sorrow : turning  
then,

And what doth Gaudiosa counsel me ?





More often by superior arts beguiled ;  
 Yet amid all its sufferings, all the waste  
 Of sword and fire remorselessly employ'd,  
 Unconquer'd and unconquerable still ; . .  
 Son of that injured and illustrious stock,  
 Stand forward thou, draw forth the  
 sword of Spain, 150  
 Restore them to their rights, too long  
 withheld,  
 And place upon thy brow the Spanish  
 crown.

When Roderick ceased, the princely  
 Mountaineer  
 Gazed on the passionate orator awhile,  
 With eyes intently fix'd, and thoughtful  
 brow ;  
 Then turning to the altar, he let fall  
 The sackcloth robe, which late with  
 folded arms  
 Against his heart was prest ; and  
 stretching forth  
 His hands toward the crucifix, ex-  
 claim'd,  
 My God and my Redeemer ! where but  
 here, 160  
 Before thy awful presence, in this garb,  
 With penitential ashes thus bestrewn,  
 Could I so fitly answer to the call  
 Of Spain ; and for her sake, and in thy  
 name,  
 Accept the Crown of Thorns she proffers  
 me !

And where but here, said Roderick in  
 his heart,  
 Could I so properly, with humbled knee  
 And willing soul, confirm my for-  
 feiture ? . .  
 The action follow'd on that secret  
 thought :  
 He knelt, and took Pelayo's hand, and  
 cried, 170  
 First of the Spaniards, let me with this  
 kiss

Do homage to thee here, my Lord and  
 King ! . .  
 With voice unchanged and steady coun-  
 tenance  
 He spake ; but when Siverian follow'd  
 him,  
 The old man trembled as his lips pro-  
 nounced  
 The faltering vow ; and rising he ex-  
 claim'd,  
 God grant thee, O my Prince, a better fate  
 Than thy poor kinsman's, who in hap-  
 pier days  
 Received thy homage here ! Grief  
 choak'd his speech,  
 And, bursting into tears, he sobb'd  
 aloud. 180  
 Tears too adown Pelayo's manly cheek  
 Roll'd silently. Roderick alone ap-  
 pear'd  
 Unmoved and calm ; for now the royal  
 Goth  
 Had offer'd his accepted sacrifice,  
 And therefore in his soul he felt that  
 peace  
 Which follows painful duty well per-  
 form'd, . .  
 Perfect and heavenly peace, . . the peace  
 of God.

## VIII. ALPHONSO

FAIN would Pelayo have that hour  
 obey'd  
 The call, commencing his adventurous  
 flight,  
 As one whose soul impatiently endured  
 His country's thralldom, and in daily  
 prayer  
 Imploring her deliverance, cried to  
 Heaven,  
 How long, O Lord, how long ! . . But  
 other thoughts  
 Curbing his spirit, made him yet awhile

<p>Sustain the weight of bondage. Him alone, Of all the Gothic baronage, the Moors Watch'd with regard of wary policy, . . Knowing his powerful name, his noble mind, 11 And how in him the old Iberian blood, Of royal and remotest ancestry, From undisputed source flow'd unde- filed ; His mother's after-guilt attainting not The claim legitimate he derived from her, Her first-born in her time of innocence. He too of Chindasuintho's regal line Sole remnant now, drew after him the love Of all true Goths, uniting in himself 20 Thus by this double right, the general heart Of Spain. For this the renegado crew, Wretches in whom their conscious guilt and fear Engender'd cruellest hatred, still ad- vised The extinction of Pelayo's house ; but most The apostate Prelate, in iniquity Witiza's genuine brother as in blood, Orpas, pursued his life. He never ceased With busy zeal, true traitor, to infuse His deadly rancour in the Moorish chief ; Their only danger, ever he observed, 31 Was from Pelayo ; root his lineage out, The Caliph's empire then would be secure, And universal Spain, all hope of change Being lost, receive the Prophet's con- quering law. Then did the Arch-villain urge the Moor at once To cut off future peril, telling him Death was a trusty keeper, and that none</p>	<p>E'er broke the prison of the grave. But here Keen malice overshot its mark : the Moor, 40 Who from the plunder of their native land Had bought the recreant crew that join'd his arms, Or cheaplier with their own possessions bribed Their sordid souls, saw through the flimsy show Of policy wherewith they sought to cloak Old enmity, and selfish aims : he scorn'd To let their private purposes incline His counsels, and believing Spain sub- dued, Smiled, in the pride of power and victory, Disdainful at the thought of farther strife. 50 Howbeit he held Pelayo at his court, And told him that until his countrymen Submissively should lay their weapons down, He from his children and paternal hearth Apart must dwell ; nor hope to see again His native mountains and their vales beloved, Till all the Asturian and Cantabrian hills Had bow'd before the Caliph ; Cordoba Must be his nightly prison till that hour. This night, by special favour from the Moor 60 Ask'd and vouchsafed, he pass'd without the walls, Keeping his yearly vigil ; on this night Therefore the princely Spaniard could not fly, Being thus in strongest bonds by honour held ; Nor would he by his own escape expose To stricter bondage, or belike to death,</p>
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Count Pedro's son. The ancient enmity  
 Of rival houses from Pelayo's heart  
 Had, like a thing forgotten, pass'd away;  
 He pitied child and parent, separated 70  
 By the stern mandate of unfeeling  
 power,  
 And almost with a father's eyes beheld  
 The boy, his fellow in captivity.  
 For young Alphonso was in truth an heir  
 Of nature's largest patrimony; rich  
 In form and feature, growing strength  
 of limb,  
 A gentle heart, a soul affectionate,  
 A joyous spirit fill'd with generous  
 thoughts,  
 And genius heightening and ennobling  
 all;  
 The blossom of all manly virtues made  
 His boyhood beautiful. Shield, gracious  
 Heaven, 81  
 In this ungenial season perilous, . .  
 Thus would Pelayo sometimes breathe  
 in prayer  
 The aspirations of prophetic hope, . .  
 Shield, gracious Heaven, the blooming  
 tree! and let  
 This goodly promise, for thy people's  
 sake,  
 Yield its abundant fruitage.  
 When the Prince,  
 With hope and fear and grief and shame  
 disturb'd,  
 And sad remembrance, and the shadowy  
 light  
 Of days before him, thronging as in  
 dreams, 90  
 Whose quick succession fill'd and over-  
 power'd  
 Awhile the unresisting faculty,  
 Could in the calm of troubled thoughts  
 subdued  
 Seek in his heart for counsel, his first  
 care  
 Was for the boy; how best they might  
 evade

The Moor, and renegade's more watchful  
 eye;  
 And leaving in some unsuspecting guise  
 The city, through what unfrequented  
 track  
 Safeliest pursue with speed their dan-  
 gerous way.  
 Consumed in cares like these, the fleet-  
 ing hours 100  
 Went by. The lamps and tapers now  
 grew pale,  
 And through the eastern window slant-  
 ing fell  
 The roseate ray of morn. Within those  
 walls  
 Returning day restored no cheerful  
 sounds  
 Or joyous motions of awakening life;  
 But in the stream of light the speckled  
 motes,  
 As if in mimicry of insect play,  
 Floated with mazy movement. Sloping  
 down  
 Over the altar pass'd the pillar'd beam,  
 And rested on the sinful woman's grave  
 As if it enter'd there, a light from  
 Heaven. 111  
 So be it! cried Pelayo, even so!  
 As in a momentary interval,  
 When thought expelling thought, had  
 left his mind  
 Open and passive to the influxes  
 Of outward sense, his vacant eye was  
 there, . .  
 So be it, Heavenly Father, even so!  
 Thus may thy vivifying goodness shed  
 Forgiveness there; for let not thou the  
 groans  
 Of dying penitence, nor my bitter  
 prayers 120  
 Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain!  
 And thou, poor soul, who from the  
 dolorous house  
 Of weeping and of pain, dost look to me  
 To shorten and assuage thy penal term,

Pardon me that these hours in other thoughts  
 And other duties than this garb, this night  
 Enjoin, should thus have pass'd ! Our mother-land  
 Exacted of my heart the sacrifice ;  
 And many a vigil must thy son perform  
 Henceforth in woods and mountain fastnesses, 130  
 And tented fields, outwatching for her sake  
 The starry host, and ready for the work  
 Of day, before the sun begins his course.

The noble Mountaineer, concluding then  
 With silent prayer the service of the night,  
 Went forth. Without the porch awaiting him  
 He saw Alphonso, pacing to and fro  
 With patient prayer and eye reverted oft.  
 He, springing forward when he heard the door  
 Move on its heavy hinges, ran to him,  
 And welcomed him with smiles of youthful love. 141  
 I have been watching yonder moon,  
 quoth he,  
 How it grew pale and paler as the sun  
 Scatter'd the flying shades ; but woe is me,  
 For on the towers of Cordoba the while  
 That baleful crescent glitter'd in the morn,  
 And with its insolent triumph seem'd to mock  
 The omen I had found. . . Last night  
 I dreamt  
 That thou wert in the field in arms for Spain,  
 And I was at thy side : the infidels 150  
 Beset us round, but we with our good  
 swords

Hew'd out a way. Methought I stabb'd  
 a Moor  
 Who would have slain thee ; but with  
 that I woke  
 For joy, and wept to find it but a dream.

Thus as he spake a livelier glow o'er-  
 spread  
 His cheek, and starting tears again  
 suffused  
 The brightening lustre of his eyes. The  
 Prince  
 Regarded him a moment steadfastly,  
 As if in quick resolve ; then looking  
 round  
 On every side with keen and rapid  
 glance, 160  
 Drew him within the church. Alphonso's  
 heart  
 Throbb'd with a joyful boding as he  
 mark'd  
 The calmness of Pelayo's countenance  
 Kindle with solemn thoughts, expressing  
 now  
 High purposes of resolute hope. He  
 gazed  
 All eagerly to hear what most he wish'd.  
 If, said the Prince, thy dream were  
 verified,  
 And I indeed were in the field in arms  
 For Spain, . . wouldst thou be at  
 Pelayo's side ? . .  
 If I should break these bonds, and fly  
 to rear 170  
 Our country's banner on our native hills,  
 Wouldst thou, Alphonso, share my  
 dangerous flight,  
 Dear boy, . . and wilt thou take thy lot  
 with me  
 For death, or for deliverance ?  
 Shall I swear ?  
 Replied the impatient boy ; and laying  
 hand  
 Upon the altar, on his knee he bent,  
 Looking towards Pelayo with such joy



Of reverential love, as if a God  
Were present to receive the eager vow.  
Nay, quoth Pelayo : what hast thou to  
do 180

With oaths ? . . Bright emanation as  
thou art,

It were a wrong to thy unsullied soul,  
A sin to nature, were I to require  
Promise or vow from thee ! Enough for  
me

That thy heart answers to the stirring  
call.

Alphonso, follow thou in happy faith  
Always the indwelling voice that counsels  
thee ;

And then, let fall the issue as it may,  
Shall all thy paths be in the light of  
Heaven,

The peace of Heaven be with thee in all  
hours. 190

How then, exclaim'd the boy, shall I  
discharge

The burthen of this happiness, . . how ease  
My overflowing soul ! . . Oh, gracious  
God,

Shall I behold my mother's face again, . .  
My father's hall, . . my native hills and  
vales,

And hear the voices of their streams  
again, . .

And free as I was born amid those scenes  
Beloved, maintain my country's free-  
dom there, . .

Or, failing in the sacred enterprise,  
Die as becomes a Spaniard ? . . Saying  
thus, 200

He lifted up his hands and eyes toward  
The image of the Crucified, and cried,  
O Thou who didst with thy most pre-  
cious blood

Redeem us, Jesu ! help us while we seek  
Earthly redemption from this yoke of  
shame

And misbelief and death.

The noble boy  
Then rose, and would have knelt again  
to clasp

Pelayo's knees, and kiss his hand in act  
Of homage ; but the Prince, preventing  
this,

Bent over him in fatherly embrace, 210  
And breathed a fervent blessing on his  
head.

## IX. FLORINDA

THERE sate a woman like a supplicant,  
Muffled and cloak'd, before Pelayo's  
gate,

Awaiting when he should return that  
morn.

She rose at his approach, and bow'd her  
head,

And, with a low and trembling utterance,  
Besought him to vouchsafe her speech  
within

In privacy. And when they were alone,  
And the doors closed, she knelt and  
claspt his knees,

Saying, a boon ! a boon ! This night,  
O Prince,

Hast thou kept vigil for thy mother's  
soul : 10

For her soul's sake, and for the soul of  
him

Whom once, in happier days, of all man-  
kind

Thou heldest for thy chosen bosom  
friend,

Oh for the sake of his poor suffering soul,  
Refuse me not !

How should I dare refuse,  
Being thus adjured ? he answer'd. Thy  
request

Is granted, woman, . . be it what it may  
So it be lawful, and within the bounds  
Of possible achievement : . . aught unfit  
Thou wouldst not with these adjurations

seek. 20

But who thou art, I marvel, that dost  
touch  
Upon that string, and ask in Roderick's  
name! . . .  
She bared her face, and, looking up,  
replied,  
Florinda! . . . Shrinking then, with both  
her hands  
She hid herself, and bow'd her head  
abased  
Upon her knee, . . . as one who, if the  
grave  
Had oped beneath her, would have  
thrown herself,  
Even like a lover, in the arms of Death.

Pelayo stood confused: he had not  
seen  
Count Julian's daughter since in  
Roderick's court, 30  
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,  
A radiant vision, in her joy she moved;  
More like a poet's dream, or form divine,  
Heaven's prototype of perfect woman-  
hood,  
So lovely was the presence, . . . than a  
thing  
Of earth and perishable elements.  
Now had he seen her in her winding-  
sheet,  
Less painful would that spectacle have  
proved;  
For peace is with the dead, and piety  
Bringeth a patient hope to those who  
mourn 40  
O'er the departed; but this alter'd face,  
Bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,  
Came to him like a ghost, which in the  
grave  
Could find no rest. He, taking her cold  
hand,  
Raised her, and would have spoken;  
but his tongue  
Fail'd in its office, and could only speak  
In under tones compassionate her name.

The voice of pity soothed and melted  
her;  
And when the Prince bade her be com-  
forted,  
Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoe'er  
Might please her to appoint, a feeble  
smile 51  
Pass'd slowly over her pale countenance,  
Like moonlight on a marble statue.  
Heaven  
Requite thee, Prince! she answer'd.  
All I ask  
Is but a quiet resting-place, wherein  
A broken heart, in prayer and humble  
hope,  
May wait for its deliverance. Even this  
My most unhappy fate denies me here.  
Griefs which are known too widely and  
too well  
I need not now remember. I could  
bear 60  
Privation of all Christian ordinances,  
The woe which kills hath saved me too,  
and made  
A temple of this ruin'd tabernacle,  
Wherein redeeming God doth not dis-  
dain  
To let his presence shine. And I could  
bear  
To see the turban on my father's brow, . . .  
Sorrow beyond all sorrows, . . . shame of  
shames, . . .  
Yet to be borne, while I with tears of  
blood,  
And throes of agony, in his behalf  
Implore and wrestle with offended  
Heaven. 70  
This I have borne resign'd: but other ills  
And worse assail me now; the which  
to bear,  
If to avoid be possible, would draw  
Damnation down. Orpas, the perjured  
Priest,  
The apostate Orpas, claims me for his  
bride.

Obdurate as he is, the wretch profanes  
My sacred woe, and woos me to his bed,  
The thing I am, . . . the living death thou  
seest !

Miscreant ! exclaim'd Pelayo. Might  
I meet

That renegado, sword to scymitar, 80  
In open field, never did man approach  
The altar for the sacrifice in faith  
More sure, than I should hew the villain  
down !

But how should Julian favour his  
demand ? . . .

Julian, who hath so passionately loved  
His child, so dreadfully revenged her  
wrongs !

Count Julian, she replied, hath none  
but me,

And it hath, therefore, been his heart's  
desire

To see his ancient line by me preserved.  
This was their covenant when in fatal  
hour 90

For Spain, and for themselves, in traitor-  
ous bond

Of union they combined. My father,  
stung

To madness, only thought of how to  
make

His vengeance sure ; the Prelate, calm  
and cool,

When he renounced his outward faith in  
Christ,

Indulged at once his hatred of the King,  
His inbred wickedness, and a haughty  
hope,

Versed as he was in treasons, to direct  
The invaders by his secret policy,

And at their head, aided by Julian's  
power, 100

Reign as a Moor upon that throne to  
which

The priestly order else had barr'd his way.

The African hath conquer'd for himself ;  
But Orpas coveteth Count Julian's  
lands,

And claims to have the covenant per-  
form'd.

Friendless, and worse than fatherless,  
I come

To thee for succour. Send me secretly, . .  
For well I know all faithful hearts must  
be

At thy devotion, . . . with a trusty guide  
To guard me on the way, that I may  
reach 110

Some Christian land, where Christian  
rites are free,

And there discharge a vow, alas ! too  
long,

Too fatally delay'd. Aid me in this  
For Roderick's sake, Pelayo ! and thy  
name

Shall be remember'd in my latest prayer.

Be comforted ! the Prince replied ;  
but when

He spake of comfort, twice did he break  
off

The idle words, feeling that earth had  
none

For grief so irremediable as hers.  
At length he took her hand, and pressing  
it, 120

And forcing through involuntary tears  
A mournful smile affectionate, he said,  
Say not that thou art friendless while  
I live !

Thou couldst not to a readier ear have  
told

Thy sorrows, nor have ask'd in fitter hour  
What for my country's honour, for my  
rank,

My faith, and sacred knighthood, I am  
bound

In duty to perform ; which not to do  
Would show me undeserving of the  
names

Of Goth, Prince, Christian, even of Man.

This day, 130

Lady, prepare to take thy lot with me,  
And soon as evening closes meet me here.

Duties bring blessings with them, and  
I hold

Thy coming for a happy augury,  
In this most awful crisis of my fate.

## X. RODERICK AND FLORINDA

With sword and breast-plate, under  
rustic weeds

Conceal'd, at dusk Pelayo pass'd the  
gate,

Florinda following near, disguised alike.

Two peasants on their mules they  
seem'd, at eve

Returning from the town. Not distant  
far,

Alphonso by the appointed orange-  
grove,

With anxious eye and agitated heart,  
Watch'd for the Prince's coming.

Eagerly

At every foot-fall through the gloom he  
strain'd

His sight, nor did he recognize him when  
The Chieftain thus accompanied drew  
nigh; 11

And when the expected signal called  
him on,

Doubting this female presence, half in  
fear

Obe'y'd the call. Pelayo too perceived  
The boy was not alone; he not for that  
Delay'd the summons, but lest need  
should be,

Laying hand upon his sword, toward  
him bent

In act soliciting speech, and low of voice  
Enquired if friend or foe. Forgive me,  
cried

Alphonso, that I did not tell thee this. 20

Full as I was of happiness, before.

'Tis Hoya, servant of my father's house,  
Unto whose dutiful care and love, when  
sent

To this vile bondage, I was given in  
charge.

How could I look upon my father's face  
If I had in my joy deserted him,

Who was to me found faithful?.. Right!  
replied

The Prince; and viewing him with  
silent joy,

Blessed the Mother, in his heart he said,  
Who gave thee birth! but sure of

womankind 30

Most blessed she whose hand her happy  
stars

Shall link with thine! and with that  
thought the form

Of Hermesind, his daughter, to his soul  
Came in her beauty.

Soon by devious tracks

They turn'd aside. The favouring  
moon arose,

To guide them on their flight through  
upland paths

Remote from frequentage, and dales  
retired,

Forest and mountain glen. Before their  
feet

The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland  
shade,

Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled  
round their way; 40

The timorous blackbird, starting at their  
step,

Fled from the thicket with shrill note of  
fear;

And far below them in the peopled dell,  
When all the soothing sounds of eve had  
ceased,

The distant watch-dog's voice at times  
was heard,

Answering the nearer wolf. All through  
the night



Among the hills they travell'd silently ;  
Till when the stars were setting, at what  
hour

The breath of Heaven is coldest, they  
beheld

Within a lonely grove the expected fire,  
Where Roderick and his comrade  
anxiously 51

Look'd for the appointed meeting.  
Halting there,

They from the burthen and the bit  
relieved

Their patient bearers, and around the  
fire

Partook of needful food and grateful  
rest.

Bright rose the flame replenish'd ; it  
illum'd

The cork-tree's furrow'd rind, its rifts  
and swells

And redder scars, . . and where its aged  
boughs

O'erbow'd the travellers, cast upon  
the leaves

A floating, grey, unrealizing gleam. 60  
Alphonso, light of heart, upon the heath

Lay carelessly dispread, in happy  
dreams

Of home ; his faithful Hoya slept beside.  
Years and fatigue to old Siverian  
brought

Easy oblivion ; and the Prince himself,  
Yielding to weary nature's gentle will,  
Forgot his cares awhile. Florinda sate  
Beholding Roderick with fix'd eyes in-  
tent,

Yet unregardant of the countenance  
Whereon they dwelt ; in other thoughts  
absorb'd, 70

Collecting fortitude for what she yearn'd,  
Yet trembled to perform. Her steady  
look

Disturb'd the Goth, albeit he little  
ween'd

What agony awaited him that hour.

Her face, well nigh as changed as his,  
was now

Half hidden, and the lustre of her eye  
Extinct ; nor did her voice awaken in  
him

One startling recollection when she spake,  
So altered were its tones.

Father, she said,

All thankful as I am to leave behind 80  
The unhappy walls of Cordoba, not less  
Of consolation doth my heart receive  
At sight of one to whom I may disclose  
The sins which trouble me, and at his  
feet

Lay down repentantly, in Jesu's name,  
The burthen of my spirit. In his name  
Hear me, and pour into a wounded soul  
The balm of pious counsel. . . Saying thus,  
She drew toward the minister ordain'd,  
And kneeling by him, Father, dost thou  
know 90

The wretch who kneels beside thee ?  
she enquired.

He answered, Surely we are each to each  
Equally unknown.

Then said she, Here thou seest  
One who is known too fatally for all, . .  
The daughter of Count Julian. . . Well it  
was

For Roderick that no eye beheld him  
now ;

From head to foot a sharper pang than  
death

Thrill'd him ; his heart, as at a mortal  
stroke,

Ceased from its functions : his breath  
fail'd, and when

The power of life recovering set its  
springs 100

Again in action, cold and clammy sweat  
Starting at every pore suffused his  
frame.

Their presence help'd him to subdue  
himself ;

For else, had none been nigh, he would  
have fallen

Before Florinda prostrate on the earth,  
And in that mutual agony belike  
Both souls had taken flight. She mark'd  
him not ;

For having told her name, she bow'd her  
head,

Breathing a short and silent prayer to  
Heaven, 109

While, as a penitent, she wrought herself  
To open to his eye her hidden wounds.

Father, at length she said, all tongues  
amid

This general ruin shed their bitterness  
On Roderick, load his memory with  
reproach,

And with their curses persecute his  
soul . . .

Why shouldst thou tell me this ? ex-  
claim'd the Goth,

From his cold forehead wiping as he spake  
The death-like moisture : . . Why of  
Roderick's guilt

Tell me ? Or thinkest thou I know it  
not ?

Alas ! who hath not heard the hideous  
tale 120

Of Roderick's shame ! Babes learn it  
from their nurses,

And children, by their mothers unre-  
proved,

Link their first execrations to his name.  
Oh, it hath caught a taint of infamy,

That, like Iscariot's, through all time  
shall last,

Reeking and fresh for ever !

There ! she cried,

Drawing her body backward where she  
knelt,

And stretching forth her arms with head  
upraised, . .

There ! it pursues me still ! . . I came to  
thee,

Father, for comfort, and thou heapest  
fire 130

Upon my head. But hear me patiently,  
And let me undeceive thee ; self-abased,  
Not to arraign another, do I come ; . .

I come a self-accuser, self-condemn'd  
To take upon myself the pain deserved ;  
For I have drunk the cup of bitterness,

And having drunk therein of heavenly  
grace,

I must not put away the cup of shame.

Thus as she spake she falter'd at the  
close,

And in that dying fall her voice sent forth  
Somewhat of its original sweetness.

Thou ! . . 141

Thou self-abased ! exclaim'd the as-  
tonish'd King ; . .

Thou self-condemn'd ! . . The cup of  
shame for thee !

Thee . . thee, Florinda ! . . But the very  
excess

Of passion check'd his speech, restrain-  
ing thus

From farther transport, which had  
haply else

Master'd him ; and he sate like one  
entranced,

Gazing upon that countenance so fallen,  
So changed : her face, raised from its

muffler now,

Was turn'd toward him, and the fire-  
light shone 150

Full on its mortal paleness ; but the shade  
Conceal'd the King.

She roused him from the spell

Which held him like a statue motionless.  
Thou too, quoth she, dost join the

general curse,

Like one who when he sees a felon's  
grave,

Casting a stone there as he passes by,  
Adds to the heap of shame. Oh what

are we,

frail creatures as we are, that we should  
 sit  
 in judgement man on man! and what  
 were we,  
 if the All-merciful should mete to us 160  
 With the same rigorous measure where-  
 withal  
 inner to sinner metes! But God be-  
 holds  
 The secrets of the heart, . . . therefore his  
 name  
 Merciful. Servant of God, see thou  
 the hidden things of mine, and judge  
 thou then  
 in charity thy brother who hath fallen. . .  
 say, hear me to the end! I loved the  
 King, . . .  
 tenderly, passionately, madly loved  
 him.  
 How painful it was to love a child of earth  
 With such entire devotion as I loved 170  
 Roderick, the heroic Prince, the glorious  
 Goth!  
 And yet methought this was its only  
 crime,  
 The imaginative passion seem'd so  
 pure:  
 Quiet and calm like duty, hope nor fear  
 disturb'd the deep contentment of that  
 love;  
 He was the sunshine of my soul, and  
 like  
 a flower, I lived and flourish'd in his  
 light.  
 I can bear not with me thus impatiently!  
 To tale of weakness this, that in the act  
 of penitence, indulgent to itself, 180  
 With garrulous palliation half repeats  
 the sin it ill repents. I will be brief,  
 and shrink not from confessing how the  
 love  
 which thus began in innocence, betray'd  
 my unsuspecting heart; nor me alone,  
 but him, before whom, shining as he  
 shone

With whatsoe'er is noble, whatsoe'er  
 Is lovely, whatsoever good and great,  
 I was as dust and ashes, . . . him, alas!  
 This glorious being, this exalted Prince,  
 Even him, with all his royalty of soul,  
 Did this ill-omen'd, this accurs'd love,  
 To his most lamentable fall betray 193  
 And utter ruin. Thus it was: The  
 King,  
 By counsels of cold statesmen ill-ad-  
 vised,  
 To an unworthy mate had bound him-  
 self  
 In politic wedlock. Wherefore should  
 I tell  
 How Nature upon Egilona's form,  
 Profuse of beauty, lavishing her gifts,  
 Left, like a statue from the graver's  
 hands, 200  
 Deformity and hollowness beneath  
 The rich external? For the love of  
 pomp  
 And emptiest vanity, hath she not in-  
 curr'd  
 The grief and wonder of good men, the  
 gibes  
 Of vulgar ribaldry, the reproach of all;  
 Profaning the most holy sacrament  
 Of marriage, to become chief of the  
 wives  
 Of Abdalaziz, of the Infidel,  
 The Moor, the tyrant-enemy of Spain!  
 All know her now; but they alone who  
 knew 210  
 What Roderick was can judge his  
 wretchedness,  
 To that light spirit and unfeeling heart  
 In hopeless bondage bound. No chil-  
 dren rose  
 From this unhappy union, towards  
 whom  
 The springs of love within his soul con-  
 fined  
 Might flow in joy and fulness; nor was he  
 One, like Witiza, of the vulgar crew,

Who in promiscuous appetite can find  
All their vile nature seeks. Alas for  
man!

Exuberant health diseases him, frail  
worm! 220

And the slight bias of untoward chance  
Makes his best virtue from the even line,  
With fatal declination, swerve aside.

Ay, thou mayest groan for poor mortality, . .

Well, Father, mayest thou groan!

My evil fate

Made me an inmate of the royal house,  
And Roderick found in me, if not a heart  
Like his, . . for who was like the heroic  
Goth? . .

One which at least felt his surpassing  
worth,

And loved him for himself. . . A little yet  
Bear with me, reverend Father, for I  
touch 231

Upon the point, and this long prologue  
goes,

As justice bids, to palliate his offence,  
Not mine. The passion, which I fondly  
thought

Such as fond sisters for a brother feel,  
Grew day by day, and strengthen'd in  
its growth,

Till the beloved presence had become  
Needful as food or necessary sleep,  
My hope, light, sunshine, life, and every  
thing.

Thus lapt in dreams of bliss, I might  
have lived 240

Contented with this pure idolatry,  
Had he been happy: but I saw and  
knew

The inward discontent and household  
griefs

Which he subdued in silence; and alas!  
Pity with admiration mingling then,  
Alloy'd and lower'd and humanized my  
love,

Till to the level of my lowliness

It brought him down; and in this  
treacherous heart

Too often the repining thought arose,  
That if Florinda had been Roderick's  
Queen, 250

Then might domestic peace and happi-  
ness

Have bless'd his home and crown'd our  
wedded loves.

Too often did that sinful thought recur,  
Too feebly the temptation was repell'd.

See, Father, I have probed my inmost  
soul;

Have search'd to its remotest source the  
sin;

And tracing it through all its specious  
forms

Of fair disguise, I present it now,  
Even as it lies before the eye of God,  
Bare and exposed, convicted and con-  
demn'd. 260

One eve, as in the bowers which over-  
hang

The glen where Tagus rolls between his  
rocks

I roam'd alone, alone I met the King.  
His countenance was troubled, and his  
speech

Like that of one whose tongue to light  
discourse

At fits constrain'd, betrays a heart  
disturb'd:

I too, albeit unconscious of his thoughts,  
With anxious looks reveal'd what  
wandering words

In vain essay'd to hide. A little while  
Did this oppressive intercourse endure,  
Till our eyes met in silence, each to each  
Telling their mutual tale, then con-  
sciously 272

Together fell abash'd. He took my hand  
And said, Florinda, would that thou  
and I

Earlier had met! oh what a blissful lot



had then been mine, who might have  
 found in thee  
 the sweet companion and the friend  
 endear'd,  
 fruitful wife and crown of earthly joys!  
 thou too shouldst then have been of  
 womankind  
 dearest, as now the loveliest. . . And  
 with that, 280  
 first giving way to passion first dis-  
 closed,  
 she press'd upon my lips a guilty kiss, . .  
 alas! more guiltily received than given.  
 passive and yielding, and yet self-  
 reproach'd,  
 trembling I stood, upheld in his em-  
 brace;  
 when coming steps were heard, and  
 Roderick said,  
 meet me to-morrow, I beseech thee, here,  
 queen of my heart! Oh meet me here  
 again,  
 thy own Florinda, meet me here again! . .  
 tongue, eye, and pressure of the impas-  
 sion'd hand 290  
 solicited and urged the ardent suit,  
 and from my hesitating hurried lips  
 the word of promise fatally was drawn.  
 Roderick, Roderick! hadst thou told  
 me all  
 thy purpose at that hour, from what  
 a world  
 of woe had thou and I. . . The bitterness  
 that reflection overcame her then,  
 and choak'd her speech. But Roderick  
 sate the while  
 covering his face with both his hands  
 close-press'd,  
 his head bow'd down, his spirit to such  
 point 300  
 of sufferance knit, as one who patiently  
 awaits the uplifted sword.  
 Till now, said she,  
 presuming her confession, I had lived,  
 not in innocence, yet self-deceived,

And of my perilous and sinful state  
 Unconscious. But this fatal hour re-  
 veal'd  
 To my awakening soul her guilt and  
 shame;  
 And in those agonies with which remorse,  
 Wrestling with weakness and with  
 cherish'd sin,  
 Doth triumph o'er the lacerated heart,  
 That night . . . that miserable night . .  
 I vow'd, 311  
 A virgin dedicate, to pass my life  
 Immured; and, like redeemed Magdalen,  
 Or that Egyptian penitent<sup>1</sup>, whose tears  
 Fretted the rock, and moisten'd round  
 her cave  
 The thirsty desert, so to mourn my fall.  
 The struggle ending thus, the victory  
 Thus, as I thought, accomplish'd, I be-  
 lieved  
 My soul was calm, and that the peace of  
 Heaven  
 Descended to accept and bless my vow;  
 And in this faith, prepared to consum-  
 mate 321  
 The sacrifice, I went to meet the King.  
 See, Father, what a snare had Satan laid!  
 For Roderick came to tell me that the  
 Church  
 From his unfruitful bed would set him  
 free,  
 And I should be his Queen.  
O let me close  
 The dreadful tale! I told him of my  
 vow;  
 And from sincere and scrupulous piety,  
 But more, I fear me, in that desperato  
 mood  
 Of obstinate will perverse, the which,  
 with pride 330  
 And shame and self-reproach, doth  
 sometimes make  
 A woman's tongue, her own worst enemy,

<sup>1</sup> St. Mary the Egyptian (S.).

Run counter to her dearest heart's  
desire, . .

In that unhappy mood did I resist  
All his most earnest prayers to let the  
power

Of holy Church, never more rightfully  
Invoked, he said, than now in our behalf,  
Release us from our fatal bonds. He  
urged

With kindling warmth his suit, like one  
whose life

Hung on the issue; I dissembled not <sup>340</sup>  
My cruel self-reproaches, nor my grief,  
Yet desperately maintain'd the rash  
resolve;

Till in the passionate argument he grew  
Incensed, inflamed, and madden'd or  
possess'd, . .

For Hell too surely at that hour pre-  
vail'd,

And with such subtle toils enveloped him,  
That even in the extremity of guilt  
No guilt he purported, but rather meant  
An amplest recompence of life-long love  
For transitory wrong, which fate per-  
verse, <sup>350</sup>

Thus madly he deceived himself, compell'd,

And therefore stern necessity excused.  
Here then, O Father, at thy feet I own  
Myself the guiltier; for full well I knew  
These were his thoughts, but vengeance  
master'd me,

And in my agony I cursed the man  
Whom I loved best.

Dost thou recall that curse?

Cried Roderick, in a deep and inward  
voice,

Still with his head depress'd, and  
covering still

His countenance. Recall it! she ex-  
claim'd; <sup>360</sup>

Father, I come to thee because I gave  
The reins to wrath too long, . . because  
I wrought

His ruin, death, and infamy. . . O God  
Forgive the wicked vengeance thus in-  
dulged,

As I forgive the King! . . But teach me  
now

What reparation more than tears an  
prayers

May now be made; . . how shall I vind-  
cate

His injured name, and take upon my  
self . . . .

Daughter of Julian, firmly he replied,  
Speak not of that, I charge thee! O  
his fame <sup>37</sup>

The Ethiop dye, fixed ineffaceably,  
For ever will abide; so it must be,  
So should be: 'tis his rightful punish-  
ment;

And if to the full measure of his sin  
The punishment hath fallen, the mor-  
our hope

That through the blood of Jesus he ma-  
find

That sin forgiven him.

Pausing then, he raise

His hand, and pointed where Siverian la-  
Stretch'd on the heath. To that o-  
man, said he,

And to the mother of the unhappy Got-  
Tell, if it please thee, . . not what the  
hast pour'd <sup>3</sup>

Into my secret ear, but that the child  
For whom they mourn with anguish  
unallay'd,

Sinn'd not from vicious will, or hea-  
corrupt,

But fell by fatal circumstance betray'  
And if in charity to them thou sayest  
Something to palliate, something  
excuse

An act of sudden frenzy when the Fier-  
O'ercame him, thou wilt do for Roderic  
All he could ask thee, all that can  
done <sup>3</sup>

On earth, and all his spirit could endure

Venturing towards her an imploring  
look,  
Wilt thou join with me for his soul in  
prayer?  
He said, and trembled as he spake.  
That voice  
Of sympathy was like Heaven's influence,  
Wounding at once and comforting the  
soul.  
O Father, Christ requite thee! she ex-  
claim'd;  
Thou hast set free the springs which  
withering griefs  
Have closed too long. Forgive me, for  
I thought 399  
Thou wert a rigid and un pitying judge;  
One whose stern virtue, feeling in itself  
No flaw of frailty, heard impatiently  
Of weakness and of guilt. I wrong'd  
thee, Father! . . .  
With that she took his hand, and kissing  
it,  
Bathed it with tears. Then in a firmer  
speech,  
For Roderick, for Count Julian and  
myself,  
Three wretchedest of all the human race,  
Who have destroyed each other and  
ourselves,  
Mutually wrong'd and wronging, let us  
pray!

#### XI. COUNT PEDRO'S CASTLE

TWELVE weary days with unremitting  
speed,  
Shunning frequented tracks, the tra-  
vellers  
Pursued their way; the mountain path  
they chose,  
The forest or the lonely heath wide-  
spread,  
Where cistus shrubs sole-seen exhaled  
at noon

Their fine balsamic odour all around;  
Strew'd with their blossoms, frail as  
beautiful,  
The thirsty soil at eve; and when the  
sun  
Relum'd the gladden'd earth, opening  
anew  
Their stores exuberant, prodigal as frail,  
Whiten'd again the wilderness. They  
left 11  
The dark Sierra's skirts behind, and  
cross'd  
The wilds where Ana in her native hills  
Collects her sister springs, and hurries on  
Her course melodious amid loveliest  
glens,  
With forest and with fruitage over-  
bower'd.  
These scenes profusely blest by Heaven  
they left,  
Where o'er the hazel and the quince the  
vine  
Wide-mantling spreads; and clinging  
round the cork  
And ilex, hangs amid their dusky leaves  
Garlands of brightest hue, with redden-  
ing fruit 21  
Pendant, or clusters cool of glassy green.  
So holding on o'er mountain and o'er  
vale,  
Tagus they cross'd where midland on  
his way  
The King of Rivers rolls his stately  
stream;  
And rude Alverches wide and stony bed,  
And Duero distant far, and many a  
stream  
And many a field obscure, in future war  
For bloody theatre of famous deeds  
Foredoom'd; and deserts where in  
years to come 30  
Shall populous towns arise, and crested  
towers  
And stately temples rear their heads on  
high.

Cautious with course circuitous they  
 shunn'd  
 The embattled city, which in eldest time  
 Thrice-greatest Hermes built, so fables  
 say,  
 Now subjugate, but fated to behold  
 Ere long the heroic Prince (who passing  
 now  
 Unknown and silently the dangerous  
 track,  
 Turns thither his regardant eye) come  
 down  
 Victorious from the heights, and bear  
 abroad 40  
 Her banner'd Lion, symbol to the Moor  
 Of rout and death through many an age  
 of blood.  
 Lo, there the Asturian hills! Far in the  
 west,  
 Huge Rabanal and Foncebadon huge,  
 Pre-eminent, their giant bulk display,  
 Darkening with earliest shade the dis-  
 tant vales  
 Of Leon, and with evening premature.  
 Far in Cantabria eastward, the long line  
 Extends beyond the reach of eagle's eye,  
 When buoyant in mid-heaven the bird  
 of Jove 50  
 Soars at his loftiest pitch. In the north,  
 before  
 The travellers the Erbasian mountains  
 rise,  
 Bounding the land beloved, their native  
 land.

How then, Alphonso, did thy eager  
 soul  
 Chide the slow hours and painful way,  
 which seem'd  
 Lengthening to grow before their lagging  
 pace!  
 Youth of heroic thought and high desire,  
 'Tis not the spur of lofty enterprize  
 That with unequal throbbing hurries  
 now

The unquiet heart, now makes it sink  
 dismay'd; 6c  
 'Tis not impatient joy which thus dis-  
 turbs  
 In that young breast the healthful  
 spring of life;  
 Joy and ambition have forsaken him,  
 His soul is sick with hope. So near his  
 home,  
 So near his mother's arms; . . . alas!  
 perchance  
 The long'd-for meeting may be yet far  
 off  
 As earth from heaven. Sorrow in these  
 long months  
 Of separation may have laid her low;  
 Or what if at his flight the bloody Moor  
 Hath sent his ministers of slaughter  
 forth, 70  
 And he himself should thus have brought  
 the sword  
 Upon his father's head? . . . Sure Hoya  
 too  
 The same dark presage feels, the fearful  
 boy  
 Said in himself; or wherefore is his  
 brow  
 Thus overcast with heaviness, and why  
 Looks he thus anxiously in silence round?

Just then that faithful servant raised  
 his hand,  
 And turning to Alphonso with a smile,  
 He pointed where Count Pedro's towers  
 far off  
 Peer'd in the dell below; faint was the  
 smile, 80  
 And while it sate upon his lips, his eye  
 Retain'd its troubled speculation still.  
 For long had he look'd wistfully in vain,  
 Seeking where far or near he might espy  
 From whom to learn if time or chance  
 had wrought  
 Change in his master's house: but on  
 the hills



Nor goat-herd could he see, nor traveller,  
 Nor huntsman early at his sports afield,  
 Nor angler following up the mountain  
 glen  
 His lonely pastime; neither could he  
 hear 90  
 Carol, or pipe, or shout of shepherd's boy,  
 Nor woodman's axe, for not a human  
 sound  
 Disturb'd the silence of the solitude.

Is it the spoiler's work? At yonder  
 door  
 Behold the favourite kidling bleats un-  
 heard;  
 The next stands open, and the sparrows  
 there  
 Boldly pass in and out. Thither he  
 turn'd  
 To seek what indications were within;  
 The chesnut-bread was on the shelf,  
 the churn,  
 As if in haste forsaken, full and fresh;  
 The recent fire had moulder'd on the  
 hearth; 101  
 And broken cobwebs mark'd the whiter  
 space  
 Where from the wall the buckler and  
 the sword  
 Had late been taken down. Wonder at  
 first  
 Had mitigated fear, but Hoya now  
 Return'd to tell the symbols of good  
 hope,  
 And they prick'd forward joyfully. Ere  
 long,  
 Perceptible above the ceaseless sound  
 Of yonder stream, a voice of multitudes,  
 As if in loud acclaim, was heard far off;  
 And nearer as they drew, distincter  
 shouts 111  
 Came from the dell, and at Count Pedro's  
 gate  
 The human swarm were seen, . . a motley  
 group,

Maids, mothers, helpless infancy, weak  
 age,  
 And wondering children and tumultuous  
 boys,  
 Hot youth and resolute manhood  
 gather'd there,  
 In uproar all. Anon the moving mass  
 Falls in half circle back, a general cry  
 Bursts forth, exultant arms are lifted up,  
 And caps are thrown aloft, as through  
 the gate 120  
 Count Pedro's banner came. Alphonso  
 shriek'd  
 For joy, and smote his steed and gallop'd  
 on.

Fronting the gate the standard-bearer  
 holds  
 His precious charge. Behind the men  
 divide  
 In order'd files; green boyhood presses  
 there,  
 And waning eld, pleading a youthful  
 soul,  
 Intreats admission. All is ardour here,  
 Hope and brave purposes and minds  
 resolved.  
 Nor where the weaker sex is left apart  
 Doth aught of fear find utterance,  
 though perchance 130  
 Some paler cheeks might there be seen,  
 some eyes  
 Big with sad bodings, and some natural  
 tears.  
 Count Pedro's war-horse in the vacant  
 space  
 Strikes with impatient hoof the trodden  
 turf,  
 And gazing round upon the martial show,  
 Proud of his stately trappings, flings his  
 head,  
 And snorts and champs the bit, and  
 neighing shrill  
 Wakes the near echo with his voice of  
 joy.

The page beside him holds his master's  
spear  
And shield and helmet. In the castle-  
gate 140  
Count Pedro stands, his countenance  
resolved  
But mournful, for Favinia on his arm  
Hung, passionate with her fears, and held  
him back.  
Go not, she cried, with this deluded  
crew!  
She hath not, Pedro, with her frantic  
words  
Bereft thy faculty, . . she is crazed with  
grief,  
And her delirium hath infected these:  
But, Pedro, thou art calm; thou dost  
not share  
The madness of the crowd; thy sober  
mind  
Surveys the danger in its whole extent,  
And sees the certain ruin, . . for thou  
know'st 151  
I know thou hast no hope. Unhappy  
man,  
Why then for this most desperate enter-  
prize  
Wilt thou devote thy son, thine only  
child?  
Not for myself I plead, nor even for  
thee;  
Thou art a soldier, and thou canst not  
fear  
The face of death; and I should wel-  
come it  
As the best visitant whom Heaven could  
send.  
Not for our lives I speak then, . . were  
they worth  
The thought of preservation; . . Nature  
soon 160  
Must call for them; the sword that  
should cut short  
Sorrow's slow work were merciful to  
us.

But spare Alphonso! there is time and  
hope  
In store for him. O thou who gavest  
him life,  
Seal not his death, his death and mine at  
once!  
Peace! he replied: thou know'st  
there is no choice,  
I did not raise the storm; I cannot turn  
Its course aside! but where yon banner  
goes  
Thy Lord must not be absent! Spare  
me then,  
Favinia, lest I hear thy honour'd name  
Now first attained with deserved re-  
proach. 171  
The boy is in God's hands. He who of  
yore  
Walk'd with the sons of Judah in the  
fire,  
And from the lion's den drew Daniel  
forth  
Unhurt, can save him, . . if it be his  
will.  
Even as he spake, the astonish'd  
troop set up  
A shout of joy which rung through all  
the hills.  
Alphonso heeds not how they break  
their ranks  
And gather round to greet him; from  
his horse  
Precipitate and panting off he springs.  
Pedro grew pale, and trembled at his  
sight; 181  
Favinia claspt her hands, and looking  
up  
To Heaven as she embraced the boy,  
exclaim'd,  
Lord God, forgive me for my sinful  
fears;  
Unworthy that I am, . . my son, my  
son!

## XII. THE VOW

ALWAYS I knew thee for a generous foe,  
Pelayo! said the Count; and in our  
time

Of enmity, thou too, I know, didst feel  
The feud between us was but of the house,  
Not of the heart. Brethren in arms  
henceforth

We stand or fall together: nor will I  
Look to the event with one misgiving  
thought, . .

That were to prove myself unworthy  
now

Of Heaven's benignant providence, this  
hour,

Scarcely by less than miracle, vouch-  
safed. 10

I will believe that we have days in store  
Of hope, now risen again as from the  
dead, . .

Of vengeance, . . of portentous victory, . .  
Yea, maugre all unlikelihoods, . . of  
peace.

Let us then here indissolubly knit  
Our ancient houses, that those happy  
days,

When they arrive, may find us more  
than friends,

And bound by closer than fraternal ties.  
Thou hast a daughter, Prince, to whom  
my heart

Yearns now, as if in winning infancy 20  
Her smiles had been its daily food of  
love.

I need not tell thee what Alphonso is, . .  
Thou know'st the boy!

Already had that hope,  
Replied Pelayo, risen within my soul.

O Thou, who in thy mercy from the  
house

Of Moorish bondage hast deliver'd us,  
Fulfil the pious purposes for which

Here, in thy presence, thus we pledge  
our hands!

Strange hour to plight espousals!  
yielding half

To superstitious thoughts, Favinia cried,  
And these strange witnesses! . . The  
times are strange, 31

With thoughtful speech composed her  
Lord replies,

And what thou seest accords with them.  
This day

Is wonderful; nor could auspicious  
Heaven

With fairer or with fitter omen gild  
Our enterprize, when strong in heart

and hope

We take the field, preparing thus for  
works

Of piety and love. Unwillingly  
I yielded to my people's general voice,

Thinking that she who with her power-  
ful words 40

To this excess had roused and kindled  
them,

Spake from the spirit of her griefs alone,  
Not with prophetic impulse. Be that  
sin

Forgiven me! and the calm and quiet  
faith

Which, in the place of incredulity,  
Hath fill'd me, now that seeing I believe,

Doth give of happy end to righteous  
cause

A presage, not presumptuous, but  
assured.

Then Pedro told Pelayo how from  
vale

To vale the exalted Adosinda went, 50  
Exciting sire and son, in holy war

Conquering or dying, to secure their  
placo

In Paradise: and how reluctantly,  
And mourning for his child by his own  
act

Thus doom'd to death, he bade with  
heavy heart

His banner he brought forth. Devoid  
alike  
Of purpose and of hope himself, he  
meant  
To march toward the western Moun-  
taineers,  
Where Odoar by his counsel might  
direct  
Their force conjoin'd. Now, said he,  
we must haste 60  
To Cangas, there, Pelayo, to secure,  
With timely speed, I trust in God, thy  
house.

Then looking to his men, he cried,  
Bring forth  
The armour which in Wamba's wars I  
wore. . .  
Alphonso's heart leapt at the auspicious  
words.  
Count Pedro mark'd the rising glow of  
joy, . .  
Doubly to thee, Alphonso, he pursued,  
This day above all other days is blest,  
From whence as from a birth-day thou  
wilt date  
Thy life in arms !  
Rejoicing in their task, 70  
The servants of the house with emulous  
love  
Dispute the charge. One brings the  
cuirass, one  
The buckler ; this exultingly displays  
The sword, his comrade lifts the helm on  
high :  
The greaves, the gauntlets they divide ;  
a spur  
Seems now to dignify the officious hand  
Which for such service bears it to his  
Lord.  
Greek artists in the imperial city forged  
That splendid armour, perfect in their  
craft ;  
With curious skill they wrought it,  
framed alike 80

To shine amid the pageantry of war,  
And for the proof of battle. Many a  
time  
Alphonso from his nurse's lap had  
stretch'd  
His infant hands toward it eagerly,  
Where gleaming to the central fire it  
hung  
High in the hall ; and many a time had  
wish'd  
With boyish ardour, that the day were  
come  
When Pedro to his prayers would grant  
the boon,  
His dearest heart's desire. Count Pedro  
then  
Would smile, and in his heart rejoice to  
see 90  
The noble instinct manifest itself.  
Then too Favinia with maternal pride  
Would turn her eyes exulting to her  
Lord,  
And in that silent language bid him mark  
His spirit in his boy ; all danger then  
Was distant, and if secret forethought  
faint  
Of manhood's perils, and the chance of  
war,  
Hateful to mothers, pass'd across her  
mind,  
The ill remote gave to the present hour  
A heighten'd feeling of secure delight.  
No season this for old solemnities, 101  
For wassailry and sport ; . . the bath,  
the bed,  
The vigil, . . all preparatory rites  
Omitted now, . . here in the face of  
Heaven,  
Before the vassals of his father's house,  
With them in instant peril to partake  
The chance of life or death, the heroic  
boy  
Dons his first arms ; the coated scales of  
steel



Which o'er the tunic to his knees depend,  
 The hose, the sleeves of mail; bare-  
 headed then 110  
 He stood. But when Count Pedro took  
 the spurs  
 And bent his knee in service to his son,  
 Alphonso from that gesture half drew  
 back,  
 Starting in reverence, and a deeper hue  
 Spread o'er the glow of joy which flush'd  
 his cheeks.  
 Do thou the rest, Pelayo! said the  
 Count;  
 So shall the ceremony of this hour  
 Exceed in honour what in form it lacks.  
 The Prince from Hoya's faithful hand  
 received  
 The sword; he girt it round the youth,  
 and drew 120  
 And placed it in his hand; unsheathing  
 then  
 His own good falchion, with its burnish'd  
 blade  
 He touch'd Alphonso's neck, and with  
 a kiss  
 Gave him his rank in arms.  
 Thus long the crowd  
 Had look'd intently on, in silence  
 hush'd;  
 Loud and continuous now with one  
 accord,  
 Shout following shout, their acclamations  
 rose;  
 Blessings were breathed from every  
 heart, and joy,  
 Powerful alike in all, which as with force  
 Of an inebriating cup inspired 130  
 The youthful, from the eye of age drew  
 tears.  
 The uproar died away, when standing  
 forth,  
 Roderick with lifted hand besought a  
 pause  
 For speech, and moved towards the  
 youth. I too,

Young Baron, he began, must do my  
 part;  
 Not with prerogative of earthly power,  
 But as the servant of the living God,  
 The God of Hosts. This day thou  
 promisest  
 To die when honour calls thee for thy  
 faith,  
 For thy liege Lord, and for thy native  
 land; 140  
 The duties which at birth we all con-  
 tract,  
 Are by the high profession of this hour  
 Made thine especially. Thy noble  
 blood,  
 The thoughts with which thy childhood  
 hath been fed,  
 And thine own noble nature more than  
 all,  
 Are sureties for thee. But these dread-  
 ful times  
 Demand a farther pledge; for it hath  
 pleased  
 The Highest, as he tried his Saints of old,  
 So in the fiery furnace of his wrath  
 To prove and purify the sons of Spain;  
 And they must knit their spirits to the  
 proof, 151  
 Or sink, for ever lost. Hold forth thy  
 sword,  
 Young Baron, and before thy people  
 take  
 The vow which, in Toledo's sacred name,  
 Poor as these weeds bespeak me, I am  
 here  
 To minister with delegated power.  
 With reverential awe was Roderick  
 heard  
 By all, so well authority became  
 That mien and voice and countenance  
 austere.  
 Pelayo with complacent eye beheld 160  
 The unlook'd-for interposal, and the  
 Count

Bends toward Alphonso his approving  
head.

The youth obedient loosen'd from his  
belt

The sword, and looking, while his heart  
beat fast,

To Roderick, reverently expectant stood.

O noble youth, the Royal Goth pur-  
sued,

Thy country is in bonds ; an impious foe  
Oppresses her ; he brings with him  
strange laws,

Strange language, evil customs, and  
false faith,

And forces them on Spain. Swear that  
thy soul 170

Will make no covenant with these  
accursed,

But that the sword shall be from this  
day forth

Thy children's portion, to be handed  
down

From sire to son, a sacred heritage,  
Through every generation, till the work  
Be done, and this insulted land hath  
drunk

In sacrifice, the last invader's blood !

Bear witness, ancient Mountains !  
cried the youth,

And ye, my native Streams, who hold  
your course

For ever ; . . this dear Earth, and yonder  
Sky, 180

Be witness ! for myself I make the vow,  
And for my children's children. Here  
I stand

Their sponsor, binding them in sight of  
Heaven,

As by a new baptismal sacrament,  
To wage hereditary holy war,  
Perpetual, patient, persevering war,  
Till not one living enemy pollute  
The sacred soil of Spain.

So as he ceased,

While yet toward the clear blue firma-  
ment

His eyes were raised, he lifted to his lips  
The sword, with reverent gesture bending  
then 191

Devoutly kiss'd its cross.

And ye ! exclaimed

Roderick, as turning to the assembled  
troop

He motion'd with authoritative hand, . .  
Ye children of the hills and sons of Spain !

Through every heart the rapid feeling  
ran, . .

For us ! they answer'd all with one  
accord,

And at the word they knelt : People  
and Prince,

The young and old, the father and the  
son,

At once they knelt ; with one accord  
they cried, 200

For us, and for our seed ! with one accord  
They cross'd their fervent arms, and  
with bent head

Inclined toward that awful voice from  
whence

The inspiring impulse came. The Royal  
Goth

Made answer, I receive your vow for  
Spain

And for the Lord of Hosts : your cause  
is good,

Go forward in his spirit and his strength.

Ne'er in his happiest hours had  
Roderick

With such commanding majesty dis-  
pens'd

His princely gifts, as dignified him now,  
When with slow movement, solemnly  
upraised, 211

Toward the kneeling troop he spread  
his arms,

As if the expanded soul diffused itself,  
 And carried to all spirits with the act  
 Its effluent inspiration. Silently  
 The people knelt, and when they rose,  
 such awe  
 Held them in silence, that the eagle's  
 cry,  
 Who far above them, at her highest  
 flight  
 A speck scarce visible, gyred round and  
 round,  
 Was heard distinctly; and the moun-  
 tain stream, 220  
 Which from the distant glen sent forth  
 its sounds  
 Wafted upon the wind, grew audible  
 In that deep hush of feeling, like the  
 voice  
 Of waters in the stillness of the night.

XIII. COUNT EUDON

THAT awful silence still endured, when  
 one,  
 Who to the northern entrance of the  
 vale  
 Had turn'd his casual eye, exclaim'd,  
 The Moors! . . .  
 For from the forest verge a troop were  
 seen  
 Hastening toward Pedro's hall. Their  
 forward speed  
 Was check'd when they beheld his ban-  
 ner spread,  
 And saw his order'd spears in prompt  
 array  
 Marshall'd to meet their coming. But  
 the pride  
 Of power and insolence of long com-  
 mand  
 Prick'd on their Chief presumptuous:  
 We are come 10  
 Late for prevention, cried the haughty  
 Moor,

But never time more fit for punishment!  
 These unbelieving slaves must feel and  
 know  
 Their master's arm! . . . On, faithful  
 Musselmen,  
 On . . . on, . . . and hew down the rebellious  
 dogs! . . .  
 Then as he spurr'd his steed, Allah is  
 great!  
 Mahommed is his Prophet! he exclaim'd,  
 And led the charge.  
Count Pedro met the Chief  
 In full career; he bore him from his  
 horse  
 A full spear's length upon the lance  
 transfix'd; 20  
 Then leaving in his breast the mortal  
 shaft,  
 Pass'd on, and breaking through the  
 turban'd files  
 Open'd a path. Pelayo, who that day  
 Fought in the ranks afoot, for other war  
 Yet unequipp'd, pursued and smote the  
 foe,  
 But ever on Alphonso at his side  
 Retain'd a watchful eye. The gallant boy  
 Gave his good sword that hour its  
 earliest taste  
 Of Moorish blood, . . . that sword whose  
 hungry edge,  
 Through the fair course of all his glorious  
 life 30  
 From that auspicious day, was fed so  
 well.  
 Cheap was the victory now for Spain  
 achieved;  
 For the first fervour of their zeal  
 inspired  
 The Mountainers, . . . the presence of  
 their Chiefs,  
 The sight of all dear objects, all dear ties,  
 The air they breathed, the soil whereon  
 they trod,  
 Duty, devotion, faith, and hope and joy.  
 And little had the misbelievers ween'd

In such impetuous onset to receive  
 A greeting deadly as their own intent ;  
 Victims they thought to find, not men  
     prepared 41  
 And eager for the fight ; their confidence  
 Therefore gave way to wonder, and dis-  
     may  
 Effected what astonishment began.  
 Scatter'd before the impetuous Moun-  
 taineers,  
 Buckler and spear and scymitar they  
     dropt,  
 As in precipitate route they fled before  
 The Asturian sword : the vales and hills  
     and rocks  
 Received their blood, and where they  
     fell the wolves  
 At evening found them.

                    From the fight apart 50  
 Two Africans had stood, who held in  
     charge  
 Count Eudon. When they saw their  
     countrymen  
 Falter, give way, and fly before the foe,  
 One turn'd toward him with malignant  
     rage,  
 And saying, Infidel ! thou shalt not live  
 To join their triumph ! aim'd against his  
     neck  
 The moony falchion's point. His com-  
     rade raised  
 A hasty hand and turn'd its edge aside,  
 Yet so that o'er the shoulder glancing  
     down  
 It scarr'd him as it pass'd. The mur-  
     derous Moor, 60  
 Not tarrying to secure his vengeance,  
     fled ;  
 While he of milder mood, at Eudon's feet  
 Fell and embraced his knees. The  
     mountaineer  
 Who found them thus, withheld at  
     Eudon's voice  
 His wrathful hand, and led them to his  
     Lord.

Count Pedro and Alphonso and the  
     Prince  
 Stood on a little rocky eminence  
 Which overlook'd the vale. Pedro had  
     put  
 His helmet off, and with sonorous horn  
 Blew the recall ; for well he knew what  
     thoughts, 70  
 Calm as the Prince appear'd and undis-  
     turb'd,  
 Lay underneath his silent fortitude ;  
 And how at this eventful juncture speed  
 Imported more than vengeance. Thrice  
     he sent  
 The long-resounding signal forth, which  
     rung  
 From hill to hill, re-echoing far and  
     wide.  
 Slow and unwillingly his men obey'd  
 The swelling horn's reiterated call ;  
 Repining that a single foe escaped  
 The retribution of that righteous hour.  
 With lingering step reluctant from the  
     chase 81  
 They turn'd, . . their veins full-swoln,  
     their sinews strung  
 For battle still, their hearts unsatisfied ;  
 Their swords were dropping still with  
     Moorish blood,  
 And where they wiped their reeking  
     brows, the stain  
 Of Moorish gore was left. But when  
     they came  
 Where Pedro, with Alphonso at his side,  
 Stood to behold their coming, then they  
     press'd  
 All emulous, with gratulation round,  
 Extolling for his deeds that day dis-  
     play'd 90  
 The noble boy. Oh ! when had Heaven,  
     they said,  
 With such especial favour manifest  
 Illustrated a first essay in arms !  
 They bless'd the father from whose loins  
     he sprung.



The mother at whose happy breast he  
fed ;  
And pray'd that their young hero's fields  
might be  
Many, and all like this.

Thus they indulg'd  
The honest heart, exuberant of love,  
When that loquacious joy at once was  
check'd,

For Eudon and the Moor were brought  
before 100  
Count Pedro. Both came fearfully and  
pale,

But with a different fear : the African  
Felt at this crisis of his destiny  
Such apprehension as without reproach  
Might blanch a soldier's cheek, when life  
and death

Hang on another's will, and helplessly  
He must abide the issue. But the  
thoughts

Which quail'd Count Eudon's heart, and  
made his limbs

Quiver, were of his own unworthiness,  
Old enmity, and that he stood in power  
Of hated and hereditary foes. 111

I came not with them willingly ! he  
cried,

Addressing Pedro and the Prince at once,  
Rolling from each to each his restless  
eyes

Aghast, . . the Moor can tell I had no  
choice ;

They forced me from my castle : . . in  
the fight

They would have slain me : . . see I  
bleed ! The Moor

Can witness that a Moorish scymitar  
Inflicted this : . . he saved me from worse  
hurt : . .

I did not come in arms : . . he knows it  
all ; . . 120

Speak, man, and let the truth be known  
to clear

My innocence !

Thus as he ceased, with fear  
And rapid utterance panting open-  
mouth'd,

Count Pedro half repress a mournful  
smile,

Wherein compassion seem'd to mitigate  
His deep contempt. Methinks, said he,  
the Moor

Might with more reason look himself to  
find

An intercessor, than be call'd upon  
To play the pleader's part. Didst thou  
then save 129

The Baron from thy comrades ?

Let my Lord  
Show mercy to me, said the Mussulman,  
As I am free from falsehood. We were  
left,

I and another, holding him in charge ;  
My fellow would have slain him when he  
saw

How the fight fared : I turn'd the  
scymitar

Aside, and trust that life will be the  
meed

For life by me preserved.

Nor shall thy trust,  
Rejoin'd the Count, be vain. Say  
farther now,

From whence ye came ? . . your orders  
what ? . . what force 139

In Gegio ? and if others like yourselves  
Are in the field ?

The African replied,  
We came from Gegio, order'd to secure  
This Baron on the way, and seek thee  
here

To bear thee hence in bonds. A mes-  
senger

From Cordoba, whose speed denoted  
well

He came with urgent tidings, was the  
cause

Of this our sudden movement. We  
went forth

Three hundred men; an equal force  
was sent 148

For Cangas, on like errand as I ween.  
Four hundred in the city then were left.  
If other force be moving from the south,  
I know not, save that all appearances  
Denote alarm and vigilance.

The Prince

Fix'd upon Eudon then his eye severe;  
Baron, he said, the die of war is cast;  
What part art thou prepared to take?  
against,  
Or with the oppressor?

Not against my friends, . .

Not against you! . . the irresolute wretch  
replied,

Hasty, yet faltering in his fearful speech:  
But . . have ye weigh'd it well? . . It is  
not yet 160

Too late, . . their numbers, . . their victo-  
rious force,

Which hath already trodden in the dust  
The sceptre of the Goths: . . the throne  
destroy'd, . .

Our towns subdued, . . our country  
overrun, . .

The people to the yoke of their new  
Lords

Resign'd in peace. . . Can I not me-  
diate? . .

Were it not better through my agency  
To gain such terms, . . such honourable  
terms. . .

Terms! cried Pelayo, cutting short at  
once

That dastard speech, and checking, ere  
it grew 170

Too powerful for restraint, the incipient  
wrath

Which in indignant murmurs breathing  
round,

Rose like a gathering storm, learn thou  
what terms

Asturias, this day speaking by my voice,

Doth constitute to be the law between  
Thee and thy Country. Our portentous  
age,

As with an earthquake's desolating force,  
Hath loosen'd and disjointed the whole  
frame

Of social order, and she calls not now  
For service with the force of sovereign  
will. 180

That which was common duty in old  
times,

Becomes an arduous, glorious virtue now;  
And every one, as between Hell and  
Heaven,

In free election must be left to chuse.  
Asturias asks not of thee to partake  
The cup which we have pledged; she  
claims from none

The dauntless fortitude, the mind  
resolved,

Which only God can give; . . therefore  
such peace

As thou canst find where all around is  
war,

She leaves thee to enjoy. But think  
not, Count, 190

That because thou art weak, one valiant  
arm,

One generous spirit must be lost to Spain!  
The vassal owes no service to the Lord  
Who to his Country doth acknowledge  
none.

The summons which thou hast not heart  
to give,

I and Count Pedro over thy domains  
Will send abroad; the vassals who were  
thine

Will fight beneath our banners, and our  
wants

Shall from thy lands, as from a patri-  
mony

Which hath reverted to the common  
stock, 200

Be fed: such tribute, too, as to the  
Moors

Thou renderest, we will take : it is the price  
 Which in this land for weakness must be paid  
 While evil stars prevail. And mark me, Chief !  
 Fear is a treacherous counsellor ! I know  
 Thou think'st that beneath his horses' hoofs  
 The Moor will trample our poor numbers down ;  
 But join not, in contempt of us and Heaven,  
 His multitudes ! for if thou shouldst be found  
 Against thy country, on the readiest tree 210  
 Those recreant bones shall rattle in the wind,  
 When the birds have left them bare.  
As thus he spake,  
 Count Eudon heard and trembled : every joint  
 Was loosen'd, every fibre of his flesh  
 Thrill'd, and from every pore effused, cold sweat  
 Clung on his quivering limbs. Shame forced it forth,  
 Envy, and inward consciousness, and fear  
 Predominant, which stifled in his heart  
 Hatred and rage. Before his livid lips  
 Could shape to utterance their essay'd reply, 220  
 Compassionately Pedro interposed.  
 Go, Baron, to the Castle, said the Count ;  
 There let thy wound be look'd to, and consult  
 Thy better mind at leisure. Let this Moor  
 Attend upon thee there, and when thou wilt,  
 Follow thy fortunes. . . To Pelayo then  
 He turn'd, and saying, All-too-long, O Prince,

Hath this unlook'd-for conflict held thee here, . .  
 He bade his gallant men begin their march.  
Flush'd with success, and in auspicious hour, 230  
 The Mountaineers set forth. Blessings and prayers  
 Pursued them at their parting, and the tears  
 Which fell were tears of fervour, not of grief.  
 The sun was verging to the western slope  
 Of Heaven, but they till midnight travell'd on ;  
 Renewing then at early dawn their way,  
 They held their unremitting course from morn  
 Till latest eve, such urgent cause impell'd ;  
 And night had closed around, when to the vale  
 Where Sella in her ampler bed receives  
 Pionia's stream they came. Massive and black 241  
 Pelayo's castle there was seen ; its lines  
 And battlements against the deep blue sky  
 Distinct in solid darkness visible.  
 No light is in the tower. Eager to know  
 The worst, and with that fatal certainty  
 To terminate intolerable dread,  
 He spurr'd his courser forward. All his fears  
 Too surely are fulfill'd, . . for open stand  
 The doors, and mournfully at times a dog 250  
 Fills with his howling the deserted hall.  
 A moment overcome with wretchedness,  
 Silent Pelayo stood ! recovering then,  
 Lord God, resign'd he cried, thy will be done !

## XIV. THE RESCUE

COUNT, said Pelayo, Nature hath  
 assign'd  
 Two sovereign remedies for human  
 grief ;  
 Religion, surest, firmest, first and best,  
 Strength to the weak and to the wounded  
 balm ;  
 And strenuous action next. Think not  
 I came  
 With unprovided heart. My noble wife,  
 In the last solemn words, the last fare-  
 well  
 With which she charged her secret mes-  
 senger,  
 Told me that whatsoe'er was my resolve,  
 She bore a mind prepared. And well  
 I know 10  
 The evil, be it what it may, hath found  
 In her a courage equal to the hour.  
 Captivity, or death, or what worse pangs,  
 She in her children may be doom'd to  
 feel,  
 Will never make that steady soul repent  
 Its virtuous purpose. I too did not  
 cast  
 My single life into the lot, but knew  
 These dearer pledges on the die were set ;  
 And if the worst have fallen, I shall but  
 bear  
 That in my breast, which, with trans-  
 figuring power 20  
 Of piety, makes chastening sorrow take  
 The form of hope, and sees, in Death,  
 the friend  
 And the restoring Angel. We must rest  
 Perforce, and wait what tidings night  
 may bring,  
 Haply of comfort. Ho there ! kindle  
 fires,  
 And see if aught of hospitality  
 Can yet within these mournful walls be  
 found !

Thus while he spake, lights were  
 descried far off  
 Moving among the trees, and coming  
 sounds  
 Were heard as of a distant multitude. 30  
 Anon a company of horse and foot,  
 Advancing in disorderly array,  
 Came up the vale ; before them and  
 beside  
 Their torches flashed on Sella's rippling  
 stream ;  
 Now gleam'd through chesnut groves,  
 emerging now,  
 O'er their huge boughs and radiated  
 leaves  
 Cast broad and bright a transitory glare.  
 That sight inspired with strength the  
 mountaineers ;  
 All sense of weariness, all wish for  
 rest  
 At once were gone ; impatient in desire  
 Of second victory alert they stood ; 40  
 And when the hostile symbols, which  
 from far  
 Imagination to their wish had shaped,  
 Vanish'd in nearer vision, high-wrought  
 hope  
 Departing, left the spirit pall'd and  
 blank.  
 No turban'd race, no sons of Africa  
 Were they who now came winding up  
 the vale,  
 As waving wide before their horses' feet  
 The torch-light floated, with its hovering  
 glare  
 Blackening the incumbent and sur-  
 rounding night. 50  
 Helmet and breast-plate glitter'd as  
 they came,  
 And spears erect ; and nearer as they  
 drew  
 Were the loose folds of female garments  
 seen  
 On those who led the company. Who  
 then



Had stood beside Pelayo, might have  
heard  
The beating of his heart.  
But vainly there  
Sought he with wistful eye the well-  
known forms  
Beloved; and plainly might it now be  
seen  
That from some bloody conflict they  
return'd  
Victorious, . . . for at every saddle-bow 60  
A gory head was hung. Anon they  
stopt,  
Levelling in quick alarm their ready  
spears.  
Hold! who goes there? cried one. A  
hundred tongues  
Sent forth with one accord the glad reply,  
Friends and Asturians. Onward moved  
the lights, . . .  
The people knew their Lord.  
Then what a shout  
Rung through the valley! From their  
clay-built nests,  
Beneath the overbrowing battlements,  
Now first disturb'd, the affrighted mar-  
tins flew,  
And uttering notes of terror short and  
shrill, 70  
Amid the yellow glare and lurid smoke  
Wheel'd giddily. Then plainly was it  
shown  
How well the vassals loved their generous  
Lord,  
How like a father the Asturian Prince  
Was dear. They crowded round; they  
claspt his knees;  
They snatch'd his hand; they fell upon  
his neck, . . .  
They wept; . . . they blest Almighty  
Providence,  
Which had restored him thus from  
bondage free;  
God was with them and their good cause,  
they said;

His hand was here. . . His shield was  
over them, . . . 80  
His spirit was abroad, . . . His power dis-  
play'd:  
And pointing to their bloody trophies  
then,  
They told Pelayo there he might behold  
The first-fruits of the harvest they should  
soon  
Reap in the field of war! Benignantly,  
With voice and look and gesture, did the  
Prince  
To these warm greetings of tumultuous  
joy  
Respond; and sure if at that moment  
aught  
Could for a while have overpower'd  
those fears  
Which from the inmost heart o'er all his  
frame 90  
Diffused their chilling influence, worthy  
pride,  
And sympathy of love and joy and  
hope,  
Had then possess'd him wholly. Even  
now  
His spirit rose; the sense of power, the  
sight  
Of his brave people, ready where he led  
To fight their country's battles, and the  
thought  
Of instant action, and deliverance, . . .  
If Heaven, which thus far had protected  
him,  
Should favour still, . . . revived his heart,  
and gave  
Fresh impulse to its spring. In vain  
he sought 100  
Amid that turbulent greeting to enquire  
Where Gaudiosa was, his children where,  
Who call'd them to the field, who cap-  
tain'd them;  
And how these women, thus with arms  
and death  
Environ'd, came amid their company?

For yet, amid the fluctuating light  
And tumult of the crowd, he knew them  
not.

Guisla was one. The Moors had  
found in her

A willing and concerted prisoner.  
Gladly to Gegio, to the renegade 110  
On whom her loose and shameless love  
was bent,

Had she set forth ; and in her heart she  
cursed

The busy spirit, who, with powerful call  
Rousing Pelayo's people, led them on  
In quick pursual, and victoriously  
Achieved the rescue, to her mind per-  
verse

Unwelcome as unlook'd for. With dis-  
may

She recognized her brother, dreaded now  
More than he once was dear ; her coun-  
tenance

Was turn'd toward him, . . not with  
eager joy 120

To court his sight, and meeting its first  
glance,

Exchange delightful welcome, soul with  
soul ;

Hers was the conscious eye, that cannot  
chuse

But look to what it fears. She could  
not shun

His presence, and the rigid smile con-  
strain'd,

With which she coldly drest her features,  
ill

Conceal'd her inward thoughts, and the  
despite

Of obstinate guilt and unrepentant  
shame.

Sullenly thus upon her mule she sate,  
Waiting the greeting which she did not  
dare 130

Bring on. But who is she that at her  
side,

Upon a stately war-horse eminent,  
Holds the loose rein with careless hand ?

A helm

Presses the clusters of her flaxen hair ;  
The shield is on her arm ; her breast is  
mail'd ;

A sword-belt is her girdle, and right  
well

It may be seen that sword hath done  
its work

To-day, for upward from the wrist her  
sleeve

Is stiff with blood. An unregardant eye,  
As one whose thoughts were not of  
earth, she cast 140

Upon the turmoil round. One coun-  
tenance

So strongly mark'd, so passion-worn  
was there,

That it recall'd her mind. Ha ! Mac-  
cabee !

Lifting her arm, exultingly she cried,  
Did I not tell thee we should meet in joy ?  
Well, Brother, hast thou done thy part,  
. . I too

Have not been wanting ! Now be His  
the praise,

From whom the impulse came !

That startling call.

That voice so well remember'd, touch'd  
the Goth

With timely impulse now ; for he had  
seen 150

His Mother's face, . . and at her sight,  
the past

And present mingled like a frightful  
dream,

Which from some dread reality derives  
Its deepest horror. Adosinda's voice  
Dispersed the waking vision. Little  
deem'd

Rusilla at that moment that the child,  
For whom hersuppications day and night  
Were offer'd, breathed the living air.

Her heart

Was calm; her placid countenance,  
 though grief  
 Deeper than time had left its traces  
 there, 160  
 Retain'd its dignity serene; yet when  
 Siverian, pressing through the people,  
 kiss'd  
 Her reverend hand, some quiet tears ran  
 down.  
 As she approach'd the Prince, the crowd  
 made way  
 Respectful. The maternal smile which  
 bore  
 Her greeting, from Pelayo's heart at  
 once  
 Dispell'd its boding. What he would  
 have asked  
 She knew, and bending from her palfrey  
 down,  
 Told him that they for whom he look'd  
 were safe,  
 And that in secret he should hear the  
 rest. 170

### XV. RODERICK AT CANGAS

How calmly gliding through the dark-  
 blue sky  
 The midnight Moon ascends! Her  
 placid beams  
 Through thinly scatter'd leaves and  
 boughs grotesque,  
 Mottle with mazy shades the orchard  
 slope;  
 Here, o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage  
 grey  
 And massy, motionless they spread;  
 here shine  
 Upon the crags, deepening with blacker  
 night  
 Their chasms; and there the glittering  
 argentry  
 Ripples and glances on the confluent  
 streams.

A lovelier, purer light than that of day  
 Rests on the hills; and oh how awefully  
 Into that deep and tranquil firmament  
 The summits of Auseva rise serene!  
 The watchman on the battlements par-  
 takes  
 The stillness of the solemn hour; he  
 feels  
 The silence of the earth, the endless  
 sound  
 Of flowing water soothes him, and the  
 stars,  
 Which in that brightest moon-light well-  
 nigh quench'd,  
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth  
 Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,  
 Draw on with elevating influence 21  
 Toward eternity the attemper'd mind.  
 Musing on worlds beyond the grave he  
 stands,  
 And to the Virgin Mother silently  
 Prefers her hymn of praise.

The mountaineers

Before the castle, round their mouldering  
 fires,  
 Lie on the hearth outstretch'd. Pelayo's  
 hall  
 Is full, and he upon his careful couch  
 Hears all around the deep and long-  
 drawn breath  
 Of sleep: for gentle night hath brought  
 to these 30  
 Perfect and undisturb'd repose, alike  
 Of corporal powers and inward faculty.  
 Wakeful the while he lay, yet more by  
 hope  
 Than grief or anxious thoughts pos-  
 sess'd, . . . though grief  
 For Guisla's guilt, which freshen'd in  
 his heart  
 The memory of their wretched mother's  
 crime,  
 Still made its presence felt, like the dull  
 sense  
 9 Of some perpetual inward malady;

And the whole peril of the future lay  
 Before him clearly seen. He had heard  
 all ; 40  
 How that unworthy sister, obstinate  
 In wrong and shameless, rather seem'd  
 to woo  
 The upstart renegado than to wait  
 His wooing ; how, as guilt to guilt led  
 on,  
 Spurning at gentle admonition first,  
 When Gaudiosa hopelessly forbore  
 From farther counsel, then in sullen  
 mood  
 Resentful, Guisla soon began to hate  
 The virtuous presence before which she  
 felt  
 Her nature how inferior, and her fault 50  
 How foul. Despiteful thus she grew,  
 because  
 Humbled yet unrepentant. Who could  
 say  
 To what excess bad passions might impel  
 A woman thus possess'd ? She could not  
 fail  
 To mark Siverian's absence, for what  
 end  
 Her conscience but too surely had di-  
 vined ;  
 And Gaudiosa, well aware that all  
 To the vile paramour was thus made  
 known,  
 Had to safe hiding-place with timely  
 fear  
 Removed her children. Well the event  
 had proved 60  
 How needful was that caution ; for at  
 night  
 She sought the mountain solitudes, and  
 morn  
 Beheld Numacian's soldiers at the gate.  
 Yet did not sorrow in Pelayo's heart  
 For this domestic shame prevail that  
 hour,  
 Nor gathering danger weigh his spirit  
 down.

The anticipated meeting put to flight  
 These painful thoughts ; to-morrow will  
 restore  
 All whom his heart holds dear ; his wife  
 beloved,  
 No longer now remember'd for regret, 70  
 Is present to his soul with hope and joy ;  
 His inward eye beholds Favila's form  
 In opening youth robust, and Hermesind,  
 His daughter, lovely as a budding rose ;  
 Their images beguile the hours of night,  
 Till with the earliest morning he may  
 seek  
 Their secret hold.

The nightingale not yet

Had ceased her song, nor had the early  
 lark  
 Her dewy nest forsaken, when the Prince  
 Upward beside Pionia took his way 80  
 Toward Auseva. Heavily to him,  
 Impatient for the morrow's happiness,  
 Long night had linger'd, but it seem'd  
 more long  
 To Roderick's aching heart. He too  
 had watch'd  
 For dawn, and seen the earliest break of  
 day,  
 And heard its earliest sounds ; and when  
 the Prince  
 Went forth, the melancholy man was  
 seen  
 With pensive pace upon Pionia's side  
 Wandering alone and slow. For he had  
 left  
 The wearying place of his unrest, that  
 morn 90  
 With its cold dews might bathe his  
 throbbing brow,  
 And with its breath allay the feverish  
 heat  
 That burnt within. Alas ! the gales of  
 morn  
 Reach not the fever of a wounded heart !  
 How shall he meet his Mother's eye, how  
 make



His secret known, and from that voice  
 revered  
 Obtain forgiveness, . . . all that he has  
 now  
 To ask, ere on the lap of earth in peace  
 He lay his head resign'd? In silent  
 prayer  
 He supplicated Heaven to strengthen  
 him 100  
 Against that trying hour, there seeking  
 aid  
 Where all who seek shall find; and thus  
 his soul  
 Received support, and gather'd fortitude,  
 Never than now more needful, for the  
 hour  
 Was nigh. He saw Siverian drawing  
 near,  
 And with a dim but quick foreboding met  
 The good old man; yet when he heard  
 him say,  
 My Lady sends to seek thee, like a knell  
 To one expecting and prepared for  
 death,  
 But fearing the dread point that hastens  
 on, 110  
 It smote his heart. He follow'd silently  
 And knit his suffering spirit to the proof.

He went resolved to tell his Mother all,  
 Fall at her feet, and drinking the last  
 dregs  
 Of bitterness, receive the only good  
 Earth had in store for him. Resolved  
 for this  
 He went; yet was it a relief to find  
 That painful resolution must await  
 A fitter season, when no eye but Heaven's  
 Might witness to their mutual agony. 120  
 Count Julian's daughter with Rusilla  
 sate;  
 Both had been weeping, both were pale,  
 but calm.  
 With head as for humility abased

Roderick approach'd, and bending, on  
 his breast  
 He cross'd his humble arms. Rusilla rose  
 In reverence to the priestly character,  
 And with a mournful eye regarding him,  
 Thus she began. Good Father, I have  
 heard  
 From my old faithful servant and true  
 friend,  
 Thou didst reprove the inconsiderate  
 tongue, 130  
 That in the anguish of its spirit pour'd  
 A curse upon my poor unhappy child.  
 O Father Maccabee, this is a hard world,  
 And hasty in its judgements! Time has  
 been,  
 When not a tongue within the Pyrenees  
 Dared whisper in dispraise of Roderick's  
 name,  
 Lest, if the conscious air had caught the  
 sound,  
 The vengeance of the honest multitude  
 Should fall upon the traitorous head, or  
 brand  
 For life-long infamy the lying lips. 140  
 Now if a voice be raised in his behalf,  
 'Tis noted for a wonder, and the man  
 Who utters the strange speech shall be  
 admired  
 For such excess of Christian charity.  
 Thy Christian charity hath not been  
 lost; . . .  
 Father, I feel its virtue: . . . it hath been  
 Balm to my heart; . . . with words and  
 grateful tears, . . .  
 All that is left me now for gratitude, . . .  
 I thank thee, and beseech thee in thy  
 prayers  
 That thou wilt still remember Roderick's  
 name. 150

Roderick so long had to this hour  
 look'd on,  
 That when the actual point of trial  
 came,

Torpid and numb'd it found him ; cold  
 he grew,  
 And as the vital spirits to the heart  
 Retreated, o'er his wither'd countenance,  
 Deathly and damp, a whiter paleness  
 spread.  
 Unmoved the while, the inward feeling  
 seem'd,  
 Even in such dull insensibility  
 As gradual age brings on, or slow disease,  
 Beneath whose progress lingering life  
 survives 160  
 The power of suffering. Wondering  
 at himself,  
 Yet gathering confidence, he raised his  
 eyes,  
 Then slowly shaking as he bent his head,  
 O venerable Lady, he replied,  
 If aught may comfort that unhappy  
 soul,  
 It must be thy compassion, and thy  
 prayers.  
 She whom he most hath wrong'd, she  
 who alone  
 On earth can grant forgiveness for his  
 crime,  
 She hath forgiven him ; and thy  
 blessing now  
 Were all that he could ask, . . all that  
 could bring 170  
 Profit or consolation to his soul,  
 If he hath been, as sure we may believe,  
 A penitent sincere.

Oh had he lived,  
 Replied Rusilla, never penitence  
 Had equal'd his ! full well I know his  
 heart,  
 Vehement in all things. He would on  
 himself  
 Have wreak'd such penance as had  
 reach'd the height  
 Of fleshly suffering . . yea, which being  
 told  
 With its portentous rigour should have  
 made

The memory of his fault, o'erpower'd  
 and lost 180  
 In shuddering pity and astonishment,  
 Fade like a feebler horror. Otherwise  
 Seem'd good to Heaven. I murmur not,  
 nor doubt  
 The boundless mercy of redeeming love.  
 For sure I trust that not in his offence  
 Harden'd and reprobate was my lost  
 son,  
 A child of wrath, cut off ! . . that dread-  
 ful thought,  
 Not even amid the first fresh wretched-  
 ness,  
 When the ruin burst around me like a  
 flood,  
 Assail'd my soul. I ever deem'd his  
 fall 190  
 An act of sudden madness ; and this day  
 Hath in unlook'd-for confirmation given  
 A livelier hope, a more assur'd faith.  
 Smiling benignant then amid her tears,  
 She took Florinda by the hand, and  
 said,  
 I little thought that I should live to bless  
 Count Julian's daughter ! She hath  
 brought to me  
 The last, the best, the only comfort  
 earth  
 Could minister to this afflicted heart,  
 And my grey hairs may now unto the  
 grave 200  
 Go down in peace.

Happy, Florinda cried,  
 Are they for whom the grave hath peace  
 in store !  
 The wrongs they have sustain'd, the  
 woes they bear,  
 Pass not that holy threshold, where  
 Death heals  
 The broken heart. O Lady, thou  
 may'st trust  
 In humble hope, through Him who on  
 the Cross  
 Gave his atoning blood for lost mankind,

To meet beyond the grave thy child  
forgiven.

I too with Roderick there may inter-  
change

Forgiveness. But the grief which  
wastes away 210

This mortal frame, hastening the happy  
hour

Of my enlargement, is but a light part  
Of what my soul endures! . . . that grief  
hath lost

Its sting: . . . I have a keener sorrow  
here, . . .

One which, . . . but God forefend that dire  
event, . . .

May pass with me the portals of the grave,  
And with a thought, like sin which can-  
not die,

Embitter Heaven. My father hath  
renounced

His hope in Christ! It was his love for me  
Which drove him to perdition. . . I was  
born 220

To ruin all who loved me, . . . all I loved!  
Perhaps I sinn'd in leaving him; . . . that  
fear

Rises within me to disturb the peace  
Which I should else have found.

To Roderick then

The pious mourner turn'd her suppliant  
eyes:

O Father, there is virtue in thy prayers! . .  
I do beseech thee offer them to Heaven  
In his behalf! For Roderick's sake, for  
mine,

Wrestle with Him whose name is Merciful,

That Julian may with penitence be  
touch'd, 230

And clinging to the Cross, implore that  
grace

Which ne'er was sought in vain. For  
Roderick's sake

And mine, pray for him! We have been  
the cause

Of his offence! What other miseries  
May from that same unhappy source  
have risen,

Are earthly, temporal, reparable all; . .  
But if a soul be lost through our mis-  
deeds,

That were eternal evil! Pray for him,  
Good Father Maccabee, and be thy  
prayers

More fervent, as the deeper is the crime.

While thus Florinda spake, the dog  
who lay 241

Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long  
And wistfully, had recognized at length,  
Changed as he was and in those sordid  
weeds,

His royal master. And he rose and  
lick'd

His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd  
up

With eyes whose human meaning did  
not need

The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at  
once

To court and chide the long-withheld  
caress.

A feeling uncommix'd with sense of  
guilt 250

Or shame, yet painfulest, thrill'd through  
the King;

But he to self-controul now long inured,  
Represt his rising heart, nor other tears,  
Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall  
Than seem'd to follow on Florinda's  
words.

Looking toward her then, yet so that still  
He shunn'd the meeting of her eye, he  
said,

Virtuous and pious as thou art, and ripe  
For Heaven, O Lady, I must think the  
man

Hath not by his good Angel been cast off  
For whom thy supplications rise. The  
Lord 261

Whose justice doth in its unerring course  
Visit the children for the sire's offence,  
Shall He not in his boundless mercy  
hear

The daughter's prayer, and for her sake  
restore

The guilty parent? My soul shall with  
thine

In earnest and continual duty join. . .  
How deeply, how devoutly, He will know  
To whom the cry is raised.

Thus having said,

Deliberately, in self-possession still, 270  
Himself from that most painful inter-  
view

Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watch-  
ful dog

Follow'd his footsteps close. But he  
retired

Into the thickest grove; there yielding  
way

To his o'erburthen'd nature, from all  
eyes

Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,  
And threw his arms around the dog, and  
cried,

While tears stream'd down, Thou,  
Theron, then hast known

Thy poor lost master, . . Theron, none  
but thou!

## XVI. COVADONGA

MEANTIME Pelayo up the vale pursued  
Eastward his way, before the sun had  
climb'd

Auseva's brow, or shed his silvering  
beams

Upon Europa's summit, where the snows  
Through all revolving seasons hold their  
seat.

A happy man he went, his heart at rest,  
Of hope and virtue and affection full,  
To all exhilarating influences

Of earth and heaven alive. With kin-  
dred joy

He heard the lark, who from her airy  
height, 10

On twinkling pinions poised, pour'd  
forth profuse,

In thrilling sequence of exuberant song,  
As one whose joyous nature overflow'd  
With life and power, her rich and rap-  
turous strain.

The early bee, buzzing along the way,  
From flower to flower, bore gladness on  
its wing

To his rejoicing sense; and he pursued,  
With quicken'd eye alert, the frolic hare,  
Where from the green herb in her wan-  
ton path

She brush'd away the dews. For he  
long time, 20

Far from his home and from his native  
hills,

Had dwelt in bondage; and the moun-  
tain breeze,

Which he had with the breath of infancy  
Inhaled, such impulse to his heart  
restored,

As if the seasons had roll'd back, and life  
Enjoy'd a second spring.

Through fertile fields

He went, by cots with pear-trees over-  
bower'd,

Or spreading to the sun their trelliced  
vines;

Through orchards now, and now by  
thymy banks,

Where wooden hives in some warm nook  
were hid 30

From wind and shower; and now  
thro' shadowy paths,

Where hazels fringed Pionia's vocal  
stream;

Till where the loftier hills to narrower  
bound

Confine the vale, he reach'd those huts  
remote



Which should hereafter to the noble  
line

Of Soto origin and name impart :

A gallant lineage, long in fields of war  
And faithful chronicler's enduring page  
Blazon'd : but most by him illustrated,  
Avid of gold, yet greedier of renown, 40  
Whom not the spoils of Atabalipa  
Could satisfy insatiate,<sup>1</sup> nor the fame  
Of that wide empire overthrown appease;  
But he to Florida's disastrous shores  
In evil hour his gallant comrades led,  
Through savage woods and swamps, and  
hostile tribes,

The Apalachian arrows, and the snares  
Of wilier foes, hunger, and thirst, and  
toil ;

Till from ambition's feverish dream the  
touch

Of Death awoke him ; and when he had  
seen 50

The fruit of all his treasures, all his toil,  
Foresight, and long endurance, fade  
away,

Earth to the restless one refusing rest,  
In the great river's midland bed he left  
His honour'd bones.

A mountain rivulet,  
Now calm and lovely in its summer  
course,

Held by those huts its everlasting way  
Towards Pionia. They whose flocks  
and herds

Drink of its water call it Deva. Here  
Pelayo southward up the ruder vale 60  
Traced it, his guide unerring. Amid  
heaps

Of mountain wreck, on either side  
thrown high,

The wide-spread traces of its wintry  
might,

The tortuous channel wound ; o'er beds  
of sand

Here silently it flows ; here from the  
rock

Rebuted, curls and eddies ; plunges here  
Precipitate ; here roaring among crags,  
It leaps and foams and whirls and  
hurries on.

Grey alders here and bushy hazels hid  
The mossy side ; their wreath'd and  
knotted feet 70

Bared by the current, now against its  
force

Repaying the support they found, up-  
held

The bank secure. Here, bending to  
the stream,

The birch fantastic stretch'd its rugged  
trunk,

Tall and erect, from whence, as from  
their base,

Each like a tree, its silver branches grew.  
The cherry here hung for the birds of  
heaven

Its rosy fruit on high. The elder there  
Its purple berries o'er the water bent,  
Heavily hanging. Here, amid the  
brook, 80

Grey as the stone to which it elung, half  
root,

Half trunk, the young ash rises from the  
rock ;

And there its parent lifts a lofty head,  
And spreads its graceful boughs ; the  
passing wind

With twinkling motion lifts the silent  
leaves,

And shakes its rattling tufts.

Soon had the Prince  
Behind him left the farthest dwelling-  
place

Of man ; no fields of waving corn were  
here,

Nor wicker storehouse for the autumnal  
grain ;

Vineyard, nor bowery fig, nor fruitful  
grove ; 90

<sup>1</sup> Hernando de Soto (S.).

Only the rocky vale, the mountain  
 stream,  
 Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills  
 Arose on either hand, here hung with  
 woods,  
 Here rich with heath, that o'er some  
 smooth ascent  
 Its purple glory spread, or golden gorse ;  
 Bare here, and striated with many a hue,  
 Scored by the wintry rain ; by torrents  
 here  
 Riven, and with overhanging rocks  
 abrupt.  
 Pelayo, upward as he cast his eyes  
 Where crags loose-hanging o'er the  
 narrow pass 100  
 Impended, there beheld his country's  
 strength  
 Insuperable, and in his heart rejoiced.  
 Oh that the Musselman were here, he  
 cried,  
 With all his myriads ! While thy day  
 endures,  
 Moor ! thou may'st lord it in the plains ;  
 but here  
 Hath Nature for the free and brave  
 prepared  
 A sanctuary, where no oppressor's  
 power,  
 No might of human tyranny can pierce.

The tears which started then sprang  
 not alone 109  
 From lofty thoughts of elevating joy ;  
 For love and admiration had their part,  
 And virtuous pride. Here then thou  
 hast retired,  
 My Gaudiosa ! in his heart he said ;  
 Excellent woman ! ne'er was richer  
 boon  
 By fate benign to favour'd man indulged,  
 Than when thou wert before the face of  
 Heaven  
 Given me to be my children's mother,  
 brave

And virtuous as thou art ! Here thou  
 hast fled,  
 Thou who wert nurst in palaces, to dwell  
 In rocks and mountain caves ! . . The  
 thought was proud, 120  
 Yet not without a sense of inmost pain ;  
 For never had Pelayo till that hour  
 So deeply felt the force of solitude.  
 High over head the eagle soar'd serene,  
 And the grey lizard on the rocks below  
 Bask'd in the sun : no living creature  
 else  
 In this remotest wilderness was seen ;  
 Nor living voice was there, . . only the  
 flow  
 Of Deva, and the rushing of its springs  
 Long in the distance heard, which  
 nearer now, 130  
 With endless repercussion deep and loud,  
 Throbb'd on the dizzy sense.  
 The ascending vale,  
 Long straiten'd by the narrowing moun-  
 tains, here  
 Was closed. In front a rock, abrupt  
 and bare,  
 Stood eminent, in height exceeding far  
 All edifice of human power, by King  
 Or Caliph, or barbaric Sultan rear'd,  
 Or mightier tyrants of the world of old,  
 Assyrian or Egyptian, in their pride ;  
 Yet far above, beyond the reach of sight,  
 Swell after swell, the heathery mountain  
 rose. 141  
 Here, in two sources, from the living rock  
 The everlasting springs of Deva gush'd.  
 Upon a smooth and grassy plat below,  
 By Nature there as for an altar drest,  
 They join'd their sister stream, which  
 from the earth  
 Well'd silently. In such a scene rude  
 man  
 With pardonable error might have knelt,  
 Feeling a present Deity, and made  
 His offering to the fountain Nymph  
 devout. 150

The arching rock disclosed above the  
springs

A cave, where hugest son of giant birth,  
That e'er of old in forest of romance  
'Gainst knights and ladies waged dis-  
courteous war,

Erect within the portal might have stood.  
The broken stone allow'd for hand and  
foot

No difficult ascent, above the base  
In height a tall man's stature, measured  
thrice.

No holier spot than Covadonga Spain  
Boasts in her wide extent, though all her  
realms 160

Be with the noblest blood of martyrdom  
In elder or in later days enrich'd,  
And glorified with tales of heavenly aid  
By many a miracle made manifest ;  
Nor in the heroic annals of her fame  
Doth she show forth a scene of more  
renown.

Then, save the hunter, drawn in keen  
pursuit

Beyond his wonted haunts, or shepherd's  
boy,

Following the pleasure of his straggling  
flock,

None knew the place.

Pelayo, when he saw 170

Those glittering sources and their sacred  
cave,

Took from his side the bugle silver-tipt,  
And with a breath long drawn and slow  
expired

Sent forth that strain, which, echoing  
from the walls

Of Cangas, wont to tell his glad return  
When from the chace he came. At the  
first sound

Favila started in the cave, and cried,  
My father's horn ! . . A sudden flush  
suffused

Hermesind's cheek, and she with  
quicken'd eye

Look'd eager to her mother silently ; 180  
But Gaudiosa trembled and grew pale,  
Doubting her sense deceived. A second  
time

The bugle breathed its well-known notes  
abroad ;

And Hermesind around her mother's  
neck

Threw her white arms, and earnestly  
exclaim'd,

'Tis he ! . . But when a third and broader  
blast

Rung in the echoing archway, ne'er did  
wand,

With magic power endued, call up a  
sight

So strange, as sure in that wild solitude  
It seem'd, when from the bowels of the  
rock 190

The mother and her children hasten'd  
forth ;

She in the sober charms and dignity  
Of womanhood mature, nor verging yet  
Upon decay ; in gesture like a Queen,  
Such inborn and habitual majesty  
Ennobled all her steps, . . or Priestess,  
chosen

Because within such faultless work of  
Heaven

Inspiring Deity might seem to make  
Its habitation known. . . Favila such  
In form and stature as the Sea Nymph's  
son, 200

When that wise Centaur from his cave  
well-pleas'd

Beheld the boy divine his growing  
strength

Against some shaggy lionet essay,  
And fixing in the half-grown mane his  
hands,

Roll with him in fierce dalliance inter-  
twined.

But like a creature of some higher sphere  
His sister came ; she scarcely touch'd  
the rock,

So light was Hermesind's aërial speed.  
Beauty and grace and innocence in her  
In heavenly union shone. One who had  
held 210

The faith of elder Greece, would sure  
have thought

She was some glorious nymph of seed  
divine,

Oread or Dryad, of Diana's train  
The youngest and the loveliest: yea,  
she seem'd

Angel, or soul beatified, from realms  
Of bliss, on errand of parental love  
To earth re-sent, . . . if tears and trem-  
bling limbs

With such celestial natures might con-  
sist.

Embraced by all, in turn embracing  
each, 219

The husband and the father for awhile  
Forgot his country and all things beside:  
Life hath few moments of such pure  
delight,

Such foretaste of the perfect joy of  
Heaven.

And when the thought recurr'd of suffer-  
ings past,

Perils which threaten'd still, and ardu-  
ous toil

Yet to be undergone, remember'd griefs  
Heighten'd the present happiness; and  
hope

Upon the shadows of futurity  
Shone like the sun upon the morning  
mists,

When driven before his rising rays they  
roll, 230

And melt and leave the prospect bright  
and clear.

When now Pelayo's eyes had drunk  
their fill

Of love from those dear faces, he went  
up

To view the hiding-place. Spacious it  
was

As that Sicilian cavern in the hill  
Wherein earth-shaking Neptune's giant  
son

Duly at eve was wont to fold his flock,  
Ere the wise Ithacan, over that brute  
force

By wiles prevailing, for a life-long night  
Seel'd his broad eye. The healthful air  
had here 240

Free entrance, and the cheerful light of  
heaven;

But at the end, an opening in the floor  
Of rock disclosed a wider vault below,  
Which never sun-beam visited, nor  
breath

Of vivifying morning came to cheer.  
No light was there but that which from  
above

In dim reflection fell, or found its way,  
Broken and quivering, through the  
glassy stream,

Where through the rock it gush'd. That  
shadowy light

Sufficed to show, where from their secret  
bed 250

The waters issued; with whose rapid  
course,

And with whose everlasting cataracts  
Such motion to the chill damp atmo-  
sphere

Was given, as if the solid walls of rock  
Were shaken with the sound.

Glad to respire

The upper air, Pelayo hasten'd back  
From that drear den. Look! Herme-  
sind exclaim'd,

Taking her father's hand, thou hast not  
seen

My chamber: . . . See! . . . did ever ring-  
dove chuse

In so secure a nook her hiding-place, 260  
Or build a warmer nest? 'Tis fragrant  
too,



As warm, and not more sweet than soft ;  
 for thyme  
 And myrtle with the elastic heath are  
 laid,  
 And, over all, this dry and pillowy  
 moss. . .  
 Smiling she spake. Pelayo kiss'd the  
 child,  
 And, sighing, said within himself, I trust  
 In Heaven, whene'er thy May of life is  
 come,  
 Sweet bird, that thou shalt have a  
 blither bower !  
 Fitlier, he thought, such chamber might  
 beseem 269

Some hermit of Hilarion's school austere,  
 Or old Antonius, he who from the hell  
 Of his bewilder'd phantasy saw fiends  
 In actual vision, a foul throng grotesque  
 Of all horrific shapes and forms obscene  
 Crowd in broad day before his open eyes.  
 That feeling cast a momentary shade  
 Of sadness o'er his soul. But deeper  
 thoughts,  
 If he might have foreseen the things to  
 come,  
 Would there have fill'd him; for within  
 that cave  
 H's own remains were one day doom'd  
 to find 280

Their final place of rest; and in that spot,  
 Where that dear child with innocent  
 delight  
 Had spread her mossy couch, the  
 sepulchre  
 Shall in the consecrated rock be hewn,  
 Where with Alphonso, her beloved lord,  
 Laid side by side, must Hermesind par-  
 take  
 The everlasting marriage-bed, when he,  
 Leaving a name perdurable on earth,  
 Hath changed his earthly for a heavenly  
 crown.  
 Dear child, upon that fated spot she  
 stood, 290

In all the beauty of her opening youth,  
 In health's rich bloom, in virgin inno-  
 cence,  
 While her eyes sparkled and her heart  
 o'erflow'd  
 With pure and perfect joy of filial love.

Many a slow century since that day  
 hath fill'd  
 Its course, and countless multitudes  
 have trod  
 With pilgrim feet that consecrated cave;  
 Yet not in all those ages, amid all  
 The untold concourse, hath one breast  
 been swoll  
 With such emotions as Pelayo felt 300  
 That hour. O Gaudiosa, he exclaim'd,  
 And thou couldst seek for shelter here,  
 amid  
 This awful solitude, in mountain caves !  
 Thou noble spirit ! Oh when hearts like  
 thine  
 Grow on this sacred soil, would it not be  
 In me, thy husband, double infamy,  
 And tenfold guilt, if I despair'd of Spain ?  
 In all her visitations, favouring Heaven  
 Hath left her still the unconquerable  
 mind ;  
 And thus being worthy of redemption,  
 sure 310  
 Is she to be redeem'd.

Beholding her

Through tears he spake, and prest upon  
 her lips  
 A kiss of deepest love. Think ever thus,  
 She answer'd, and that faith will give  
 the power  
 In which it trusts. When to this moun-  
 tain hold  
 These children, thy dear images, I  
 brought,  
 I said within myself, where should they  
 fly  
 But to the bosom of their native hills ?  
 I brought them here as to a sanctuary,

Where, for the temple's sake, the in-  
dwelling God 320  
Would guard his supplicants. O my  
dear Lord,  
Proud as I was to know that they were  
thine,  
Was it a sin if I almost believed,  
That Spain, her destiny being link'd  
with theirs,  
Must save the precious charge ?  
So let us think,  
The Chief replied, so feel and teach and  
act.  
Spain is our common parent: let the  
sons  
Be to the parent true, and in her  
strength  
And Heaven, their sure deliverance  
they will find.

### XVII. RODERICK AND SIVERIAN

O HOLIEST Mary, Maid and Mother !  
thou  
In Covadonga, at thy rocky shrine,  
Hast witness'd whatsoe'er of human bliss  
Heart can conceive most perfect ! Faith-  
ful love,  
Long crost by envious stars, hath there  
attain'd  
Its crown, in endless matrimony given ;  
The youthful mother there hath to the  
font  
Her first-born borne, and there, with  
deeper sense  
Of gratitude for that dear babe redeem'd  
From threatening death, return'd to  
pay her vows. 10  
But ne'er on nuptial, nor baptismal day,  
Nor from their grateful pilgrimage dis-  
charged,  
Did happier group their way down  
Deva's vale

Rejoicing hold, than this blest family,  
O'er whom the mighty Spirit of the  
Land  
Spread his protecting wings. The chil-  
dren, free  
In youthhead's happy season from all  
cares  
That might disturb the hour, yet  
capable  
Of that intense and unalloy'd delight  
Which childhood feels when it enjoys  
again 20  
The dear parental presence long de-  
prived ;  
Nor were the parents now less bless'd  
than they,  
Even to the height of human happiness ;  
For Gaudiosa and her Lord that hour  
Let no misgiving thoughts intrude ; she  
fix'd  
Her hopes on him, and his were fix'd on  
Heaven ;  
And hope in that courageous heart  
derived  
Such rooted strength and confidence  
assured  
In righteousness, that 'twas to him like  
faith . .  
An everlasting sunshine of the soul, 30  
Illumining and quickening all its powers.

But on Pionia's side meantime a heart  
As generous, and as full of noble  
thoughts,  
Lay stricken with the deadliest bolts of  
grief.  
Upon a smooth grey stone sate Roderick  
there ;  
The wind above him stirr'd the hazel  
boughs,  
And murmuring at his feet the river ran.  
He sate with folded arms and head de-  
clined  
Upon his breast feeding on bitter  
thoughts,

Till nature gave him in the exhausted  
sense 40

Of woe a respite something like repose ;  
And then the quiet sound of gentle winds  
And waters with their lulling consonance  
Beguiled him of himself. Of all within  
Oblivious there he sate, sentient alone  
Of outward nature, . . of the whispering  
leaves

That soothed his ear, . . the genial  
breath of Heaven

That fann'd his cheek, . . the stream's  
perpetual flow,

That, with its shadows and its glancing  
lights,

Dimples and thread-like motions in-  
finite, 50

For ever varying and yet still the same,  
Like time toward eternity, ran by.

Resting his head upon his master's knees,  
Upon the bank beside him Theron lay.

What matters change of state and cir-  
cumstance,

Or lapse of years, with all their dread  
events,

To him ? What matters it that Roderick  
wears

The crown no longer, nor the sceptre  
wields ? . .

It is the dear-loved hand, whose friendly  
touch

Had flatter'd him so oft ; it is the voice,  
At whose glad summons to the field so

oft 61

From slumber he had started, shaking off  
Dreams of the chace, to share the actual  
joy ;

The eye, whose recognition he was wont  
To watch and welcome with exultant  
tongue.

A coming step, unheard by Roderick,  
roused

His watchful ear, and turning he beheld  
Siverian. Father, said the good old man,

As Theron rose and fawn'd about his  
knees,

Hast thou some charm, which draws  
about thee thus 70

The hearts of all our house, . . even to  
the beast

That lacks discourse of reason, but too  
oft,

With uncorrupted feeling and dumb  
faith,

Puts lordly man to shame ? . . The King  
replied,

'Tis that mysterious sense by which  
mankind

To fix their friendships and their loves  
are led,

And which with fainter influence doth  
extend

To such poor things as this. As we  
put off

The cares and passions of this fretful  
world,

It may be too that we thus far approach  
To elder nature, and regain in part 81

The privilege through sin in Eden lost.  
The timid hare soon learns that she may  
trust

The solitary penitent, and birds  
Will light upon the hermit's harmless  
hand.

Thus Roderick answer'd in excursive  
speech,

Thinking to draw the old man's mind  
from what

Might touch him else too nearly, and  
himself

Disposed to follow on the lure he threw,  
As one whom such imaginations led 90

Out of the world of his own miseries.  
But to regardless ears his words were  
given,

For on the dog Siverian gazed the while,  
Pursuing his own thoughts. Thou hast  
not felt,

Exclaim'd the old man, the earthquake  
and the storm ;  
The kingdom's overthrow, the wreck of  
Spain,  
The ruin of thy royal master's house,  
Have reach'd not thee ! . . Then turning  
to the King,  
When the destroying enemy drew nigh  
Toledo, he continued, and we fled 100  
Before their fury, even while her grief  
Was fresh, my Mistress would not leave  
behind  
This faithful creature. Well we knew  
she thought  
Of Roderick then, although she named  
him not ;  
For never since the fatal certainty  
Fell on us all, hath that unhappy name,  
Save in her prayers, been known to pass  
her lips  
Before this day. She names him now,  
and weeps ;  
But now her tears are tears of thankful-  
ness, 109  
For blessed hath thy coming been to her  
And all who loved the King.  
His faltering voice  
Here fail'd him, and he paused : re-  
covering soon,  
When that poor injured Lady, he pur-  
sued,  
Did in my presence to the Prince absolve  
The unhappy King. . .  
Absolve him ! Roderick cried,  
And in that strong emotion turn'd his  
face  
Sternly toward Siverian, for the sense  
Of shame and self-reproach drove from  
his mind  
All other thoughts. The good old man  
replied,  
Of human judgements humanly I speak.  
Who knows not what Pelayo's life hath  
been ? 121  
Not happier in all dear domestic ties,

Than worthy for his virtue of the bliss  
Which is that virtue's fruit ; and yet  
did he  
Absolve, upon Florinda's tale, the King.  
Siverian, thus he said, what most I  
hoped,  
And still within my secret heart believed,  
Is now made certain. Roderick hath  
been  
More sinn'd against than sinning. And  
with that  
He clasp'd his hands, and, lifting them  
to Heaven, 130  
Cried, Would to God that he were yet  
alive !  
For not more gladly did I draw my  
sword  
Against Witiza in our common cause,  
Than I would fight beneath his banners  
now,  
And vindicate his name !  
Did he say this ?  
The Prince ? Pelayo ? in astonishment  
Roderick exclaim'd. . . He said it, quoth  
the old man.  
None better knew his kinsman's noble  
heart,  
None loved him better, none bewail'd  
him more : 139  
And as he felt, like me, for his reproach  
A deeper grief than for his death, even so  
He cherish'd in his heart the constant  
thought  
Something was yet untold, which, being  
known,  
Would palliate his offence, and make the  
fall  
Of one till then so excellently good,  
Less monstrous, less revolting to belief,  
More to be pitied, more to be forgiven.  
While thus he spake, the fallen King  
felt his face  
Burn, and his blood flow fast. Down,  
guilty thoughts !



Firmly he said within his soul ; lie still,  
 Thou heart of flesh ! I thought thou  
 hadst been quell'd, 151  
 And quell'd thou shalt be ! Help me,  
 O my God,  
 That I may erucify this inward foe !  
 Yea, thou hast help'd me, Father ! I am  
 strong,  
 O Saviour, in thy strength.

As he breath'd thus

His inward supplications, the old man  
 Eyed him with frequent and unsteady  
 looks.

He had a secret trembling on his lips,  
 And hesitated, still irresolute

In utterance to embody the dear hope :  
 Fain would he have it strengthen'd and  
 assured 161

By this concurring judgement, yet he  
 fear'd

To have it chill'd in cold accoil. At  
 length

Venturing, he brake with interrupted  
 speech

The troubled silence. Father Maccabee,  
 I cannot rest till I have laid my heart  
 Open before thee. When Pelayo wish'd  
 That his poor kinsman were alive to rear  
 His banner once again, a sudden  
 thought . .

A hope . . a fancy . . what shall it be  
 call'd ? 170

Possess'd me, that perhaps the wish  
 might see

Its glad accomplishment, . . that  
 Roderick lived,

And might in glory take the field once  
 more

For Spain. . . I see thou startest at the  
 thought !

Yet spurn it not with hasty unbelief,  
 As though 'twere utterly beyond the  
 scope

Of possible contingency. I think  
 That I have calmly satisfied myself

How this is more than idle fancy, more  
 Than mere imaginations of a mind 180  
 Which from its wishes builds a baseless  
 faith.

His horse, his royal robe, his horned  
 helm,

His mail and sword were found upon the  
 field ;

But if King Roderick had in battle  
 fallen,

That sword, I know, would only have  
 been found

Clench'd in the hand which, living,  
 knew so well

To wield the dreadful steel ! Not in the  
 throng

Confounded, nor amid the torpid stream,  
 Opening with ignominious arms a way  
 For flight, would he have perish'd !

Where the strife 190  
 Was hottest, ring'd about with slaugh-  
 ter'd foes,

Should Roderick have been found : by  
 this sure mark

Ye should have known him, if nought  
 else remain'd,

That his whole body had been gored  
 with wounds,

And quill'd with spears, as if the Moors  
 had felt

That in his single life the victory lay,  
 More than in all the host !

Siverian's eyes

Shone with a youthful ardour while he  
 spake,

His gathering brow grew stern, and as  
 he raised

His arm, a warrior's impulse character'd  
 The impassion'd gesture. But the King  
 was calm 201

And heard him with unchanging coun-  
 tenance ;

For he had taken his resolve, and felt  
 Once more the peace of God within his  
 soul,

As in that hour when by his father's  
grave  
He knelt before Pelayo.  
Soon the old man  
Pursued in calmer tones, . . . Thus much  
I dare  
Believe, that Roderick fell not on that  
day  
When treason brought about his over-  
throw.  
If yet he live, for sure I think I know 210  
His noble mind, 'tis in some wilderness,  
Where, in some savage den inhumed,  
he drags  
The weary load of life, and on his flesh  
As on a mortal enemy, inflicts  
Fierce vengeance with immitigable hand.  
Oh that I knew but where to bend my  
way  
In his dear search! my voice perhaps  
might reach  
His heart, might reconcile him to himself,  
Restore him to his mother ere she dies,  
His people and his country: with the  
sword, 220  
Them and his own good name should he  
redeem.  
Oh might I but behold him once again  
Leading to battle these intrepid bands,  
Such as he was, . . . yea rising from his fall  
More glorious, more beloved! Soon  
I believe  
Joy would accomplish then what grief  
hath fail'd  
To do with this old heart, and I should die  
Clasping his knees with such intense  
delight,  
That when I woke in Heaven, even  
Heaven itself  
Could have no higher happiness in store.

Thus fervently he spake, and copious  
tears 231  
Ran down his cheeks. Full oft the  
Royal Goth,

Since he came forth again among man-  
kind,  
Had trembled lest some curious eye  
should read  
His lineaments too closely; now he long'd  
To fall upon the neck of that old man,  
And give his full heart utterance. But  
the sense  
Of duty, by the pride of self-controul  
Corroborate, made him steadily repress  
His yearning nature. Whether Roderick  
live, 240  
Paying in penitence the bitter price  
Of sin, he answered, or if earth hath  
given  
Rest to his earthly part, is only known  
To him and Heaven. Dead is he to the  
world;  
And let not these imaginations rob  
His soul of thy continual prayers, whose  
aid  
Too surely, in whatever world, he needs.  
The faithful love that mitigates his fault,  
Heavenward address, may mitigate his  
doom.  
Living or dead, old man, be sure his  
soul, . . . 250  
It were unworthy else, . . . doth hold with  
thine  
Entire communion! Doubt not he relies  
Firmly on thee, as on a father's love,  
Counts on thy offices, and joins with thee  
In sympathy and fervent act of faith,  
Though regions, or though worlds,  
should intervene.  
Lost as he is, to Roderick this must be  
Thy first, best, dearest duty; next must  
be  
To hold right onward in that noble path,  
Which he would counsel, could his voice  
be heard. 260  
Now therefore aid me, while I call upon  
The Leaders and the People, that this  
day  
We may acclaim Pelayo for our King.

## XVIII. THE ACCLAMATION

Now, when from Covadonga, down the  
vale

Holding his way, the princely moun-  
taineer

Came with that happy family in sight  
Of Cangas and his native towers, far off  
He saw before the gate, in fair array,  
The assembled land. Broad banners  
were display'd,

And spears were sparkling to the sun,  
shields shone,

And helmets glitter'd, and the blairing  
horn,

With frequent sally of impatient joy,  
Provoked the echoes round. Well he  
areeds, 10

From yonder ensigns and augmented  
force,

That Odoar and the Primate from the  
west

Have brought their aid; but wherefore  
all were thus

Instructed as for some great festival,  
He found not, till Favila's quicker eye  
Catching the ready buckler, the glad boy  
Leapt up, and clapping his exultant  
hands,

Shouted, King! King! my father shall  
be King

This day! Pelayo started at the word,  
And the first thought which smote him  
brought a sigh 20

For Roderick's fall; the second was of  
hope,

Deliverance for his country, for himself  
Enduring fame, and glory for his line.

That high prophetic forethought gather'd  
strength,

As looking to his honour'd mate, he  
read

Her soul's accordant augury; her eyes  
Brighten'd; the quicken'd action of the  
blood

Tinged with a deeper hue her glowing  
cheek,

And on her lips there sate a smile which  
spake

The honourable pride of perfect love, 30  
Rejoicing, for her husband's sake, to  
share

The lot he chose, the perils he defied,  
The lofty fortune which their faith  
foresaw.

Roderick, in front of all the assembled  
troops,

Held the broad buckler, following to the  
end

That steady purpose to the which his  
zeal

Had this day wrought the Chiefs. Tall  
as himself,

Erect it stood beside him, and his hands  
Hung resting on the rim. This was an  
hour

That sweeten'd life, repaid and recom-  
pensed 40

All losses; and although it could not  
heal

All griefs, yet laid them for awhile to rest.  
The active agitating joy that fill'd

The vale, that with contagious influence  
spread

Through all the exulting mountaineers,  
that gave

New ardour to all spirits, to all breasts  
Inspired fresh impulse of excited hope,

Moved every tongue, and strengthen'd  
every limb, . .

That joy which every man reflected saw  
From every face of all the multitude, 50

And heard in every voice, in every sound,  
Reach'd not the King. Aloof from

sympathy,

He from the solitude of his own soul  
Beheld the busy scene. None shared or  
knew

His deep and incommunicable joy;

None but that heavenly Father, who  
alone

Beholds the struggles of the heart, alone  
Sees and rewards the secret sacrifice.

Among the chiefs conspicuous, Urban  
stood,

He whom, with well-weigh'd choice, in  
arduous time, 60

To arduous office the consenting Church  
Had call'd when Sindered fear-smitten  
fled;

Unfaithful shepherd, who for life alone  
Solicitous, forsook his flock, when most  
In peril and in suffering they required  
A pastor's care. Far off at Rome he  
dwells

In ignominious safety, while the Church  
Keeps in her annals the deserter's name,  
But from the service which with daily  
zeal

Devout her ancient prelacy recalls, 70  
Blots it, unworthy to partake her  
prayers.

Urban, to that high station thus being  
call'd,

From whence disanimating fear had  
driven

The former primate, for the general weal  
Consulting first, removed with timely  
care

The relics and the written works of  
Saints,

Toledo's choicest treasure prized beyond  
All wealth, their living and their dead  
remains;

These to the mountain fastnesses he  
bore 79

Of unsubdued Cantabria, there deposed.  
One day to be the boast of yet unbuilt  
Oviedo, and the dear idolatry

Of multitudes unborn. To things of  
state

Then giving thought mature, he held  
advice

With Odoar, whom of counsel competent  
And firm of heart he knew. What then  
they plann'd,

Time and the course of over-ruled events  
To earlier act had ripen'd, than their  
hope

Had ever in its gladdest dream pro-  
posed;

And here by agents unforeseen, and  
means 90

Beyond the scope of foresight brought  
about,

This day they saw their dearest heart's  
desire

Accorded them: All-able Providence  
Thus having ordered all, that Spain this  
hour

With happiest omens, and on surest  
base,

Should from its ruins rear again her  
throne.

For acclamation and for sacring now  
One form must serve, more solemn for  
the breach

Of old observances, whose absence here  
Deeplier impress'd the heart, than all  
display 100

Of regal pomp and wealth pontifical,  
Of vestments radiant with their gems,  
and stiff

With ornature of gold; the glittering  
train,

The long procession, and the full-voiced  
choir.

This day the forms of piety and war,  
In strange but fitting union must com-  
bine.

Not in his alb and cope and orary  
Came Urban now, nor wore he mitre  
here,

Precious or auriphrygiate; bare of  
head

He stood, all else in arms complete, and  
o'er 110



His gorget's iron rings the pall was  
thrown

Of wool undyed, which on the Apostle's  
tomb

Gregory had laid, and sanctified with  
prayer ;

That from the living Pontiff and the  
dead

Replete with holiness, it might impart  
Doubly derived its grace. One Page  
beside

Bore his broad-shadow'd helm ; an-  
other's hand

Held the long spear, more suited in these  
times

For Urban, than the crosier richly  
wrought

With silver foliature, the elaborate work  
Of Grecian or Italian artist, train'd 121  
In the eastern capital, or sacred Rome,  
Still o'er the West predominant, though  
fallen.

Better the spear befits the shepherd's  
hand

When robbers break the fold. Now he  
had laid

The weapon by, and held a natural cross  
Of rudest form, unpeel'd, even as it grew  
On the near oak that morn.

Mutilate alike

Of royal rites was this solemnity.

Where was the rubied crown, the sceptre  
where, 130

And where the golden pome, the proud  
array

Of ermines, aureate vests, and jewelry,  
With all which Leuvigild for after kings  
Left, ostentatious of his power ? The  
Moor

Had made his spoil of these, and on the  
field

Of Xeres, where contending multitudes  
Had trampled it beneath their bloody  
feet,

The standard of the Goths forgotten lay

Defiled, and rotting there in sun and  
rain.

Utterly is it lost ; nor evermore 140  
Herald or antiquary's patient search  
Shall from forgetfulness avail to save  
Those blazon'd arms, so fatally of old  
Renown'd through all the affrighted  
Occident.

That banner, before which imperial Rome  
First to a conqueror bow'd her head  
abased ;

Which when the dreadful Hun, with all  
his powers,

Came like a deluge rolling o'er the world,  
Made head, and in the front of battle  
broke

His force, till then resistless ; which so  
oft 150

Had with alternate fortune braved the  
Frank :

Driven the Byzantine from the farthest  
shores

Of Spain, long lingering there, to final  
flight ;

And of their kingdoms and their name  
despoil'd

The Vandal, and the Alan, and the  
Sueve ;

Blotted from human records is it now  
As it had never been. So let it rest  
With things forgotten ! But Oblivion  
ne'er

Shall cancel from the historic roll, nor  
Time,

Who changeth all, obscure that fated  
sign, 160

Which brighter now than mountain  
snows at noon

To the bright sun displays its argent  
field.

Rose not the vision then upon thy  
soul,

O Roderick, when within that argent  
field

Thou saw'st the rampant Lion, red as if  
 Upon some noblest quarry he had roll'd,  
 Rejoicing in his satiate rage, and drunk  
 With blood and fury? Did the auguries  
 Which open'd on thy spirit bring with  
 them

A perilous consolation, deadening heart  
 And soul, yea worse than death, . . . that  
 thou through all 171

Thy chequer'd way of life, evil and good,  
 Thy errors and thy virtues, hadst but  
 been

The poor mere instrument of things  
 ordain'd, . . .

Doing or suffering, impotent alike  
 To will or act, . . . perpetually bemock'd  
 With semblance of volition, yet in all  
 Blind worker of the ways of destiny!  
 That thought intolerable, which in the  
 hour

Of woe indignant conscience had re-  
 pell'd 180

As little might it find reception now,  
 When the regenerate spirit self-approved  
 Beheld its sacrifice complete. With  
 faith

Elate, he saw the banner'd Lion float  
 Refulgent, and recall'd that thrilling  
 shout

Which he had heard when on Romano's  
 grave

The joy of victory woke him from his  
 dream,

And sent him with prophetic hope to  
 work

Fulfilment of the great events ordain'd,  
 There in imagination's inner world 190  
 Prefigured to his soul.

Alone, advanced  
 Before the ranks, the Goth in silence  
 stood,

While from all voices round, loquacious  
 joy

Mingled its buzz continuous with the  
 blast

Of horn, shrill pipe, and tinkling cym-  
 bals' clash,

And sound of deafening drum. But  
 when the Prince

Drew nigh, and Urban with the cross  
 upheld

Stept forth to meet him, all at once were  
 still'd

With instantaneous hush; as when the  
 wind,

Before whose violent gusts the forest  
 oaks, 200

Tossing like billows their tempestuous  
 heads,

Roar like a raging sea, suspends its force,  
 And leaves so dead a calm that not a  
 leaf

Moves on the silent spray. The passing  
 air

Bore with it from the woodland undis-  
 turb'd

The ringdove's wooing, and the quiet  
 voice

Of waters warbling near.

Son of a race

Of Heroes and of Kings! the Primate  
 thus

Address'd him, Thou in whom the  
 Gothic blood,

Mingling with old Iberia's, hath restored  
 To Spain a ruler of her native line, 211

Stand forth, and in the face of God and  
 man

Swear to uphold the right, abate the  
 wrong,

With equitable hand, protect the Cross  
 Whereon thy lips this day shall seal  
 their vow,

And underneath that hallow'd symbol,  
 wage

Holy and inextinguishable war

Against the accurs'd nation that usurps  
 Thy country's sacred soil!

So speak of me 219

Now and for ever, O my countrymen!

Replied Pelayo; and so deal with me  
Here and hereafter, thou, Almighty  
God,

In whom I put my trust!

Lord God of Hosts,

Urban pursued, of Angels and of Men  
Creator and Disposer, King of Kings,  
Ruler of Earth and Heaven, . . look  
down this day,

And multiply thy blessings on the head  
Of this thy servant, chosen in thy  
sight!

Be thou his counsellor, his comforter,  
His hope, his joy, his refuge, and his  
strength; 239

Crown him with justice, and with forti-  
tude,

Defend him with thine all-sufficient  
shield,

Surround him every where with the  
right hand

Of thine all-present power, and with the  
might

Of thine omnipotence, send in his aid  
Thy unseen Angels forth, that potently  
And royally against all enemies

He may endure and triumph! Bless the  
land

O'er which he is appointed; bless thou  
it

With the waters of the firmament, the  
springs 240

Of the low-lying deep, the fruits which  
Sun

And Moon mature for man, the precious  
stores

Of the eternal hills, and all the gifts

Of Earth, its wealth and fulness!

Then he took

Pelayo's hand, and on his finger placed

The mystic circlet. . . With this ring,  
O Prince,

To our dear Spain, who likē a widow  
now

Mourneth in desolation, I thee wed:

For weal or woe thou takest her, till  
death

Dispart the union: Be it blest to her,  
To thee, and to thy seed! 251

Thus when he ceased,

He gave the awaited signal. Roderick  
brought

The buckler: Eight for strength and  
stature chosen

Came to their honour'd office: Round  
the shield

Standing, they lower it for the Chief-  
tain's feet,

Then, slowly raised upon their shoulders,  
lift

The steady weight. Erect Pelayo  
stands,

And thrice he brandishes the burnish'd  
sword,

While Urban to the assembled people  
cries,

Spaniards, behold your King! The  
multitude 260

Then sent forth all their voice with glad  
acclaim,

Raising the loud *Real*; thrice did the  
word

Ring through the air, and echo from the  
walls

Of Cangas. Far and wide the thun-  
dering shout,

Rolling among reduplicating rocks,

Peal'd o'er the hills, and up the moun-  
tain vales.

The wild ass starting in the forest glade  
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf

Skulk'd through the thicket to a closer  
brake;

The sluggish bear, awaken'd in his den,  
Roused up and answer'd with a sullen

growl, 271

Low-breathed and long; and at the  
uproar scared,

The brooding eagle from her nest took  
wing.

Heroes and Chiefs of old! and ye who  
 bore  
 Firm to the last your part in that dread  
 strife,  
 When Julian and Witiza's viler race  
 Betray'd their country, hear ye from  
 yon Heaven  
 The joyful acclamation which proclaims  
 That Spain is born again! O ye who  
 died  
 In that disastrous field, and ye who fell  
 Embracing with a martyr's love your  
 death 281  
 Amid the flames of Auria; and all ye  
 Victims innumerable, whose cries un-  
 heard  
 On earth, but heard in Heaven, from  
 all the land  
 Went up for vengeance; not in vain ye  
 cry  
 Before the eternal throne! . . . Rest  
 innocent blood!  
 Vengeance is due, and vengeance will  
 be given,  
 Rest innocent blood! The appointed  
 age is come!  
 The star that harbingers a glorious day  
 Hath risen! Lo there the Avenger  
 stands! Lo there 290  
 He brandishes the avenging sword! Lo  
 there  
 The avenging banner spreads its argent  
 field  
 Refulgent with auspicious light! . . .  
 Rejoice,  
 O Leon, for thy banner is displayed,  
 Rejoice with all thy mountains, and thy  
 vales  
 And streams! And thou, O Spain,  
 through all thy realms,  
 For thy deliverance cometh! Even now,  
 As from all sides the miscreant hosts  
 move on; . . .  
 From southern Betis; from the western  
 lands,

Where through redundant vales smooth  
 Minho flows, 300  
 And Douro pours through vine-clad hills  
 the wealth  
 Of Leon's gathered waters; from the  
 plains  
 Burgensian, in old time Vardulia call'd,  
 But in their castellated strength ere long  
 To be design'd Castille, a deathless  
 name;  
 From midland regions where Toledo  
 reigns  
 Proud city on her royal eminence,  
 And Tagus bends his sickle round the  
 scene  
 Of Roderick's fall; from rich Rioja's  
 fields;  
 Dark Ebro's shores; the walls of Sal-  
 duba, 310  
 Seat of the Sedetanians old, by Rome  
 Caesarian and August denominate,  
 Now Zaragoza, in this later time  
 Above all cities of the earth renown'd  
 For duty perfectly perform'd; . . . East,  
 West  
 And South, where'er their gather'd  
 multitudes  
 Urged by the speed of vigorous tyranny,  
 With more than with commensurable  
 strength  
 Haste to prevent the danger, crush the  
 hopes  
 Of rising Spain, and rivet round her neck  
 The eternal yoke, . . . the ravenous fowls  
 of heaven 321  
 Flock there presentient of their food  
 obscene,  
 Following the accursed armies, whom  
 too well  
 They know their purveyors long. Pursue  
 their march,  
 Ominous attendants! Ere the moon  
 hath fill'd  
 Her horns, these purveyors shall become  
 the prey,



And ye on Moorish not on Christian  
 flesh  
 Wearying your beaks, shall clog your  
 scaly feet  
 With foreign gore. Soon will ye learn  
 to know,  
 Followers and harbingers of blood, the  
 flag 330  
 Of Leon where it bids you to your  
 feast!  
 Terror and flight shall with that flag go  
 forth,  
 And Havoc and the Dogs of War and  
 Death.  
 Thou Covadonga with the tainted  
 stream  
 Of Deva, and this now rejoicing vale,  
 Soon its primal triumphs wilt behold!  
 Nor shall the glories of the noon be  
 less  
 Than such miraculous promise of the  
 dawn:  
 Witness Clavijo, where the dreadful cry  
 Of Santiago, then first heard, o'er-  
 power'd 340  
 The Akbar, and that holier name blas-  
 phemed  
 By misbelieving lips! Simancas, thou  
 Be witness! And do ye your record  
 bear,  
 Tolosan mountains, where the Almo-  
 hade  
 Beheld his myriads scatter'd and de-  
 stroy'd,  
 Like locusts swept before the stormy  
 North!  
 Thou too, Salado, on that later day  
 When Africa received her final foil,  
 And thy swoln stream incarnadined,  
 roll'd back  
 The invaders to the deep, . . . there shall  
 they toss 350  
 Till on their native Mauritanian shore  
 The waves shall cast their bones to  
 whiten there.

## XIX. RODERICK AND RUSILLA

WHEN all had been perform'd, the royal  
 Goth  
 Look'd up towards the chamber in the  
 tower  
 Where, gazing on the multitude below,  
 Alone Rusilla stood. He met her eye,  
 For it was singling him amid the crowd;  
 Obeying then the hand which beckon'd  
 him,  
 He went with heart prepared, nor  
 shrinking now,  
 But arm'd with self-approving thoughts  
 that hour.  
 Entering in tremulous haste, he closed  
 the door,  
 And turn'd to clasp her knees; but lo,  
 she spread 10  
 Her arms, and catching him in close  
 embrace,  
 Fell on his neck, and cried, My Son, my  
 Son! . . .  
 Ere long, controlling that first agony  
 With effort of strong will, backward she  
 bent,  
 And gazing on his head now shorn and  
 grey,  
 And on his furrow'd countenance, ex-  
 claim'd,  
 Still, still, my Roderick! the same noble  
 mind!  
 The same heroic heart! Still, still, my  
 Son! . . .  
 Changed, . . . yet not wholly fallen, . . . not  
 wholly lost,  
 He cried, . . . not wholly in the sight of  
 Heaven 20  
 Unworthy, O my Mother, nor in thine!  
 She lock'd her arms again around his  
 neck,  
 Saying, Lord, let me now depart in  
 peace!  
 And bow'd her head again, and silently  
 Gave way to tears.

When that first force was spent,  
 And passion in exhaustment found  
 relief, . . .  
 I knew thee, said Rusilla, when the dog  
 Rose from my feet, and lick'd his  
 master's hand.  
 All flash'd upon me then; the instinc-  
 tive sense  
 That goes unerringly where reason  
 fails, . . . 30  
 The voice, the eye, . . . a mother's  
 thoughts are quick, . . .  
 Miraculous as it seem'd, . . . Siverian's  
 tale, . . .  
 Florinda's, . . . every action, . . . every  
 word, . . .  
 Each strengthening each, and all con-  
 firming all,  
 Reveal'd thee, O my Son! but I re-  
 strain'd  
 My heart, and yielded to thy holier will  
 The thoughts which rose to tempt a soul  
 not yet  
 Wean'd wholly from the world.  
 What thoughts? replied  
 Roderick. That I might see thee yet  
 again  
 Such as thou wert, she answer'd; not  
 alone 40  
 To Heaven and me restored, but to  
 thyself, . . .  
 Thy Crown, . . . thy Country, . . . all within  
 thy reach;  
 Heaven so disposing all things, that the  
 means  
 Which wrought the ill, might work the  
 remedy.  
 Methought I saw thee once again the  
 hope, . . .  
 The strength, . . . the pride of Spain! The  
 miracle  
 Which I beheld made all things possible.  
 I know the inconstant people, how their  
 mind,  
 With every breath of good or ill report,

Fluctuates, like summer corn before the  
 breeze; 50  
 Quick in their hatred, quicker in their  
 love,  
 Generous and hasty, soon would they  
 redress  
 All wrongs of former obloquy. . . I  
 thought  
 Of happiness restored, . . . the broken  
 heart  
 Heal'd, . . . and Count Julian, for his  
 daughter's sake,  
 Turning in thy behalf against the Moors  
 His powerful sword: . . . all possibilities  
 That could be found or fancied, built  
 a dream  
 Before me; such as easiest might illude  
 A lofty spirit train'd in palaces, 60  
 And not alone amid the flatteries  
 Of youth with thoughts of high ambition  
 fed  
 When all is sunshine, but through years  
 of woe,  
 When sorrow sanctified their use, upheld  
 By honourable pride and earthly hopes.  
 I thought I yet might nurse upon my  
 knee  
 Some young Theodofred, and see in him  
 Thy Father's image and thine own  
 renew'd,  
 And love to think the little hand which  
 there  
 Play'd with the bauble, should in after  
 days 70  
 Wield the transmitted sceptre; . . . that  
 through him  
 The ancient seed should be perpetuate, . . .  
 That precious seed revered so long,  
 desired  
 So dearly, and so wondrously preserved.

Nay, he replied, Heaven hath not  
 with its bolts  
 Scathed the proud summit of the tree,  
 and left

The trunk unflaw'd ; ne'er shall it clothe  
its boughs  
Again, nor push again its scyons forth,  
Head, root, and branch, all mortified  
alike ! . .  
Long ere these locks were shorn had  
I cut off 80  
The thoughts of royalty! Time might  
renew  
Their growth, as for Manoah's captive  
son,  
And I too on the miscreant race, like  
him,  
Might prove my strength regenerate ;  
but the hour,  
When, in its second best nativity,  
My soul was born again through grace,  
this heart  
Died to the world. Dreams such as  
thine pass now  
Like evening clouds before me ; if I  
think  
How beautiful they seem, 'tis but to  
feel  
How soon they fade, how fast the night  
shuts in. 90  
But in that World to which my hopes  
look on,  
Time enters not, nor Mutability ;  
Beauty and goodness are unfading  
there ;  
Whatever there is given us to enjoy,  
That we enjoy for ever, still the same. . .  
Much might Count Julian's sword  
achieve for Spain  
And me, but more will his dear daughter's  
soul  
Effect in Heaven ; and soon will she be  
there  
An Angel at the throne of Grace, to  
plead  
In his behalf and mine.  
I knew thy heart, 100  
She answer'd, and subdued the vain  
desire.

It was the World's last effort. Thou  
hast chosen  
The better part. Yes, Roderick, even  
on earth  
There is a praise above the monarch's  
fame,  
A higher, holier, more enduring praise,  
And this will yet be thine !  
O tempt me not,  
Mother ! he cried ; nor let ambition  
take  
That specious form to cheat us ! What  
but this,  
Fallen as I am, have I to offer Heaven ?  
The ancestral sceptre, public fame, con-  
tent 110  
Of private life, the general good report,  
Power, reputation, happiness, . . what-  
e'er  
The heart of man desires to constitute  
His earthly weal, . . unerring Justice  
claim'd  
In forfeiture. I with submitted soul  
Bow to the righteous law and kiss the  
rod.  
Only while thus submitted, suffering  
thus, . .  
Only while offering up that name on  
earth,  
Perhaps in trial offer'd to my choice,  
Could I present myself before thy sight ;  
Thus only could endure myself, or fix 121  
My thoughts upon that fearful pass,  
where Death  
Stands in the Gate of Heaven ! . . Time  
passes on,  
The healing work of sorrow is complete ;  
All vain desires have long been weeded  
out,  
All vain regrets subdued ; the heart is  
dead,  
The soul is ripe and eager for her birth.  
Bless me, my Mother ! and come when  
it will  
The inevitable hour, we die in peace.

So saying, on her knees he bow'd his  
 head ; 130  
 She raised her hands to Heaven and  
 blest her child ;  
 Then bending forward, as he rose, em-  
 braced  
 And claspt him to her heart, and cried,  
 Once more  
 Theodofred, with pride behold thy son !

## XX. THE MOORISH CAMP

THE times are big with tidings ; every  
 hour  
 From east and west and south the breath-  
 less scouts  
 Bring swift alarums in ; the gathering  
 foe,  
 Advancing from all quarters to one  
 point,  
 Close their wide crescent. Nor was aid  
 of fear  
 To magnify their numbers needed now,  
 They came in myriads. Africa had  
 pour'd  
 Fresh shoals upon the coast of wretched  
 Spain ;  
 Lured from their hungry deserts to the  
 scene  
 Of spoil, like vultures to the battle-field,  
 Fierce, unrelenting, habited in crimes, 11  
 Like bidden guests the mirthful ruffians  
 flock  
 To that free feast which in their Pro-  
 phet's name  
 Rapine and Lust proclaim'd. Nor were  
 the chiefs  
 Of victory less assured, by long success  
 Elate, and proud of that o'erwhelming  
 strength,  
 Which, surely they believed, as it had  
 roll'd  
 Thus far uncheck'd would roll victorious  
 on,

Till, like the Orient, the subjected West  
 Should bow in reverence at Mahommed's  
 name ; 20  
 And pilgrims, from remotest Arctic  
 shores,  
 Tread with religious feet the burning  
 sands  
 Of Araby, and Mecca's stony soil.  
 Proud of his part in Roderick's over-  
 throw,  
 Their leader Abulcacem came, a man  
 Immitigable, long in war renown'd.  
 Here Magued comes, who on the con-  
 quered walls  
 Of Cordoba, by treacherous fear be-  
 tray'd,  
 Planted the moony standard : Ibrahim  
 here,  
 He, who by Genil and in Darro's vales, 30  
 Had for the Moors the fairest portion won  
 Of all their spoils, fairest and best main-  
 tain'd,  
 And to the Alpuxarras given in trust  
 His other name, through them preserved  
 in song.  
 Here too Alcahman, vaunting his late  
 deeds  
 At Auria, all her children by the sword  
 Cut off, her bulwarks rased, her towers  
 laid low,  
 Her dwellings by devouring flames con-  
 sumed,  
 Bloody and hard of heart, he little  
 ween'd,  
 Vain-boastful chief ! that from those  
 fatal flames 40  
 The fire of retribution had gone forth  
 Which soon should wrap him round.  
The renegades
 Here too were seen, Ebba and Sisibert ;  
 A spurious brood, but of their parent's  
 crimes  
 True heirs, in guilt begotten, and in ill  
 Train'd up. The same unnatural rage  
 that turn'd



Their swords against their country,  
made them seek,

Unmindful of their wretched mother's  
end,

Pelayo's life. No enmity is like  
Domestic hatred. For his blood they  
thirst, 50

As if that sacrifice might satisfy  
Witiza's guilty ghost, efface the shame  
Of their adulterous birth, and one crime  
more

Crowning a hideous course, emancipate  
Thenceforth their spirits from all earthly  
fear.

This was their only care: but other  
thoughts

Were rankling in that elder villain's  
mind,

Their kinsman Orpas, he of all the crew  
Who in this fatal visitation fell,  
The foulest and the falsest wretch that  
e'er 60

Renounced his baptism. From his  
cherish'd views

Of royalty cut off, he coveted  
Count Julian's wide domains, and hope-  
less now

To gain them through the daughter, laid  
his toils

Against the father's life, . . the instru-  
ment

Of his ambition first, and now design'd  
Its victim. To this end with cautious  
hints,

At favouring season ventured, he pos-  
sess'd

The leader's mind; then, subtly fos-  
tering

The doubts himself had sown, with  
bolder charge 70

He bade him warily regard the Count,  
Lest underneath an outward show of  
faith

The heart uncircumcised were Christian  
still:

Else, wherefore had Florinda not obey'd  
Her dear loved sire's example, and em-  
braced

The saving truth? Else, wherefore was  
her hand,

Plighted to him so long, so long withheld,  
Till she had found a fitting hour to fly  
With that audacious Prince, who now  
in arms,

Defied the Caliph's power; . . for who  
could doubt 80

That in his company she fled, perhaps.  
The mover of his flight? What if the  
Count

Himself had plann'd the evasion which  
he feign'd

In sorrow to condemn? What if she went  
A pledge assured, to tell the moun-  
taineers

That when they met the Musselmen in  
the heat

Of fight, her father passing to their side  
Would draw the victory with him? . .

Thus he breathed  
Fiend-like in Abulcacem's ear his  
schemes

Of murderous malice; and the course  
of things, 90

Ere long, in part approving his dis-  
course,

Aided his aim, and gave his wishes  
weight.

For scarce on the Asturian territory  
Had they set foot, when, with the speed  
of fear,

Count Eudon, nothing doubting that  
their force

Would like a flood sweep all resistance  
down,

Hasten'd to plead his merits; . . he  
alone,

Found faithful in obedience through  
reproach

And danger, when the madden'd multi-  
tude

Hurried their chiefs along, and high and  
 low 100  
 With one infectious frenzy seized, pro-  
 voked  
 The invincible in arms. Pelayo led  
 The raging crew, . . he doubtless the  
 prime spring  
 Of all these perilous movements; and  
 'twas said  
 He brought the assurance of a strong  
 support,  
 Count Julian's aid, for in his company  
 From Cordoba, Count Julian's daughter  
 came.

Thus Eudon spake before the assem-  
 bled chiefs;  
 When instantly a stern and wrathful  
 voice  
 Replied, I know Pelayo never made 110  
 That senseless promise! He who raised  
 the tale  
 Lies foully; but the bitterest enemy  
 That ever hunted for Pelayo's life  
 Hath never with the charge of falsehood  
 touch'd  
 His name.

The Baron had not recognized  
 Till then, beneath the turban's shadow-  
 ing folds,  
 Julian's swart visage, where the fiery  
 skies  
 Of Africa, through many a year's long  
 course,  
 Had set their hue inburnt. Something  
 he sought 119  
 In quick excuse to say of common fame,  
 Lightly believed and busily diffused,  
 And that no enmity had moved his  
 speech  
 Repeating rumour's tale. Julian replied,  
 Count Eudon, neither for thyself nor me  
 Excuse is needed here. The path I  
 tread  
 Is one wherein there can be no return,

No pause, no looking back! A choice  
 like mine  
 For time and for eternity is made,  
 Once and for ever! and as easily  
 The breath of vain report might build  
 again 130  
 The throne which my just vengeance  
 overthrew,  
 As in the Caliph and his Captain's mind  
 Affect the opinion of my well-tried  
 truth.  
 The tidings which thou givest me of my  
 child  
 Touch me more vitally; bad though  
 they be,

A secret apprehension of aught worse  
 Makes me with joy receive them.  
 Then the Count  
 To Abulcacem turn'd his speech, and  
 said,  
 I pray thee, Chief, give me a messenger  
 By whom I may to this unhappy child  
 Dispatch a father's bidding, such as yet  
 May win her back. What I would say  
 requires 142  
 No veil of privacy; before ye all  
 The errand shall be given.

Boldly he spake,  
 Yet wary in that show of open truth,  
 For well he knew what dangers girt him  
 round  
 Amid the faithless race. Blind with  
 revenge,  
 For them in madness had he sacrificed  
 His name, his baptism, and his native  
 land,  
 To feel, still powerful as he was, that life  
 Hung on their jealous favour. But his  
 heart 151  
 Approved him now, where love, too  
 long restrain'd.  
 Resumed its healing influence, leading  
 him  
 Right on with no misgiving. Chiefs, he  
 said,

Hear me, and let your wisdom judge  
between

Me and Prince Orpas ! . . Known it is to  
all,

Too well, what mortal injury provoked  
My spirit to that vengeance which your  
aid

So signally hath given. A covenant  
We made when first our purpose we  
combined, 160

That he should have Florinda for his  
wife,

My only child, so should she be, I thought,  
Revenged and honour'd best. My  
word was given

Truly, nor did I cease to use all means  
Of counsel or command, entreating her  
Sometimes with tears, seeking some-  
times with threats

Of an offended father's curse to enforce  
Obedience ; that, she said, the Christian  
law

Forbade, moreover she had vow'd her-  
self 169

A servant to the Lord. In vain I strove  
To win her to the Prophet's saving faith,  
Using perhaps a rigour to that end  
Beyond permitted means, and to my  
heart,

Which loved her dearer than its own  
life-blood,

Abhorrent. Silently she suffer'd all,  
Or when I urged her with most vehe-  
mence,

Only replied, I knew her fix'd resolve,  
And craved my patience but a little  
while

Till death should set her free. Touch'd  
as I was,

I yet persisted, till at length to escape  
The ceaseless importunity, she fled : 181

And verily I fear'd until this hour,  
My rigour to some fearfuller resolve  
Than flight, had driven my child. Chiefs.

I appeal

To each and all, and Orpas to thyself  
Especially, if, having thus essay'd  
All means that law and nature have  
allow'd

To bend her will, I may not rightfully  
Hold myself free, that promise being  
void

Which cannot be fulfill'd.

Thou sayest then, 190  
Orpas replied, that from her false belief  
Her stubborn opposition drew its force  
I should have thought that from the  
ways corrupt

Of these idolatrous Christians, little care  
Might have sufficed to wean a duteous  
child,

The example of a parent so beloved  
Leading the way ; and yet I will not  
doubt

Thou didst enforce with all sincerity  
And holy zeal upon thy daughter's mind  
The truths of Islam.

Julian knit his brow, 200  
And scowling on the insidious renegade  
He answered, By what reasoning my  
poor mind

Was from the old idolatry reclaim'd,  
None better knows than Seville's mitred  
chief,

Who first renouncing errors which he  
taught,

Led me his follower to the Prophet's  
pale.

Thy lessons I repeated as I could ;  
Of graven images, unnatural vows,  
False records, fabling creeds, and  
juggling priests, 209

Who, making sanctity the cloak of sin,  
Laugh'd at the fools on whose credulity  
They fatten'd. To these arguments,  
whose worth

Prince Orpas, least of all men, should  
impeach,

I added, like a soldier bred in arms,  
And to the subtleties of schools unused.

The flagrant fact, that Heaven with  
victory,  
Where'er they turn'd, attested and ap-  
proved  
The chosen Prophet's arms. If thou  
wert still  
The mitred Metropolitan, and I  
Some wretch of Arian or of Hebrew race,  
Thy proper business then might be to  
pry, 221  
And question me for lurking flaws of  
faith.  
We Musselmen, Prince Orpas, live be-  
neath  
A wiser law, which with the iniquities  
Of thine old craft, hath abrogated this  
Its foulest practice !  
As Count Julian ceased,  
From underneath his black and gather'd  
brow  
There went a look, which with these  
wary words  
Bore to the heart of that false renegade  
Their whole envenom'd meaning.  
Haughtily 230  
Withdrawing then his alter'd eyes, he  
said,  
Too much of this ! return we to the sum  
Of my discourse. Let Abulcacem say,  
In whom the Caliph speaks, if with all  
faith  
Having essay'd in vain all means to win  
My child's consent, I may not hold  
henceforth  
The covenant discharged.  
The Moor replied,  
Well hast thou said, and rightly may'st  
assure  
Thy daughter that the Prophet's holy  
law  
Forbids compulsion. Give thine errand  
now ; 240  
The messenger is here.  
Then Julian said,  
Go to Pelayo, and from him entreat

Admittance to my child, where'er she be.  
Say to her, that her father solemnly  
Annuls the covenant with Orpas  
pledged,  
Nor with solicitations, nor with threats,  
Will urge her more, nor from that  
liberty  
Of faith restrain her, which the Prophet's  
law,  
Liberal as Heaven from whence it came,  
to all  
Indulges. Tell her that her father says  
His days are number'd, and beseeches  
her 251  
By that dear love, which from her in-  
fancy  
Still he hath borne her, growing as she  
grew,  
Nursed in our weal and strengthen'd in  
our woe,  
She will not in the evening of his life  
Leave him forsaken and alone. Enough  
Of sorrow, tell her, have her injuries  
Brought on her father's head ; let not  
her act  
Thus aggravate the burden. Tell her  
too,  
That when he pray'd her to return, he  
wept 260  
Profusely as a child ; but bitterer tears  
Than ever fell from childhood's eyes  
were those  
Which traced his hardy cheeks.  
With faltering voice  
He spake, and after he had ceased from  
speech  
His lip was quivering still. The  
Moorish chief  
Then to the messenger his bidding gave.  
Say, cried he, to these rebel infidels,  
Thus Abulcacem in the Caliph's name  
Exhorteth them : Repent and be for-  
given !  
Nor think to stop the dreadful storm of  
war, 270



Which conquering and to conquer must  
fulfil  
Its destined circle, rolling eastward now  
Back from the subjugated west, to sweep  
Thrones and dominions down, till in the  
bond  
Of unity all nations join, and Earth  
Acknowledge, as she sees one Sun in  
heaven,  
One God, one Chief, one Prophet, and  
one Law.  
Jerusalem, the holy City, bows  
To holier Mecca's creed; the Crescent  
shines  
Triumphant o'er the eternal pyramids;  
On the cold altars of the worshippers 281  
Of Fire moss grows, and reptiles leave  
their slime;  
The African idolatries are fallen,  
And Europe's senseless gods of stone  
and wood  
Have had their day. Tell these mis-  
guided men,  
A moment for repentance yet is left,  
And mercy the submitted neck will  
spare  
Before the sword is drawn: but once  
unsheath'd,  
Let Auria witness how that dreadful  
sword  
Accomplisheth its work! They little  
know 290  
The Moors who hope in battle to with-  
stand  
Their valour, or in flight escape their  
rage!  
Amid our deserts we hunt down the birds  
Of heaven, . . wings do not save them!  
Nor shall rocks,  
And holds, and fastnesses, avail to save  
These mountaineers. Is not the Earth  
the Lord's?  
And we, his chosen people, whom he  
sends  
To conquer and possess it in his name?

XXI. THE FOUNTAIN IN THE  
FOREST

THE second eve had closed upon their  
march  
Within the Asturian border, and the  
Moors  
Had pitch'd their tents amid an open  
wood  
Upon the mountain side. As day grew  
dim,  
Their scatter'd fires shone with distincter  
light  
Among the trees, above whose top the  
smoke  
Diffused itself, and stain'd the evening  
sky.  
Ere long the stir of occupation ceased,  
And all the murmur of the busy host  
Subsiding died away, as through the  
camp 10  
The crier from a knoll proclaim'd the  
hour  
For prayer appointed, and with sonorous  
voice,  
Thrice in melodious modulation full,  
Pronounced the highest name. There  
is no God  
But God, he cried; there is no God but  
God!  
Mahommed is the Prophet of the  
Lord!  
Come ye to prayer! to prayer! The  
Lord is great!  
There is no God but God! . . Thus he  
pronounced  
His ritual form, mingling with holiest  
truth  
The audacious name accurs'd. The  
multitude 20  
Made their ablutions in the mountain  
stream  
Obedient, then their faces to the earth  
Bent in formality of easy prayer

An arrow's flight above that mountain stream  
 There was a little glade, where underneath  
 A long smooth mossy stone a fountain rose.  
 An oak grew near, and with its ample boughs  
 O'ercanopied the spring; its fretted roots  
 Emboss'd the bank, and on their tufted bark  
 Grew plants which love the moisture and the shade; 30  
 Short ferns, and longer leaves of wrinkled green  
 Which bent toward the spring, and when the wind  
 Made itself felt, just touch'd with gentle dip  
 The glassy surface, ruffled ne'er but then,  
 Save when a bubble rising from the depth  
 Burst, and with faintest circles mark'd its place,  
 Or if an insect skimm'd it with its wing,  
 Or when in heavier drops the gather'd rain  
 Fell from the oak's high bower. The mountain roe,  
 When, having drank there, he would bound across, 40  
 Drew up upon the bank his meeting foot,  
 And put forth half his force. With silent lapse  
 From thence through mossy banks the water stole,  
 Then murmuring hasten'd to the glen below.  
 Diana might have loved in that sweet spot  
 To take her noontide rest; and when she stoop'd  
 Hot from the chase to drink, well pleas'd had seen

Her own bright crescent, and the brighter face  
 It crown'd, reflected there.  
 Beside that spring  
 Count Julian's tent was pitch'd upon the glade; 50  
 There his ablutions Moor-like he perform'd,  
 And Moor-like knelt in prayer, bowing his head  
 Upon the mossy bank. There was a sound  
 Of voices at the tent when he arose,  
 And lo! with hurried step a woman came  
 Toward him; rightly then his heart presaged,  
 And ere he could behold her countenance,  
 Florinda knelt, and with uplifted arms  
 Embraced her sire. He raised her from the ground,  
 Kiss'd her, and clasp'd her to his heart, and said, 60  
 Thou hast not then forsaken me, my child!  
 Howe'er the inexorable will of Fate  
 May in the world which is to come, divide  
 Our everlasting destinies, in this  
 Thou wilt not, O my child, abandon me!  
 And then with deep and interrupted voice,  
 Nor seeking to restrain his copious tears,  
 My blessing be upon thy head, he cried,  
 A father's blessing! Though all faiths were false,  
 It should not lose its worth! . . . She lock'd her hands 70  
 Around his neck, and gazing in his face  
 Through streaming tears, exclaim'd, Oh never more,  
 Here or hereafter, never let us part!  
 And breathing then a prayer in silence forth,  
 The name of Jesus trembled on her tongue.

Whom hast thou there ? cried Julian,  
and drew back,  
Seeing that near them stood a meagre  
man  
In humble garb, who rested with raised  
hands  
On a long staff, bending his head like  
one  
Who when he hears the distant vesper-  
bell, 80  
Halts by the way, and, all unseen of men,  
Offers his homage in the eye of Heaven.  
She answered, Let not my dear father  
frown  
In anger on his child ! Thy messenger  
Told me that I should be restrain'd no  
more  
From liberty of faith, which the new law  
Indulged to all ; how soon my hour  
might come  
I knew not, and although that hour will  
bring  
Few terrors, yet methinks I would not  
be  
Without a Christian comforter in death.

A Priest ! exclaimed the Count, and  
drawing back, 91  
Stooped for his turban that he might not  
lack  
Some outward symbol of apostacy ;  
For still in war his wonted arms he wore,  
Nor for the scymitar had changed the  
sword  
Accustomed to his hand. He covered  
now  
His short grey hair, and under the white  
folds  
His swarthy brow, which gather'd as he  
rose,  
Darken'd. Oh frown not thus ! Flor-  
inda said,  
A kind and gentle counsellor is this, 100  
One who pours balm into a wounded  
soul,

And mitigates the griefs he cannot heal.  
I told him I had vow'd to pass my days  
A servant of the Lord, yet that my  
heart,  
Hearing the message of thy love, was  
drawn  
With powerful yearnings back. Follow  
thy heart, . .  
It answers to the call of duty here,  
He said, nor canst thou better serve the  
Lord  
Than at thy father's side.  
Count Julian's brow,  
While thus she spake, insensibly relax'd.  
A Priest, cried he, and thus with even  
hand 111  
Weigh vows and natural duty in the  
scale ?  
In what old heresy hath he been train'd ?  
Or in what wilderness hath he escaped  
The domineering Prelate's fire and  
sword ?  
Come hither, man, and tell me who  
thou art !

A sinner, Roderick, drawing nigh,  
replied ;  
Brought to repentance by the grace of  
God,  
And trusting for forgiveness through the  
blood  
Of Christ in humble hope.  
A smile of scorn 120  
Julian assumed, but merely from the  
lips  
It came ; for he was troubled while he  
gazed  
On the strong countenance and thought-  
ful eye  
Before him. A new law hath been  
proclaim'd,  
Said he, which overthrows in its career  
The Christian altars of idolatry.  
What think'st thou of the Prophet ? . .  
Roderick

Made answer, I am in the Moorish camp,  
 And he who asketh is a Musselman.  
 How then should I reply? . . . Safely,  
 rejoin'd 130

The renegade, and freely may'st thou  
 speak

To all that Julian asks. Is not the yoke  
 Of Mecca easy, and its burden light? . . .  
 Spain hath not found it so, the Goth  
 replied,

And groaning, turn'd away his coun-  
 tenance.

Count Julian knit his brow, and stood  
 awhile

Regarding him with meditative eye  
 In silence. Thou art honest too! he  
 cried;

Why'twas in quest of such a man as this  
 That the old Grecian search'd by lantern  
 light 140

In open day the city's crowded streets,  
 So rare he deem'd the virtue. Honesty  
 And sense of natural duty in a Priest!  
 Now for a miracle, ye Saints of Spain!  
 I shall not pry too closely for the wires,  
 For, seeing what I see, ye have me now  
 In the believing mood!

O blessed Saints,

Florinda cried, 'tis from the bitterness,  
 Not from the hardness of the heart, he  
 speaks!

Hear him! and in your goodness give  
 the scoff 150

The virtue of a prayer! So saying, she  
 raised

Her hands in fervent action clasp'd to  
 Heaven:

Then as, still clasp'd, they fell, toward  
 her sire

She turn'd her eyes, beholding him  
 through tears.

The look, the gesture, and that silent woe,  
 Soften'd her father's heart, which in this  
 hour

Was open to the influences of love.

Priest, thy vocation were a blessed one,  
 Said Julian, if its mighty power were  
 used

To lessen human misery, not to swell 160  
 The mournful sum, already all-too-great.

If, as thy former counsel should imply,  
 Thou art not one who would for his  
 craft's sake

Fret with corrosives and inflame the  
 wound,

Which the poor sufferer brings to thee  
 in trust

That thou with virtuous balm wilt bind  
 it up, . . .

If, as I think, thou art not one of those  
 Whose villainy makes honest men turn  
 Moors,

Thou then wilt answer with unbiass'd  
 mind 169

What I shall ask thee, and exorcise thus  
 The sick and feverish conscience of my  
 child,

From inbred phantoms, fiend-like, which  
 possess

Her innocent spirit. Children we are all  
 Of one great Father, in whatever clime  
 Nature or chance hath cast the seeds of  
 life,

All tongues, all colours: neither after  
 death

Shall we be sorted into languages  
 And tints, . . . white, black, and tawny,  
 Greek and Goth,

Northmen and offspring of hot Africa;  
 The All-Father, He in whom we live and  
 move, 180

He the indifferent Judge of all, regards  
 Nations, and hues, and dialects alike;  
 According to their works shall they be  
 judged,

When even-handed Justice in the scale  
 Their good and evil weighs. All creeds,  
 I ween,

Agree in this, and hold it orthodox.



Roderick, perceiving here that Julian  
 paused,  
 As if he waited for acknowledgement  
 Of that plain truth, in motion of assent  
 Inclined his brow complacently, and  
 said, 190  
 Even so: What follows? . . . This, re-  
 sumed the Count,  
 That creeds like colours being but acci-  
 dent,  
 Are therefore in the scale imponder-  
 able; . . .  
 Thou seest my meaning; . . . that from  
 every faith  
 As every clime, there is a way to Heaven,  
 And thou and I may meet in Paradise.

Oh grant it, God! cried Roderick,  
 fervently,  
 And smote his breast. Oh grant it,  
 gracious God!  
 Through the dear blood of Jesus, grant  
 that he  
 And I may meet before the Mercy-  
 throne! 200  
 That were a triumph of Redeeming  
 Love,  
 For which admiring Angels would renew  
 Their hallelujahs through the choir of  
 Heaven!  
 Man! quoth Count Julian, wherefore  
 art thou moved  
 To this strange passion? I require of  
 thee  
 Thy judgement, not thy prayers!  
 Be not displeas'd!  
 In gentle voice subdued the Goth  
 replies;  
 A prayer, from whatsoever lips it flow,  
 By thine own rule should find the way  
 to Heaven,  
 So that the heart in its sincerity 210  
 Straight forward breathe it forth. I,  
 like thyself,  
 Am all untrain'd to subtleties of speech,

Nor competent of this great argument  
 Thou openest; and perhaps shall answer  
 thee  
 Wide of the words, but to the purport  
 home.  
 There are to whom the light of gospel  
 truth  
 Hath never reach'd; of such I needs  
 must deem  
 As of the sons of men who had their day  
 Before the light was given. But, Count,  
 for those  
 Who, born amid the light, to darkness  
 turn, 220  
 Wilful in error, . . . I dare only say,  
 God doth not leave the unhappy soul  
 without  
 An inward monitor, and till the grave  
 Open, the gate of mercy is not closed.

Priest-like! the renegade replied, and  
 shook  
 His head in scorn. What is not in the  
 craft  
 Is error, and for error there shall be  
 No mercy found in Him whom yet ye  
 name  
 The Merciful!

Now God forbid, rejoin'd  
 The fallen King, that one who stands in  
 need 230  
 Of mercy for his sins should argue thus  
 Of error! Thou hast said that thou  
 and I,  
 Thou dying in name a Musselman, and I  
 A servant of the Cross, may meet in  
 Heaven.  
 Time was when in our fathers' ways we  
 walk'd  
 Regardlessly alike; faith being to  
 each, . . .  
 For so far thou hast reason'd rightly, . . .  
 like  
 Our country's fashion and our mother-  
 tongue,

Of mere inheritance, . . no thing of choice  
In judgement fix'd, nor rooted in the  
heart. 240

Me have the arrows of calamity  
Sore stricken ; sinking underneath the  
weight

Of sorrow, yet more heavily oppress'd  
Beneath the burthen of my sins, I turn'd  
In that dread hour to Him who from the  
Cross

Calls to the heavy-laden. There I found  
Relief and comfort ; there I have my  
hope,

My strength and my salvation ; there,  
the grave

Ready beneath my feet, and Heaven in  
view,

I to the King of Terrors say, Come,  
Death, . . 250

Come quickly ! Thou too wert a stricken  
deer,

Julian, . . God pardon the unhappy hand  
That wounded thee ! . . but whither didst  
thou go

For healing ? Thou hast turn'd away  
from Him,

Who saith, Forgive as ye would be for-  
given ;

And that the Moorish sword might do  
thy work,

Received the creed of Mecca : with what  
fruit

For Spain, let tell her cities sack'd, her  
sons

Slaughter'd, her daughters than thine  
own dear child

More foully wrong'd, more wretched !  
For thyself, 260

Thou hast had thy fill of vengeance, and  
perhaps

The cup was sweet : but it hath left  
behind

A bitter relish ! Gladly would thy soul  
Forget the past ; as little canst thou  
bear

To send into futurity thy thoughts :  
And for this Now, what is it, Count, but  
fear . .

However bravely thou may'st bear thy  
front, . .

Danger, remorse, and stinging obloquy ?  
One only hope, one only remedy,

One only refuge yet remains. . . My life  
Is at thy mercy, Count ! Call, if thou  
wilt, 271

Thy men, and to the Moors deliver me !  
Or strike thyself ! Death were from any  
hand

A welcome gift ; from thine, and in this  
cause,

A boon indeed ! My latest words on  
earth

Should tell thee that all sins may be  
effaced,

Bid thee repent, have faith, and be for-  
given !

Strike, Julian, if thou wilt, and send my  
soul

To intercede for thine, that we may meet,  
Thou and thy child and I, beyond the  
grave. 280

Thus Roderick spake, and spread his  
arms as if

He offer'd to the sword his willing breast,  
With looks of passionate persuasion fix'd

Upon the Count, who in his first access  
Of anger, seem'd as though he would  
have call'd

His guards to seize the Priest. The  
attitude

Disarm'd him, and that fervent zeal  
sincere,

And more than both, the look and voice,  
which like

A mystery troubled him. Florinda too  
Hung on his arm with both her hands,

and cried, 290

O father, wrong him not ! he speaks  
from God !

Life and salvation are upon his tongue !  
Judge thou the value of that faith  
whereby,

Reflecting on the past, I murmur not,  
And to the end of all look on with joy  
Of hope assured !

Peace, innocent ! replied  
The Count, and from her hold withdrew  
his arm.

Then with a gather'd brow of mournful-  
ness

Rather than wrath, regarding Roderick,  
said,

Thou preachest that all sins may be  
effaced : 300

Is there forgiveness, Christian, in thy  
creed

For Roderick's crime ? . . For Roderick  
and for thee,

Count Julian, said the Goth, and as he  
spake

Trembled through every fibre of his  
frame,

The gate of Heaven is open. Julian  
threw

His wrathful hand aloft, and cried,  
Away !

Earth could not hold us both, nor can  
one Heaven

Contain my deadliest enemy and me !

My father, say not thus ! Florinda  
cried ;

I have forgiven him ! I have pray'd for  
him ! 310

For him, for thee, and for myself I pour  
One constant prayer to Heaven ! In  
passion then

She knelt, and bending back, with arms  
and face

Raised toward the sky, the supplicant  
exclaim'd,

Redeemer, heal his heart ! It is the grief  
Which festers there that hath bewilder'd  
him !

Save him, Redeemer ! by thy precious  
death

Save, save him, O my God ! Then on her  
face

She fell, and thus with bitterness pur-  
sued

In silent throes her agonizing prayer. 320

Afflict not thus thyself, my child, the  
Count

Exclaim'd ; O dearest, be thou com-  
forted ;

Set but thy heart at rest, I ask no more !  
Peace, dearest, peace ! . . and weeping  
as he spake,

He knelt to raise her. Roderick also  
knelt ;

Be comforted, he cried, and rest in faith  
That God will hear thy prayers ! they  
must be heard.

He who could doubt the worth of prayers  
like thine

May doubt of all things ! Sainted as  
thou art 329

In sufferings here, this miracle will be  
Thy work and thy reward !

Then raising her,

They seated her upon the fountain's  
brink,

And there beside her sate. The moon  
had risen,

And that fair spring lay blacken'd half  
in shade,

Half like a burnish'd mirror in her light.  
By that reflected light Count Julian saw

That Roderick's face was bathed with  
tears, and pale

As monumental marble. Friend, said he,  
Whether thy faith be fabulous, or sent

Indeed from Heaven, its dearest gift to  
man, 340

Thy heart is true : and had the mitred  
Priest

Of Seville been like thee, or hadst thou  
held

The place he fill'd; . . but this is idle  
talk, . .

Things are as they will be; and we, poor  
slaves,

Fret in the harness as we may, must  
drag

The Car of Destiny where'er she drives,  
Inexorable and blind!

Oh wretched man!

Cried Roderick, if thou seekest to assuage  
Thy wounded spirit with that deadly  
drug,

Hell's subtlest venom; look to thine  
own heart, 350

Where thou hast Will and Conscience  
to belie

This juggling sophistry, and lead thee  
yet

Through penitence to Heaven!

Whate'er it be

That governs us, in mournful tone the  
Count

Replied, Fate, Providence, or Allah's will,  
Or reckless Fortune, still the effect the  
same,

A world of evil and of misery!

Look where we will we meet it; where-  
soe'er

We go we bear it with us. Here we sit  
Upon the margin of this peaceful spring,

And oh! what volumes of calamity 361  
Would be unfolded here, if either heart

Laid open its sad records! Tell me not  
Of goodness! Either in some freak of  
power

This frame of things was fashion'd, then  
cast off

To take its own wild course, the sport  
of chance;

Or the bad Spirit o'er the Good prevails,  
And in the eternal conflict hath arisen  
Lord of the ascendant!

Rightly would'st thou say

Were there no world but this! the Goth  
replied. 370

The happiest child of earth that e'er was  
mark'd

To be the minion of prosperity,  
Richest in corporal gifts and wealth of  
mind,

Honour and fame attending him abroad,  
Peace and all dear domestic joys at  
home,

And sunshine till the evening of his days  
Closed in without a cloud, . . even such  
a man

Would from the gloom and horror of his  
heart

Confirm thy fatal thought, were this  
world all!

Oh! who could bear the haunting  
mystery, 380

If death and retribution did not solve  
The riddle, and to heavenliest harmony  
Reduce the seeming chaos! . . Here we  
see

The water at its well-head; clear it is,  
Not more transpicuous the invisible air;  
Pure as an infant's thoughts; and here  
to life

And good directed all its uses serve.

The herb grows greener on its brink;  
sweet flowers

Bend o'er the stream that feeds their  
freshened roots;

The red-breast loves it for his wintry  
haunts; 390

And when the buds begin to open forth,  
Builds near it with his mate their brood-  
ing nest;

The thirsty stag with widening nostrils  
there

Invigorated draws his copious draught;  
And there amid its flags the wild-boar  
stands,

Nor suffering wrong nor meditating hurt.  
Through woodlands wild and solitary  
fields

Unsullied thus it holds its bounteous  
course;



But when it reaches the resorts of men,  
The service of the city there defiles 400  
The tainted stream; corrupt and foul  
it flows

Through loathsome banks and o'er a bed  
impure,

Till in the sea, the appointed end to  
which

Through all its way it hastens, 'tis  
received,

And, losing all pollution, mingles there  
In the wide world of waters. So is it  
With the great stream of things, if all  
were seen;

Good the beginning, good the end shall  
be,

And transitory evil only make  
The good end happier. Ages pass away,  
Thrones fall, and nations disappear, and  
worlds 411

Grow old and go to wreck; the soul  
alone

Endures, and what she chuseth for her-  
self,

The arbiter of her own destiny,  
That only shall be permanent.

But guilt,

And all our suffering? said the Count.

The Goth

Replied, Repentance taketh sin away,  
Death remedies the rest. . . Soothed by  
the strain

Of such discourse, Julian was silent then,  
And sate contemplating. Florinda too  
Was calm'd: If sore experience may be  
thought 421

To teach the uses of adversity,  
She said, alas! who better learn'd than I  
In that sad school! Methinks if ye  
would know

How visitations of calamity  
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye  
there!

Look yonder at that cloud, which through  
the sky

Sailing alone, doth cross in her career  
The rolling Moon! I watch'd it as it  
came,

And deem'd the deep opake would blot  
her beams; 430

But, melting like a wreath of snow, it  
hangs

In folds of wavy silver round, and  
clothes

The orb with richer beauties than her  
own,

Then passing, leaves her in her light  
serene.

Thus having said, the pious sufferer  
sate,

Beholding with fix'd eyes that lovely  
orb,

Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light  
The broken moonbeams. They too by  
the toil

Of spirit, as by travail of the day  
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the  
hour. 440

The silver cloud diffusing slowly pass'd,  
And now into its airy elements

Resolved is gone; while through the  
azure depth

Alone in heaven the glorious Moon pur-  
sues

Her course appointed, with indifferent  
beams

Shining upon the silent hills around,  
And the dark tents of that unholy host,  
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,  
Take their last slumber there. The  
camp is still;

The fires have moulder'd, and the breeze  
which stirs 450

The soft and snowy embers, just lays  
bare

At times a red and evanescent light,  
Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.

They by the fountain hear the stream  
below,

Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or  
 fell,  
 Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.  
 And now the nightingale, not distant far,  
 Began her solitary song; and pour'd  
 To the cold moon a richer, stronger  
 strain  
 Than that with which the lyric lark  
 salutes 460  
 The new-born day. Her deep and  
 thrilling song  
 Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach  
 The soul, and in mysterious unison  
 Blend with all thoughts of gentleness  
 and love.  
 Their hearts were open to the healing  
 power  
 Of nature; and the splendour of the  
 night,  
 The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay  
 Came to them like a copious evening  
 dew  
 Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for  
 rain.

## XXII. THE MOORISH COUNCIL

THUS they beside the fountain sate, of  
 food  
 And rest forgetful, when a messenger  
 Summon'd Count Julian to the Leader's  
 tent.  
 In council there at that late hour he  
 found  
 The assembled Chiefs, on sudden tidings  
 call'd  
 Of unexpected weight from Cordoba.  
 Jealous that Abdalaziz had assumed  
 A regal state, affecting in his court  
 The forms of Gothic sovereignty, the  
 Moors,  
 Whom artful spirits of ambitious mould  
 Stirr'd up, had risen against him in  
 revolt :

And he who late had in the Caliph's  
 name  
 Ruled from the Ocean to the Pyrenees,  
 A mutilate and headless carcass now,  
 From pitying hands received beside the  
 road  
 A hasty grave, scarce hidden there from  
 dogs  
 And ravens, nor from wintry rains  
 secure.  
 She, too, who in the wreck of Spain  
 preserved  
 Her queenly rank, the wife of Roderick  
 first,  
 Of Abdalaziz after, and to both 20  
 Alike unhappy, shared the ruin now  
 Her counsels had brought on; for she  
 had led  
 The infatuate Moor, in dangerous  
 vauntery,  
 To these aspiring forms, . . so should he  
 gain  
 Respect and honour from the Musselmen,  
 She said, and that the obedience of the  
 Goths  
 Follow'd the sceptre. In an evil hour  
 She gave the counsel, and in evil hour  
 He lent a willing ear; the popular rage  
 Fell on them both; and they to whom  
 her name 30  
 Had been a mark for mockery and  
 reproach,  
 Shudder'd with human horror at her  
 fate.  
 Ayub was heading the wild anarchy;  
 But where the cement of authority  
 Is wanting, all things there are dislocate:  
 The mutinous soldiery, by every cry  
 Of rumour set in wild career, were  
 driven  
 By every gust of passion, setting up  
 One hour, what in the impulse of the  
 next,  
 Equally unreasoning, they destroy'd:  
 thus all 40

Was in misrule where uproar gave the  
law,

And ere from far Damascus they could  
learn

The Caliph's pleasure, many a moon  
must pass.

What should be done ? should Abuleacem  
march

To Cordoba, and in the Caliph's name  
Assume the power which to his rank in  
arms

Rightly devolved, restoring thus the  
reign

Of order ? or pursue with quicken'd speed  
The end of this great armament, and  
crush

Rebellion first, then to domestic ills 50  
Apply his undivided mind and force

Victorious ? What in this emergency  
Was Julian's counsel, Abuleacem ask'd.

Should they accomplish soon their enter-  
prize ?

Or would the insurgent infidels prolong  
The contest, seeking by protracted war  
To weary them, and trusting in the  
strength

Of these wild hills ?

Julian replied, The Chief

Of this revolt is wary, resolute,

Of approved worth in war : a desperate  
part 60

He for himself deliberately hath chosen,  
Confiding in the hereditary love

Borne to him by these hardy moun-  
taineers,

A love which his own noble qualities  
Have strengthen'd so that every heart  
is his.

When ye can bring them to the open  
proof

Of battle, ye will find them in his cause  
Lavish of life ; but well they know the  
strength

Of their own fastnesses, the mountain  
paths

Impervious to pursuit, the vantages 70  
Of rock, and pass, and woodland, and  
ravine ;

And hardly will ye tempt them to forego  
These natural aids wherein they put  
their trust

As in their stubborn spirit, each alike  
Deem'd by themselves invincible, and so  
By Roman found and Goth . . beneath  
whose sway

Slowly persuaded rather than subdued  
They came, and still through every  
change retain'd

Their manners obstinate and barbarous  
speech.

My counsel, therefore, is, that we secure  
With strong increase of force the adja-  
cent posts, 81

And chiefly Gegio, leaving them so  
mann'd

As may abate the hope of enterprize  
Their strength being told. Time in a  
strife like this

Becomes the ally of those who trust in  
him :

Make then with Time your covenant.  
Old feuds

May disunite the chiefs : some may be  
gain'd

By fair entreaty, others by the stroke  
Of nature, or of policy, cut off.

This was the counsel which in Cordoba  
I offer'd Abdalaziz : in ill hour 91

Rejecting it, he sent upon this war  
His father's faithful friend ! Dark are  
the ways

Of destiny ! had I been at his side  
Old Muza would not now have mourn'd  
his age

Left childless, nor had Ayub dared defy  
The Caliph's represented power. The  
case

Calls for thine instant presence, with  
the weight

Of thy legitimate authority.

Julian, said Orpas, turning from  
 beneath 100  
 His turban to the Count a crafty eye,  
 Thy daughter is return'd; doth she not  
 bring  
 Some tidings of the movements of the  
 foe?  
 The Count replied, When child and  
 parent meet  
 First reconciled from discontents which  
 wrung  
 The hearts of both, ill should their con-  
 verse be  
 Of warlike matters! There hath been  
 no time  
 For such inquiries, neither should I think  
 To ask her touching that for which  
 I know 109  
 She hath neither eye nor thought.  
There was a time,  
 Orpas with smile malignant thus replied,  
 When in the progress of the Caliph's  
 arms  
 Count Julian's daughter had an interest  
 Which touch'd her nearly! But her  
 turn is served,  
 And hatred of Prince Orpas may beget  
 Indifference to the cause. Yet Destiny  
 Still guideth to the service of the faith  
 The wayward heart of woman; for as  
 one  
 Delivered Roderick to the avenging  
 sword,  
 So hath another at this hour betray'd  
 Pelayo to his fall. His sister came 121  
 At nightfall to my tent a fugitive.  
 She tells me that on learning our  
 approach  
 The rebel to a cavern in the hills  
 Had sent his wife and children, and with  
 them  
 Those of his followers, thinking there  
 conceal'd  
 They might be safe. She, moved, by  
 injuries

Which stung her spirit, on the way  
 escaped,  
 And for revenge will guide us. In  
 reward  
 She asks her brother's forfeiture of lands  
 In marriage with Numacian: some-  
 thing too 131  
 Touching his life, that for her services  
 It might be spared, she said; . . an after-  
 thought  
 To salve decorum, and if conscience wake  
 Serve as a sop: but when the sword shall  
 smite  
 Pelayo and his dangerous race, I ween  
 That a thin kerchief will dry all the tears  
 The Lady Guisla sheds!  
'Tis the old taint!  
 Said Julian mournfully; from her  
 mother's womb  
 She brought the inbred wickedness  
 which now 140  
 In ripe infection blossoms. Woman,  
 woman,  
 Still to the Goths art thou the instru-  
 ment  
 Of overthrow; thy virtue and thy vice  
 Fatal alike to them!  
Say rather, cried  
 The insidious renegade, that Allah thus  
 By woman punisheth the idolatry  
 Of those who raise a woman to the rank  
 Of godhead, calling on their Mary's name  
 With senseless prayers. In vain shall  
 they invoke  
 Her trusted succour now! like silly  
 birds 150  
 By fear betray'd, they fly into the toils;  
 And this Pelayo, who in lengthen'd war  
 Baffling our force, has thought perhaps  
 to reign  
 Prince of the Mountains, when we hold  
 his wife  
 And offspring at our mercy, must him-  
 self  
 Come to the lure,



Enough, the Leader said ;  
This unexpected work of favouring Fate  
Opens an easy way to our desires,  
And renders farther counsel needless  
now.

Great is the Prophet whose protecting  
power 160  
Goes with the faithful forth ! the rebels'  
days  
Are number'd ; Allah hath deliver'd  
them  
Into our hands !

So saying he arose ;  
The Chiefs withdrew, Orpas alone  
remain'd

Obedient to his indicated will.  
The event, said Abulcacem, hath ap-  
proved

Thy judgement in all points ; his  
daughter comes

At the first summons, even as thou  
saidst ;

Her errand with the insurgents done,  
she brings

Their well-concerted project back, a  
safe 170

And unexpected messenger ; . . the  
Moor, . .

The shallow Moor, . . must see and not  
perceive ;

Must hear and understand not ; yea  
must bear,

Poor easy fool, to serve their after mirth,  
A part in his own undoing ! But just  
Heaven

With this unlook'd-for incident hath  
marr'd

Their complots, and the sword shall cut  
this web

Of treason.

Well, the renegade replied,  
Thou knowest Count Julian's spirit,  
quick in wiles,

In act audacious. Baffled now, he  
thinks 180

Either by instant warning to apprize  
The rebels of their danger, or preserve  
The hostages when fallen into our power,  
Till secret craft contrive, or open force  
Win their enlargement. Haply too he  
dreams

Of Cordoba, the avenger and the friend  
Of Abdalaziz, in that cause to arm  
Moor against Moor, preparing for him-  
self

The victory o'er the enfeebled con-  
querors.

Success in treason hath embolden'd him,  
And power but serves him for fresh  
treachery, false 191

To Roderick first, and to the Caliph now.

The guilt, said Abulcacem, is con-  
firm'd,

The sentence pass'd ; all that is now  
required

Is to strike sure and safely. He hath  
with him

A veteran force devoted to his will,  
Whom to provoke were perilous ; nor  
less

Of peril lies there in delay : what course  
Between these equal dangers should we  
steer ?

They have been train'd beneath him  
in the wars 200

Of Africa, the renegade replied ;  
Men are they who, from their youth up,  
have found

Their occupation and their joy in arms ;  
Indifferent to the cause for which they  
fight,

But faithful to their leader, who hath  
won

By licence largely given, yet temper'd  
still

With exercise of firm authority,  
Their whole devotion. Vainly should  
we seek

By proof of Julian's guilt to pacify  
 Such martial spirits, unto whom all  
 creeds 210  
 And countries are alike ; but take away  
 The head, and forthwith their fidelity  
 Goes at the market price. The act must  
 be  
 Sudden and secret ; poison is too slow.  
 Thus it may best be done ; the Moun-  
 taineers,  
 Doubtless, ere long will rouse us with  
 some spur  
 Of sudden enterprize : at such a time  
 A trusty minister approaching him  
 May smite him, so that all shall think  
 the spear  
 Comes from the hostile troops.

Right counsellor !

Cried Abulcagem, thou shalt have his  
 lands, 221

The proper meed of thy fidelity :  
 His daughter thou may'st take or leave.  
 Go now

And find a faithful instrument to put  
 Our purpose in effect ! . . . And when 'tis  
 done,

The Moor, as Orpas from the tent with-  
 drew,

Muttering pursued, . . . look for a like  
 reward

Thyself ! that restless head of wicked-  
 ness

In the grave will brood no treasons.  
 Other babes

Scream when the Devil, as they spring  
 to life, 230

Infects them with his touch ; but thou  
 didst stretch

Thine arms to meet him, and like  
 mother's milk

Suck the congenial evil ! Thou hast  
 tried

Both laws, and were there aught to gain,  
 would st prove

A third as readily ; but when thy sins

Are weigh'd, 'twill be against an  
 empty scale,  
 And neither Prophet will avail thee  
 then !

### XXIII. THE VALE OF COVADONGA

THE camp is stirring, and ere day hath  
 dawn'd

The tents are struck. Early they rise  
 whom hope

Awakens, and they travel fast with  
 whom

She goes companion of the way. By  
 noon

Hath Abulcagem in his speed attain'd  
 The vale of Cangas. Well the trusty

scouts

Observe his march, and fleet as moun-  
 tain roes,

From post to post with instantaneous  
 speed

The warning bear : none else is nigh ;  
 the vale

Hath been deserted, and Pelayo's hall 10  
 Is open to the foe, who on the tower

Hoist their white signal-flag. In Sella's  
 stream

The misbelieving multitudes perform,  
 With hot and hasty hand, their noon-  
 tide rite,

Then hurryingly repeat the Impostor's  
 prayer.

Here they divide ; the Chieftain halts  
 with half

The host, retaining Julian and his men,  
 Whom where the valley widen'd he dis-  
 posed,

Liable to first attack, that so the deed  
 Of murder plann'd with Orpas might be

done. 20

The other force the Moor Alcahman led  
 Whom Guisla guided up Pionia's stream

Eastward to Soto. Ibrahim went with  
 him,  
 Proud of Granada's snowy heights sub-  
 dued,  
 And boasting of his skill in mountain  
 war ;  
 Yet sure he deem'd an easier victory  
 Awaited him this day. Little, quoth  
 he,  
 Weens the vain Mountaineer who puts  
 his trust  
 In dens and rocky fastnesses, how close  
 Destruction is at hand ! Belike he  
 thinks 30  
 The Humma's happy wings have sha-  
 dow'd him,  
 And therefore Fate with royalty must  
 crown  
 His chosen head ! Pity the scymitar  
 With its rude edge so soon should inter-  
 rupt  
 The pleasant dream !  
There can be no escape  
 For those who in the cave seek shelter,  
 cried  
 Alcahman ; yield they must, or from  
 their holes  
 Like bees we smoke them out. The  
 Chief perhaps  
 May reign awhile King of the wolves and  
 bears,  
 Till his own subjects hunt him down, or  
 kites 40  
 And crows divide what hunger may have  
 left  
 Upon his ghastly limbs. Happier for  
 him  
 That destiny should this day to our  
 hands  
 Deliver him ; short would be his suffer-  
 ings then ;  
 And we right joyfully should in one hour  
 Behold our work accomplish'd, and his  
 race  
 Extinct.

Thus these in mockery and in  
 thoughts  
 Of bloody triumph, to the future blind,  
 Indulged the scornful vein ; nor deem'd  
 that they  
 Whom to the sword's unsparing edge  
 they doom'd, 50  
 Even then in joyful expectation pray'd  
 To Heaven for their approach, and at  
 their post  
 Prepared, were trembling with excess  
 of hope.  
 Here in these mountain straits the  
 Mountaineer  
 Had felt his country's strength insuper-  
 able ;  
 Here he had pray'd to see the Musselman  
 With all his myriads ; therefore had he  
 look'd  
 To Covadonga as a sanctuary  
 Apt for concealment, easy of defence ;  
 And Guisla's flight, though to his heart  
 it sent 60  
 A pang more poignant for their mother's  
 sake,  
 Yet did it further in its consequence  
 His hope and project, surer than decoy  
 Well-laid, or best-concerted stratagem.  
 That sullen and revengeful mind, he  
 knew,  
 Would follow to the extremity of guilt  
 Its long fore-purposed shame : the toils  
 were laid,  
 And she who by the Musselmen full sure  
 Thought on her kindred her revenge to  
 wreak,  
 Led the Moors in.  
Count Pedro and his son  
 Were hovering with the main Asturian  
 forec 71  
 In the wider vale to watch occasion  
 there,  
 And with hot onset when the alarm  
 began  
 Pursue the vantage. In the fated straits

Of Deva had the King disposed the rest :  
 Amid the hanging woods, and on the  
 cliffs,  
 A long mile's length on either side its bed,  
 They lay. The lever and the axe and  
 saw  
 Had skilfully been plied ; and trees and  
 stones,  
 A dread artillery, ranged on crag and  
 shelf 80  
 And steep descent, were ready at the  
 word  
 Precipitate to roll resistless down.  
 The faithful maiden not more wistfully  
 Looks for the day that brings her lover  
 home ; . .  
 Scarce more impatiently the horse en-  
 dures  
 The rein, when loud and shrill the  
 hunter's horn  
 Rings in his joyous ears, than at their  
 post  
 The Mountaineers await their certain  
 prey ;  
 Yet mindful of their Prince's order, oft  
 And solemnly enforced, with eagerness  
 Subdued by minds well-master'd, they  
 expect 91  
 The appointed signal.  
 Hand must not be raised,  
 Foot stirr'd, nor voice be utter'd, said  
 the Chief,  
 Till the word pass : impatience would  
 mar all.  
 God hath deliver'd over to your hands  
 His enemies and ours, so we but use  
 The occasion wisely. Not till the word  
 pass  
 From man to man transmitted, ' In the  
 name  
 Of God, for Spain and Vengeance ! ' let  
 a hand  
 Be lifted ; on obedience all depends, 100  
 Their march below with noise of horse  
 and foot

And haply with the clang of instruments,  
 Might drown all other signal, this is  
 sure ;  
 But wait it calmly ; it will not be given  
 Till the whole line hath enter'd in the  
 toils.  
 Comrades, be patient, so shall none  
 escape  
 Who once set foot within these straits of  
 death.  
 Thus had Pelayo on the Mountaineers  
 With frequent and impressive charge  
 enforced  
 The needful exhortation. This alone  
 He doubted, that the Musselmen might  
 see 111  
 The perils of the vale, and warily  
 Forbear to enter. But they thought to  
 find,  
 As Guisla told, the main Asturian force  
 Seeking concealment there, no other aid  
 Soliciting from these their native hills ;  
 And that the babes and women having  
 fallen  
 In thralldom, they would lay their  
 weapons down,  
 And supplicate forgiveness for their  
 sake.  
 Nor did the Moors perceive in what a  
 strait 120  
 They enter'd ; for the morn had risen  
 o'ercast,  
 And when the Sun had reach'd the  
 height of heaven,  
 Dimly his pale and beamless orb was  
 seen  
 Moving through mist. A soft and  
 gentle rain,  
 Scarce heavier than the summer's even-  
 ing dew,  
 Descended, . . through so still an atmo-  
 sphere,  
 That every leaf upon the moveless trees  
 Was studded o'er with rain-drops,  
 bright and full,



None falling till from its own weight o'ersworn <span style="float: right;">129</span>	His faithful people. If when he shall hear
The motion came. Low on the mountain side	The tale of this day's work, he should for joy
The fleecy vapour hung, and in its veil With all their dreadful preparations wrapt	Forget that he is dead, and walk abroad, . .
The Mountaineers ; . . in breathless hope they lay,	It were as good a miracle as when He sliced the moon ! Sir Angel hear me now,
Some blessing God in silence for the power	Whoe'er thou be'st who are about to speed
This day vouchsafed ; others with fervency	From Spain to Araby ! when thou hast got
Of prayer and vow invoked the Mother- Maid,	The Prophet's ear, be sure thou tellest him <span style="float: right;">160</span>
Beseeching her that in this favouring hour	How bravely Ghauleb did his part to- day,
She would be strongly with them. From below	And with what special reverence he alone
Meantime distinct they heard the pass- ing tramp	Desired thee to commend him to his grace ! . .
Of horse and foot, continuous as the sound <span style="float: right;">140</span>	Fie on thee, scoffer that thou art ! replied
Of Deva's stream, and barbarous tongues commixt	His comrade ; thou wilt never leave these gibes
With laughter, and with frequent shouts, . . for all	Till some commission'd arrow through the teeth
Exultant came, expecting sure success ; Blind wretches over whom the ruin hung !	Shall nail the offending tongue. Hast thou not heard
They say, quoth one, that though the Prophet's soul	How when our clay is leaven'd first with life,
Doth with the black-eyed Houris bathe in bliss,	The ministering Angel brings it from that spot
Life hath not left his body, which bears up	Whereon 'tis written in the eternal book That soul and body must their parting take, <span style="float: right;">171</span>
By its miraculous power the holy tomb, And holds it at Medina in the air	And earth to earth return ? How knowest thou
Buoyant between the temple's floor and roof : <span style="float: right;">150</span>	But that the Spirit who compounded thee,
And there the Angels fly to him with news	To distant Syria from this very vale Bore thy component dust, and Azrael here
From East, West, North, and South, of what befalls	Awaits thee at this hour ? . . Little thought he

Who spake, that in that valley at that  
hour

One death awaited both!

Thus they pursued  
Toward the cave their inauspicious  
way.

Weak childhood there and ineffective  
age 180

In the chambers of the rock were placed  
secure;

But of the women, all whom with the  
babes

Maternal care detain'd not, were aloft  
To aid in the destruction; by the side  
Of fathers, brethren, husbands, sta-  
tion'd there,

They watch and pray. Pelayo in the  
cave

With the venerable Primate took his  
post.

Ranged on the rising cliffs on either  
hand,

Vigilant sentinels with eye intent

Observe his movements, when to take  
the word 190

And pass it forward. He in arms com-  
plete

Stands in the portal: a stern majesty  
Reign'd in his countenance severe that  
hour,

And in his eye a deep and dreadful joy  
Shone, as advancing up the vale he  
saw

The Moorish banners. God hath blinded  
them!

He said; the measure of their crimes is  
full!

O Vale of Deva, famous shalt thou be  
From this day forth for ever; and to  
these

Thy springs shall unborn generations  
come 200

In pilgrimage, and hallow with their  
prayers

The cradle of their native monarchy!

There was a stirring in the air, the sun  
Prevail'd, and gradually the brightening  
mist

Began to rise and melt. A jutting  
crag

Upon the right projected o'er the  
stream,

Not farther from the cave than a strong  
hand

Expert, with deadly aim, might cast the  
spear,

Or a strong voice, pitch'd to full com-  
pass, make

Its clear articulation heard distinct. 210  
A venturesome dalesman, once ascending  
there

To rob the eagle's nest, had fallen, and  
hung

Among the heather, wondrously pre-  
served:

Therefore had he with pious gratitude  
Placed on that overhanging brow a  
Cross,

Tall as the mast of some light fisher's  
skiff,

And from the vale conspicuous. As the  
Moors

Advanced, the Chieftain in the van was  
seen,

Known by his arms, and from the crag  
a voice

Pronounced his name, . . . Alcahman!  
hoa, look up, 220

Alcahman! As the floating mist drew  
up,

It had divided there, and open'd round  
The Cross; part clinging to the rock  
beneath,

Hovering and waving part in fleecy  
folds,

A canopy of silver light condensed  
To shape and substance. In the midst  
there stood

A female form, one hand upon the  
Cross,

The other raised in menacing act ; below  
Loose flow'd her raiment, but her  
breast was arm'd,  
And helmeted her head. The Moor  
turn'd pale, 230

For on the walls of Auria he had seen  
That well-known figure, and had well  
believed

She rested with the dead. What, ho !  
she cried,

Alcahman ! In the name of all who fell  
At Auria in the massacre, this hour  
I summon thee before the throne of  
God

To answer for the innocent blood ! This  
hour,

Moor, Miscreant, Murderer, Child of  
Hell, this hour

I summon thee to judgement ! . . In the  
name

Of God ! for Spain and Vengeance !

Thus she closed

Her speech ; for taking from the Pri-  
mate's hand 241

That oaken cross which at the sacring  
rites

Had served for crosier, at the cavern's  
mouth

Pelayo lifted it and gave the word.

From voice to voice on either side it  
pass'd

With rapid repetition, . . In the name  
Of God ! for Spain and Vengeance !  
and forthwith

On either side along the whole defile

The Asturians shouting in the name of  
God,

Set the whole ruin loose ! huge trunks  
and stones, 250

And loosen'd crags, down down they  
roll'd with rush

And bound, and thundering force. Such  
was the fall

As when some city by the labouring  
earth

Heaved from its strong foundations is  
cast down,

And all its dwellings, towers, and  
palaces,

In one wide desolation prostrated.

From end to end of that long strait, the  
crash

Was heard continuous, and commixt  
with sounds

More dreadful, shrieks of horror and  
despair,

And death, . . the wild and agonizing  
cry 260

Of that whole host in one destruction  
whelm'd.

Vain was all valour there, all martial  
skill ;

The valiant arm is helpless now ; the  
feet

Swift in the race avail not now to save ;  
They perish, all their thousands perish  
there, . .

Horsemen and infantry they perish  
all, . .

The outward armour and the bones  
within

Broken and bruised and crush'd. Echo  
prolong'd

The long uproar : a silence then ensued,  
Through which the sound of Deva's  
stream was heard, 270

A lonely voice of waters, wild and  
sweet ;

The lingering groan, the faintly-utter'd  
prayer,

The louder curses of despairing death,  
Ascended not so high. Down from the  
cave

Pelayo hastes, the Asturians hasten  
down,

Fierce and immitigable down they  
speed

On all sides, and along the vale of blood  
The avenging sword did mercy's work  
that hour.

XXIV. RODERICK AND  
COUNT JULIAN

THOU hast been busy, Death! this day,  
and yet  
But half thy work is done; the Gates of  
Hell  
Are throng'd, yet twice ten thousand  
spirits more,  
Who from their warm and healthful  
tenements  
Fear no divorce, must ere the sun go  
down  
Enter the world of woe! the Gate of  
Heaven  
Is open too, and Angels round the throne  
Of Mercy on their golden harps this day  
Shall sing the triumphs of Redeeming  
Love.

There was a Church at Cangas dedi-  
cate 10  
To that Apostle unto whom his Lord  
Had given the keys; a humble edifice,  
Whose rude and time-worn structure  
sued well  
That vale among the mountains. Its  
low roof  
With stone plants and with moss was  
overgrown,  
Short fern, and richer weeds which from  
the eaves  
Hung their long tresses down. White  
lichens clothed  
The sides, save where the ivy spread,  
which bower'd  
The porch, and clustering round the  
pointed wall,  
Wherein two bells, each open to the  
wind, 20  
Hung side by side, threaded with hairy  
shoots  
The double nich; and climbing to the  
cross,

Wreathed it and half conceal'd its sacred  
form  
With bushy tufts luxuriant. Here in  
the font, . .  
Borne hither with rejoicing and with  
prayers  
Of all the happy land who saw in him  
The lineage of their ancient Chiefs  
renew'd, . .  
The Prince had been immersed: and  
here within  
An oaken galilee, now black with age,  
His old Iberian ancestors were laid. 30

Two stately oaks stood nigh, in the  
full growth  
Of many a century. They had flourish'd  
there  
Before the Gothic sword was felt in  
Spain,  
And when the ancient sceptre of the  
Goths  
Was broken, there they flourish'd still.  
Their boughs  
Mingled on high, and stretching wide  
around,  
Form'd a deep shade, beneath which  
canopy  
Upon the ground Count Julian's board  
was spread,  
For to his daughter he had left his tent  
Pitch'd for her use hard by. He at the  
board 40  
Sate with his trusted Captains, Gun-  
derick,  
Felix and Miro, Theudered and Paul,  
Basil and Cottila, and Virimar,  
Men through all fortunes faithful to  
their Lord,  
And to that old and tried fidelity,  
By personal love and honour held in ties  
Strong as religious bonds. As there  
they sate,  
In the distant vale a rising dust was  
seen,



And frequent flash of steel, . . the flying  
fight

Of men who, by a fiery foe pursued, 50  
Put forth their coursers at full speed, to  
reach

The aid in which they trust. Up sprung  
the Chiefs,

And hastily taking helm and shield, and  
spear,

Sped to their post.

Amid the chesnut groves

On Sella's side, Alphonso had in charge  
To watch the foe; a prowling band  
came nigh,

Whom with the ardour of impetuous  
youth

He charged and followed them in close  
pursuit :

Quick succours join'd them; and the  
strife grew hot, 59

Ere Pedro hastening to bring off his son,  
Or Julian and his Captains, . . bent alike  
That hour to abstain from combat, (for  
by this

Full sure they deem'd Alcahman had  
secured

The easy means of certain victory,) . .  
Could reach the spot. Both thus in  
their intent

According, somewhat had they now  
allay'd

The fury of the fight, though still spears  
flew,

And strokes of sword and mace were  
interchanged,

When passing through the troop a Moor  
came up

On errand from the Chief, to Julian  
sent; 70

A fatal errand fatally perform'd

For Julian, for the Chief, and for himself,  
And all that host of Musselmen he  
brought;

For while with well-dissembled words  
he lured

The warrior's ear, the dexterous ruffian  
mark'd

The favouring moment and unguarded  
place,

And plunged a javelin in his side. The  
Count

Fell, but in falling called to Cottila,  
Treachery! the Moor! the Moor! . .

He too on whom

He call'd had seen the blow from whence  
it came, 80

And seized the murderer. Miscreant!  
he exclaim'd,

Who set thee on? The Musselman, who  
saw

His secret purpose baffled, undismayed,  
Replies, What I have done is authorized;  
To punish treachery and prevent worse  
ill

Orpas and Abulcacem sent me here;  
The service of the Caliph and the Faith  
Required the blow.

The Prophet and the Fiend  
Reward thee then! cried Cottila;  
meantime

Take thou from me thy proper earthly  
need; 90

Villain! . . and lifting as he spake the  
sword,

He smote him on the neck: the tren-  
chant blade

Through vein and artery pass'd and  
yielding bone;

And on the shoulder, as the assassin  
dropt,

His head half-severed fell. The curse  
of God

Fall on the Caliph and the Faith and thee;  
Stamping for anguish, Cottila pursued!  
African dogs, thus is it ye requite

Our services? . . But dearly shall ye pay  
For this day's work! . . O Fellow-  
soldiers, here, 100

Stretching his hands toward the host,  
he cried,

Behold your noble leader basely slain !  
 He who for twenty years hath led us  
 forth  
 To war, and brought us home with  
 victory,  
 Here he lies foully murdered, . . by the  
 Moors, . .  
 Those whom he trusted, whom he served  
 so well !  
 Our turn is next ! but neither will we  
 wait  
 Idly, nor tamely fall !

Amid the grief,  
 Tumult, and rage, of those who gather'd  
 round,  
 When Julian could be heard, I have yet  
 life, 110  
 He said, for vengeance. Virimar, speed  
 thou  
 To yonder Mountaineers, and tell their  
 Chiefs  
 That Julian's veteran army joins this  
 day  
 Pelayo's standard ! The command de-  
 volves  
 On Gunderick. Fellow-soldiers, who so  
 well  
 Redress'd the wrongs of your old  
 General,  
 Ye will not let this death go unrevenged ! . .  
 Tears then were seen on many an iron  
 cheek,  
 And groans were heard from many a  
 resolute heart,  
 And vows with imprecations mix'd went  
 forth, 120  
 And curses check'd by sobs. Bear me  
 apart,  
 Said Julian, with a faint and painful  
 voice,  
 And let me see my daughter ere I die.

Scarce had he spoken when the pity-  
 ing throng  
 Divide before her. Eagerly she came ;

A deep and fearful lustre in her eye,  
 A look of settled woe, . . pale, deadly  
 pale,  
 Yet to no lamentations giving way,  
 Nor tears nor groans ; . . within her  
 breaking heart  
 She bore the grief, and kneeling  
 solemnly 130  
 Beside him, raised her awful hands to  
 heaven,  
 And cried, Lord God ! be with him in  
 this hour !  
 Two things have I to think of, O my  
 child,  
 Vengeance and thee ; said Julian. For  
 the first  
 I have provided : what remains of life  
 As best may comfort thee may so be best  
 Employ'd ; let me be borne within the  
 church,  
 And thou, with that good man who  
 follows thee,  
 Attend me there.

Thus when Florinda heard  
 Her father speak, a gleam of heavenly  
 joy 140  
 Shone through the anguish of her coun-  
 tenance.  
 O gracious God, she cried, my prayers  
 are heard ;  
 Now let me die ! . . They raised him  
 from the earth ;  
 He, knitting as they lifted him his brow,  
 Drew in through open lips and teeth  
 firm-closed  
 His painful breath, and on the lance laid  
 hand,  
 Lest its long shaft should shake the  
 mortal wound.  
 Gently his men with slow and steady step  
 Their suffering burthen bore, and in the  
 Church  
 Before the altar laid him down, his head  
 Upon Florinda's knees. . . Now, friends,  
 said he, 151

Farewell. I ever hoped to meet my  
death

Among ye, like a soldier, . . . but not  
thus!

Go, join the Asturians; and in after  
years,

When of your old commander ye shall  
talk,

How well he loved his followers, what he  
was

In battle, and how basely he was slain,  
Let not the tale its fit completion lack,  
But say how bravely was his death  
revenged.

Vengeance! in that good word doth  
Julian make 160

His testament; your faithful swords  
must give

The will its full performance. Leave  
me now,

I have done with worldly things. Com-  
rades, farewell,

And love my memory!

They with copious tears

Of burning anger, grief exasperating  
Their rage, and fury giving force to grief,  
Hasten'd to form their ranks against the  
Moors.

Julian meantime toward the altar turn'd  
His languid eyes: That Image, is it not

St. Peter, he inquired, he who denied

His Lord and was forgiven? . . . Roderick  
rejoin'd, 171

It is the Apostle; and may that same  
Lord,

O Julian, to thy soul's salvation bless  
The reasonable thought!

The dying Count

Then fix'd upon the Goth his earnest  
eyes.

No time, said he, is this for bravery,  
As little for dissemblance. I would fain  
Die in the faith wherein my fathers died,  
Whereto they pledged me in mine in-  
fancy. . .

A soldier's habits, he pursued, have  
steel'd 180

My spirit, and perhaps I do not fear  
This passage as I ought. But if to feel  
That I have sinn'd, and from my soul  
renounce

The Impostor's faith, which never in  
that soul

Obtain'd a place, . . . if at the Saviour's  
feet,

Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry,  
Lord, I believe! help thou my un-  
belief! . . .

If this in the sincerity of death  
Sufficeth, . . . Father, let me from thy lips  
Receive the assurances with which the  
Church 190

Doth bless the dying Christian.

Roderick raised

His eyes to Heaven, and crossing on his  
breast

His open palms, Mysterious are thy ways  
And merciful, O gracious Lord! he cried,  
Who to this end hast thus been pleased  
to lead

My wandering steps! O Father, this thy  
son

Hath sinn'd and gone astray: but hast  
not Thou

Said, When the sinner from his evil ways  
Turneth, that he shall save his soul  
alive,

And Angels at the sight rejoice in  
Heaven? 200

Therefore do I, in thy most holy name,  
Into thy family receive again

Him who was lost, and in that name  
absolve

The Penitent. . . So saying on the head  
Of Julian solemnly he laid his hands.

Then to the altar tremblingly he turn'd,  
And took the bread, and breaking it,  
pursued,

Julian! receive from me the Bread of  
Life!

In silence reverently the Count partook  
The reconciling rite, and to his lips 210  
Roderick then held the consecrated cup.

Me too! exclaim'd Florinda, who till  
then  
Had listen'd speechlessly; Thou Man  
of God,  
I also must partake! The Lord hath  
heard  
My prayers! one sacrament, . . one  
hour, . . one grave, . .  
One resurrection!

That dread office done,  
Count Julian with amazement saw the  
Priest

Kneel down before him. By the sacra-  
ment

Which we have here partaken, Roderick  
cried,

In this most awful moment; by that  
hope, . . 220

That holy faith which comforts thee in  
death,

Grant thy forgiveness, Julian, ere thou  
diest!

Behold the man who most hath injured  
thee!

Roderick, the wretched Goth, the guilty  
cause

Of all thy guilt, . . the unworthy instru-  
ment

Of thy redemption, . . kneels before thee  
here,

And prays to be forgiven!

Roderick! exclaim'd  
The dying Count, . . Roderick! . . and  
from the floor

With violent effort half he raised him-  
self;

The spear hung heavy in his side, and  
pain 230

And weakness overcame him, that he fell  
Back on his daughter's lap. O Death,  
cried he, . .

Passing his hand across his cold damp  
brow, . .

Thou tamest the strong limb, and con-  
querest

The stubborn heart! But yesterday  
I said

One Heaven could not contain mine  
enemy

And me: and now I lift my dying voice  
To say, Forgive me, Lord, as I forgive  
Him who hath done the wrong! . . He  
closed his eyes

A moment; then with sudden impulse  
cried, . . 240

Roderick, thy wife is dead, . . the Church  
hath power

To free thee from thy vows, . . the broken  
heart

Might yet be heal'd, the wrong redress'd,  
the throne

Rebuilt by that same hand which pull'd  
it down,

And these cursed Africans. . . Oh for a  
month

Of that waste life which millions mis-  
bestow! . .

His voice was passionate, and in his eye  
With glowing animation while he spake  
The vehement spirit shone: its effort  
soon

Was pass'd, and painfully with feeble  
breath 250

In slow and difficult utterance he pur-  
sued, . .

Vain hope, if all the evil was ordain'd,  
And this wide wreck the will and work  
of Heaven,

We but the poor occasion! Death will  
make

All clear, and joining us in better worlds,  
Complete our union there! Do for me now

One friendly office more: draw forth the  
spear,

And free me from this pain! . . Receive  
his soul,



Saviour! exclaim'd the Goth, as he per-  
form'd  
The fatal service. Julian cried, O  
friend! . . . 260  
True friend! . . . and gave to him his  
dying hand.  
Then said he to Florinda, I go first,  
Thou followest! . . . kiss me, child! . . . and  
now good night!  
When from her father's body she arose,  
Her cheek was flush'd, and in her eyes  
there beam'd  
A wilder brightness. On the Goth she  
gazed  
While underneath the emotions of that  
hour  
Exhausted life gave way. O God! she  
said,  
Lifting her hands, thou hast restored  
me all, . . .  
All . . . in one hour! . . . and round his neck  
she threw 270  
Her arms and cried, My Roderick!  
mine in Heaven!  
Groaning, he clasp'd her close, and in  
that act  
And agony her happy spirit fled.

## XXV. RODERICK IN BATTLE

EIGHT thousand men had to Asturias  
march'd  
Beneath Count Julian's banner; the  
remains  
Of that brave army which in Africa  
So well against the Musselman made  
head,  
Till sense of injuries insupportable,  
And raging thirst of vengeance, over-  
threw  
Their leader's noble spirit. To revenge  
His quarrel, twice that number left their  
bones,  
Slain in unnatural battle, on the field

Of Xeres, when the sceptre from the  
Goths 10  
By righteous Heaven was reft. Others  
had fallen  
Consumed in sieges, alway by the Moor  
To the front of war opposed. The  
policy,  
With whatsoever show of honour  
cloak'd,  
Was gross, and this surviving band had  
oft  
At their carousals, of the flagrant wrong,  
Held such discourses as stirs the mount-  
ing blood,  
The common danger with one discontent  
Affecting chiefs and men. Nor had the  
bonds  
Of rooted discipline and faith attach'd,  
Thus long restrain'd them, had they not  
known well 21  
That Julian in their just resentment  
shared,  
And fix'd their hopes on him. Slight  
impulse now  
Sufficed to make these fiery martialists  
Break forth in open fury; and though  
first  
Count Pedro listen'd with suspicious ear  
To Julian's dying errand, deeming it  
Some new decoy of treason, . . . when he  
found  
A second legate follow'd Virimar,  
And then a third, and saw the turbu-  
lence 30  
Of the camp, and how against the Moors  
in haste  
They form'd their lines, he knew that  
Providence  
This hour had for his country interposed,  
And in such faith advanced to use the  
aid  
Thus wondrously ordain'd. The eager  
Chiefs  
Hasten to greet him, Cottila and Paul,  
Basil and Miro, Theudered, Gunderick,

Felix, and all who held authority ;  
 The zealous services of their brave host  
 They proffer'd, and besought him in-  
 stantly 40  
 To lead against the African their force  
 Combined, and in good hour assail a foe  
 Divided, nor for such attack prepared.

While thus they communed, Roderick  
 from the church  
 Came forth, and seeing Pedro, bent his  
 way

Toward them. Sirs, said he, the Count  
 is dead ;

He died a Christian, reconciled to  
 Heaven,

In faith ; and when his daughter had  
 received

His dying breath, her spirit too took  
 flight. 49

One sacrament, one death, united them ;  
 And I beseech ye, ye who from the work  
 Of blood which lies before us may  
 return, . .

If, as I think, it should not be my fate . .  
 That in one grave with Christian cere-  
 monies

Ye lay them side by side. In Heaven  
 I ween

They are met through mercy : . . ill befall  
 the man

Who should in death divide them ! . .  
 Then he turn'd

His speech to Pedro in an under voice ;  
 The King, said he, I know with noble  
 mind

Will judge of the departed ; Christian  
 like 60

He died, and with a manly penitence :  
 They who condemn him most should  
 call to mind

How grievous was the wrong which  
 madden'd him ;

Be that remember'd in his history,  
 And let no shame be offer'd his remains.

As Pedro would have answer'd, a loud  
 cry

Of menacing imprecation from the troops  
 Arose ; for Orpas, by the Moorish Chief  
 Sent to allay the storm his villainy  
 Had stirr'd, came hastening on a milk-  
 white steed, 70

And at safe distance having check'd the  
 rein,

Beckon'd for parley. 'Twas Orelio  
 On which he rode, Roderick's own  
 battle-horse,

Who from his master's hand had went  
 to feed,

And with a glad docility obey  
 His voice familiar. At the sight the  
 Goth

Started, and indignation to his soul  
 Brought back the thoughts and feelings  
 of old times.

Suffer me, Count, he cried, to answer  
 him,

And hold these back the while ! Thus  
 having said, 80

He waited no reply, but as he was,  
 Bareheaded, in his weeds, and all un-  
 arm'd,

Advanced toward the renegade. Sir  
 Priest,

Quoth Orpas as he came, I hold no talk  
 With thee ; my errand is with Gun-  
 derick

And the Captains of the host, to whom  
 I bring

Such liberal offers and clear proof . .  
 The Goth,

Breaking with scornful voice his speech,  
 exclaim'd,

What, could no steed but Roderick's  
 serve thy turn ?

I should have thought some sleek and  
 sober mule 90

Long train'd in shackles to procession  
 pace,

More suited to my lord of Seville's use

Than this good war-horse, . . he who  
 never bore  
 A villain, until Orpas cross'd his back ! . .  
 Wretch ! cried the astonish'd renegade,  
 and stoopt,  
 Foaming with anger, from the saddle-  
 bow  
 To reach his weapon. Ere the hasty  
 hand  
 Trembling in passion could perform its  
 will,  
 Roderick had seized the reins. How  
 now, he cried,  
 Orelio ! old companion, . . my good  
 horse, . . 100  
 Off with this recreant burthen ! . . And  
 with that  
 He raised his hand, and rear'd and  
 back'd the steed,  
 To that remember'd voice and arm of  
 power  
 Obedient. Down the helpless traitor  
 fell  
 Violently thrown, and Roderick over  
 him  
 Thrice led with just and unrelenting  
 hand  
 The trampling hoofs. Go join Witiza  
 now,  
 Where he lies howling, the avenger cried,  
 And tell him Roderick sent thee !  
At that sight,
 Count Julian's soldiers and the Asturian  
 host 110  
 Set up a shout, a joyful shout, which  
 rung  
 Wide through the welkin. Their exult-  
 ing cry  
 With louder acclamation was renew'd,  
 When from the expiring miscreant's  
 neck they saw  
 That Roderick took the shield, and  
 round his own  
 Hung it, and vaulted in the seat. My  
 horse !

My noble horse ! he cried, with flatter-  
 ing hand  
 Patting his high-arch'd neck ! the rene-  
 gade,  
 I thank him for't, hath kept thee  
 daintily !  
 Orelio, thou art in thy beauty still, 120  
 Thy pride and strength ! Orelio, my  
 good horse,  
 Once more thou bearest to the field thy  
 Lord,  
 He who so oft hath fed and cherish'd  
 thee,  
 He for whose sake, wherever thou wert  
 seen,  
 Thou wert by all men honour'd. Once  
 again  
 Thou hast thy proper master ! Do thy  
 part  
 As thou wert wont ; and bear him glori-  
 ously,  
 My beautiful Orelio, . . to the last, . .  
 The happiest of his fields ! . . Then he  
 drew forth  
 The scymitar, and waving it aloft, 130  
 Rode toward the troops ; its unaccus-  
 tom'd shape  
 Disliked him ; Renegade in all things !  
 cried  
 The Goth, and cast it from him ; to the  
 Chiefs  
 Then said, If I have done ye service  
 here,  
 Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish  
 sword !  
 The trustiest blade that e'er in Bilbilis  
 Was dipt, would not to-day be mis-  
 bestowed  
 On this right hand ! . . Go some one,  
 Gunderick cried,  
 And bring Count Julian's sword. Who-  
 e'er thou art,  
 The worth which thou hast shown  
 avenging him 140  
 Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest

For battle unequipp'd; . . haste there and  
strip

Yon villain of his armour!

Late he spake,  
So fast the Moors came on. It matters  
not,

Replied the Goth; there's many a  
mountaineer,

Who in no better armour cased this day  
Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be  
found

In the hottest battle, yet bring off un-  
touch'd

The unguarded life he ventures. . .  
Taking then

Count Julian's sword, he fitted round  
his wrist 150

The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel  
With stern regard of joy, The African  
Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,  
Who tastes thy edge! . . Make ready for  
the charge!

They come . . they come! . . On, breth-  
ren, to the field! . .

The word is Vengeance!

Vengeance was the word;  
From man to man, and rank to rank it  
pass'd,

By every heart enforced, by every voice  
Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.

The enemy in shriller sounds return'd  
Their Akbar and the Prophet's trusted  
name. 161

The horsemen lower'd their spears, the  
infantry

Deliberately with slow and steady step  
Advanced; the bowstrings twang'd,  
and arrows hiss'd,

And javelins hurtled by. Anon the  
hosts

Met in the shock of battle, horse and man  
Conflicting; shield struck shield, and  
sword and mace

And curtle-axe on helm and buckler  
rang;

Armour was riven, and wounds were  
interchanged,

And many a spirit from its mortal hold  
Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the  
Chiefs 171

Of Julian's army in that hour support  
Their old esteem; and well Count Pedro  
there

Enhanced his former praise; and by his  
side,

Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife,  
Alphonso through the host of infidels  
Bore on his bloody lance dismay and  
death.

But there was worst confusion and up-  
roar,

There widest slaughter and dismay,  
where, proud

Of his recover'd Lord, Orelia plunged  
Through thickest ranks, trampling be-  
neath his feet 181

The living and the dead. Where'er he  
turns

The Moors divide and fly. What man  
is this,

Appall'd they say, who to the front of war  
Bareheaded offers thus his naked life?

Replete with power he is, and terrible,  
Like some destroying Angel! Sure his  
lips

Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and  
he comes

Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly!  
They said, this is no human foe! . . Nor

less 190

Of wonder fill'd the Spaniards when they  
saw

How flight and terror went before his  
way,

And slaughter in his path. Behold,  
cries one,  
With what command and knightly ease  
he sits

The intrepid steed, and deals from side  
to side



His dreadful blows ! Not Roderick in his  
power  
Bestrode with such command and  
majesty  
That noble war-horse. His loose robe  
this day  
Is death's black banner, shaking from  
its folds 199  
Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould  
Is he who in that garb of peace affronts  
Whole hosts, and sees them scatter  
where he turns !  
Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and  
some Saint  
Revisits earth !

Ay, cries another, Heaven  
Hath ever with especial bounty blest  
Above all other lands its favour'd Spain;  
Chusing her children forth from all man-  
kind

For its peculiar people, as of yore  
Abraham's ungrateful race beneath the  
Law.

Who knows not how on that most holy  
night 210

When peace on Earth by Angels was  
proclaim'd,

The light which o'er the fields of Bethle-  
hem shone,

Irradiated whole Spain ? not just dis-  
play'd,

As to the Shepherds, and again with-  
drawn ;

All the long winter hours from eve till  
morn

Her forests and her mountains and her  
plains,

Her hills and valleys were embathed in  
light,

A light which came not from the sun or  
moon

Or stars, by secondary powers dis-  
pensed,

But from the fountain-springs the Light  
of Light 220

Effluent. And wherefore should we not  
believe

That this may be some Saint or Angel,  
charged

To lead us to miraculous victory ?

Hath not the Virgin Mother oftentimes  
Descending, clothed in glory, sanctified

With feet adorable our happy soil ? . .

Mark'd ye not, said another, how he cast  
In wrath the unhallow'd scymitar  
away,

And called for Christian weapon ? Oh  
be sure

This is the aid of Heaven ! On, com-  
rades, on ! 230

A miracle to-day is wrought for Spain !  
Victory and Vengeance ! Hew the mis-  
creants down,

And spare not ! hew them down in  
sacrifice !

God is with us ! his Saints are in the  
field !

Victory ! miraculous Victory !

Thus they

Inflamed with wild belief the keen desire  
Of vengeance on their enemies abhorr'd.

The Moorish chief, meantime, o'erlook'd  
the fight

From an eminence, and cursed the  
renegade

Whose counsels sorting to such ill effect  
Had brought this danger on. Lo, from  
the East 241

Comes fresh alarm ! a few poor fugitives  
Well-nigh with fear exanimate came up,

From Covadonga flying, and the rear  
Of that destruction, scarce with breath

to tell

Their dreadful tale. When Abulcacem  
heard,

Stricken with horror, like a man bereft  
Of sense, he stood. O Prophet, he  
exclaim'd,

A hard and cruel fortune hast thou  
brought 249

This day upon thy servant! Must I then  
Here with disgrace and ruin close a life  
Of glorious deeds? But how should man  
resist

Fate's irreversible decrees, or why  
Murmur at what must be? They who  
survive

May mourn the evil which this day  
begins:

My part will soon be done! . . . Grief then  
gave way

To rage, and cursing Guisla, he pursued,  
Oh that that treacherous woman were  
but here!

It were a consolation to give her  
The evil death she merits!

That reward  
She hath had, a Moor replied. For  
when we reach'd 261

The entrance of the vale, it was her  
choice

There in the farthest dwellings to be  
left,

Lest she should see her brother's face;  
but thence

We found her flying at the overthrow,  
And visiting the treason on her head,  
Pierced her with wounds. . . Poor ven-  
geance for a host

Destroyed! said Abulcacem in his soul.  
Howbeit, resolving to the last to do  
His office, he roused up his spirit. Go,  
Strike off Count Eudon's head! he  
cried; the fear 271

Which brought him to our camp will  
bring him else

In arms against us now; For Sisibert  
And Ebba, he continued thus in thought,  
Their uncle's fate for ever bars all plots  
Of treason on their part; no hope have  
they

Of safety but with us. He call'd them  
then

With chosen troops to join him in the  
front

Of battle, that by bravely making head,  
Retreat might now be won. Then  
fiercer raged 280

The conflict, and more frequent cries of  
death,

Mingling with imprecations and with  
prayers,

Rose through the din of war.

By this the blood  
Which Deva down her fatal channel  
pour'd,

Purpling Pionia's course, had reach'd  
and stain'd

The wider stream of Sella. Soon far off  
The frequent glance of spears and gleam  
of arms

Were seen, which sparkled to the  
westering orb,

Where down the vale impatient to com-  
plete

The glorious work so well that day  
began, 290

Pelayo led his troops. On foot they  
came,

Chieftains and men alike; the Oaken  
Cross

Triumphant borne on high, precedes  
their march,

And broad and bright the argent banner  
shone.

Roderick, who dealing death from side  
to side,

Had through the Moorish army now  
made way,

Beheld it flash, and judging well what  
aid

Approach'd, with sudden impulse that  
way rode,

To tell of what had pass'd, . . . lest in the  
strife

They should engage with Julian's men,  
and mar 300

The mighty consummation. One ran on  
To meet him fleet of foot, and having  
given

His tale to this swift messenger, the  
Goth

Halted awhile to let Orelio breathe.  
Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes  
Deceive me not, yon horse, whose reek-  
ing sides

Are red with slaughter, is the same on  
whom

The apostate Orpas in his vauntery  
Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.  
But thou shouldst know him best ;  
regard him well : 310  
Is't not Orelio ?

Either it is he.

The old man replied, or one so like to  
him,

Whom all thought matchless, that  
similitude

Would be the greater wonder. But  
behold,

What man is he who in that disarray  
Doth with such power and majesty  
bestride

The noble steed, as if he felt himself  
In his own proper seat ? Look how he  
leans

To cherish him ; and how the gallant  
horse

Curves up his stately neck, and bends  
his head, 320

As if again to court that gentle touch,  
And answer to the voice which praises  
him.

Can it be Maccabee ? rejoin'd the King,  
Or are the secret wishes of my soul  
Indeed fulfill'd, and hath the grave  
given up

Its dead ? . . So saying, on the old man  
he turn'd

Eyes full of wide astonishment, which  
told

The incipient thought that for incredible  
He spake no farther. But enough had  
pass'd, 329

For old Siverian started at the words

Like one who sees a spectre, and ex-  
claim'd,

Blind that I was to know him not till  
now !

My Master, O my Master !

He meantime

With easy pace moved on to meet their  
march.

King, to Pelayo he began, this day  
By means scarce less than miracle, thy  
throne

Is stablish'd, and the wrongs of Spain  
revenged.

Orpas the accursed, upon yonder field  
Lies ready for the ravens. By the  
Moors

Treacherously slain, Count Julian will  
be found 340

Before Saint Peter's altar ; unto him  
Grace was vouchsafed ; and by that  
holy power

Which at Visonia from the Primate's  
hand

Of his own proper act to me was given,  
Unworthy as I am, . . yet sure I think  
Not without mystery as the event hath  
shown, . .

Did I accept Count Julian's penitence,  
And reconcile the dying man to Heaven.  
Beside him hath his daughter fallen  
asleep ;

Deal honourably with his remains, and  
let 350

One grave with Christian rites receive  
them both.

Is it not written that as the Tree falls  
So it shall lie ?

In this and all things else,

Pelayo answer'd, looking wistfully  
Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be  
done.

Then Roderick saw that he was known,  
and turn'd

His head away in silence. But the old  
man

Laid hold upon his bridle, and look'd up  
In his master's face, weeping and  
silently.

Thereat the Goth with fervent pressure  
took 360

His hand, and bending down toward him  
said,

My good Siverian, go not thou this day  
To war! I charge thee keep thyself  
from harm!

Thou art past the age for battles, and  
with whom

Hereafter should thy mistress talk of me  
If thou wert gone? . . . Thou seest I am  
unarm'd;

Thus disarray'd as thou beholdest me,  
Clean through yon miscreant army have  
I cut

My way unhurt; but being once by  
Heaven

Preserved, I would not perish with the  
guilt 370

Of having wilfully provoked my death.  
Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass! . .  
nay, . .

Thou wert not wont to let me ask in  
vain,

Nor to gainsay me when my will was  
known!

To thee methinks I should be still the  
King.

Thus saying, they withdrew a little  
way

Within the trees. Roderick alighted  
there,

And in the old man's armour dight him-  
self.

Dost thou not marvel by what wondrous  
chance,

Said he, Orelia to his master's hand 380  
Hath been restored? I found the

renegade

Of Seville on his back, and hurl'd him  
down

Headlong to the earth. The noble  
animal

Rejoicingly obey'd my hand to shake  
His recreant burthen off, and trample out  
The life which once I spared in evil hour.  
Now let me meet Witiza's viperous sons  
In yonder field, and then I may go rest  
In peace, . . my work is done!

And nobly done!

Exclaim'd the old man. Oh! thou art  
greater now 390

Than in that glorious hour of victory  
When grovelling in the dust Witiza lay,  
The prisoner of thy hand! . . Roderick  
replied,

O good Siverian, happier victory  
Thy son hath now achieved! . . the  
victory

Over the world, his sins, and his despair.  
If on the field my body should be found,  
See it, I charge thee, laid in Julian's  
grave,

And let no idle ear be told for whom  
Thou mournest. Thou wilt use Orelia  
As doth beseem the steed which hath  
so oft 401

Carried a King to battle; . . he hath  
done

Good service for his rightful Lord to-  
day,

And better yet must do. Siverian, now  
Farewell! I think we shall not meet  
again

Till it be in that world where never  
change

Is known, and they who love shall part  
no more.

Commend me to my mother's prayers,  
and say

That never man enjoy'd a heavenlier  
peace

Than Roderick at this hour. O faithful  
friend, 410

How dear thou art to me these tears  
may tell!



With that he fell upon the old man's  
neck ;  
Then vaulted in the saddle, gave the  
reins,  
And soon rejoin'd the host. On, com-  
rades, on !  
Victory and Vengeance ! he exclaim'd,  
and took  
The lead on that good charger, he alone  
Horsed for the onset. They with one  
consent  
Gave all their voices to the inspiring cry,  
Victory and Vengeance ! and the hills  
and rocks  
Caught the prophetic shout and roll'd  
it round. 420  
Count Pedro's people heard amid the  
heat  
Of battle, and return'd the glad acclaim.  
The astonish'd Musselmen, on all sides  
charged,  
Hear that tremendous cry ; yet man-  
fully  
They stood, and every where with gallant  
front  
Opposed in fair array the shock of war.  
Desperately they fought, like men ex-  
pert in arms,  
And knowing that no safety could be  
found,  
Save from their own right hands. No  
former day 429  
Of all his long career had seen their chief  
Approved so well ; nor had Witiza's sons  
Ever before this hour achieved in fight  
Such feats of resolute valour. Sisibert  
Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,  
And twice essay'd beneath his horse's  
feet  
To thrust him down. Twice did the  
Prince evade  
The shock, and twice upon his shield  
received  
The fratricidal sword. Tempt me no  
more,

Son of Witiza, cried the indignant chief,  
Lest I forget what mother gave thee  
birth ! 440  
Go meet thy death from any hand but  
mine !  
He said, and turn'd aside. Fittest from  
me !  
Exclaim'd a dreadful voice, as through  
the throng  
Orelio forced his way ; fittest from me  
Receive the rightful death too long with-  
held !  
'Tis Roderick strikes the blow ! And as  
he spake,  
Upon the traitor's shoulder fierce he  
drove  
The weapon, well-bestow'd. He in the  
seat  
Totter'd and fell. The Avenger has-  
ten'd on  
In search of Ebba ; and in the heat of  
fight 450  
Rejoicing and forgetful of all else,  
Set up his cry as he was wont in youth,  
Roderick the Goth ! . . his war-cry  
known so well.  
Pelayo eagerly took up the word,  
And shouted out his kinsman's name  
beloved,  
Roderick the Goth ! Roderick and Vic-  
tory !  
Roderick and Vengeance ! Odoar gave  
it forth ;  
Urban repeated it, and through his ranks  
Count Pedro sent the cry. Not from  
the field  
Of his great victory, when Witiza fell,  
With louder acclamations had that  
name 461  
Been borne abroad upon the winds of  
heaven.  
The unreflecting throng, who yesterday,  
If it had pass'd their lips, would with  
a curse  
Have clogg'd it, echoed it as if it came

From some celestial voice in the air,  
 reveal'd  
 To be the certain pledge of all their  
 hopes.  
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Vic-  
 tory!  
 Roderick and Vengeance! O'er the field  
 it spread,  
 All hearts and tongues uniting in the  
 cry; 470  
 Mountains and rocks and vales re-  
 echoed round;  
 And he, rejoicing in his strength, rode  
 on,  
 Laying on the Moors with that good  
 sword, and smote,  
 And overthrew, and scatter'd, and  
 destroy'd,  
 And trampled down; and still at every  
 blow  
 Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,  
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Vic-  
 tory!  
 Roderick and Vengeance!  
 Thus he made his way,  
 Smiting and slaying through the as-  
 tonish'd ranks, 479  
 Till he beheld, where on a fiery barb,  
 Ebba, performing well a soldier's part,  
 Dealt to the right and left his deadly  
 blows.  
 With mutual rage they met. The  
 renegade  
 Displays a scymitar, the splendid gift  
 Of Walid from Damascus sent; its hilt  
 Emboss'd with gems, its blade of perfect  
 steel,  
 Which, like a mirror sparkling to the  
 sun  
 With dazzling splendour, flash'd. The  
 Goth objects  
 His shield, and on its rim received the  
 edge  
 Driven from its aim aside, and of its  
 force 490

Diminish'd. Many a frustrate stroke  
 was dealt  
 On either part, and many a foin and  
 thrust  
 Aim'd and rebated; many a deadly  
 blow,  
 Straight, or reverse, delivered and  
 repell'd.  
 Roderick at length with better speed  
 hath reach'd  
 The apostate's turban, and through all  
 its folds  
 The true Cantabrian weapon making way  
 Attain'd his forehead. Wretch! the  
 avenger cried,  
 It comes from Roderick's hand!  
 Roderick the Goth,  
 Who spared, who trusted thee, and was  
 betray'd! 500  
 Go tell thy father now how thou hast  
 sped  
 With all thy treasons! Saying thus he  
 seized  
 The miserable, who, blinded now with  
 blood,  
 Reel'd in the saddle; and with sidelong  
 step  
 Backing Orelia, drew him to the ground.  
 He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet  
 He fell, forgot his late-learn'd creed, and  
 called  
 On Mary's name. The dreadful Goth  
 pass'd on,  
 Still plunging through the thickest war,  
 and still  
 Scattering, where'er he turn'd, the  
 affrighted ranks. 510  
 O who could tell what deeds were  
 wrought that day;  
 Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,  
 Hatred, and madness, and despair, and  
 fear,  
 Horror, and wounds, and agony, and  
 death,

The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks,  
and groans,

And prayers, which mingled with the  
din of arms

In one wild uproar of terrific sounds ;  
While over all predominant was heard,  
Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the  
field,

Roderick the Goth ! Roderick and Vic-  
tory ! 520

Roderick and Vengeance ! . . Woo for  
Africa !

Woe for the circumcised ! Woe for the  
faith

Of the lying Ishmaelite that hour ! The  
Chiefs

Have fallen ; the Moors, confused and  
captainless,

And panic-stricken, vainly seek to escape  
The inevitable fate. Turn where they  
will,

Strong in his cause, rejoicing in success,  
Insatiate at the banquet of revenge,

The enemy is there ; look where they  
will,

Death hath environed their devoted  
ranks : 530

Fly where they will, the avenger and the  
sword

Await them, . . wretches ! whom the  
righteous arm

Hath overtaken ! . . Join'd in bonds of  
faith

Accurs'd, the most flagitious of mankind  
From all parts met are here ; the apos-  
tate Greek,

The vicious Syrian, and the sullen Copt,  
The Persian cruel and corrupt of soul,  
The Arabian robber, and the prowling  
sons

Of Africa, who from their thirsty sands  
Pray that the locusts on the peopled  
plain 540

May settle and prepare their way. Con-  
joined

Beneath an impious faith, which  
sanctifies

To them all deeds of wickedness and  
blood, . .

Yea, and halloos them on, . . here are  
they met

To be conjoin'd in punishment this  
hour.

For plunder, violation, massacre,

All hideous, all unutterable things,

The righteous, the immitigable sword  
Exacts due vengeance now ! the cry of  
blood

Is heard : the measure of their crimes is  
full ; 550

Such mercy as the Moor at Auria gave,  
Such mercy hath he found this dreadful  
hour !

The evening darken'd, but the aveng-  
ing sword

Turn'd not away its edge till night had  
closed

Upon the field of blood. The Chieftains  
then

Blew the recall, and from their perfect  
work

Return'd rejoicing, all but he for whom  
All look'd with most expectance. He  
full sure

Had thought upon that field to find his  
end

Desired, and with Florinda in the  
grave 560

Rest, in indissoluble union join'd.

But still where through the press of war  
he went

Half-arm'd, and like a lover seeking  
death,

The arrows pass'd him by to right and  
left,

The spear-point pierced him not, the  
scymitar

Glanced from his helmet ; he, when he  
beheld

The rout complete, saw that the shield  
of Heaven  
Had been extended over him once more,  
And bowed before its will. Upon the  
banks  
Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs 570  
And flanks incarnadined, his poitral  
smeared  
With froth and foam and gore, his silver  
mane  
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on  
every hair,  
Aspersed like dew-drops; trembling  
there he stood  
From the toil of battle, and at times  
sent forth  
His tremulous voice far echoing loud  
and shrill,  
A frequent anxious cry, with which he  
seem'd

To call the master whom he loved so  
well,  
And who had thus again forsaken him.  
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass  
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt  
and chain 581  
Clotted with blood; but where was he  
whose hand  
Had wielded it so well that glorious  
day? . .

Days, months, and years, and genera-  
tions pass'd,  
And centuries held their course, before,  
far off  
Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls  
A humble tomb was found, which bore  
inscribed  
In ancient characters King Roderick's  
name.



# SELECTED MINOR POEMS

## THE HOLLY TREE

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
Dec. 17, 1798, afterwards in *The Annual  
Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

1

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see  
The Holly Tree?  
The eye that contemplates it well per-  
ceives  
Its glossy leaves  
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the Atheist's  
sophistries.

2

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are  
seen  
Wrinkled and keen;  
No grazing cattle through their prickly  
round  
Can reach to wound; 10  
But as they grow where nothing is to  
fear,  
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves  
appear.

3

I love to view these things with curious  
eyes,  
And moralize:  
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree  
Can emblems see  
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant  
rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after time.

4

Thus, though abroad perchance I might  
appear  
Harsh and austere, 20

To those who on my leisure would in-  
trude  
Reserved and rude,  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly  
Tree.

5

And should my youth, as youth is apt  
I know,  
Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I day by day  
Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should  
be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly  
Tree. 30

6

And as when all the summer trees are  
seen  
So bright and green,  
The Holly leaves a sober hue display  
Less bright than they,  
But when the bare and wintry woods we  
see,  
What then so cheerful as the Holly  
Tree?

7

So serious should my youth appear  
among  
The thoughtless throng,  
So would I seem amid the young and  
gay  
More grave than they, 40  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

*Westbury*, 1798.

## THE DEAD FRIEND

[Published in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799,  
and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

## 1

Nor to the grave, not to the grave, my  
Soul,

Descend to contemplate  
The form that once was dear  
The Spirit is not there

Which kindled that dead eye,  
Which throbb'd in that cold heart,  
Which in that motionless hand  
Hath met thy friendly grasp.

The Spirit is not there !

It is but lifeless perishable flesh 10  
That moulders in the grave ;  
Earth, air, and water's ministering  
particles

Now to the elements  
Resolved, their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my  
Soul,

Follow thy friend beloved,  
The spirit is not there !

## 2

Often together have we talk'd of death ;

How sweet it were to see

All doubtful things made clear ; 20

How sweet it were with powers

Such as the Cherubim,

To view the depth of Heaven !

O Edmund ! thou hast first

Begun the travel of Eternity !

I look upon the stars,

And think that thou art there,

Unfetter'd as the thought that follows  
thee.

## 3

And we have often said how sweet it  
were

With unseen ministry of angel power 30  
To watch the friends we loved.

Edmund ! we did not err !

Sure I have felt thy presence ! Thou  
hast given

A birth to holy thought,  
Has kept me from the world unstain'd  
and pure.

Edmund ! we did not err !

Our best affections here

They are not like the toys of infancy ;  
The Soul outgrows them not ;

We do not cast them off ; 40

Oh if it could be so,

It were indeed a dreadful thing to die !

## 4

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my  
Soul,

Follow thy friend beloved !

But in the lonely hour,

But in the evening walk,

Think that he companies thy solitude ;

Think that he holds with thee

Mysterious intercourse ;

And though remembrance wake a tear,

There will be joy in grief. 51

*Westbury*, 1799.

## TO MARY

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
Oct. 20, 1803, under the title: 'Stanzas  
written after a Long Absence.']

MARY ! ten chequer'd years have past

Since we beheld each other last ;

Yet, Mary, I remember thee,

Nor canst thou have forgotten me.

The bloom was then upon thy face,

Thy form had every youthful grace ;

I too had then the warmth of youth,

And in our hearts was all its truth.

We conversed, were there others by,

With common mirth and random eye ;

But when escaped the sight of men, 11

How serious was our converse then !

Our talk was then of years to come,  
Of hopes which ask'd a humble doom,  
Themes which to loving thoughts might  
move,  
Although we never spake of love.

At our last meeting sure thy heart  
Was even as loth as mine to part ;  
And yet we little thought that then  
We parted . . not to meet again. 20

Long, Mary ! after that adieu,  
My dearest day-dreams were of you ;  
In sleep I saw you still, and long  
Made you the theme of secret song.

When manhood and its cares came on,  
The humble hopes of youth were gone ;  
And other hopes and other fears  
Effaced the thoughts of happier years.

Meantime through many a varied year  
Of thee no tidings did I hear, 30  
And thou hast never heard my name  
Save from the vague reports of fame.

But then I trust detraction's lie  
Hath kindled anger in thine eye ;  
And thou my praise wert proud to see, . .  
My name should still be dear to thee.

Ten years have held their course ; thus  
late  
I learn the tidings of thy fate ;  
A Husband and a Father now,  
Of thee, a Wife and Mother thou. 40

And, Mary, as for thee I frame  
A prayer which hath no selfish aim,  
No happier lot can I wish thee  
Than such as Heaven hath granted me.

London, 1802.

FUNERAL SONG, FOR THE  
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE  
OF WALES

[Published in *The Annual Register* for  
1827 and in *Friendship's Offering* for 1828.]

In its summer pride array'd,  
Low our Tree of Hope is laid !  
Low it lies : . . in evil hour,  
Visiting the bridal bower,  
Death hath levell'd root and flower.  
Windsor, in thy sacred shade,  
(This the end of pomp and power !)  
Have the rites of death been paid :  
Windsor, in thy sacred shade  
Is the Flower of Brunswick laid ! 10

Ye whose relics rest around,  
Tenants of this funeral ground !  
Know ye, Spirits, who is come,  
By immitigable doom  
Summon'd to the untimely tomb ?  
Late with youth and splendour crown'd,  
Late in beauty's vernal bloom,  
Late with love and joyance blest !  
Never more lamented guest  
Was in Windsor laid to rest. 20

Henry, thou of saintly worth,  
Thou, to whom thy Windsor gave  
Nativity and name, and grave ;  
Thou art in this hallowed earth  
Cradled for the immortal birth ;  
Heavily upon his head  
Ancestral crimes were visited :  
He, in spirit like a child,  
Meek of heart and undefiled,  
Patiently his crown resign'd, 30  
And fix'd on heaven his heavenly mind,  
Blessing, while he kiss'd the rod,  
His Redeemer and his God.  
Now may he in realms of bliss  
Greet a soul as pure as his.

Passive as that humble spirit,  
Lies his bold dethroner too ;  
A dreadful debt did he inherit  
To his injured lineage due ;  
Ill-starr'd prince, whose martial merit 40  
His own England long might rue !  
Mournful was that Edward's fame,  
Won in fields contested well,  
While he sought his rightful claim :  
Witness Aire's unhappy water,  
Where the ruthless Clifford fell ;  
And when Wharfe ran red with  
slaughter,  
On the day of Towton's field,  
Gathering, in its guilty flood,  
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood 50  
That forty thousand lives could yield.  
Cressy was to this but sport, . .  
Poitiers but a pageant vain ;  
And the victory of Spain  
Seem'd a strife for pastime meant,  
And the work of Agincourt  
Only like a tournament ;  
Half the blood which there was spent,  
Had sufficed again to gain  
Anjou and ill-yielded Maine, 60  
Normandy and Aquitaine,  
And Our Lady's ancient towers,  
Maugre all the Valois' powers,  
Had a second time been ours. . .  
A gentle daughter of thy line,  
Edward, lays her dust with thine.

Thou, Elizabeth, art here ;  
Thou to whom all griefs were known ;  
Who wert placed upon the bier  
In happier hour than on the throne. 70  
Fatal daughter, fatal mother,  
Raised to that ill-omen'd station,  
Father, uncle, sons, and brother,  
Mourn'd in blood her elevation !  
Woodville, in the realms of bliss,  
To thine offspring thou may'st say,  
Early death is happiness ;  
And favour'd in their lot are they

Who are not left to learn below  
That length of life is length of woe. 80  
Lightly let this ground be prest ;  
A broken heart is here at rest.

But thou, Seymour, with a greeting,  
Such as sisters use at meeting,  
Joy, and sympathy, and love,  
Wilt hail her in the seats above.  
Like in loveliness were ye,  
By a like lamented doom,  
Hurried to an early tomb.  
While together, spirits best, 90  
Here your earthly relics rest,  
Fellow angels shall ye be  
In the angelic company.

Henry, too, hath here his part ;  
At the gentle Seymour's side,  
With his best beloved bride,  
Cold and quiet, here are laid  
The ashes of that fiery heart.  
Not with his tyrannic spirit,  
Shall our Charlotte's soul inherit ; 100  
No, by Fisher's hoary head,—  
By More, the learned and the good,—  
By Katharine's wrongs and Boleyn's  
blood,—  
By the life so basely shed  
Of the pride of Norfolk's line,  
By the axe so often red,  
By the fire with martyrs fed,  
Hateful Henry, not with thee  
May her happy spirit be ! 109

And here lies one whose tragic name  
A reverential thought may claim ;  
That murder'd Monarch, whom the  
grave,  
Revealing its long secret, gave  
Again to sight, that we might spy  
His comely face and waking eye !  
There, thrice fifty years, it lay,  
Exempt from natural decay,  
Unclosed and bright, as if to say,



A plague, of bloodier, baser birth, 119  
 Than that beneath whose rage he bled,  
 Was loose upon our guilty earth ;—  
 Such awful warning from the dead,  
 Was given by that portentous eye ;  
 Then it closed eternally.

Ye whose relics rest around,  
 Tenants of this funeral ground ;  
 Even in your immortal spheres,  
 What fresh yearnings will ye feel,  
 When this earthly guest appears !  
 Us she leaves in grief and tears ; 130  
 But to you will she reveal  
 Tidings of old England's weal ;  
 Of a righteous war pursued,  
 Long, through evil and through good,  
 With unshaken fortitude ;  
 Of peace, in battle twice achieved ;  
 Of her fiercest foe subdued,  
 And Europe from the yoke reliev'd,  
 Upon that Brabantine plain !  
 Such the proud, the virtuous story, 140  
 Such the great, the endless glory  
 Of her father's splendid reign !  
 He who wore the sable mail,  
 Might at this heroic tale,  
 Wish himself on earth again.

One who reverently, for thee,  
 Raised the strain of bridal verse,  
 Flower of Brunswick ! mournfully  
 Lays a garland on thy herse.

MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE  
PAST

I

My days among the Dead are past ;  
 Around me I behold,  
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
 The mighty minds of old ;  
 My never-failing friends are they,  
 With whom I converse day by day.

2

With them I take delight in weal,  
 And seek relief in woe ;  
 And while I understand and feel  
 How much to them I owe, 10  
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

3

My thoughts are with the Dead, with  
 them  
 I live in long-past years,  
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
 Partake their hopes and fears,  
 And from their lessons seek and find  
 Instruction with an humble mind.

4

My hopes are with the Dead, anon  
 My place with them will be, 20  
 And I with them shall travel on  
 Through all Futurity ;  
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
 That will not perish in the dust.

*Keswick, 1818.*

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN

[First published in *The Bijou* for 1828.]

LORD ! who art merciful as well as just,  
 Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust !  
 Not what I would, O Lord ! I offer thee,  
 Alas ! but what I can. [man,  
 Father Almighty, who hast made me  
 And bade me look to Heaven, for Thou  
 art there,  
 Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.  
 Four things which are not in thy  
 treasury,  
 I lay before thee, Lord, with this peti-  
 tion : . . .  
 My nothingness, my wants, 10  
 My sins, and my contrition.

*Louther Castle, 1828.*

## THE CATARACT OF LODORE

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY

[Published in Joanna Baillie's *A Collection of Poems, chiefly Manuscript, 1823.*]

'How does the Water  
Come down at Lodore ?'  
My little boy ask'd me  
Thus, once on a time ;  
And moreover he task'd me  
To tell him in rhyme.

Anon at the word,  
There first came one daughter  
And then came another,  
To second and third 10  
The request of their brother,  
And to hear how the water  
Comes down at Lodore,  
With its rush and its roar,  
As many a time  
They had seen it before.  
So I told them in rhyme,  
For of rhymes I had store :  
And 'twas in my vocation  
For their recreation 20  
That so I should sing ;  
Because I was Laureate  
To them and the King.

From its sources which well  
In the Tarn on the fell ;  
From its fountains  
In the mountains,  
Its rills and its gills ;  
Through moss and through brake,  
It runs and it creeps 30  
For awhile, till it sleeps  
In its own little Lake.  
And thence at departing,  
Awakening and starting,  
It runs through the reeds  
And away it proceeds,  
Through meadow and glade,  
In sun and in shade,

And through the wood-shelter,  
Among crags in its flurry, 40  
Helter-skelter,  
Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling ;  
Now smoaking and frothing  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
Till in this rapid race  
On which it is bent,  
It reaches the place  
Of its steep descent. 50

The Cataract strong  
Then plunges along,  
Striking and raging  
As if a war waging  
Its caverns and rocks among :  
Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and sweeping,  
Showering and springing,  
Flying and flinging, 60  
Writhing and ringing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting,  
Around and around  
With endless rebound !  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in ;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its  
sound. 70

Collecting, projecting,  
Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling, 80  
And shaking and quaking,

And pouring and roaring,  
 And waving and raving,  
 And tossing and crossing,  
 And flowing and going,  
 And running and stunning,  
 And foaming and roaming,  
 And dinning and spinning,  
 And dropping and hopping,  
 And working and jerking, 90  
 And guggling and struggling,  
 And heaving and cleaving,  
 And moaning and groaning ;

And glittering and frittering,  
 And gathering and feathering,  
 And whitening and brightening,  
 And quivering and shivering,  
 And hurrying and skurrying,  
 And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding, 100  
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
 And driving and riving and striving,  
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrink-  
 ling, [rounding,  
 And sounding and bounding and  
 And bubbling and troubling and  
 doubling,  
 And grumbling and rumbling and  
 tumbling, [tering ;  
 And clattering and battering and shat-

Retreating and beating and meeting and  
 sheeting, [spraying,  
 Delaying and straying and playing and  
 Advancing and prancing and glancing  
 and dancing, 110  
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and  
 boiling,  
 And gleaming and streaming and steam-  
 ing and beaming,  
 And rushing and flushing and brushing  
 and gushing,  
 And flapping and rapping and clapping  
 and slapping, [and twirling,  
 And curling and whirling and purling

And thumping and plumping and bump-  
 ing and jumping,  
 And dashing and flashing and splashing  
 and clashing ;  
 And so never ending, but always  
 descending,  
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever  
 are blending,  
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty  
 uproar, 120  
 And this way the Water comes down at  
 Lodore.

*Keswick*, 1820.

## SONNETS

[The two following Sonnets were numbered V and XV respectively among the Sonnets as printed in the collected edition of 1837-1838. The first was published in *Poems*, 1797; the second in *The Annual Anthology*, 1800.]

### (1) THE EVENING RAINBOW

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

MILD arch of promise, on the evening sky  
 Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray  
 Each in the other melting. Much mine  
 eye

Delights to linger on thee ; for the day,  
 Changeful and many-weather'd, seem'd  
 to smile

Flashing brief splendour through the  
 clouds awhile, [rain :  
 Which deepen'd dark anon and fell in  
 But pleasant is it now to pause, and view  
 Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,  
 And think the storm shall not return  
 again. 10

Such is the smile that Piety bestows  
 On the good man's pale cheek, when he,  
 in peace

Departing gently from a world of woes,  
 Anticipates the world where sorrows  
 cease.

1794.

## (2) WINTER

[Published in *The Annual Anthology*, 1800.]

A WRINKLED, crabbed man they picture thee,

Old Winter, with a rugged beard as grey  
As the long moss upon the apple-tree ;  
Blue-lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose,

Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,  
Plodding alone through sleet and drift-  
ing snows.

They should have drawn thee by the  
high-heapt hearth,

Old Winter! seated in thy great arm'd  
chair,

Watching the children at their Christ-  
mas mirth ;

Or circled by them as thy lips declare to  
Some merry jest or tale of murder dire,  
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,  
Pausing at times to rouse the mouldering  
fire,

Or taste the old October brown and  
bright.

*Westbury*, 1799.

## INSCRIPTIONS

[This and the four following inscriptions were numbered respectively XI, XVIII, XXX, XXXIII, and XXXVIII in the *Inscriptions* as published in the collected edition of 1837-1838.]

## (1) IN A FOREST

[First published in *The Morning Post*, April 13, 1799, afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

STRANGER! whose steps have reach'd  
this solitude,

Know that this lonely spot was dear to  
one

Devoted with no unrequited zeal  
To Nature. Here, delighted he has  
heard

The rustling of these woods, that now  
perchance

Melodious to the gale of summer move ;  
And underneath their shade on yon  
smooth rock,

With grey and yellow lichens overgrown,  
Often reclined ; watching the silent flow  
Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals to  
Along its verdant course, . . till all  
around

Had fill'd his senses with tranquillity,  
And ever soothed in spirit he return'd  
A happier, better man. Stranger! per-  
chance,

Therefore the stream more lovely to  
thine eye

Will glide along, and to the summer gale  
The woods wave more melodious.  
Cleanse thou then

The weeds and mosses from this letter'd  
stone.

*Westbury*, 1798.

## (2) EPITAPH

HERE in the fruitful vales of Somerset  
Was Emma born, and here the Maiden  
grew

To the sweet season of her womanhood  
Beloved and lovely, like a plant whose  
leaf

And bud and blossom all are beautiful.  
In peacefulness her virgin years were  
past ;

And when in prosperous wedlock she  
was given,

Amid the Cumbrian mountains far away  
She had her summer Bower. 'Twas  
like a dream

Of old Romance to see her when she  
plied

Her little skiff on Derwent's glassy lake ;  
The roseate evening resting on the hills,  
The lake returning back the hues of  
heaven,



Mountains and vales and waters all  
imbued

With beauty, and in quietness; and she,  
Nymph-like, amid that glorious solitude  
A heavenly presence, gliding in her joy.  
But soon a wasting malady began  
To prey upon her, frequent in attack,  
Yet with such flattering intervals as  
mock 20

The hopes of anxious love, and most of all  
The sufferer, self-deceived. During  
those days

Of treacherous respite, many a time  
hath he,

Who leaves this record of his friend,  
drawn back

Into the shadow from her social board,  
Because too surely in her cheek he saw  
The insidious bloom of death; and  
then her smiles

And innocent mirth excited deeper grief  
Than when long-look'd-for tidings came  
at last,

That, all her sufferings ended, she was  
laid 30

Amid Madeira's orange groves to rest.  
O gentle Emma! o'er a lovelier form  
Than thine, Earth never closed; nor  
e'er did Heaven

Receive a purer spirit from the world.

*Keswick, 1810.*

(3) AT BARROSA

THOUGH the four quarters of the world  
have seen

The British valour proved triumphantly  
Upon the French, in many a field far-  
famed,

Yet may the noble Island in her rolls  
Of glory write Barrosa's name. For  
there,

Not by the issue of deliberate plans  
Consulted well, was the fierce conflict  
won,

Nor by the leader's eye intuitive,  
Nor force of either arm of war, nor art  
Of skill'd artillerist, nor the discipline 10  
Of troops to absolute obedience train'd;  
But by the spring and impulse of the  
heart,

Brought fairly to the trial, when all else  
Seem'd, like a wrestler's garment,  
thrown aside;

By individual courage and the sense  
Of honour, their old country's, and  
their own,

There to be forfeited, or there upheld; . .  
This warm'd the soldier's soul, and gave  
his hand

The strength that carries with it victory.  
More to enhance their praise, the day  
was fought 20

Against all circumstance; a painful  
march,

Through twenty hours of night and day  
prolong'd,

Forespent the British troops; and hope  
delay'd

Had left their spirits pall'd. But when  
the word

Was given to turn, and charge, and win  
the heights,

The welcome order came to them, like  
rain

Upon a traveller in the thirsty sands.  
Rejoicing, up the ascent, and in the  
front

Of danger, they with steady step  
advanced,

And with the insupportable bayonet 30  
Drove down the foe. The vanquish'd  
Victor saw

And thought of Talavera, and deplored  
His eagle lost. But England saw well-  
pleased

Her old ascendancy that day sustain'd;  
And Scotland, shouting over all her hills,  
Among her worthies rank'd another  
Graham.

## (4) EPITAPH

[Published in *The Literary Souvenir*, 1827, under the title of 'A Soldier's Epitaph'.]

STEEP is the soldier's path ; nor are the heights

Of glory to be won without long toil  
And arduous efforts of enduring hope ;  
Save when Death takes the aspirant by  
the hand,

And cutting short the work of years, at  
once

Lifts him to that conspicuous eminence.  
Such fate was mine.—The standard of  
the Buffs

I bore at Albuhera, on that day  
When, covered by a shower, and fatally  
For friends misdeem'd, the Polish  
lancers fell 10  
Upon our rear. Surrounding me, they  
claim'd

My precious charge.—' Not but with  
life ! ' I cried,

And life was given for immortality.  
The flag which to my heart I held, when  
wet

With that heart's blood, was soon  
victoriously

Regain'd on that great day. In former  
times,

Marlborough beheld it borne at Rami-  
lies ;

For Brunswick and for liberty it waved  
Triumphant at Culloden ; and hath seen  
The lilies on the Caribbean shores 20  
Abased before it. Then too in the  
front

Of battle did it flap exultingly,  
When Douro, with its wide stream inter-  
posed,

Saved not the French invaders from  
attack,

Discomfiture, and ignominious rout.  
My name is Thomas: undisgraced have I

Transmitted it. He who in days to  
come

May bear the honour'd banner to the  
field,

Will think of Albuhera, and of me.

## (5) EPITAPH

[First published in *The Literary Souvenir*,  
1828.]

TIME and the world, whose magnitude  
and weight

Bear on us in this Now, and hold us  
here

To earth enthral'd, . . what are they in  
the Past ?

And in the prospect of the immortal Soul  
How poor a speck ! Not here her  
resting-place,

Her portion is not here ; and happiest  
they

Who, gathering early all that Earth can  
give,

Shake off its mortal coil, and speed for  
Heaven.

Such fate had he whose relics moulder  
here.

Few were his years, but yet enough to  
teach 10

Love, duty, generous feelings, high  
desires,

Faith, hope, devotion : and what more  
could length

Of days have brought him ? What,  
but vanity,

Joys frailer even than health or human  
life ;

Temptation, sin and sorrow, both too  
sure,

Evils that wound, and cares that fret  
the heart.

Repine not, therefore, ye who love the  
dead.

DEDICATION OF THE AUTHOR'S  
COLLOQUIES ON THE PRO-  
GRESS AND PROSPECTS OF  
SOCIETY

TO THE  
MEMORY OF THE REVEREND  
HERBERT HILL,

Formerly Student of Christ Church, Oxford ;  
successively Chaplain to the British Fac-  
tories at Porto and at Lisbon ; and late  
Rector of Streatham ; who was released  
from this life, Sept. 19, 1828, in the 80th  
year of his age.

NOR upon marble or sepulchral brass  
Have I the record of thy worth in-  
scribed,

Dear Uncle ! nor from Chantrey's chisel  
ask'd

A monumental statue, which might wear  
Through many an age thy venerable  
form.

Such tribute, were I rich in this world's  
wealth,

Should rightfully be rendered, in dis-  
charge

Of grateful duty, to the world evinced  
When testifying so by outward sign

Its deep and inmost sense. But what  
I can

Is rendered piously, prefixing here  
Thy perfect lineaments, two centuries  
Before thy birth by Holbein's happy  
hand

Prefigured thus. It is the portraiture  
Of More, the mild, the learned, and the  
good ;

Traced in that better stage of human  
life,

When vain imaginations, troublous  
thoughts,

And hopes and fears have had their  
course, and left

The intellect composed, the heart at  
rest,

Nor yet decay hath touch'd our mortal  
frame.

Such was the man whom Henry, of  
desert

Appreciant alway, chose for highest  
trust ;

Whom England in that eminence ap-  
proved ;

Whom Europe honoured, and Erasmus  
loved.

Such was he ere heart-hardening  
bigotry

Obscured his spirit, made him with  
himself

Discordant, and contracting then his  
brow,

With sour defeature marr'd his counten-  
ance.

What he was, in his best and happiest  
time,

Even such wert thou, dear Uncle ! such  
thy look

Benign and thoughtful ; such thy  
placid mien ;

Thine eye serene, significant and strong,  
Bright in its quietness, yet brightening  
oft

With quick emotion of benevolence,  
Or flash of active fancy, and that mirth

Which aye with sober wisdom well  
accords.

Nor ever did true Nature, with more  
nice

Exactitude, fit to the inner man  
The fleshly mould, than when she

stamp'd on thine  
Her best credentials, and bestow'd on

thee

An aspect, to whose sure benignity  
Beasts with instinctive confidence could  
trust,

Which at a glance obtain'd respect from  
men,

And won at once good will from all the  
good.

Such as in semblance, such in word  
and deed  
Lisbon beheld him, when for many a year  
The even tenour of his spotless life  
Adorn'd the English Church, . . her  
minister  
In that strong hold of Rome's Idolatry,  
To God and man approved. What  
Englishman, 50  
Who in those peaceful days of Portugal  
Resorted thither, curious to observe  
Her cities, and the works and ways of  
men,  
But sought him, and from his abundant  
stores  
Of knowledge profited? What stricken  
one,  
Sent thither to protract a living death,  
Forlorn perhaps, and friendless else, but  
found  
A friend in him? What mourners, . .  
who had seen  
The object of their agonizing hopes  
In that sad cypress ground deposited, 60  
Wherein so many a flower of British  
growth,  
Untimely faded and cut down, is laid,  
In foreign earth compress'd, . . but bore  
away  
A life-long sense of his compassionate  
care,  
His Christian goodness? Faithful shep-  
herd he,  
And vigilant against the wolves, who  
there,  
If entrance might be won, would  
straight beset  
The dying stranger, and with merciless  
zeal  
Bay the death-bed. In every family  
Throughout his fold was he the welcome  
guest, 70  
Alike to every generation dear,  
The children's favourite, and the grand-  
sire's friend,

Tried, trusted and beloved. So liberal  
too  
In secret alms, even to his utmost  
means,  
That they who served him, and who  
saw in part  
The channels where his constant bounty  
ran,  
Maugre their own uncharitable faith,  
Believed him, for his works, secure of  
Heaven.  
It would have been a grief for me to  
think  
The features, which so perfectly  
express'd 80  
That excellent mind, should irre-  
trievably  
From earth have pass'd away, existing  
now  
Only in some few faithful memories  
Insoul'd, and not by any limner's skill  
To be imbodied thence. A blessing  
then  
On him, in whose prophetic counterfeit  
Preserved, the children now, who were  
the crown  
Of his old age, may see their father's  
face,  
Here to the very life pourtray'd, as  
when  
Spain's mountain passes, and her ilex  
woods, 90  
And fragrant wildernesses, side by side,  
With him I traversed, in my morn of  
youth,  
And gather'd knowledge from his full  
discourse.  
Often in former years I pointed out,  
Well-pleas'd, the casual portrait, which  
so well  
Assorted in all points; and haply since,  
While lingering o'er this meditative  
work,  
Sometimes that likeness, not uncon-  
sciously,



Hath tinged the strain; and therefore,  
for the sake

Of this resemblance, are these volumes  
now 100

Thus to his memory properly inscribed.

O friend! O more than father! whom  
I found

Forbearing always, always kind; to  
whom

No gratitude can speak the debt I owe;  
Far on their earthly pilgrimage advanced  
Are they who knew thee when we drew  
the breath

Of that delicious clime! The most are  
gone;

And whoso yet survive of those who then  
Were in their summer season, on the  
tree

Of life hang here and there like wintry  
leaves, 110

Which the first breeze will from the  
bough bring down.

I, too, am in the sear, the yellow leaf.

And yet, (no wish is nearer to my heart,)

One arduous labour more, as unto thee

In duty bound, full fain would I com-  
plete,

(So Heaven permit,) recording faithfully

The heroic rise, the glories, the decline,

Of that fallen country, dear to us,  
wherein

The better portion of thy days was  
pass'd;

And where, in fruitful intercourse with  
thee, 120

My intellectual life received betimes

The bias it hath kept. Poor Portugal,

In us thou harbouredst no ungrateful  
guests!

We loved thee well; Mother magnani-  
mous

Of mighty intellects and faithful hearts,..

For such in other times thou wert, nor  
yet

To be despair'd of, for not yet, me-  
thinks,

Degenerate wholly, . . yes, we loved  
thee well!

And in thy moving story, (so but life  
Be given me to mature the gathered  
store 130

Of thirty years,) poet and politick,  
And Christian sage, (only philosopher  
Who from the Well of living water  
drinks

Never to thirst again,) shall find, I ween,  
For fancy, and for profitable thought,  
Abundant food.

Alas! should this be given,  
Such consummation of my work will  
now

Be but a mournful close, the one being  
gone,

Whom to have satisfied was still to me  
A pure reward, outweighing far all  
breath 140

Of public praise. O friend revered, O  
guide

And fellow-labourer in this ample field,  
How large a portion of myself hath  
pass'd

With thee, from earth to Heaven! . .

Thus they who reach  
Grey hairs die piecemeal. But in good  
old age

Thou hast departed; not to be be-  
wail'd, . .

Oh no! The promise on the Mount  
vouchsafed,

Nor abrogate by any later law  
Reveal'd to man, . . that promise, as by  
thee

Full piously deserved, was faithfully 150  
In thee fulfill'd, and in the land thy  
days

Were long. I would not, as I saw thee  
last,

For a king's ransom, have detain'd thee  
here, . .

Bent, like the antique sculptor's limb-  
less trunk,  
By chronic pain, yet with thine eye  
unquench'd,  
The ear undimm'd, the mind retentive  
still,  
The heart unchanged, the intellectual  
lamp  
Burning in its corporeal sepulchre.  
No; not if human wishes had had power  
To have suspended Nature's constant  
work, 160  
Would they who loved thee have  
detain'd thee thus,  
Waiting for death.

That trance is over. Thou  
Art enter'd on thy heavenly heritage;  
And I, whose dial of mortality  
Points to the eleventh hour, shall follow  
soon.

Meantime, with dutiful and patient  
hope,  
I labour that our names conjoin'd may  
long

Survive, in honour one day to be held  
Where old Lisboa from her hills o'er-  
looks

Expanded Tagus, with its populous  
shores 170

And pine woods, to Palmella's crested  
height:

Nor there alone; but in those rising  
realms

Where now the offsets of the Lusian tree  
Push forth their vigorous shoots, . .  
from central plains,

Whence rivers flow divergent, to the  
gulph

Southward, where wild Parana disem-  
bogues

A sea-like stream; and northward, in  
a world

Of forests, where huge Orellana clips  
His thousand islands with his thousand  
arms.

### LITTLE BOOK, IN GREEN AND GOLD

[Printed by Southey's cousin and son-in-  
law, Herbert Hill, in *Oliver Neuman: With  
Other Poetical Remains*, in 1845.]

LITTLE Book, in green and gold,  
Thou art thus bedight to hold  
ROBERT SOUTHEY'S Album Rhymes,  
Wrung from him in busy times:  
Not a few to his vexation,  
By importune application;  
Some in half-sarcastic strain,  
More against than with the grain;  
Other some, he must confess,  
Bubbles blown in idleness; 10  
Some in earnest, some in jest,  
Good for little at the best:  
Yet, because his Daughter dear  
Would collect them fondly here,  
Little Book, in gold and green,  
Thou art not unfitly seen  
Thus apparell'd for her pleasure,  
Like the casket of a treasure.  
Other owner, well I know,  
Never more can prize thee so. 20

Little Book, when thou art old,  
Time will dim thy green and gold.  
Little Book, thou wilt outlive  
The pleasure thou wert made to give:  
Dear domestic recollections,  
Home-born loves, and old affections,  
Incommunicable they:  
And when these have past away,  
As perforce they must, from earth,  
Where is then thy former worth? 30  
Other value, then, I ween,  
Little Book, may supervene,  
Happily if unto some  
Thou in due descent shouldst come,  
Who would something find in thee  
Like a relic's sanctity,

And in whom thou may'st awake,  
 For thy former owner's sake,  
 A pious thought, a natural sigh,  
 A feeling of mortality. 40

When those feelings, and that race,  
 Have in course of time given place,  
 Little worth, and little prized,  
 Disregarded or despised,  
 Thou wilt then be bought and sold,  
 In thy faded green and gold.  
 Then, unless some curious eye  
 Thee upon the shelf should spy,  
 Dust will gather on thee there,  
 And the worms, that never spare, 50  
 Feed their fill within, and hide,  
 Burrowing safely in thy side,  
 Till transfigured out they come  
 From that emblem of the tomb :  
 Or, by mould and damp consumed,  
 Thou to perish may'st be doom'd.

But if some collector find thee,  
 He will, as a prize, re-bind thee ;  
 And thou may'st again be seen  
 Gayly drest in gold and green. 60

9th September, 1831.

#### LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF ROTH A QUILLINAN

[Printed, like the preceding poem, with  
*Oliver Newman*, in 1845].

ROTHA, after long delays,  
 Since thy book must cross the Raise,  
 Down I sit to turn a stave,  
 Be it gay or be it grave.

Wiser wish than what thy name  
 Prompts for thee I cannot frame ;  
 No where find a better theme  
 Than thy native namesake stream.  
 Lovelier river is there none  
 Underneath an English sun ; 10

From its source it issues bright  
 Upon hoar Hellvellyn's height,  
 Flowing where its summer voice  
 Makes the mountain herds rejoice ;  
 Down the dale it issues then,  
 Not polluted there by men ;  
 While its lucid waters take  
 Their pastoral course from lake to lake,  
 Please the eye in every part,  
 Lull the ear, and soothe the heart, 20  
 Till into Windermere sedate  
 They flow and uncontaminate.  
 Rotha, such from youth to age  
 Be thy mortal pilgrimage ;  
 Thus in childhood blithe and free,  
 Thus in thy maturity,  
 Blest and blessing, may it be ;  
 And a course, in welfare past,  
 Thus serenely close at last.

#### ODE

WRITTEN DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS  
 WITH BUONAPARTE, IN JANUARY,  
 1814

[First published in *The Courier*, Feb. 3,  
 1814, with a number of slight variations  
 from the present text. Republished in *The  
 Times*, April 21, 1814, in its present form.]

#### I

Who counsels peace at this momentous  
 hour,  
 When God hath given deliverance to  
 the oppress'd,  
 And to the injured power ?  
 Who counsels peace, when Vengeance  
 like a flood  
 Rolls on, no longer now to be repress'd ;  
 When innocent blood  
 From the four corners of the world  
 cries out  
 For justice upon one accursed head ;  
 When Freedom hath her holy banners  
 spread 9

Over all nations, now in one just cause  
 United ; when with one sublime accord  
 Europe throws off the yoke abhorr'd,  
 And Loyalty and Faith and Ancient Laws  
 Follow the avenging sword !

## 2

Woe, woe to England ! woe and endless  
 shame,

If this heroic land,  
 False to her feelings and unspotted fame,  
 Hold out the olive to the Tyrant's hand !  
 Woe to the world, if Buonaparte's throne  
 Be suffer'd still to stand ! 20

For by what names shall Right and  
 Wrong be known, . .

What new and courtly phrases must  
 we feign

For Falsehood, Murder, and all mon-  
 strous crimes,

If that perfidious Corsican maintain  
 Still his detested reign,

And France, who yearns even now to  
 break her chain,

Beneath his iron rule be left to groan ?

No ! by the innumerable dead,  
 Whose blood hath for his lust of power  
 been shed,

Death only can for his foul deeds atone ;  
 That peace which Death and Judgement  
 can bestow, 31

That peace be Buonaparte's, . . that  
 alone !

## 3

For sooner shall the Ethiop change his  
 skin,

Or from the Leopard shall her spots  
 depart,  
 Than this man change his old flagitious  
 heart.

Have ye not seen him in the balance  
 weigh'd,

And there found wanting ? On the  
 stage of blood

Foremost the resolute adventurer stood ;  
 And when, by many a battle won,  
 He placed upon his brow the crown, 40  
 Curbing delirious France beneath his  
 sway,

Then, like Octavius in old time,  
 Fair name might he have handed down,  
 Effacing many a stain of former crime.

Fool ! should he cast away that  
 bright renown !

Fool ! the redemption proffer'd should  
 he lose !

When Heaven such grace vouchsafed  
 him that the way

To Good and Evil lay  
 Before him, which to choose.

## 4

But Evil was his Good, 50  
 For all too long in blood had he been  
 nurst,

And ne'er was earth with verier tyrant  
 curst.

Bold man and bad,

Remorseless, godless, full of fraud  
 and lies,

And black with murders and with  
 perjuries,

Himself in Hell's whole panoply he clad ;  
 No law but his own headstrong will  
 he knew,

No counsellor but his own wicked heart.  
 From evil thus portentous strength  
 he drew,

And trampled under foot all human ties,  
 All holy laws, all natural charities. 61

## 5

O France ! beneath this fierce Bar-  
 barian's sway

Disgraced thou art to all succeeding  
 times ;

Rapine, and blood, and fire have mark'd  
 thy way,

All loathsome, all unutterable crimes.



A curse is on thee, France! from far  
and wide

It hath gone up to Heaven. All lands  
have cried

For vengeance upon thy detested head!

All nations curse thee, France! for  
wheresoe'er

In peace or war thy banner hath  
been spread, 70

All forms of human woe have follow'd  
there.

The Living and the Dead

Cry out alike against thee! They who  
bear,

Crouching beneath its weight, thine  
iron yoke,

Join in the bitterness of secret prayer  
The voice of that innumerable throng,

Whose slaughter'd spirits day and  
night invoke

The Everlasting Judge of right and  
wrong,

How long, O Lord! Holy and Just,  
how long!

## 6

A merciless oppressor hast thou been, 80  
Thyself remorselessly oppress'd  
meantime;

Greedy of war, when all that thou  
couldst gain

Was but to dye thy soul with deeper  
crime,

And rivet faster round thyself the chain.  
O blind to honour, and to interest

blind,

When thus in abject servitude resign'd  
To this barbarian upstart, thou

couldst brave

God's justice, and the heart of human  
kind!

Madly thou thoughtest to enslave the  
world,

Thyself the while a miserable slave. 90  
Behold the flag of vengeance is unfurl'd!

The dreadful armies of the North  
advance;

While England, Portugal, and Spain  
combined,

Give their triumphant banners to the  
wind,

And stand victorious in the fields of  
France.

## 7

One man hath been for ten long  
wretched years

The cause of all this blood and all these  
tears;

One man in this most awful point  
of time

Draws on thy danger, as he caused thy  
crime.

Wait not too long the event, 100  
For now whole Europe comes against  
thee bent,

His wiles and their own strength the  
nations know:

Wise from past wrongs, on future peace  
intent,

The People and the Princes, with one  
mind,

From all parts move against the general  
foe:

One act of justice, one atoning blow,  
One execrable head laid low,

Even yet, O France! averts thy  
punishment.

Open thine eyes! too long hast thou  
been blind;

Take vengeance for thyself, and for  
mankind! 110

## 8

France! if thou lovest thine ancient  
fame,

Revenge thy sufferings and thy  
shame!

By the bones which bleach on Jaffa's  
beach;

By the blood which on Domingo's shore  
Hath clogg'd the carrion-birds with  
gore ;

By the flesh which gorged the wolves  
of Spain,  
Or stiffen'd on the snowy plain  
Of frozen Moscovy ;

By the bodies which lie all open to the  
sky,  
Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the  
Tyrant's flight ; 120

By the widow's and the orphan's cry ;  
By the childless parent's misery ;  
By the lives which he hath shed ;  
By the ruin he hath spread ;

By the prayers which rise for curses on  
his head ;  
Redeem, O France ! thine ancient  
fame,

Revenge thy sufferings and thy  
shame,  
Open thine eyes ! . . too long hast thou  
been blind ;

Take vengeance for thyself, and for  
mankind !

## 9

By those horrors which the night 130  
Witness'd, when the torches' light  
To the assembled murderers show'd  
Where the blood of Condé flow'd ;

By thy murder'd Pichegru's fame ;  
By murder'd Wright, . . an English  
name ;

By murder'd Palm's atrocious doom ;  
By murder'd Hofer's martyrdom ;  
Oh ! by the virtuous blood thus vilely  
spilt,

The Villain's own peculiar private  
guilt,  
Open thine eyes ! too long hast thou  
been blind ! 140

Take vengeance for thyself and for  
mankind !

*Keswick.*

## BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

### THE MARCH TO MOSCOW

[First published in *The Courier*, June 23,  
1814, and afterwards in 1837-1838, among  
the *Ballads and Metrical Tales*.]

## 1

THE Emperor Nap he would set off  
On a summer excursion to Moscow ;  
The fields were green, and the sky was  
blue,

Morbleu ! Parbleu !  
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

## 2

Four hundred thousand men and more  
Must go with him to Moscow :  
There were Marshals by the dozen,  
And Dukes by the score ;

Princes a few, and Kings one or two ; 10  
While the fields are so green, and the  
sky so blue,  
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

## 3

There was Junot and Augereau,  
Heigh-ho for Moscow !  
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,  
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day !

General Rapp and the Emperor Nap ;  
Nothing would do  
While the fields were so green, and the  
sky so blue, 20

Morbleu ! Parbleu !  
Nothing would do  
For the whole of this crew.  
But they must be marching to Moscow.

## 4

The Emperor Nap he talk'd so big  
That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe.  
John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,  
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please  
To grant you peace upon your knees,  
Because he is going to Moscow ! 30

He'll make all the Poles come out of  
 their holes,  
 And beat the Russians and eat the  
 Prussians,  
 For the fields are green, and the sky is  
 blue,  
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !  
 And he'll certainly march to Moscow !

5

And Counsellor Brougham was all in  
 a fume  
 At the thought of the march to Moscow :  
 The Russians, he said, they were undone,  
 And the great Fee-Faw-Fum  
 Would presently come 40  
 With a hop, step, and jump unto London.  
 For as for his conquering Russia,  
 However some persons might scoff it,  
 Do it he could, and do it he would,  
 And from doing it nothing would come  
 but good,  
 And nothing could call him off it.  
 Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly  
 know,

For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.  
 They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's  
 Review,  
 Which with Holy Writ ought to be  
 reckon'd : 50  
 It was through thick and thin to its  
 party true ;  
 Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,  
 Morbleu ! Parbleu ! [too.  
 It served them for Law and for Gospel

6

But the Russians stoutly they turned-to  
 Upon the road to Moscow.  
 Nap had to fight his way all through ;  
 They could fight, though they could not  
 parlez-vous,  
 But the fields were green, and the sky  
 was blue,  
 Morbleu ! Parbleu ! 60  
 And so he got to Moscow.

7

He found the place too warm for him,  
 For they set fire to Moscow.  
 To get there had cost him much  
 ado,  
 And then no better course he  
 knew,  
 While the fields were green, and the sky  
 was blue,  
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !  
 But to march back again from  
 Moscow.

8

The Russians they stuck close to him  
 All on the road from Moscow. 70  
 There was Tormazow and Jemalow  
 And all the others that end in ow ;  
 Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch  
 And Karatschkowitch,  
 And all the others that end in itch ;  
 Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,  
 And Schepaleff,  
 And all the others that end in eff ;  
 Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,  
 And Tchoglokkoff, 80  
 And all the others that end in off ;  
 Rajeffsky and Novereffsky  
 And Rieffsky,  
 And all the others that end in effsky ;  
 Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,  
 And all the others that end in offsky ;  
 And Platoff he play'd them off,  
 And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off,  
 And Markoff he mark'd them off,  
 And Krosnoff he cross'd them off, 90  
 And Tuchkoff he touch'd them off,  
 And Boroskoff he bored them off,  
 And Kutousoff he cut them off,  
 And Parenzoff he pared them off,  
 And Worronzoff he worried them off,  
 And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off,  
 And Rodionoff he flogg'd them off.  
 And last of all an Admiral came,  
 A terrible man with a terrible name,





And often the way-faring man  
 Would love to linger there,  
 Forgetful of his onward road,  
 To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare  
 To gaze on Severn's stream ;  
 In every wind that swept its waves  
 He heard young Edmund's scream. 20

In vain at midnight's silent hour  
 Sleep closed the murderer's eyes,  
 In every dream the murderer saw  
 Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain by restless conscience driven  
 Lord William left his home,  
 Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,  
 In pilgrimage to roam ;

To other climes the pilgrim fled,  
 But could not fly despair ; 30  
 He sought his home again, but peace  
 Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours, yet swift  
 The months appear'd to roll ;  
 And now the day return'd that shook  
 With terror William's soul ;

A day that William never felt  
 Return without dismay,  
 For well had conscience calendar'd  
 Young Edmund's dying day. 40

A fearful day was that ; the rains  
 Fell fast with tempest roar,  
 And the swoln tide of Severn spread  
 Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,  
 In vain he quaff'd the bowl,  
 And strove with noisy mirth to drown  
 The anguish of his soul.

The tempest, as its sudden swell  
 In gusty howlings came, 50  
 With cold and death-like feeling seem'd  
 To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,  
 His lonely couch he prest ;  
 And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep, . .  
 To sleep . . but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,  
 Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand,  
 Such and so pale as when in death  
 He grasp'd his brother's hand ; 60

Such and so pale his face as when  
 With faint and faltering tongue,  
 To William's care, a dying charge,  
 He left his orphan son.

' I bade thee with a father's love  
 My orphan Edmund guard ; . .  
 Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge  
 Take now thy due reward.'

He started up, each limb convulsed  
 With agonizing fear ; 70  
 He only heard the storm of night, . .  
 'Twas music to his ear.

When lo ! the voice of loud alarm  
 His inmost soul appals ;  
 ' What ho ! Lord William, rise in haste !  
 The water saps thy walls !'

He rose in haste, beneath the walls  
 He saw the flood appear ; [now,  
 It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight  
 No human aid was near. 80

He heard a shout of joy, for now  
 A boat approach'd the wall,  
 And eager to the welcome aid  
 They crowd for safety all.

' My boat is small,' the boatman cried,  
 ' 'Twill bear but one away ;  
 Come in, Lord William, and do ye  
 In God's protection stay.'

Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice  
 Even in that hour of woe, 90  
 That, save their Lord, there was not one  
 Who wish'd with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,  
 His terror was so sore ;  
 'Thou shalt have half my gold,' he cried,  
 'Haste . . haste to yonder shore.'

The boatman plied the oar, the boat  
 Went light along the stream ;  
 Sudden Lord William heard a cry  
 Like Edmund's drowning scream. 100

The boatman paused, 'Methought I heard  
 A child's distressful cry !'

' 'Twas but the howling wind of night,'  
 Lord William made reply.

'Haste . . haste . . ply swift and strong  
 the oar ;

Haste . . haste across the stream !'  
 Again Lord William heard a cry  
 Like Edmund's drowning scream.

'I heard a child's distressful voice,'  
 The boatman cried again. 110

'Nay, hasten on . . the night is dark . .  
 And we should search in vain.'

'O God ! Lord William, dost thou know  
 How dreadful 'tis to die ?  
 And canst thou without pity hear  
 A child's expiring cry ?

'How horrible it is to sink  
 Beneath the closing stream,  
 To stretch the powerless arms in vain,  
 In vain for help to scream !' 120

The shriek again was heard : it came  
 More deep, more piercing loud ;  
 That instant o'er the flood the moon  
 Shone through a broken cloud ;

And near them they beheld a child ;  
 Upon a crag he stood,  
 A little crag, and all around  
 Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat  
 Approach'd his resting-place ; 130  
 The moon-beam shone upon the child,  
 And show'd how pale his face.

'Now reach thine hand !' the boatman  
 cried,

'Lord William, reach and save !'  
 The child stretch'd forth his little hands  
 To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd ; the hands he  
 felt

Were cold and damp and dead !  
 He held young Edmund in his arms  
 A heavier weight than lead. 140

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk  
 Beneath the avenging stream ;  
 He rose, he shriek'd, no human ear  
 Heard William's drowning scream.

*Westbury, 1798.*

#### THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 Dec. 3, 1798; afterwards in *The Annual An-*  
*thology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

'I know not whether it be worth the  
 reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the  
 parish of St. Neots, a Well, arched over with  
 the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak,  
 elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The  
 reported virtue of the water is this, that  
 whether husband or wife come first to drink  
 thereof, they get the mastery thereby.'—  
*Fuller.*

This passage in one of the folios of the  
 Worthy old Fuller, who, as he says, knew  
 not whether it were worth the reporting,  
 suggested the following Ballad : and the  
 Ballad has produced so many imitations  
 that it may be prudent here thus to assert  
 its originality, lest I should be accused here-  
 after of having committed the plagiarism  
 which has been practised upon it.

A WELL there is in the west country,  
 And a clearer one never was seen ;  
 There is not a wife in the west country  
 But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,  
 And behind doth an ash-tree grow,  
 And a willow from the bank above  
 Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;  
 Joyfully he drew nigh, 10  
 For from cock-crow he had been travel-  
 ling,  
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
 For thirsty and hot was he,  
 And he sat down upon the bank  
 Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard  
 by

At the Well to fill his pail;  
 On the Well-side he rested it,  
 And he bade the Stranger hail. 20

Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?'  
 quoth he,

'For an if thou hast a wife,  
 The happiest draught thou hast drank  
 this day  
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

'Or has thy good woman, if one thou  
 hast,

Ever here in Cornwall been?  
 For an if she have, I'll venture my life  
 She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.'

'I have left a good woman who never  
 was here,'

The Stranger he made reply, 30  
 'But that my draught should be the  
 better for that,  
 I pray you answer me why?'

'St. Keyne,' quoth the Cornish-man,  
 'many a time

Drank of this crystal Well,  
 And before the Angel summon'd her,  
 She laid on the water a spell.

'If the Husband of this gifted Well  
 Shall drink before his Wife,

A happy man thenceforth is he,  
 For he shall be Master for life. 40

'But if the Wife should drink of it first, . .  
 God help the Husband then!'

The Stranger stooped to the Well of St.  
 Keyne,

And drank of the water again.

'You drank of the Well I warrant be-  
 times?'

He to the Cornish-man said:  
 But the Cornish-man smiled as the  
 Stranger spake,

And sheepishly shook his head.

'I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was  
 done,

And left my Wife in the porch; 50  
 But i' faith she had been wiser than me,  
 For she took a bottle to Church.'

*Westbury, 1798.*

### THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 August 9, 1798; afterwards in *The Annual*  
*Anthology*, 1800, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

#### 1

It was a summer evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun,  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

#### 2

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 Which he beside the rivulet  
 In playing there had found; 10  
 He came to ask what he had found,  
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

#### 3

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant by;  
 And then the old man shook his head,  
 And, with a natural sigh,  
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,  
 'Who fell in the great victory.'

4

' I find them in the garden,  
 For there's many here about ; 20  
 And often when I go to plough,  
 The ploughshare turns them out !  
 For many thousand men,' said he,  
 ' Were slain in that great victory.'

5

' Now tell us what 'twas all about,'  
 Young Peterkin, he cries ;  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
 ' Now tell us all about the war,  
 And what they fought each other for.' 30

6

' It was the English,' Kaspar cried,  
 ' Who put the French to rout ;  
 But what they fought each other for,  
 I could not well make out ;  
 But every body said,' quoth he,  
 ' That 'twas a famous victory.'

7

' My father lived at Blenheim then,  
 Yon little stream hard by ;  
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
 And he was forced to fly ; 40  
 So with his wife and child he fled,  
 Nor had he where to rest his head.'

8

' With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing mother then,  
 And new-born baby died ;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 At every famous victory.'

9

' They say it was a shocking sight  
 After the field was won ; 50  
 For many thousand bodies here  
 Lay rotting in the sun ;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 After a famous victory.'

10

' Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
 And our good Prince Eugene.'  
 ' Why 'twas a very wicked thing !'  
 Said little Wilhelmine.  
 ' Nay . . nay . . my little girl,' quoth he,  
 ' It was a famous victory.' 60

11

' And every body praised the Duke  
 Who this great fight did win.'  
 ' But what good came of it at last ?'  
 Quoth little Peterkin.  
 ' Why that I cannot tell,' said he  
 ' But 'twas a famous victory.'  
*Westbury, 1798.*

### THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY, A BALLAD,

SHEWING HOW AN OLD WOMAN RODE  
 DOUBLE, AND WHO RODE BEFORE  
 HER.

[Published in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799. The history of this ballad is described by Southey in the Preface to the Sixth Volume of the Collected Edition of his Poems (vide pp. 13, 14).]

' A.D. 852. Circa dies istos, mulier quaedam malefica, in villa quae Berkeleia dicitur degens, gulae amatrix ac petulantiae, flagitiis modum usque in senium et auguriis non ponens, usque ad mortem impudica permansit. Haec die quadam cum sederet ad prandium, cornicula quam pro delitiis pascebat, nescio quid garrere coepit ; quo audito, mulieris cultellus de manu excidit, simul et facies pallescere coepit, et emissio rugitu, Hodie, inquit, accipiam grande incommodum, hodieque ad sulcum ultimum meum pervenit aratrum. Quo dicto, nuncius doloris intravit ; muliere vero percunctata ad quid veniret, Affero, inquit, tibi filii tui obitum et totius familiae ejus ex subita ruina interitum. Hoc quoque dolore mulier permota, lecto protinus decubuit graviter infirmata ; sentiensque morbum subrepere ad vitalia, liberos quos habuit superstites, monachum videlicet et monacham, per epistolam invitavit ; advenientes autem voce singultiente alloquitur. Ego, inquit, o pueri, meo miserabili fato daemoniaci



semper artibus inservivi; ego omnium vitiorum sentina, ego illecebrarum omnium fui magistra. Erat tamen mihi inter hæc mala spes vestrae religionis, quæ meam solidaret animam desperatam; vos expectabam propugnatores contra daemones, tutores contra sævissimos hostes. Nunc igitur quoniam ad finem vitæ perveni, rogo vos per materna ubera, ut mea tentetis alleviare tormenta. Insuper me defunctam in corio cervino, ac deinde in sarcophago lapideo supponite, operculumque ferro et plumbo constringite, ac demum lapidem tribus cathenis ferreis et fortissimis circumdantes, clericos quinquaginta psalmodum cantores, et tot per tres dies presbyteros missarum celebratores applicate, qui feroces lenigent adversariorum incursus. Ita si tribus noctibus secura jacuero, quarta die me infodite humo.

Factumque est ut præceperat illis. Sed, proh dolor! nil preces, nil lacrymæ, nil demum valere cathenæ. Primis enim duabus noctibus, cum chori psallentium corpori assistebant, advenientes Daemones ostium ecclesiæ confregerunt ingenti obice clausum, extremasque cathenas negotio levi dirumpunt; media autem quæ fortior erat, illibata manebat. Tertia autem nocte, circa gallicinium, strepitu hostium adventantium, omne monasterium visum est a fundamento moveri. Unus ergo daemonum, et vultu caeteris terribilior et statura eminentior, januas ecclesiæ impetu violento concussas in fragmenta dejecit. Divexerunt clerici cum laicis, metu steterunt omnium capilli, et psalmodum concentus defecit. Daemon ergo gestu ut videbatur arroganti ad sepulchrum accedens, et nomen mulieris modicum ingeminans, surgere imperavit. Qua respondente, quod nequiret pro vinculis, Jam malo tuo, inquit, solveris; et protinus cathenam quæ caeterorum ferocious daemonum deluserat, velut stuppeum vinculum rumpebat. Operculum etiam sepulchri pede depellens, mulierem palam omnibus ab ecclesia extraxit, ubi prae foribus niger equus superbe hinniens videbatur, uncis ferreis et clavis undique confixus, super quem misera mulier projecta, ab oculis assistentium evanuit. Audiebantur tamen clamores per quatuor fere miliaria horribiles, auxilium postulantes.

Ista itaque quæ retuli incredibilia non erunt, si legatur beati Gregorii dialogus, in quo refert, hominem in ecclesia sepultum, a daemonibus foras ejectum. Et apud Francos Carolus Martellus insignis vir fortitudinis, qui Saracenos Galliam ingressos, Hispaniam redire compulit, exactis vitæ suæ diebus, in ecclesia beati Dionysii legitur

fuisse sepultus. Sed quia patrimonia, cum decimis omnium fere ecclesiarum Galliae, pro stipendio commilitonum suorum mutilaverat, miserabiliter a malignis spiritibus de sepulchro corporaliter avulsus, usque in hodiernum diem nusquam comparuit.—*Matthew of Westminster.*

This story is also related by Olaus Magnus, and in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*. But William of Malmesbury seems to have been the original authority, and he had the story from an eye-witness. 'When I shall have related it,' he says, 'the credit of the narrative will not be shaken, though the minds of the hearers should be incredulous, for I have heard it from a man of such character *who would swear he had seen it*, that I should blush to disbelieve.'—SHARPE, *William of Malmesbury*, p. 264.

THE Raven croak'd as she sate at her  
mea,

And the Old Woman knew what he  
said,

And she grew pale at the Raven's tale.  
And sicken'd and went to her bed.

'Now fetch me my children, and fetch  
them with speed,'

The Old Woman of Berkeley said,

'The Monk my son, and my daughter  
the Nun,

Bid them hasten or I shall be dead.'

The Monk her son, and her daughter the  
Nun,

Their way to Berkeley went, 10

And they have brought with pious  
thought

The holy sacrament.

The Old Woman shriek'd as they enter'd  
her door,

And she cried with a voice of despair,

'Now take away the sacrament,  
For its presence I cannot bear!'

Her lip it trembled with agony,

The sweat ran down her brow,

'I have tortures in store for evermore.

But spare me, my children, now!' 20

Away they sent the sacrament,  
The fit it left her weak,  
She look'd at her children with ghastly  
eyes,  
And faintly struggled to speak.

' All kind of sin I have rioted in,  
And the judgement now must be,  
But I secured my children's souls,  
Oh! pray, my children, for me!

' I have 'nointed myself with infant's fat,  
The fiends have been my slaves, 30  
From sleeping babes I have suck'd the  
breath,  
And breaking by charms the sleep of  
death,  
I have call'd the dead from their  
graves.

' And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,  
My witchcrafts to atone;  
And I who have troubled the dead man's  
grave  
Shall never have rest in my own.

' Bless, I entreat, my winding sheet,  
My children, I beg of you;  
And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,  
And sprinkle my coffin too. 41

' And let me be chain'd in my coffin of  
stone,  
And fasten it strong, I implore,  
With iron bars, and with three chains,  
Chain it to the church floor.

' And bless the chains and sprinkle them,  
And let fifty Priests stand round,  
Who night and day the mass may say  
Where I lie on the ground.

' And see that fifty Choristers 50  
Beside the bier attend me,  
And day and night by the tapers' light,  
With holy hymns defend me.

' Let the church bells all, both great and  
small,  
Be toll'd by night and day,  
To drive from thence the fiends who  
come  
To bear my body away.

' And ever have the church door barr'd  
After the even-song;  
And I beseech you, children dear, 60  
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

' And let this be three days and nights  
My wretched corpse to save;  
Till the fourth morning keep me safe,  
And then I may rest in my grave.'

The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her  
down,  
And her eyes grew deadly dim,  
Short came her breath, and the struggle  
of death  
Did loosen every limb.

They blest the old woman's winding  
sheet 70  
With rites and prayers due,  
With holy water they sprinkled her  
shroud,  
And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in her coffin of  
stone,  
And with iron barr'd it down,  
And in the church with three strong  
chains  
They chain'd it to the ground.

And they blest the chains and sprinkled  
them,  
And fifty Priests stood round,  
By night and day the mass to say 80  
Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty sacred Choristers  
Beside the bier attend her,  
Who day and night by the tapers' light  
Should with holy hymns defend her.

To see the Priests and Choristers

It was a goodly sight,  
Each holding, as it were a staff,  
A taper burning bright.

And the church bells all, both great and  
small, 90

Did toll so loud and long ;  
And they have barr'd the church door  
hard,  
After the even-song.

And the first night the tapers' light  
Burnt steadily and clear,  
But they without a hideous rout  
Of angry fiends could hear ;

A hideous roar at the church door  
Like a long thunder peal ;  
And the Priests they pray'd, and the  
Choristers sung 100  
Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell, the Priests pray'd  
well,  
The tapers they burnt bright,  
The Monk her son, and her daughter the  
Nun,  
They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, the Fiends they flew  
From the voice of the morning away ;  
Then undisturb'd the Choristers sing,  
And the fifty Priests they pray ;  
As they had sung and pray'd all night,  
They pray'd and sung all day. 111

The second night the tapers' light  
Burnt dismally and blue,  
And every one saw his neighbour's face  
Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise  
That the stoutest heart might shock,  
And a deafening roaring like a cataract  
pouring  
Over a mountain rock.

The Monk and Nun they told their  
beads 120

As fast as they could tell,  
And aye as louder grew the noise  
The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the Choristers sung  
As they trembled more and more,  
And the Priests as they pray'd to heaven  
for aid,  
They smote their breasts full sore.

The cock he crew, the Fiends they flew  
From the voice of the morning away ;  
Then undisturb'd the Choristers sing, 130  
And the fifty Priests they pray ;  
As they had sung and pray'd all night,  
They pray'd and sung all day.

The third night came, and the tapers'  
flame  
A frightful stench did make ;  
And they burnt as though they had been  
dipt  
In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rush-  
ing of ocean,  
Grew momentarily more and more ;  
And strokes as of a battering ram 140  
Did shake the strong church door.

The bellmen, they for very fear  
Could toll the bell no longer ;  
And still as louder grew the strokes  
Their fear it grew the stronger.

The Monk and Nun forgot their beads,  
They fell on the ground in dismay ;  
There was not a single Saint in heaven  
To whom they did not pray.

And the Choristers' song, which late was  
so strong, 150  
Falter'd with consternation,  
For the church did rock as an earth-  
quake shock  
Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast,  
 That shall one day wake the dead ;  
 The strong church door could bear no more,  
 And the bolts and the bars they fled ;  
 And the tapers' light was extinguish'd quite,  
 And the choristers faintly sung,  
 And the Priests dismay'd, panted and pray'd, 160  
 And on all Saints in heaven for aid  
 They call'd with trembling tongue.  
 And in He came with eyes of flame,  
 The Devil to fetch the dead,  
 And all the church with his presence glow'd  
 Like a fiery furnace red.  
 He laid his hand on the iron chains,  
 And like flax they moulder'd asunder,  
 And the coffin lid, which was barr'd so firm,  
 He burst with his voice of thunder.  
 And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise, 171  
 And come with her Master away ;  
 A cold sweat started on that cold corpse,  
 At the voice she was forced to obey.  
 She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,  
 Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear,  
 And a groan like that which the Old Woman gave  
 Never did mortal hear.  
 She follow'd her Master to the church door,  
 There stood a black horse there ; 180  
 His breath was red like furnace smoke,  
 His eyes like a meteor's glare.  
 The Devil he flung her on the horse,  
 And he leapt up before, [went,  
 And away like the lightning's speed they  
 And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more, but her cries  
 For four miles round they could hear,  
 And children at rest at their mothers' breast  
 Started, and scream'd with fear. 190  
*Hereford*, 1798.

### GOD'S JUDGEMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP

[First published in *The Morning Post*, Nov. 27, 1799; afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1800, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

' Here followeth the History of HATTO, Archbichop of Mentz.

' It hapned in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho, surnamed the Great, was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto, in the time of this great famine afore-mentioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a Barne, and, like a most accursed and mercielles caittife, burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelat to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks quarrel, did not long suffer this hainous tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the Prelate, thinking that he should be secure from the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the towne, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and



sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troupes of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those sillie creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and knawed out his very name from the walls and tapistry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the Mice is shewn to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious Prelate, being situate in a little green Island in the midst of the Rhine near to the towne of Bingen, and is commonly called in the German Tongue the Mowse-TURN.—*Coryal's Crudities*, pp. 571, 572.

Other authors who record this tale say that the Bishop was eaten by Rats.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,

That in winter the corn was growing yet,  
Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,  
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,  
And all the neighbourhood could tell  
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day 10  
To quiet the poor without delay;  
He bade them to his great Barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter  
there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;  
The great Barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and  
old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;  
And while for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the Barn and burnt them  
all.

'I'faith 'tis an excellent bonfire!'  
quoth he,

'And the country is greatly obliged to  
me,

For ridding it in these times forlorn  
Of Rats that only consume the corn.'

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily,  
And he slept that night like an innocent  
man;

But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall 30  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the Rats had eaten it out of the  
frame.

As he look'd there came a man from his  
farm—

He had a countenance white with alarm;  
'My Lord, I open'd your granaries this  
morn,  
And the Rats had eaten all your corn.'

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be,  
'Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly,' quoth he,  
'Ten thousand Rats are coming this  
way, . . . 41

The Lord forgive you for yesterday!'

'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,'  
replied he,

'Tis the safest place in Germany;  
The walls are high and the shores are  
steep,  
And the stream is strong and the water  
deep.'

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,  
And he crost the Rhine without delay,  
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with  
care  
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes  
there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes ; . .  
 But soon a scream made him arise,  
 He started and saw two eyes of flame  
 On his pillow from whence the screaming  
 came.

He listen'd and look'd ; . . it was only  
 the Cat ;

But the Bishop he grew more fearful for  
 that,

For she sat screaming, mad with fear  
 At the Army of Rats that were drawing  
 near.

For they have swum over the river so  
 deep,

And they have climb'd the shores so  
 steep, 60

And up the Tower their way is bent,  
 To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or  
 score,

By thousands they come, and by myriads  
 and more,

Such numbers had never been heard of  
 before,

Such a judgement had never been  
 witness'd of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,  
 And faster and faster his beads did he  
 tell,

As louder and louder drawing near 69  
 The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the  
 door,

And through the walls helter-skelter  
 they pour,

And down from the ceiling and up  
 through the floor,

From the right and the left, from behind  
 and before,

From within and without, from above  
 and below,

And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against  
 the stones,

And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;  
 They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,  
 For they were sent to do judgement on  
 him ! 80

*Westbury, 1799.*

### THE INCHCAPE ROCK

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 Oct. 19, 1803. The Ballad was reprinted,  
 with a number of unauthorized variations,  
 in *The Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1810,  
 without Southey's knowledge or consent.]

An old writer mentions a curious tradition  
 which may be worth quoting. ' By east the  
 Isle of May,' says he, ' twelve miles from all  
 land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden  
 rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for  
 navigators, because it is overflowed everie  
 tide. It is reported in old times, upon the  
 saide rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree  
 or timber, which rang continually, being  
 moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers  
 of the danger. This bell or clocke was put  
 there and maintained by the Abbot of  
 Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a  
 sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon  
 the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the  
 righteous judgement of God.'—STODDART,  
*Remarks on Scotland.*

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
 The ship was still as she could be,  
 Her sails from heaven received no mo-  
 tion,

Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their  
 shock

The waves flow'd over the Inchcape  
 Rock ;

So little they rose, so little they fell,  
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok

Had placed that bell on the Inchcape  
 Rock ; 10

On a buoy in the storm it floated and  
 swung,

And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's  
swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell ;  
And then they knew the perilous  
Rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day ;  
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd  
round, <sup>19</sup>  
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was  
seen  
A darker speck on the ocean green ;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker  
speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him  
sing ;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;  
Quoth he, 'My men, put out the  
boat, <sup>30</sup>  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aber-  
brothok.'

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape  
float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling  
sound,  
The bubbles rose and burst around ;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes  
to the Rock <sup>39</sup>  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,  
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;  
And now grown rich with plunder'd  
store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They cannot see the Sun on high ;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is they see no land. <sup>50</sup>  
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will be lighter  
soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising  
Moon.'

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers  
roar ?  
For methinks we should be near the  
shore.'  
'Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape  
Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;  
Though the wind hath fallen they drift  
along,  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering  
shock,—  
'Oh Christ ! it is the Inchcape Rock !'

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ; <sup>61</sup>  
He curst himself in his despair ;  
The waves rush in on every side,  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear  
One dreadful sound could the Rover  
hear,  
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,  
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

*Bristol, 1802.*

## QUEEN ORRACA

AND

## THE FIVE MARTYRS OF MOROCCO

[First published in *The Morning Post*, Sept. 1, 1803. Afterwards published in *The Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1808, and in Ballantyne's *English Minstrelsy*, 1810.]

This Legend is related in the Chronicle of Affonso II, and in the *Historia Serafica* of Fr. Manoel da Esperança.

1

THE Friars five have girt their loins,  
And taken staff in hand ;  
And never shall those Friars again  
Hear mass in Christian land.

They went to Queen Orraca,  
To thank her and bless her then ;  
And Queen Orraca in tears  
Knelt to the holy men.

' Three things, Queen Orraca,  
We prophesy to you :  
Hear us, in the name of God !  
For time will prove them true.

' In Morocco we must martyr'd be ;  
Christ hath vouchsafed it thus :  
We shall shed our blood for Him  
Who shed his blood for us.

' To Coimbra shall our bodies be  
brought,  
Such being the will divine ;  
That Christians may behold and feel  
Blessings at our shrine.

' And when unto that place of rest  
Our bodies shall draw nigh,  
Who sees us first, the King or you,  
That one that night must die.

' Fare thee well, Queen Orraca !  
For thy soul a mass we will say,  
Every day as long as we live,  
And on thy dying day.'

The Friars they blest her, one by one,  
Where she knelt on her knee, 30  
And they departed to the land  
Of the Moors beyond the sea.

2

' What news, O King Affonso,  
What news of the Friars five ?  
Have they preach'd to the Miramamolin ;  
And are they still alive ?'

' They have fought the fight, O Queen !  
They have run the race ;  
In robes of white they hold the palm  
Before the throne of Grace. 40

' All naked in the sun and air  
Their mangled bodies lie ;  
What Christian dared to bury them,  
By the bloody Moors would die.'

3

' What news, O King Affonso,  
Of the Martyrs five what news ?  
Doth the bloody Miramamolin  
Their burial still refuse ?'

' That on a dunghill they should rot,  
The bloody Moor decreed ; 50  
That their dishonour'd bodies should  
The dogs and vultures feed :

' But the thunder of God roll'd over  
them,  
And the lightning of God flash'd round ;  
Nor thing impure, nor man impure,  
Could approach the holy ground.

' A thousand miracles appall'd  
The cruel Pagan's mind ;  
Our brother Pedro brings them here,  
In Coimbra to be shrined.' 60

4

Every altar in Coimbra  
Is drest for the festival day ;  
All the people in Coimbra  
Are dight in their richest array ;



Every bell in Coimbra  
 Doth merrily, merrily, ring ;  
 The Clergy and the Knights await,  
 To go forth with the Queen and the  
 King.

' Come forth, come forth, Queen Orraca !  
 We make the procession stay.' 70

' I beseech thee, King Affonso,  
 Go you alone to-day.

' I have pain in my head this morning,  
 I am ill at heart also :

Go without me, King Affonso,  
 For I am too faint to go.'

' The relics of the Martyrs five  
 All maladies can cure ;  
 They will requite the charity  
 You shew'd them once, be sure : 80

' Come forth then, Queen Orraca !  
 You make the procession stay :  
 It were a scandal and a sin  
 To abide at home to-day.'

Upon her palfrey she is set,  
 And forward then they go ;  
 And over the long bridge they pass,  
 And up the long hill wind slow.

' Prick forward, King Affonso,  
 And do not wait for me ; 90  
 To meet them close by Coimbra,  
 It were discourtesy ;

' A little while I needs must wait,  
 Till this sore pain be gone ; . .  
 I will proceed the best I can,  
 But do you and your Knights prick  
 on.'

The King and his Knights prick'd up  
 the hill  
 Faster than before ;  
 The King and his Knights have topt the  
 hill,  
 And now they are seen no more. 100

As the King and his Knights went down  
 the hill

A wild boar crost the way ;  
 ' Follow him ! follow him ! ' cried the  
 King ;  
 ' We have time by the Queen's delay !'

A-hunting of the boar astray  
 Is King Affonso gone :  
 Slowly, slowly, but straight the while,  
 Queen Orraca is coming on.

And winding now the train appears  
 Between the olive-trees : 110  
 Queen Orraca alighted then,  
 And fell upon her knees.

The Friars of Alanquer came first,  
 And next the relics past ; . .  
 Queen Orraca look'd to see  
 The King and his Knights come last.

She heard the horses tramp behind ;  
 At that she turn'd her face :  
 King Affonso and his Knights came up  
 All panting from the chase. 120

' Have pity upon my poor soul,  
 Holy Martyrs five ! ' cried she :  
 ' Holy Mary, Mother of God,  
 Virgin, pray for me !'

5

That day in Coimbra  
 Many a heart was gay ;  
 But the heaviest heart in Coimbra,  
 Was that poor Queen's that day.

The festival is over,  
 The sun hath sunk in the west ; 130  
 All the people in Coimbra  
 Have betaken themselves to rest.

Queen Orraca's Father Confessor  
 At midnight is awake ;  
 Kneeling at the Martyr's shrine,  
 And praying for her sake.

Just at the midnight hour, when all

Was still as still could be,  
Into the Church of Santa Cruz,  
Came a saintly company :

All in robes of russet grey,  
Poorly were they dight ;  
Each one girdled with a cord,  
Like a Friar Minorite.

But from those robes of russet grey,  
There flow'd a heavenly light ;  
For each one was the blessed soul  
Of a Friar Minorite.

Brighter than their brethren,  
Among the beautiful band ;  
Five were there who each did bear  
A palm branch in his hand.

He who led the brethren,  
A living man was he ;  
And yet he shone the brightest  
Of all the company.

Before the steps of the altar,  
Each one bow'd his head ;  
And then with solemn voice they sung  
The Service of the Dead.

' And who are ye, ye blessed Saints ?'  
The Father Confessor said ;  
' And for what happy soul sing ye  
The Service of the Dead ?'

' These are the souls of our brethren in  
bliss,  
The Martyrs five are we :  
And this is our father Francisco,  
Among us bodily !

' We are come hither to perform  
Our promise to the Queen ;  
Go thou to King Affonso,  
And say what thou hast seen.'

There was loud knocking at the door,  
As the heavenly vision fled ;  
And the porter called to the Confessor,  
To tell him the Queen was dead.

*Bristol, 1803.*

### BROUGH BELLS

' The church at Brough is a pretty large handsome ancient building. The steeple is not so old, having been built about the year 1513, under the direction of Thomas Blenkinsop, of Helbeck, Esq. There are in it four excellent bells, by much the largest in the county, except the great bell at Kirkby Thore. Concerning these bells at Brough, there is a tradition that they were given by one Brunskill, who lived upon Stanemore, in the remotest part of the parish, and had a great many cattle. One time it happened that his Bull fell a bellowing, which in the dialect of the country is called cruning, this being the genuine Saxon word to denote that vociferation. Thereupon he said to one of his neighbours, "Hearst thou how loud this bull crunes? If these cattle should all crune together, might they not be heard from Brough hither?" He answered, "Yea." "Well, then," says Brunskill, "I'll make them all crune together." And he sold them all, and with the price thereof he bought the said bells (or perhaps he might get the old bells new cast and made larger). There is a monument in the body of the church, in the south wall, between the highest and second window, and in which it is said the said Brunskill was the last that was interred.'—*Nicolson and Burn's History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. i, p. 571.

ONE day to Helbeck I had stroll'd  
Among the Crossfell hills,  
And resting in its rocky grove  
Sat listening to the rills ;

The while to their sweet undersong  
The birds sang blithe around,  
And the soft west wind awoke the wood  
To an intermitting sound.

Louder or fainter as it rose,  
Or died away, was borne  
The harmony of merry bells,  
From Brough that pleasant morn.

' Why are the merry bells of Brough,  
My friend, so few ?' said I,  
' They disappoint the expectant ear,  
Which they should gratify.

- 'One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four;  
'Tis still one, two, three, four.  
Mellow and silvery are the tones;  
But I wish the bells were more!' 20
- 'What! art thou critical?' quoth he;  
'Eschew that heart's disease  
That seeketh for displeasure where  
The intent hath been to please.
- 'By those four bells there hangs a tale,  
Which being told, I guess,  
Will make thee hear their scanty peal  
With proper thankfulness.
- 'Not by the Cliffords were they given,  
Nor by the Tuftons' line; 30  
Thou hearest in that peal the crune  
Of old John Brunskill's kine.
- 'On Stanemore's side one summer eve,  
John Brunskill sate to see  
His herds in yonder Borrodale  
Come winding up the lea.
- 'Behind them on the lowland's verge,  
In the evening light serene,  
Brough's silent tower, then newly built  
By Blenkinsop, was seen. 40
- 'Slowly they came in long array,  
With loitering pace at will;  
At times a low from them was heard,  
Far off, for all was still.
- 'The hills return'd that lonely sound  
Upon the tranquil air;  
The only sound it was, which then  
Awoke the echoes there.
- ' "Thou hear'st that lordly Bull of  
mine,  
Neighbour," quoth Brunskill then; 50  
'How loudly to the hills he crunes,  
That crune to him again.
- ' "Think'st thou if yon whole herd at  
once  
Their voices should combine,  
Were they at Brough, that we might not  
Hear plainly from this upland spot  
That cruning of the kine?"
- ' "That were a crune, indeed," replied  
His comrade, "which, I ween,  
Might at the Spital well be heard, 60  
And in all dales between.
- ' "Up Mallerstang to Eden's springs  
The eastern wind upon its wings  
The mighty voice would bear;  
And Appleby would hear the sound,  
Methinks, when skies are fair."
- ' "Then shall the herd," John Brunskill  
cried,  
"From yon dumb steeple crune,  
And thou and I, on this hill-side,  
Will listen to their tune. 70
- ' "So while the merry Bells of Brough  
For many an age ring on,  
John Brunskill will remember'd be,  
When he is dead and gone;
- ' "As one who in his latter years,  
Contented with enough,  
Gave freely what he well could spare  
To buy the Bells of Brough."
- ' Thus it hath proved: three hundred  
years  
Since then have pass'd away, 80  
And Brunskill's is a living name  
Among us to this day.'
- ' More pleasure,' I replied, 'shall I  
From this time forth partake,  
When I remember Helbeck woods,  
For old John Brunskill's sake.
- ' He knew how wholesome it would be,  
Among these wild wide fells,  
And upland vales, to catch, at times,  
The sound of Christian bells; 90

' What feelings and what impulses  
 Their cadence might convey,  
 To herdsman or to shepherd boy,  
 Whiling in indolent employ  
 The solitary day ;

' That when his brethren were convened  
 To meet for social prayer,  
 He, too, admonish'd by the call,  
 In spirit might be there.

' Or when a glad thanksgiving sound, 100  
 Upon the winds of Heaven,  
 Was sent to speak a Nation's joy,  
 For some great blessing given—

' For victory by sea or land,  
 And happy peace at length ;  
 Peace by his country's valour won,  
 And 'stablish'd by her strength ;

' When such exultant peals were borne  
 Upon the mountain air,  
 The sound should stir his blood, and  
 give 110  
 An English impulse there.'

Such thoughts were in the old man's  
 mind,  
 When he that eve look'd down  
 From Stanemore's side on Borrodale,  
 And on the distant town.

And had I store of wealth, methinks,  
 Another herd of kine,  
 John Brunskill, I would freely give,  
 That they might crune with thine.

Keswick, 1828.

### INSCRIPTION FOR A COFFEE-POT

[Printed in a note in *Selections, From the Letters of Robert Southey*, ed. J. W. Warter, vol. iv, pp. 203, 204.]

A GOLDEN medal was voted to me  
 By a certain Royal Society :  
 'Twas not a thing at which to scoff,  
 For fifty guineas was the cost thereof :  
 On one side a head of the king you  
 might see,

And on the other was Mercury !  
 But I was scant of worldly riches,  
 And moreover the Mercury had no  
 breeches ;  
 So, thinking of honour and utility  
 too,

And having modesty also in view, 10  
 I sold this medal, (why should I not ?)  
 And with the money which for it  
 I got,

I purchased this silver coffee-pot :  
 Which I trust my son will preserve with  
 care,

To be handed down from heir to heir.  
 These verses are engraven here,  
 That the truth of the matter may  
 appear,

And I hope the society will be so  
 wise,

As in future to dress their Mercuries !



## SONNETS

[As two of the Sonnets have been inserted among the Selected Minor Poems (pp. 349, 350), and three of those published in 1837-1838 have been omitted, it has been necessary to make some alteration in the numbering of those here printed. Where this has been done the number in brackets ( ) at the head of a sonnet denotes its number in the edition of 1837-1838.

Of the Sonnets printed below, numbers I to IV inclusive (as numbered in the present edition) were published in *Poems*, 1797; the remainder were published in *Metrical Tales*, 1805. Sonnets V, VI, VII, VIII, and XII were included in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799; Sonnets IX, X, XI, XIV, XV, appeared in *The Annual Anthology*, 1800.]

### I (IV) CORSTON

As thus I stand beside the murmuring  
stream  
And watch its current, memory here  
pourtrays  
Scenes faintly form'd of half-forgotten  
days,  
Like far-off woodlands by the moon's  
bright beam  
Dimly descried, but lovely. I have  
worn  
Amid these haunts the heavy hours  
away,  
When childhood idled through the  
Sabbath-day;  
Risen to my tasks at winter's earliest  
morn;  
And when the summer twilight darken'd  
here,  
Thinking of home, and all of heart for-  
lorn, 10  
Have sigh'd and shed in secret many a  
tear.  
Dream-like and indistinct those days  
appear,  
As the faint sounds of this low brooklet,  
borne  
Upon the breeze, reach fitfully the ear.  
1794.

### II (VI)

WITH many a weary step, at length I gain  
Thy summit, Lansdown; and the cool  
breeze plays  
Gratefully round my brow, as hence  
I gaze  
Back on the fair expanse of yonder  
plain. [eye  
'Twas a long way and tedious; to the  
Though fair the extended vale, and fair  
to view  
The autumnal leaves of many a faded  
hue,  
That eddy in the wild gust moaning by.  
Even so it fared with life: in discontent  
Restless through Fortune's mingled  
scenes I went. . . 10  
Yet wept to think they would return no  
more.  
But cease, fond heart, in such sad  
thoughts to roam;  
For surely thou ere long shalt reach thy  
home,  
And pleasant is the way that lies before.  
1794.

### III (VII)

FAIR is the rising morn when o'er the sky  
The orient sun expands his roseate ray,  
And lovely to the musing poet's eye  
Fades the soft radiance of departing day;  
But fairer is the smile of one we love,  
Than all the scenes in Nature's ample  
sway,  
And sweeter than the music of the grove,  
The voice that bids us welcome. Such  
delight,  
EDITH! is mine, escaping to thy sight  
From the cold converse of the indifferent  
throng: 10  
Too swiftly then toward the silent night,  
Ye hours of happiness, ye speed along,  
Whilst I, from all the world's dull cares  
apart, [heart.  
Pour out the feelings of my burthen'd  
1794.

## IV (VIII)

How darkly o'er yon far-off mountain  
 frowns  
 The gather'd tempest ! from that lurid  
 cloud  
 The deep-voiced thunders roll, awful  
 and loud  
 Though distant ; while upon the misty  
 downs [rain.  
 Fast falls in shadowy streaks the pelting  
 I never saw so terrible a storm !  
 Perhaps some way-worn traveller in  
 vain  
 Wraps his thin raiment round his  
 shivering form,  
 Cold even as hope within him. I the  
 while  
 Pause here in sadness, though the sun-  
 beams smile 10  
 Cheerily round me. Ah ! that thus my  
 lot [sign'd,  
 Might be with Peace and Solitude as-  
 Where I might from some little quiet cot  
 Sigh for the crimes and miseries of man-  
 kind.

1794.

## V (IX)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 May 29, 1799.]

O THOU sweet Lark, who in the heaven  
 so high [fully,  
 Twinkling thy wings dost sing so joy-  
 I watch thee soaring with a deep delight,  
 And when at last I turn mine aching eye  
 That lags below thee in the Infinite,  
 Still in my heart receive thy melody.  
 O thou sweet Lark, that I had wings  
 like thee !  
 Not for the joy it were in yon blue light  
 Upward to mount, and from my  
 heavenly height  
 Gaze on the creeping multitude below ;  
 But that I soon would wing my eager  
 flight 11  
 To that loved home where Fancy even  
 now  
 Hath fled, and Hope looks onward  
 through a tear, [here,  
 Counting the weary hours that hold her

1798.

## VI (X)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 May 21, 1799.]

THOU lingerest, Spring ! still wintry is  
 the scene, [wear ;  
 The fields their dead and sapless russet  
 Scarce doth the glossy celandine appear  
 Starring the sunny bank, or early green  
 The elder yet its circling tufts put forth.  
 The sparrow tenants still the eaves-built  
 nest [breast-  
 Where we should see our martin's snowy  
 Oft darting out. The blasts from the  
 bleak north [blow.  
 And from the keener east still frequent  
 Sweet Spring, thou lingerest ; and it  
 should be so, . . . 10  
 Late let the fields and gardens blossom  
 out ! [is drest,  
 Like man when most with smiles thy face  
 'Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye  
 best, [doubt.  
 When most ye promise, ever most must  
 Westbury, 1799.

## VII (XI)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 November 23, 1798.]

BEWARE a speedy friend, the Arabian  
 said,  
 And wisely was it he advised distrust :  
 The flower that blossoms earliest fades  
 the first. [head,  
 Look at yon Oak that lifts its stately  
 And dallies with the autumnal storm,  
 whose rage [it rose,  
 Tempests the great sea-waves ; slowly  
 Slowly its strength increased through  
 many an age,  
 And timidly did its light leaves disclose,  
 As doubtful of the spring, their palest  
 green.  
 They to the summer cautiously expand,  
 And by the warmer sun and season  
 bland 11  
 Matured, their foliage in the grove is seen,  
 When the bare forest by the wintry blast  
 Is swept, still lingering on the boughs  
 the last.

1798.

## VIII (XII) TO A GOOSE

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
January 10, 1799.]

IF thou didst feed on western plains of  
yore ;  
Or waddle wide with flat and flabby feet  
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy  
moor ;  
Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat  
From gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and  
fleet ; [trace  
If thy grey quills, by lawyer guided,  
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched  
race, [sweet,  
Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and  
Wailing the rigour of his lady fair ;  
Or if, the drudge of housemaid's daily  
toil, <sup>10</sup>  
Cobwebs and dust thy pinions white  
besoil, [care.  
Departed Goose ! I neither know nor  
But this I know, that we pronounced  
thee fine, [wine.  
Season'd with sage and onions, and port  
*London*, 1798.

## IX (XIII)

I MARVEL not, O Sun ! that unto thee  
In adoration man should bow the knee,  
And pour his prayers of mingled awe  
and love ;  
For like a God thou art, and on thy way  
Of glory sheddest with benignant ray,  
Beauty, and life, and joyance from  
above. [shroud,  
No longer let these mists thy radiance  
These cold raw mists that chill the com-  
fortless day ;  
But shed thy splendour through the  
opening cloud  
And cheer the earth once more. The  
languid flowers <sup>10</sup>  
Lie scentless, beaten down with heavy  
rain ;  
Earth asks thy presence, saturate with  
showers ;  
O Lord of Light ! put forth thy beams  
again, [hours.  
For damp and cheerless are the gloomy  
*Westbury*, 1798.

## X (XIV)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
December 28, 1798.]

FAIR be thy fortunes in the distant land,  
Companion of my earlier years and  
friend !  
Go to the Eastern world, and may the  
hand [send.  
Of Heaven its blessing on thy labour  
And may I, if we ever more should meet,  
See thee with affluence to thy native  
shore [greet  
Return'd : . . I need not pray that I may  
The same untainted goodness as before.  
Long years must intervene before that  
day ;  
And what the changes Heaven to each  
may send, <sup>10</sup>  
It boots not now to bode : O early  
friend !  
Assured, no distance e'er can wear away  
Esteem long rooted, and no change  
remove [love.  
The dear remembrance of the friend we  
1798.

## XI (XVI)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
August 26, 1799.]

PORLOCK, thy verdant vale so fair to  
sight,  
Thy lofty hills which fern and furze  
embrown,  
The waters that roll musically down  
Thy woody glens, the traveller with  
delight [grey  
Recalls to memory, and the channel  
Circling its surges in thy level bay.  
Porlock, I also shall forget thee not,  
Here by the unwelcome summer rain  
confined ;  
But often shall hereafter call to mind  
How here, a patient prisoner, 'twas my  
lot <sup>10</sup>  
To wear the lonely, lingering close of day,  
Making my Sonnet by the alehouse fire,  
Whilst Idleness and Solitude inspire  
Dull rhymes to pass the duller hours  
away.  
*August 9*, 1799.

## XII (XVII)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
December 14, 1798.]

STATELY yon vessel sails adown the tide,  
To some far distant land adventurous  
bound;

The sailors' busy cries from side to side  
Pealing among the echoing rocks re-  
sound:

A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring  
band,

Joyful they enter on their ocean way,  
With shouts exulting leave their native  
land, [day.

And know no care beyond the present  
But is there no poor mourner left behind,  
Who sorrows for a child or husband  
there? <sup>10</sup>

Who at the howling of the midnight  
wind [prayer?

Will wake and tremble in her boding  
So may her voice be heard, and Heaven  
be kind! [fair!

Go, gallant Ship, and be thy fortune  
*Westbury, 1799.*

## XIII (XVIII)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
December 1, 1798.]

O GOD! have mercy in this dreadful  
hour

On the poor mariner! in comfort here  
Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear  
The blast that rages with resistless  
power. [waves,

What were it now to toss upon the  
The madden'd waves, and know no  
succour near;

The howling of the storm alone to hear,  
And the wild sea that to the tempest  
raves;

To gaze amid the horrors of the night  
And only see the billow's gleaming light;  
Then in the dread of death to think of  
her <sup>11</sup>

Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,  
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes  
pale? . .

O God! have mercy on the mariner!

*Westbury, 1799.*

## XIV (XIX)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
August 9, 1799.]

SHE comes majestic with her swelling  
sails, [way

The gallant Ship; along her watery  
Homeward she drives before the favour-  
ing gales;

Now flirting at their length the streamers  
play, [breeze.

And now they ripple with the ruffling  
Hark to the sailors' shouts! the rocks  
rebound, [sound.

Thundering in echoes to the joyful  
Long have they voyaged o'er the distant  
seas, [last,

And what a heart-delight they feel at  
So many toils, so many dangers past, <sup>10</sup>

To view the port desired, he only knows  
Who on the stormy deep for many a day

Hath tost, aweary of his watery way,  
And watch'd, all anxious, every wind  
that blows.

*Westbury, 1799.*

## XV (XX)

FAREWELL my home, my home no  
longer now,

Witness of many a calm and happy day;  
And thou fair eminence, upon whose  
brow [ray,

Dwells the last sunshine of the evening  
Farewell! These eyes no longer shall  
pursue

The western sun beyond the farthest  
height, [light.

When slowly he forsakes the fields of  
No more the freshness of the falling dew,  
Cool and delightful, here shall bathe my  
head,

As from this western window dear, I  
lean, <sup>10</sup>

Listening, the while I watch the placid  
scene, [shed.

The martins twittering underneath the  
Farewell, dear home! where many a  
day has past

In joys whose loved remembrance long  
shall last.

*Westbury, 1799.*



## LYRIC POEMS

### TO CONTEMPLATION

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

Καὶ παγὰς φιλείμι τὸν ἐγγύθεν ἦχον ἀκούειν,  
 \*Α τέρπει ψοφείοισα τὸν ἀγρικόν, οὐχὶ  
 τάρσσει. MOSCHUS.

FAINT gleams the evening radiance  
 through the sky,

The sober twilight dimly darkens  
 round ;

In short quick circles the shrill bat  
 flits by, [ground.

And the slow vapour curls along the

Now the pleased eye from yon lone cot-  
 tage sees

On the green mead the smoke long-  
 shadowing play ; [spray

The Red-breast on the blossom'd  
 Warbles wild her latest lay ;

And lo ! the Rooks to yon high-tufted  
 trees

Wing in long files vociferous their  
 way. 10

Calm CONTEMPLATION, 'tis thy favourite  
 hour !

Come, tranquillizing Power !

I view thee on the calm shore

When Ocean stills his waves to rest ;

Or when slow-moving on the surges  
 hoar

Meet with deep hollow roar

And whiten o'er his breast ;

And when the Moon with softer radiance  
 gleams, [beams.

And lovelier heave the billows in her

When the low gales of evening moan  
 along, 20

I love with thee to feel the calm cool  
 breeze, [among,

And roam the pathless forest wilds

Listening the mellow murmur of the  
 trees [on high,

Full-foliaged, as they wave their heads

And to the winds respond in symphony.

Or lead me where amid the tranquil  
 vale

The broken streamlet flows in silver  
 light ;

And I will linger where the  
 gale

O'er the bank of violets sighs,

Listening to hear its soften'd sounds  
 arise ; 30

And hearken the dull beetle's drowsy  
 flight,

And watch'd the tube-eyed  
 snail

Creep o'er his long moon-glittering  
 trail,

And mark where radiant through the  
 night

Shines in the grass-green hedge the glow-  
 worm's living light.

Thee, meekest Power ! I love to  
 meet,

As oft with solitary pace

The ruin'd Abbey's hallowed rounds  
 I trace,

And listen to the echoings of my  
 feet.

Or on some half-demolish'd tomb,

Whose warning texts anticipate my  
 doom, 41

Mark the clear orb of night

Cast through the ivy'd arch a broken  
 light.

Nor will I not in some more gloomy  
 hour

Invoke with fearless awe thine holier  
 power,

Wandering beneath the sacred  
 pile

When the blast moans along the dark-  
 some aisle,

And clattering patters all  
 around

The midnight shower with dreary  
 sound.

But sweeter 'tis to wander wild 50  
 By melancholy dreams beguiled,  
 While the summer moon's pale ray  
 Faintly guides me on my way  
 To some lone romantic glen  
 Far from all the haunts of men ;  
 Where no noise of uproar rude  
 Breaks the calm of solitude ;  
 But soothing Silence sleeps in all,  
 Save the neighbouring waterfall,  
 Whose hoarse waters falling near 60  
 Load with hollow sounds the ear,  
 And with down-dasht torrent white  
 Gleam hoary through the shades of  
 night.

Thus wandering silent on and slow,  
 I'll nurse Reflection's sacred woe,  
 And muse upon the happier day  
 When Hope would weave her visions  
 gay,  
 Ere Fancy, chill'd by adverse fate,  
 Left sad Reality my mate.

O CONTEMPLATION ! when to Memory's  
 eyes 70  
 The visions of the long-past days  
 arise,  
 Thy holy power imparts the best relief,  
 And the calm'd Spirit loves the joy of  
 grief.

Bristol, 1792.

### REMEMBRANCE

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 May 26, 1798 ; afterwards in *The Annual  
 Anthology*, 1799.]

The remembrance of Youth is a sigh.  
 ALL.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage  
 As through the world he wends,  
 On every stage from youth to age  
 Still discontent attends ;  
 With heaviness he casts his eye  
 Upon the road before,  
 And still remembers with a sigh  
 The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,  
 Torn from his mother's arms, . . . 10  
 What then shall soothe his earliest  
 woes,

When novelty hath lost its charms ?  
 Condemn'd to suffer through the day  
 Restraints which no rewards repay,  
 And cares where love has no concern,  
 Hope lengthens as she counts the hours  
 Before his wish'd return.

From hard controul and tyrant rules,  
 The unfeeling discipline of schools,  
 In thought he loves to roam, 20  
 And tears will struggle in his eye  
 While he remembers with a sigh  
 The comforts of his home.

Youth comes ; the toils and cares of life  
 Torment the restless mind ;  
 Where shall the tired and harass'd heart  
 Its consolation find ?  
 Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,  
 Life's summer prime of joy ?  
 Ah no ! for hopes too long delay'd 30  
 And feelings blasted or betray'd,  
 Its fabled bliss destroy ;  
 And Youth remembers with a sigh  
 The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,  
 And other thoughts come on,  
 But with the baseless hopes of Youth  
 Its generous warmth is gone ;  
 Cold calculating cares succeed,  
 The timid thought, the wary deed, 40  
 The dull realities of truth ;  
 Back on the past he turns his eye,  
 Remembering with an envious sigh  
 The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage  
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage,  
 With feeble step and slow ;  
 New ills that latter stage await,  
 And old Experience learns too late  
 That all is vanity below. 50  
 Life's vain delusions are gone by  
 Its idle hopes are o'er,  
 Yet age remembers with a sigh  
 The days that are no more.

Westbury, 1798.

## THE WIDOW

SAPPHICS

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

COLD was the night wind, drifting fast  
the snow fell,  
Wide were the downs and shelterless and  
naked,  
When a poor Wanderer struggled on her  
journey,  
Weary and way-sore.

Drear were the downs, more dreary her  
reflections ;  
Cold was the night-wind, colder was her  
bosom :  
She had no home, the world was all  
before her,  
She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by  
her,  
' Pity me ! ' feebly cried the lonely  
wanderer ;  
' Pity me, strangers ! lest with cold and  
hunger  
Here I should perish.

' Once I had friends,—though now by  
all forsaken !  
Once I had parents,—they are now in  
Heaven !  
I had a home once—I had once a hus-  
band—  
Pity me, strangers !

' I had a home once—I had once a  
husband—  
I am a widow, poor and broken-  
hearted !'  
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her  
complaining,  
On drove the chariot.

Then on the snow she laid her down to  
rest her ;  
She heard a horseman, ' Pity me ! ' she  
groan'd out ;  
Loud was the wind, unheard was her  
complaining,  
On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil and cold  
and hunger,  
Down sunk the Wanderer, sleep had  
seized her senses ;  
There did the traveller find her in the  
morning ;  
GOD had released her.

*Bristol*, 1795.

## THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN

[Published in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799.]

SWEET to the morning traveller  
The song amid the sky,  
Where twinkling in the dewy light  
The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller  
The gales that round him play,  
When faint and heavily he drags  
Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun  
Full wearily toils he,  
The flowing water makes to him  
A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,  
And all is calm around,  
There is sweet music to his ear  
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh ! of all delightful sounds  
Of evening or of morn,  
The sweetest is the voice of Love,  
That welcomes his return.  
*Westbury*, 1798.

## THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
January 17, 1799; afterwards in *The Annual  
Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
The few locks which are left you are  
grey ;  
You are hale, Father William, a hearty  
old man,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William  
replied,  
I remember'd that youth would fly  
fast,  
And abused not my health and my  
vigour at first,  
That I never might need them at last.  
You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
And pleasures with youth pass away ;  
And yet you lament not the days that  
are gone, 11  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William  
replied,  
I remember'd that youth could not  
last ;  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.  
You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
And life must be hastening away ;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse  
upon death,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray. 20

I am cheerful, young man, Father  
William replied,  
Let the cause thy attention engage ;  
In the days of my youth I remember'd  
my God !  
And He hath not forgotten my age.  
*Westbury, 1799.*

### TO A SPIDER

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
March 23, 1799 ; afterwards in *The Annual  
Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

1

SPIDER ! thou need'st not run in fear  
about  
To shun my curious eyes ;  
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out  
Lest thou should'st eat the flies ;  
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd  
delight  
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see.  
For there is One who might  
One day roast me.

2

Thou art welcome to a Rhymer sore  
perplext,  
The subject of his verse ; 10  
There's many a one who on a better  
text  
Perhaps might comment worse.  
Then shrink not, old Free-Mason, from  
my view,  
But quietly like me spin out the line ;  
Do thou thy work pursue  
As I will mine.

3

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the  
ways  
Of Satan, Sire of lies ;  
Hell's huge black Spider, for mankind  
he lays  
His toils, as thou for flies. 20  
When Betty's busy eye runs round  
the room,  
Woe to that nice geometry, if seen !  
But where is He whose broom  
The earth shall clean ?

4

Spider ! of old thy flimsy webs were  
thought,  
And 'twas a likeness true,  
To emblem laws in which the weak  
are caught,  
But which the strong break through :  
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,  
Like some poor client is that wretched  
fly ; 30  
I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain  
His life-blood dry.

5

And is not thy weak work like human  
schemes  
And care on earth employ'd ?  
Such are young hopes and Love's  
delightful dreams  
So easily destroyed !  
So does the Statesman, whilst the  
Avengers sleep,  
Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret  
lay,  
Soon shall destruction sweep  
His work away. 40



6

Thou busy labourer ! one resemblance  
more

May yet the verse prolong,  
For, Spider, thou art like the Poet  
poor.

Whom thou hast help'd in song.  
Both busily our needful food to win,  
We work, as Nature taught, with  
ceaseless pains :

Thy bowels thou dost spin,  
I spin my brains.

Westbury, 1798.

### THE EBB TIDE

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
June 25, 1799 ; afterwards in *The Annual  
Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*,  
1805.]

SLOWLY thy flowing tide  
Came in, old Avon ! scarcely did mine  
eyes,  
As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood  
side,  
Perceive its gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong  
The labouring boatmen upward plied  
their oars,  
Yet little way they made, though la-  
bouring long  
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide  
The unlabour'd boat falls rapidly along ;  
The solitary helmsman sits to guide, 11  
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay  
So silent late, the shallow current roars ;  
Fast flow thy waters on their seaward  
way  
Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon ! I gaze and know  
The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way ;  
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,  
So rapidly decay. 20

Kingdoms which long have stood,  
And slow to strength and power attain'd  
at last,

Thus from the summit of high fortune's  
flood  
They ebb to ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears  
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied  
stage ;

Alas ! how hurryingly the ebbing years  
Then hasten to old age !

Westbury, 1799.

### THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
June 29, 1798 ; afterwards in *Poems*, vol. ii,  
1799.]

AND wherefore do the Poor complain ?  
The Rich Man ask'd of me ; . .  
Come walk abroad with me, I said,  
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets  
Were cheerless to behold,  
And we were wrapt and coated well,  
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,  
His locks were thin and white ; 10  
I ask'd him what he did abroad  
In that cold winter's night ;

The cold was keen indeed, he said,  
But at home no fire had he,  
And therefore he had come abroad  
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,  
And she begg'd loud and bold ;  
I ask'd her what she did abroad  
When the wind it blew so cold ; 20

She said her father was at home,  
And he lay sick a-bed,  
And therefore was it she was sent  
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down  
Upon a stone to rest,  
She had a baby at her back  
And another at her breast ;

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there  
 When the night-wind was so chill ; 30  
 She turn'd her head and bade the child  
 That scream'd behind, be still ;

Then told us that her husband served,  
 A soldier, far away,  
 And therefore to her parish she  
 Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose  
 And sunken was her eye,  
 Who with a wanton's hollow voice  
 Address'd the passers-by ; 40

I ask'd her what there was in guilt  
 That could her heart allure  
 To shame, disease, and late remorse ;  
 She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the Rich Man then.  
 For silently stood he, . .  
 You ask'd me why the Poor complain,  
 And these have answer'd thee !

London, 1798.

### TO A FRIEND

INQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER MY  
 YOUTH AGAIN

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 May 27, 1799 ; afterwards in *The Annual  
 Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*,  
 1805.]

#### 1

Do I regret the past ?  
 Would I again live o'er  
 The morning hours of life ?  
 Nay, William ! nay, not so !  
 In the warm joyance of the summer  
 sun

I do not wish again  
 The changeful April day.  
 Nay, William ! nay, not so !  
 Safe haven'd from the sea,

I would not tempt again 10  
 The uncertain ocean's wrath.  
 Praise be to Him who made me what  
 I am,  
 Other I would not be.

#### 2

Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk  
 Of days that are no more ?  
 When in his own dear home  
 The traveller rests at last,  
 And tells how often in his wanderings  
 The thought of those far off  
 Hath made his eyes o'erflow 20  
 With no unmanly tears ;  
 Delighted he recalls  
 Through what fair scenes his lingering  
 feet have trod ;  
 But ever when he tells of perils past  
 And troubles now no more,  
 His eyes are brightest, and a readier  
 joy  
 Flows thankful from his heart.

#### 3

No, William ! no, I would not live  
 again  
 The morning hours of life ;  
 I would not be again 30  
 The slave of hope and fear ;  
 I would not learn again  
 The wisdom by Experience hardly  
 taught.

#### 4

To me the past presents  
 No object for regret ;  
 To me the present gives  
 All cause for full content.  
 The future ? . . it is now the cheerful  
 noon.  
 And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze  
 With eyes alive to joy ; 40  
 When the dark night descends,  
 I willingly shall close my weary lids,  
 In sure and certain hope to wake again.

Westbury, 1798.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### I

#### ON A LANDSCAPE OF GASPAR POUSSIN

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

GASPAR! how pleasantly thy pictured  
scenes  
Beguile the lonely hour! I sit and  
gaze  
With lingering eye, till dreaming Fancy  
makes  
The lovely landscape live, and the rapt  
soul  
From the foul haunts of herded human-  
kind  
Flies far away with spirit speed, and  
tastes  
The untainted air, that with the lively  
hue  
Of health and happiness illumines the  
cheek  
Of mountain Liberty. My willing soul  
All eager follows on thy faery flights, to  
Fancy! best friend; whose blessed  
witcheries  
With cheering prospects cheat the  
traveller  
O'er the long wearying desert of the  
world.  
Nor dost thou, Fancy! with such magic  
mock  
My heart, as, demon-born, old Merlin  
knew,  
Or Alquist, or Zarzafiel's sister sage,  
Who in her vengeance for so many a  
year  
Held in the jacinth sepulchre entranced  
Lisuart the pride of Grecian chivalry.  
Friend of my lonely hours! thou leade<sup>20</sup>  
me  
To such calm joys as Nature, wise and  
good,  
Proffers in vain to all her wretched  
sons, . .

Her wretched sons who pine with want  
amid  
The abundant earth, and blindly bow  
them down  
Before the Moloch shrines of Wealth  
and Power,  
Authors of Evil. Well it is sometimes  
That thy delusions should beguile the  
heart,  
Sick of reality. The little pile  
That tops the summit of that craggy  
hill  
Shall be my dwelling: craggy is the hill  
And steep; yet through yon hazels up-  
ward leads <sup>31</sup>  
The easy path, along whose winding way  
Now close embower'd I hear the unseen  
stream  
Dash down, anon behold its sparkling  
foam  
Gleam through the thicket; and ascend-  
ing on  
Now pause me to survey the goodly  
vale  
That opens on my prospect. Half way  
up  
Pleasant it were upon some broad  
smooth rock  
To sit and sun myself, and look below,  
And watch the goatherd down yon high-  
bank path <sup>40</sup>  
Urging his flock grotesque; and bidding  
now  
His lean rough dog from some near cliff  
go drive  
The straggler; while his barkings loud  
and quick  
Amid their tremulous bleat arising oft,  
Fainter and fainter from the hollow  
road  
Send their far echoes, till the waterfall,  
Hoarse bursting from the cavern'd cliff  
beneath,  
Their dying murmurs drown. A little  
yet

Onward, and I have gain'd the utmost  
 height.  
 Fair spreads the vale below : I see the  
 stream 50  
 Stream radiant on beneath the noon-  
 tide sky.  
 A passing cloud darkens the bordering  
 steep,  
 Where the town-spires behind the castle-  
 towers  
 Rise graceful ; brown the mountain in  
 its shade,  
 Whose circling grandeur, part by mists  
 conceal'd,  
 Part with white rocks resplendent in the  
 sun,  
 Should bound mine eyes, . . ay, and my  
 wishes too,  
 For I would have no hope or fear  
 beyond.  
 The empty turmoil of the worthless  
 world,  
 Its vanities and vices would not vex 60  
 My quiet heart. The traveller, who  
 beheld  
 The low tower of the little pile, might  
 deem  
 It were the house of God ; nor would  
 he err  
 So deeming, for that home would be the  
 home  
 Of Peace and Love, and they would  
 hallow it  
 To Him. Oh, life of blessedness ! to  
 reap  
 The fruit of honourable toil, and bound  
 Our wishes with our wants ! Delightful  
 thoughts,  
 That soothe the solitude of weary Hope,  
 Ye leave her to reality awaked, 70  
 Like the poor captive, from some fleeting  
 dream  
 Of friends and liberty and home  
 restored,  
 Startled, and listening as the midnight  
 storm  
 Beats hard and heavy through his  
 dungeon bars.

*Bath, 1795.*

## II

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY,  
 1795

[Published in *Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1797.*]

How many hearts are happy at this  
 hour  
 In England ! Brightly o'er the cheerful  
 hall  
 Flares the heaped hearth, and friends  
 and kindred meet,  
 And the glad mother round her festive  
 board  
 Beholds her children, separated long  
 Amid the wide world's ways, assembled  
 now,  
 A sight at which affection lightens up  
 With smiles the eye that age has long  
 bedimm'd.  
 I do remember when I was a child  
 How my young heart, a stranger then  
 to care, 10  
 With transport leap'd upon this holy-  
 day,  
 As o'er the house, all gay with ever-  
 greens,  
 From friend to friend with joyful speed  
 I ran,  
 Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.  
 Those years are past ; their pleasures  
 and their pains  
 Are now like yonder convent-crested hill  
 That bounds the distant prospect, indis-  
 tinct,  
 Yet pictured upon memory's mystic  
 glass  
 In faint fair hues. A weary traveller  
 now  
 I journey o'er the desert mountain  
 tracks 20  
 Of Leon, wilds all drear and comfortless,  
 Where the grey lizards in the noontide  
 sun  
 Sport on the rocks, and where the goat-  
 herd starts,  
 Roused from his sleep at midnight when  
 he hears  
 The prowling wolf, and falters as he calls  
 On Saints to save. Here of the friends  
 I think  
 Who now, I ween, remember me, and fill



The glass of votive friendship. At the  
 name  
 Will not thy cheek, Beloved, change its  
 hue,  
 And in those gentle eyes uncall'd-for  
 tears 30  
 Tremble ? I will not wish thee not to  
 weep ;  
 Such tears are free from bitterness, and  
 they  
 Who know not what it is sometimes to  
 wake  
 And weep at midnight, are but instru-  
 ments  
 Of Nature's common work. Yes, think  
 of me,  
 My Edith, think that, travelling far  
 away,  
 Thus I beguile the solitary hours  
 With many a day-dream, picturing  
 scenes as fair  
 Of peace, and comfort, and domestic bliss  
 As ever to the youthful poet's eye 40  
 Creative Fancy fashion'd. Think of me,  
 Though absent, thine ; and if a sigh  
 will rise,  
 And tears, unbidden, at the thought  
 steal down,  
 Sure hope will cheer thee, and the happy  
 hour  
 Of meeting soon all sorrow overpay.

III

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING

THE CONVENT OF ARRABIDA

NEAR SETUBAL

MARCH 22, 1796

[Published in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797. The original version has been largely rewritten.]

HAPPY the dwellers in this holy house :  
 For surely never worldly thoughts in-  
 trude  
 On this retreat, this sacred solitude,  
 Where Quiet with Religion makes her  
 home.  
 And ye who tenant such a goodly scene,  
 How should ye be but good, where all is  
 fair,

And where the mirror of the mind re-  
 flects  
 Serenest beauty ? O'er these mountain  
 wilds  
 The insatiate eye with ever new delight  
 Roams raptur'd, marking now where to  
 the wind 10  
 The tall tree bends its many-tinted  
 boughs  
 With soft accordant sound ; and now  
 the sport  
 Of joyous sea-birds o'er the tranquil  
 deep,  
 And now the long-extending stream of  
 light  
 Where the broad orb of day refulgent  
 sinks  
 Beneath old Ocean's line. To have no  
 cares  
 That eat the heart, no wants that to  
 the earth  
 Chain the reluctant spirit, to be freed  
 From forced communion with the selfish  
 tribe  
 Who worship Mammon,—yea, emanci-  
 pate 20  
 From this world's bondage, even while  
 the soul  
 Inhabits still its corruptible clay, . .  
 Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house,  
 Almost I envy you. You never see  
 Pale Misery's asking eye, nor roam about  
 Those huge and hateful haunts of  
 crowded men,  
 Where Wealth and Power have built  
 their palaces,  
 Fraud spreads his snares secure, man  
 preys on man,  
 Iniquity abounds, and rampant Vice,  
 With an infection worse than mortal,  
 taints 30  
 The herd of humankind.  
 I too could love,  
 Ye tenants of this sacred solitude,  
 Here to abide, and when the sun rides  
 high  
 Seek some sequester'd dingle's coolest  
 shade ;  
 And at the breezy hour, along the beach  
 Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the  
 deep,  
 And while the breath of evening fann'd  
 my brow,

And the wild waves with their continuous sound  
 Soothed my accustom'd ear, think thankfully  
 That I had from the crowd withdrawn in time, 40  
 And found an harbour. . . Yet may yonder deep  
 Suggest a less unprofitable thought, Monastic brethren. Would the mariner, Though storms may sometimes swell the mighty waves,  
 And o'er the reeling bark with thundering crash  
 Impel the mountainous surge, quit yonder deep,  
 And rather float upon some tranquil sea, Whose moveless waters never feel the gale, [soul!  
 In safe stagnation? Rouse thyself my No season this for self-deluding dreams; It is thy spring-time; sow, if thou would'st reap; 51  
 Then, after honest labour, welcome rest, In full contentment not to be enjoy'd Unless when duly earn'd. O happy then To know that we have walked among mankind  
 More sinn'd against than sinning! Happy then  
 To muse on many a sorrow overpast, And think the business of the day is done, [close,  
 And as the evening of our lives shall The peaceful evening, with a Christian's hope 60  
 Expect the dawn of everlasting day.

Lisbon, 1796.

## IV

## ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE

TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

AND I was once like this! that glowing cheek  
 Was mine, those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow  
 Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze [years  
 Dies o'er the sleeping surface! . . . Twenty

Have wrought strange alteration! Of the friends  
 Who once so dearly prized this miniature, And loved it for its likeness, some are gone  
 To their last home; and some, estranged in heart,  
 Beholding me, with quick-averted glance [hues  
 Pass on the other side. But still these Remain unalter'd, and these features wear 11  
 The look of Infancy and Innocence. I search myself in vain, and find no trace  
 Of what I was: those lightly arching lines  
 Dark and o'erhanging now; and that sweet face  
 Settled in these strong lineaments! . . . There were  
 Who form'd high hopes and flattering ones of thee,  
 Young Robert! for thine eye was quick to speak  
 Each opening feeling: should they not have known,  
 If the rich rainbow on a morning cloud Reflects its radiant dyes, the husband-man 21  
 Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees Impending storms! . . . They augured happily,  
 That thou didst love each wild and wondrous tale  
 Of faery fiction, and thine infant tongue Lisp'd with delight the godlike deeds of Greece  
 And rising Rome; therefore they deem'd, forsooth,  
 That thou shouldst tread Preferment's pleasant path.  
 Ill-judging ones! they let thy little feet  
 Stray in the pleasant paths of Poesy, 30  
 And when thou shouldst have prest amid the crowd,  
 There didst thou love to linger out the day,  
 Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade. [wrong?  
 SPIRIT OF SPENSER! was the wanderer  
 Bristol, 1796.

V

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAY'S  
JOURNEY IN SPAIN

[Published in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797, under the title 'Retrospective Musings'. The original version has been practically rewritten.]

NOT less delighted do I call to mind,  
Land of Romance, thy wild and lovely  
scenes,

Than I beheld them first. Pleased I  
retrace

With memory's eye the placid Minho's  
course,

And catch its winding waters gleaming  
bright

Amid the broken distance. I review  
Leon's wide wastes, and heights precipitous,

Seen with a pleasure not unmix'd with  
dread,

As the sagacious mules along the brink  
Wound patiently and slow their way  
secure; <sup>10</sup>

And rude Galicia's hovels, and huge  
rocks

And mountains, where, when all beside  
was dim,

Dark and broad-headed the tall pines  
erect

Rose on the farthest eminence distinct,  
Cresting the evening sky.

Rain now falls thick,  
And damp and heavy is the unwhole-  
some air;

I by this friendly hearth remember Spain,  
And tread in fancy once again the road,  
Where twelve months since I held my  
way, and thought

Of England, and of all my heart held  
dear, <sup>20</sup>

And wish'd *this* day were come.

The morning mist,  
Well I remember, hover'd o'er the heath,  
When with the earliest dawn of day we  
left

The solitary Venta.<sup>1</sup> Soon the Sun  
Rose in his glory; scatter'd by the  
breeze

<sup>1</sup> Venta de Peralbanegas.

The thin fog roll'd away, and now  
emerged

We saw where Oropesa's castled hill  
Tower'd dark, and dimly seen; and now  
we pass'd

Torvalva's quiet huts, and on our way  
Paused frequently, look'd back, and  
gazed around, <sup>30</sup>

Then journey'd on, yet turn'd and gazed  
again,

So lovely was the scene. That ducal  
pile

Of the Toledos now with all its towers  
Shone in the sunlight. Half way up the  
hill,

Embower'd in olives, like the abode of  
Peace,

Lay Lagartina; and the cool fresh gale  
Bending the young corn on the gradual  
slope

Play'd o'er its varying verdure. I beheld  
A convent near, and could almost have  
thought

The dwellers there must needs be holy  
men, <sup>40</sup>

For as they look'd around them all they  
saw

Was good.

But when the purple eve came on,  
How did the lovely landscape fill my  
heart!

Trees scatter'd among peering rocks  
adorn'd

The near ascent; the vale was over-  
spread

With ilex in its wintry foliage gay,  
Old cork trees through their soft and  
swelling bark

Bursting, and glaucous olives, under-  
neath

Whose fertilizing influence the green herb  
Grows greener, and with heavier ears  
enrich'd <sup>50</sup>

The healthful harvest bends. Pellucid  
streams

Through many a vocal channel from the  
hills

Wound through the valley their melo-  
dious way;

And o'er the intermediate woods de-  
seried,

Naval-Moral's church tower announced  
to us

Our resting-place that night,—a welcome mark ;  
 Though willingly we loiter'd to behold  
 In long expanse Plasencia's fertile plain,  
 And the high mountain range which bounded it,  
 Now losing fast the roseate hue that eve  
 Shed o'er its summit and its snowy breast,  
 For eve was closing now. Faint and more faint  
 The murmurs of the goatherd's scatter'd flock  
 Were borne upon the air, and sailing slow  
 The broad-wing'd stork sought on the church tower top  
 His consecrated nest. O lovely scenes !  
 I gazed upon you with intense delight,  
 And yet with thoughts that weigh the spirit down.  
 I was a stranger in a foreign land,  
 And knowing that these eyes should never more  
 Behold that glorious prospect, Earth itself  
 Appear'd the place of pilgrimage it is.  
*Bristol, Jan. 15, 1797.*

## VI

## TO MARGARET HILL

WRITTEN FROM LONDON. 1798.

[Published in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799, under the title, 'Metrical Letter, Written from London.']

MARGARET! my Cousin, . . nay, you must not smile,  
 I love the homely and familiar phrase :  
 And I will call thee Cousin Margaret,  
 However quaint amid the measured line  
 The good old term appears. Oh! it looks ill  
 When delicate tongues disclaim old terms of kin,  
 Sir-ing and Madam-ing as civilly  
 As if the road between the heart and lips  
 Were such a weary and Laplandish way,

That the poor travellers came to the red gates  
 Half frozen. Trust me, Cousin Margaret,  
 For many a day my memory hath play'd  
 The creditor with me on your account,  
 And made me shame to think that I should owe  
 So long the debt of kindness. But in truth,  
 Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear  
 So heavy a pack of business, that albeit  
 I toil on mainly, in our twelve hours' race  
 Time leaves me distanced. Loth indeed were I  
 That for a moment you should lay to me  
 Unkind neglect ; mine, Margaret, is a heart  
 That smokes not, yet methinks there should be some  
 Who know its genuine warmth. I am not one  
 Who can play off my smiles and courtesies  
 To every Lady of her lap-dog tired  
 Who wants a play-thing ; I am no sworn friend  
 Of half-an-hour, as apt to leave as love ;  
 Mine are no mushroom feelings, which spring up  
 At once without a seed and take no root,  
 Wiseliest distrusted. In a narrow sphere,  
 The little circle of domestic life,  
 I would be known and loved : the world beyond  
 Is not for me. But, Margaret, sure I think  
 That you should know me well, for you and I  
 Grew up together, and when we look back  
 Upon old times, our recollections paint  
 The same familiar faces. Did I wield  
 The wand of Merlin's magic, I would make  
 Brave witchcraft. We would have a faery ship,



Ay, a new Ark, as in that other flood 40  
Which swept the sons of Anak from the  
earth ;

The Sylphs should waft us to some  
goodly isle

Like that where whilom old Apollidon,  
Retiring wisely from the troublous  
world,

Built up his blameless spell; and I would  
bid

The Sea-Nymphs pile around their  
coral bowers,

That we might stand upon the beach,  
and mark

The far-off breakers shower their silver  
spray,

And hear the eternal roar, whose  
pleasant sound

Told us that never mariner should  
reach 50

Our quiet coast. In such a blessed  
isle

We might renew the days of infancy,  
And life like a long childhood pass  
away,

Without one care. It may be, Margaret,  
That I shall yet be gather'd to my  
friends ;

For I am not of those who live estranged  
Of choice, till at the last they join their  
race

In the family-vault. If so, if I should  
lose,

Like my old friend the Pilgrim, this huge  
pack 59

So heavy on my shoulders, I and mine  
Right pleasantly will end our pilgrimage.

If not, if I should never get beyond  
This Vanity-town, there is another  
world

Where friends will meet. And often,  
Margaret,

I gaze at night into the boundless sky,  
And think that I shall there be born  
again,

The exalted native of some better star ;  
And, like the untaught American, I look  
To find in Heaven the things I loved on  
earth.

## VII HISTORY

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
January 16, 1799; afterwards in *The Annual  
Anthology*, 1800, and in *Metrical Tales*,  
1805.]

Thou chronicle of crimes ! I'll read no  
more ;

For I am one who willingly would love  
His fellow-kind. O gentle Poesy,

Receive me from the court's polluted  
scenes,

From dungeon horrors, from the fields of  
war,

Receive me to your haunts, . . that I may  
nurse

My nature's better feelings, for my soul  
Sickens at man's misdeeds !

I spake, when lo !

There stood before me, in her majesty,  
Clio, the strong-eyed Muse. Upon her

brow 10  
Sate a calm anger. Go, young man, she  
cried,

Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy  
soul

Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,  
That love-sick Maids may weep upon  
thy page,

Soothed with delicious sorrow. Oh  
shame ! shame !

Was it for this I waken'd thy young  
mind ?

Was it for this I made thy swelling  
heart

Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy  
boy's eye

So kindle when that glorious Spartan  
died ?

Boy ! boy ! deceive me not ! . . What  
if the tale 20

Of murder'd millions strike a chilling  
pang ;

What if Tiberius in his island stews,  
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire  
Strong anger and contempt ; hast thou  
not risen

With nobler feelings, . . with a deeper  
love

For freedom ? Yes, if righteously thy  
soul

Loathes the black history of human  
 crimes  
 And human misery, let that spirit fill  
 Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy!  
 to raise  
 Strains such as Cato might have deign'd  
 to hear,  
 As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.

*Westbury, 1798.*

### VIII

#### WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING THE SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET

ON HIS TRIAL AND CONVICTION FOR HIGH  
 TREASON, SEPT., 1803

'LET no man write my epitaph; let  
 my grave

Be uninscribed, and let my memory rest  
 Till other times are come, and other men,  
 Who then may do me justice.'

Emmet, no!

No withering curse hath dried my spirit  
 up,

That I should now be silent, . . . that my  
 soul

Should from the stirring inspiration  
 shrink,

Now when it shakes her, and withhold  
 her voice,

Of that divinest impulse never more  
 Worthy, if impious I withheld it now, 10

Hardening my heart. Here, here in this  
 free Isle,

To which in thy young virtue's erring  
 zeal

<sup>1</sup> These were the words in his speech:  
 'Let there be no inscription upon my tomb.  
 Let no man write my epitaph. No man  
 can write my epitaph. I am here ready to  
 die. I am not allowed to vindicate my  
 character; and when I am prevented from  
 vindicating myself, let no man dare to  
 calumniate me. Let my character and my  
 motives repose in obscurity and peace, till  
 other times and other men can do them  
 justice. Then shall my character be vindicated;  
 then may my epitaph be written.  
 I HAVE DONE.'

Thou wert so perilous an enemy,  
 Here in free England shall an English  
 hand

Build thy imperishable monument;  
 O, . . . to thine own misfortune and to  
 ours,

By thine own deadly error so beguiled,  
 Here in free England shall an English  
 voice

Raise up thy mourning-song. For thou  
 hast paid

The bitter penalty of that misdeed; 20  
 Justice hath done her unrelenting part,  
 If she in truth be Justice who drives on,  
 Bloody and blind, the chariot wheels of  
 death.

So young, so glowing for the general  
 good,

Oh what a lovely manhood had been  
 thine,

When all the violent workings of thy  
 youth

Had pass'd away, hadst thou been wisely  
 spared,

Left to the slow and certain influences  
 Of silent feeling and maturing thought.

How had that heart, . . . that noble heart  
 of thine, 30

Which even now had snapt one spell,  
 which beat

With such brave indignation at the  
 shame

And guilt of France, and of her mis-  
 creant Lord,

How had it clung to England! With  
 what love,

What pure and perfect love, return'd  
 to her,

Now worthy of thy love, the champion  
 now

For freedom, . . . yea, the only champion  
 now,

And soon to be the Avenger. But the  
 blow

Hath fallen, the indiscriminating blow,  
 That for its portion to the Grave con-  
 sign'd 40

Youth, Genius, generous Virtue. Oh,  
 grief, grief!

Oh, sorrow and reproach! Have ye to  
 learn,

Deaf to the past, and to the future blind,

Ye who thus irremissibly exact  
 The forfeit life, how lightly life is staked,  
 When in distemper'd times the feverish  
 mind  
 To strong delusion yields? Have ye to  
 learn  
 With what a deep and spirit-stirring voice  
 Pity doth call Revenge? Have ye no  
 hearts  
 To feel and understand how Mercy  
 tames 50  
 The rebel nature, madden'd by old  
 wrongs,  
 And binds it in the gentle bands of love,  
 When steel and adamant were weak to  
 hold  
 That Samson-strength subdued!  
Let no man write  
 Thy epitaph! Emmet, nay; thou  
 shalt not go  
 Without thy funeral strain! O young  
 and good  
 And wise, though erring here, thou shalt  
 not go  
 Unhonour'd nor unsung. And better  
 thus  
 Beneath that indiscriminating stroke,  
 Better to fall, than to have lived to  
 mourn, 60  
 As sure thou wouldst, in misery and  
 remorse,  
 Thine own disastrous triumph; to have  
 seen,  
 If the Almighty at that awful hour  
 Had turn'd away his face, wild Ignorance  
 Let loose, and frantic Vengeance, and  
 dark Zeal,  
 And all bad passions tyrannous, and  
 the fires  
 Of Persecution once again ablaze.  
 How had it sunk into thy soul to see,  
 Last curse of all, the ruffian slaves of  
 France  
 In thy dear native country lording it! 70  
 How happier thus, in that heroic mood  
 That takes away the sting of death, to  
 die. [given.  
 By all the good and all the wise for-  
 Yea, in all ages by the wise and good  
 To be remember'd, mourn'd, and  
 honour'd still.

*Keswick.*

## IX

## VERSES

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,  
 UPON THE INSTALLATION OF LORD  
 GRENVILLE

GRENVILLE, few years have had their  
 course, since last  
 Exulting Oxford view'd a spectacle  
 Like this day's pomp; and yet to those  
 who throng'd  
 These walls, which echo'd then with  
 Portland's praise,  
 What change hath interven'd! The  
 bloom of spring  
 Is fled from many a cheek, where roseate  
 joy  
 And beauty bloom'd; the inexorable  
 Grave  
 Hath claimed its portion; and the  
 band of youths,  
 Who then, collected here as in a port  
 From whence to launch on life's adven-  
 turous sea, 10  
 Stood on the beach, ere this have found  
 their lots  
 Of good or evil. Thus the lapse of years,  
 Evolving all things in its quiet course,  
 Hath wrought for them; and though  
 those years have seen  
 Fearful vicissitudes, of wilder change  
 Than history yet had learnt, or old  
 romance  
 In wildest mood imagined, yet these too,  
 Portentous as they seem, not less have  
 risen  
 Each of its natural cause the sure effect,  
 All righteously ordain'd. Lo! king-  
 doms wreck'd, 20  
 Thrones overturn'd, built up, then swept  
 away  
 Like fabrics in the summer clouds, dis-  
 persed  
 By the same breath that heap'd them;  
 rightful kings,  
 Who, from a line of long-drawn ancestry  
 Held the transmitted sceptre, to the axe  
 Bowing the anointed head; or dragg'd  
 away  
 To eat the bread of bondage; or escaped

Beneath the shadow of Britannia's  
 shield,  
 There only safe. Such fate have vicious  
 courts,  
 Statesmen corrupt, and fear-struck  
 policy, 30  
 Upon themselves drawn down; till  
 Europe, bound  
 In iron chains, lies bleeding in the dust,  
 Beneath the feet of upstart tyranny:  
 Only the heroic Spaniard, he alone  
 Yet unsubdued in these degenerate days,  
 With desperate virtue, such as in old  
 time  
 Hallow'd Saguntum and Numantia's  
 name,  
 Stands up against the oppressor undis-  
 may'd.  
 So may the Almighty bless the noble  
 race,  
 And crown with happy end their holiest  
 cause! 40

Deem not these dread events the  
 monstrous birth  
 Of chance! And thou, O England, who  
 dost ride  
 Serene amid the waters of the flood,  
 Preserving, even like the Ark of old,  
 Amid the general wreck, thy purer faith,  
 Domestic loves, and ancient liberty,  
 Look to thyself, O England! for be sure,  
 Even to the measure of thine own desert,  
 The cup of retribution to thy lips  
 Shall soon or late be dealt! . . . a thought  
 that well 50  
 Might fill the stoutest heart of all thy  
 sons  
 With awful apprehension. Therefore,  
 they  
 Who fear the Eternal's justice, bless thy  
 name,  
 Grenville, because the wrongs of Africa  
 Cry out no more to draw a curse from  
 Heaven  
 On England!—for if still the trooping  
 sharks  
 Track by the scent of death the accursed  
 ship  
 Freight with human anguish, in her  
 wake  
 Pursue the chace, crowd round her keel,  
 and dart

Toward the sound contending, when  
 they hear 60  
 The frequent carcass from her guilty  
 deck  
 Dash in the opening deep, no longer now  
 The guilt shall rest on England; but if  
 yet  
 There be among her children, hard of  
 heart  
 And sear'd of conscience, men who set  
 at nought  
 Her laws and God's own word, upon  
 themselves  
 Their sin be visited! . . . the red-cross  
 flag,  
 Redeem'd from stain so foul, no longer  
 now  
 Covereth the abomination.  
 This thy praise,  
 O Grenville, and while ages roll away 70  
 This shall be thy remembrance. Yea,  
 when all  
 For which the tyrant of these abject  
 times  
 Hath given his honourable name on  
 earth,  
 His nights of innocent sleep, his hopes  
 of heaven;  
 When all his triumphs and his deeds of  
 blood,  
 The fretful changes of his feverish pride,  
 His midnight murders and perfidious  
 plots,  
 Are but a tale of years so long gone by,  
 That they who read distrust the hideous  
 truth,  
 Willing to let a charitable doubt 80  
 Abate their horror; Grenville, even then  
 Thy memory will be fresh among man-  
 kind;  
 Afric with all her tongues will speak of  
 thee,  
 With Wilberforce and Clarkson, he  
 whom Heaven,  
 To be the apostle of this holy work,  
 Raised up and strengthen'd, and up-  
 held through all  
 His arduous toil. To end the glorious  
 task,  
 That blessed, that redeeming deed was  
 thine:  
 Be it thy pride in life, thy thought in  
 death,



Thy praise beyond the tomb. The  
 statesman's fame 90  
 Will fade, the conqueror's laurel crown  
 grow sere ;  
 Fame's loudest trump upon the ear of  
 Time  
 Leaves but a dying echo ; they alone  
 Are held in everlasting memory,  
 Whose deeds partake of heaven. Long  
 ages hence,  
 Nations unborn, in cities that shall rise  
 Along the palmy coast, will bless thy  
 name ;  
 And Senegal and secret Niger's shore,  
 And Calabar, no longer startled then  
 With sounds of murder, will, like Isis  
 now, 100  
 Ring with the songs that tell of Gren-  
 ville's praise.

*Keswick, 1810.*

X

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY

[Written for Music, and composed by  
 Shield.]

GLORY to Thee in thine omnipotence,  
 O Lord, who art our shield and our  
 defence,  
 And dost dispense,  
 As seemeth best to thine unerring will  
 (Which passeth mortal sense),  
 The lot of Victory still ;  
 Edging sometimes with might the  
 sword unjust ;  
 And bowing to the dust  
 The rightful cause, that so much  
 seeming ill  
 May thine appointed purposes fulfil ;  
 Sometimes, as in this late auspicious  
 hour 11  
 For which our hymns we raise,  
 Making the wicked feel thy present  
 power ;  
 Glory to thee and praise,  
 Almighty God, by whom our strength  
 was given !  
 Glory to thee, O Lord of Earth and  
 Heaven !

*Keswick, 1815.*

XI

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN LADY LONSDALE'S ALBUM,  
 AT LOWTHER CASTLE, OCTOBER 13,  
 1821

[First published in Joanna Baillie's *A  
 Collection of Poems, chiefly Manuscript*, in  
 1823.]

1

SOMETIMES in youthful years,  
 When in some ancient ruin I have  
 stood,  
 Alone and musing, till with quiet tears  
 I felt my cheeks bedew'd.  
 A melancholy thought hath made me  
 grieve  
 For this our age, and humbled me in  
 mind,  
 That it should pass away and leave  
 No monuments behind.

2

Not for themselves alone  
 Our fathers lived ; nor with a niggard  
 hand 10  
 Raised they the fabrics of enduring  
 stone,  
 Which yet adorn the land ;  
 Their piles, memorials of the mighty  
 dead.  
 Survive them still, majestic in decay ;  
 But ours are like ourselves, I said,  
 The creatures of a day.

3

With other feelings now,  
 Lowther ! have I beheld thy stately  
 walls,  
 Thy pinnacles, and broad embattled  
 brow,  
 And hospitable halls. 20  
 The sun those wide-spread battlements  
 shall crest,  
 And silent years unharmed shall go by  
 Till centuries in their course invest  
 Thy towers with sanctity.

4

But thou the while shalt bear,  
 To after-times, an old and honour'd  
 name,  
 And to remote posterity declare  
 Thy Founder's virtuous fame.  
 Fair structure! worthy the triumphant  
 age  
 Of glorious England's opulence and  
 power,  
 Peace be thy lasting heritage, <sup>30</sup>  
 And happiness thy dower!

XII

## STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO W. R. TURNER, ESQ., R.A.,  
 ON HIS VIEW OF THE LAGO MAGGIORE  
 FROM THE TOWN OF ARONA

[First published in *The Keepsake*, 1829.]

1

TURNER, thy pencil brings to mind  
 a day  
 When from Laveno and the Beuscer  
 hill  
 I over Lake Verbanus held my way  
 In pleasant fellowship, with wind at  
 will;  
 Smooth were the waters wide, the sky  
 serene,  
 And our hearts gladden'd with the  
 joyful scene;

2

Joyful, . . for all things minister'd de-  
 light, . .  
 The lake and land, the mountains and  
 the vales;  
 The Alps their snowy summits rear'd in  
 light,  
 Tempering with gelid breath the  
 summer gales; <sup>10</sup>  
 And verdant shores and woods refresh'd  
 the eye  
 That else had ached beneath that bril-  
 liant sky.

3

To that elaborate island were we bound  
 Of yore the scene of Borromeian  
 pride, . .  
 Folly's prodigious work; where all  
 around,  
 Under its coronet and self-belied,  
 Look where you will, you cannot choose  
 but see  
 The obtrusive motto's proud 'HU-  
 MILTY!'

4

Far off the Borromeian saint was seen,  
 Distinct though distant, o'er his native  
 town, <sup>20</sup>  
 Where his Colossus with benignant  
 mien  
 Looks from its station on Arona down:  
 To it the inland sailor lifts his eyes,  
 From the wide lake, when perilous  
 storms arise.

5

But no storm threaten'd on that  
 summer-day;  
 The whole rich scene appear'd for  
 joyance made;  
 With many a gliding bark the mere was  
 gay,  
 The fields and groves in all their  
 wealth array'd;  
 I could have thought the Sun beheld  
 with smiles  
 Those towns and palaces and populous  
 isles. <sup>30</sup>

6

From fair Arona, even on such a day,  
 When gladness was descending like  
 a shower,  
 Great painter, did thy gifted eye survey  
 The splendid scene; and, conscious  
 of its power,  
 Well hath thine hand inimitable given  
 The glories of the lake, and land, and  
 heaven.

*Keswick*, 1828.

## XIII

ON A PICTURE BY J. M. WRIGHT.  
ESQ.

[First published in *The Keepsake* for 1829,  
under the title of 'Lucy and her Bird'.]

## 1

THE sky-lark hath perceived his prison-  
door

Unclosed; for liberty the captive  
tries:

Puss eagerly hath watched him from  
the floor,  
And in her grasp he flutters, pants,  
and dies.

## 2

Lucy's own Puss, and Lucy's own dear  
Bird,

Her foster'd favourites both for many  
a day,

That which the tender-hearted girl pre-  
fer'd,

She in her fondness knew not sooth  
to say.

## 3

For if the sky-lark's pipe were shrill and  
strong,

And its rich tones the thrilling ear  
might please,

Yet Pussybel could breathe a fireside  
song

As winning, when she lay on Lucy's  
knees.

## 4

Both knew her voice, and each alike  
would seek

Her eye, her smile, her fondling touch  
to gain:

How faintly then may words her sorrow  
speak,

When by the one she sees the other  
[slain.

## 5

The flowers fall scatter'd from her lifted  
hands;

A cry of grief she utters in affright;  
And self-condemn'd for negligence she  
stands

Aghast and helpless at the cruel sight.

## 6

Come, Lucy, let me dry those tearful  
eyes;

Take thou, dear child, a lesson not  
unholy

From one whom nature taught to mora-  
lize

Both in his mirth and in his melan-  
choly.

## 7

I will not warn thee not to set thy  
heart

Too fondly upon perishable things;  
In vain the earnest preacher spends his  
art

Upon that theme; in vain the poet  
sings.

## 8

It is our nature's strong necessity,  
And this the soul's unerring instincts

tell:

Therefore I say, let us love worthily,  
Dear child, and then we cannot love  
too well.

## 9

Better it is all losses to deplore,  
Which dutiful affection can sustain.

Than that the heart should, in its inmost  
core,

Harden without it, and have lived in  
vain.

## 10

This love which thou hast lavish'd, and  
the woe

Which makes thy lip now quiver with  
distress.

Are but a vent, an innocent overflow,  
From the deep springs of female ten-  
derness.

[slain.

## 11

And something I would teach thee from  
the grief

That thus hath fill'd those gentle eyes  
with tears.

The which may be thy sober, sure  
relief

When sorrow visits thee in after  
years.

12

I ask not whither is the spirit flown  
That lit the eye which there in death  
is seal'd ;  
Our Father hath not made that mystery  
known ;  
Needless the knowledge, therefore not  
reveal'd.

13

But didst thou know in sure and sacred  
truth,  
It had a place assign'd in yonder skies,  
There through an endless life of joyous  
youth, <sup>51</sup>  
To warble in the bowers of Paradise ;

14

Lucy, if then the power to thee were  
given  
In that cold form its life to re-engage,  
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from  
its Heaven,  
To be again the tenant of a cage ?

15

Only that thou might'st cherish it again,  
Wouldst thou the object of thy love  
recall  
To mortal life, and chance, and change,  
and pain,  
And death, which must be suffered  
once by all ? <sup>60</sup>

16

Oh, no, thou say'st : oh, surely not, not  
so !  
I read the answer which those looks  
express :  
For pure and true affection well I know  
Leaves in the heart no room for  
selfishness.

17

Such love of all our virtues is the gem ;  
We bring with us the immortal seed  
at birth :  
Of heaven it is, and heavenly ; woe to  
them  
Who make it wholly earthly and of  
earth !

18

What we love perfectly, for its own sake  
We love and not our own, being ready  
thus <sup>70</sup>  
Whate'er self-sacrifice is ask'd, to make ;  
That which is best for it, is best for us.

19

O Lucy ! treasure up that pious  
thought !  
It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest  
darts ;  
And with true comfort thou wilt find it  
fraught,  
If grief should reach thee in thy heart  
of hearts.

*Buckland, 1828.*

## XIV

## TO CHARLES LAMB

ON THE REVIEWAL OF HIS 'ALBUM  
VERSES' IN 'THE LITERARY GAZETTE'

[Published in *The Times*, August 6, 1830.]

CHARLES LAMB, to those who know thee  
justly dear  
For rarest genius, and for sterling  
worth,  
Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart  
sincere,  
And wit that never gave an ill thought  
birth,  
Nor ever in its sport infix'd a sting ;  
To us, who have admired and loved thee  
long,  
It is a proud as well as pleasant thing  
To hear thy good report, now borne  
along  
Upon the honest breath of public praise:  
We know that with the elder sons of  
song, <sup>10</sup>  
In honouring whom thou hast delighted  
still,  
Thy name shall keep its course to after  
days.  
The empty pertness, and the vulgar  
wrong,  
The flippant folly, the malicious will,



Which have assailed thee, now, or  
heretofore,  
Find, soon or late, their proper meed of  
shame ;  
The more thy triumph, and our pride  
the more,  
When witting critics to the world pro-  
claim,  
In lead, their own dolt incapacity.  
Matter it is of mirthful memory 20

To think, when thou wert early in the  
field,  
How doughtily small Jeffrey ran at thee  
A-tilt, and broke a bulrush on thy shield.  
And now, a veteran in the lists of fame,  
I ween, old Friend ! thou art not worse  
bested  
When with a maudlin eye and drunken  
aim [head.  
Dulness hath thrown a *jerdan* at thy

## THE RETROSPECT

[Published in *Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey*, 1795. In its present form the poem has been completely rewritten.]

ON as I journey through the vale of  
years,  
By hopes enliven'd, or deprest by  
fears,  
Allow me, Memory, in thy treasured  
store,  
To view the days that will return no  
more.  
And yes ! before thine intellectual  
ray,  
The clouds of mental darkness melt  
away !  
As when, at earliest day's awakening  
dawn,  
The hovering mists obscure the dewy  
lawn,  
O'er all the landscape spread their  
influence chill,  
Hang o'er the vale and wood, and  
hide the hill, 10  
Anon, slow-rising, comes the orb of  
day,  
Slow fade the shadowy mists and roll  
away,  
The prospect opens on the traveller's  
sight,  
And hills and vales and woods reflect the  
living light.  
O thou, the mistress of my future days,  
Accept thy minstrel's retrospective  
lays ;

To whom the minstrel and the lyre  
belong,  
Accept, my EDITH, Memory's pensive  
song,  
Of long-past days I sing, ere yet I knew  
Or thought and grief, or happiness and  
you ; 20  
Ere yet my infant heart had learnt  
to prove  
The cares of life, the hopes and fears  
of love.

Corston, twelve years in various  
fortunes fled  
Have pass'd with restless progress  
o'er my head,  
Since in thy vale beneath the master's  
rule  
I dwelt an inmate of the village  
school,  
Yet still will Memory's busy eye re-  
trace  
Each little vestige of the well-known  
place ;  
Each wonted haunt and scene of  
youthful joy,  
Where merriment has cheer'd the  
careless boy ; 30  
Well-pleas'd will fancy still the spot  
survey  
Where once he triumph'd in the boy-  
ish play,  
Without one care where every morn  
he rose,  
Where every evening sunk to calm  
repose.

Large was the house, though fallen  
 in course of fate  
 From its old grandeur and manorial  
 state. [Squire  
 Lord of the manor, here the jovial  
 Once called his tenants round the  
 crackling fire ;  
 Here while the glow of joy suffused  
 his face,  
 He told his ancient exploits in the  
 chase, 40  
 And, proud his rival sportsmen to  
 surpass,  
 He lit again the pipe, and fill'd again  
 the glass.

But now no more was heard at early  
 morn [horn ;  
 The echoing clangor of the huntsman's  
 No more the eager hounds with  
 deepening cry  
 Leapt round him as they knew their  
 pastime nigh ;  
 The Squire no more obey'd the  
 morning call,  
 Nor favourite spaniels fill'd the sports-  
 man's hall ;  
 For he, the last descendant of his race,  
 Slept with his fathers, and forgot the  
 chase. 50  
 There now in petty empire o'er the  
 school  
 The mighty master held despotic rule ;  
 Trembling in silence all his deeds we  
 saw. [law ;  
 His look a mandate, and his word a  
 Severe his voice, severe and stern his  
 mien,  
 And wondrous strict he was, and won-  
 drous wise, I ween.

Even now through many a long long  
 year I trace  
 The hour when first with awe I view'd  
 his face ;  
 Even now recall my entrance at the  
 dome, . .  
 'Twas the first day I ever left my  
 home ! 60  
 Years intervening have not worn  
 away  
 The deep remembrance of that  
 wretched day,

Nor taught me to forget my earliest  
 fears, [tears ;  
 A mother's fondness, and a mother's  
 When close she prest me to her  
 sorrowing heart,  
 As loth as even I myself to part ;  
 And I, as I beheld her sorrows flow,  
 With painful effort hid my inward  
 woe.

But time to youthful troubles brings  
 relief,  
 And each new object weans the child  
 from grief. 70  
 Like April showers the tears of youth  
 descend. [end,  
 Suddenly they fall, and suddenly they  
 And fresher pleasure cheers the fol-  
 lowing hour,  
 As brighter shines the sun after the  
 April shower.

Methinks even now the interview I  
 see,  
 The Mistress's glad smile, the Master's  
 glee ;  
 Much of my future happiness they  
 said,  
 Much of the easy life the scholars led.  
 Of spacious play-ground and of whole-  
 some air,  
 The best instruction and the tenderest  
 care ; 80  
 And when I followed to the garden-  
 door  
 My father, till through tears I saw no  
 more, . .  
 How civilly they sooth'd my parting  
 pain.  
 And never did they speak so civilly  
 again.

Why loves the soul on earlier years to  
 dwell,  
 When Memory spreads around her  
 saddening spell,  
 When discontent, with sullen gloom  
 o'ercast,  
 Turns from the present and prefers  
 the past ?  
 Why calls reflection to my pensive  
 view  
 Each trifling act of infancy anew, 90

Each trifling act with pleasure pondering o'er,  
 Even at the time when trifles please no more ?  
 Yet is remembrance sweet, though well I know [ woe ;  
 The days of childhood are but days of  
 Some rude restraint, some petty tyrant sours  
 What else should be our sweetest blithest hours ;  
 Yet is it sweet to call those hours to mind, . .  
 Those easy hours for ever left behind ;  
 Ere care began the spirit to oppress,  
 When ignorance itself was happiness.

Such was my state in those remember'd years 101  
 When two small acres bounded all my fears ; [call  
 And therefore still with pleasure I re-  
 The tapestried school, the bright brown-boarded hall,  
 The murmuring brook, that every morning saw  
 The due observance of the cleanly law ;  
 The walnuts, where, when favour would allow,  
 Full oft I went to search each well-stript bough ;  
 The crab-tree, which supplied a secret hoard  
 With roasted crabs to deck the wintry board ; 110  
 These trifling objects then my heart possest,  
 These trifling objects still remain imprest ; [hind  
 So when with unskill'd hand some idle Carves his rude name within a sapling's rind,  
 In after years the peasant lives to see  
 The expanding letters grow as grows the tree ;  
 Though every winter's desolating sway  
 Shake the hoarse grove and sweep the leaves away, [last,  
 That rude inscription uneffaced will  
 Unalter'd by the storm or wintry blast. 120

Oh while well pleased the letter'd traveller roams  
 Among old temples, palaces, and domes,  
 Strays with the Arab o'er the wreck of time  
 Where erst Palmyra's towers arose sublime, [pride,  
 Or marks the lazy Turk's lethargic  
 And Grecian slavery on Ilyssus' side,  
 Oh be it mine, aloof from public strife,  
 To mark the changes of domestic life,  
 The alter'd scenes where once I bore a part,  
 Where every change of fortune strikes the heart ; 130  
 As when the merry bells with echoing sound  
 Proclaim the news of victory around,  
 Rejoicing patriots run the news to spread  
 Of glorious conquest and of thousands dead,  
 All join the loud huzzah with eager breath,  
 And triumph in the tale of blood and death ;  
 But if extended on the battle-plain,  
 Cut off in conquest some dear friend be slain, [eye,  
 Affection then will fill the sorrowing  
 And suffering Nature grieve that one should die. 140

Cold was the morn, and bleak the wintry blast  
 Blew o'er the meadow, when I saw thee last.  
 My bosom bounded as I wander'd round  
 With silent step the long-remember'd ground, [hour,  
 Where I had loiter'd out so many an  
 Chased the gay butterfly, and cull'd the flower,  
 Sought the swift arrow's erring course to trace,  
 Or with mine equals vied amid the chase. [away  
 I saw the church where I had slept  
 The tedious service of the summer day ; 150

Or, hearing sadly all the preacher told,  
 In winter waked and shiver'd with  
 the cold.  
 Oft have my footsteps roam'd the  
 sacred ground  
 Where heroes, kings, and poets sleep  
 around ;  
 Oft traced the mouldering castle's  
 ivied wall,  
 Or aged convent tottering to its fall ;  
 Yet never had my bosom felt such  
 pain, [again ;  
 As, Corston, when I saw thy scenes  
 For many a long-lost pleasure came  
 to view,  
 For many a long-past sorrow rose  
 anew ; 160  
 Where whilom all were friends I stood  
 alone, [known.  
 Unknowing all I saw, of all I saw un-  
 There, where my little hands were  
 wont to rear  
 With pride the earliest salad of the  
 year ;

Where never idle weed to spring was  
 seen,  
 Rank thorns and nettles rear'd their  
 heads obscene.  
 Still all around and sad, I saw no more  
 The playful group, nor heard the  
 playful roar ;  
 There echoed round no shout of mirth  
 and glee,  
 It seem'd as though the world were  
 changed like me ! 170

Enough ! it boots not on the past  
 to dwell, . . [well !  
 Fair scene of other years, a long fare-  
 Rouse up, my soul ! it boots not to  
 repine,  
 Rouse up ! for worthier feelings should  
 be thine ;  
 Thy path is plain and straight, . . that  
 light is given, . .  
 Onward in faith, . . and leave the rest  
 to Heaven.

*Oxford, 1794.*

## HYMN TO THE PENATES

'Remove far from me vanity and lies ; give me neither poverty nor riches ; feed me with food convenient for me.'—THE WORDS OF AGUR.

ΟΙΚΟΙ βέλτερον εἶναι, ἐπεὶ βλαβερὸν τὸ θύρηφι.—HESIOD.

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

YET one Song more ! one high and  
 solemn strain  
 Ere, Phoebus ! on thy temple's ruin'd  
 wall  
 I hang the silent harp : there may its  
 strings,  
 When the rude tempest shakes the aged  
 pile,  
 Make melancholy music. One song  
 more !  
 PENATES, hear me ! for to you I hymn  
 The votive lay ; whether, as sages deem,  
 Ye dwell in inmost Heaven, the Coun-  
 sellors  
 Of Jove ; or if, Supreme of Deities,  
 All things are yours, and in your holy  
 train 10

Jove proudly ranks, and Juno, white-  
 arm'd Queen,  
 And wisest of Immortals, the dread Maid  
 Athenian Pallas. Venerable Powers,  
 Harken your hymn of praise ! Though  
 from your rites  
 Estranged, and exiled from your altars  
 long,  
 I have not ceased to love you, House-  
 hold Gods !  
 In many a long and melancholy hour  
 Of solitude and sorrow, hath my heart  
 With earnest longings pray'd to rest at  
 length  
 Beside your hallow'd hearth, . . for  
 Peace is there ! 20  
 Yes, I have loved you long ! I call on ye  
 Yourselves to witness with what holy  
 joy,



Shunning the common herd of human-kind,

I have retired to watch your lonely fires  
And commune with myself : . . delightful hours,

That gave mysterious pleasure, made me know

Mine inmost heart, its weakness and its strength,

Taught me to cherish with devoutest care  
Its deep unworldly feelings, taught me too

The best of lessons—to *respect myself*. 30

Nor have I ever ceased to reverence you,

Domestic Deities ! from the first dawn  
Of reason, through the adventurous paths of youth

Even to this better day, when on mine ear

The uproar of contending nations sounds  
But like the passing wind, and wakes no pulse

To tumult. When a child . . (for still I love

To dwell with fondness on my childish years.)

When first, a little one, I left my home,  
I can remember the first grief I felt, 40

And the first painful smile that clothed my front

With feelings not its own : sadly at night

I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth ;  
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,

First wet with tears my pillow. As I grew

In years and knowledge, and the course of time

Developed the young feelings of my heart,

When most I loved in solitude to rove  
Amid the woodland gloom ; or where the rocks

Darken'd old Avon's stream, in the ivied cave 50

Recluse to sit and brood the future song, . .

Yet not the less, PENATES, loved I then  
Your altars ; not the less at evening hour

Loved I beside the well-trimm'd fire to sit,

Absorb'd in many a dear deceitful dream  
Of visionary joys, . . deceitful dreams, . .  
And yet not vain ; for painting purest bliss,

They form'd to Fancy's mould her votary's heart.

By Cherwell's sedgey side, and in the meads

Where Isis in her calm clear stream reflects 60

The willow's bending boughs, at early dawn,

In the noon-tide hour, and when the night-mist rose,

I have remember'd you ; and when the noise

Of lewd Intemperance on my lonely ear  
Burst with loud tumult, as recluse I sate,

Musing on days when man should be redeem'd

From servitude, and vice, and wretchedness,

I bless'd you, Household Gods ! because I loved

Your peaceful altars and serenest rites.

Nor did I cease to reverence you, when driven 70

Amid the jarring crowd, an unfit man  
To mingle with the world ; still, still my heart

Sigh'd for your sanctuary, and inly pined ;

And loathing human converse, I have stray'd

Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howl'd the blast,

And gazed upon the world of waves, and wish'd

That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep,

In woodland haunts, a sojourner with Peace.

Not idly did the ancient poets dream,  
Who peopled earth with Deities. They trod 80

The wood with reverence where the Dryads dwelt ;

At day's dim dawn or evening's misty hour

They saw the Oreads on their mountain  
haunts,  
And felt their holy influence; nor im-  
pure  
Of thought, nor ever with polluted  
hands,  
Touch'd they without a prayer the  
Naiad's spring;  
Nor without reverence to the River God  
Cross'd in unhappy hour his limpid  
stream.  
Yet was this influence transient; such  
brief awe  
Inspiring as the thunder's long loud  
peal  
Strikes to the feeble spirit. Household <sup>90</sup>  
Gods,  
Not such your empire! in your votaries'  
breasts  
No momentary impulse ye awake;  
Nor fleeting, like their local energies,  
The deep devotion that your fanes  
impart.  
O ye whom Youth has wilder'd on your  
way,  
Or Pleasure with her syren song hath  
lured,  
Or Fame with spirit-stirring trump hath  
call'd  
To climb her summits, . . . to your House-  
hold Gods  
Return; for not in Pleasure's gay  
abodes, <sup>100</sup>  
Nor in the unquiet unsafe halls of Fame  
Doth Happiness abide. O ye who  
grieve  
Much for the miseries of your fellow-  
kind,  
More for their vices; ye whose honest  
eyes  
Scowl on Oppression,—ye whose honest  
hearts  
Beat high when Freedom sounds her  
dread alarm;  
O ye who quit the path of peaceful life  
Crusading for mankind . . . a spaniel race  
That lick the hand that beats them, or  
tear all  
Alike in frenzy; to your Household  
Gods <sup>110</sup>  
Return! for by their altars Virtue  
dwells, [fires  
And Happiness with her; for by their

Tranquillity, in no unsocial mood,  
Sits silent, listening to the pattering  
shower;  
For, so Suspicion sleep not at the gate  
Of Wisdom, Falsehood shall not enter  
there.

As on the height of some huge emi-  
nence,  
Reach'd with long labour, the way-  
faring man

Pauses awhile, and gazing o'er the plain  
With many a sore step travell'd, turns  
him then <sup>120</sup>

Serious to contemplate the onward road,  
And calls to mind the comforts of his  
home,

And sighs that he has left them, and  
resolves

To stray no more: I on my way of life  
Muse thus, Penates, and with firmest  
faith

Devote myself to you. I will not quit,  
To mingle with the crowd, your calm  
abodes,

Where by the evening hearth Content-  
ment sits

And hears the cricket chirp; where  
Love delights

To dwell, and on your altars lays his  
torch <sup>130</sup>

That burns with no extinguishable flame.

Hear me, ye Powers benignant! there  
is one

Must be mine inmate, . . . for I may not  
choose

But love him. He is one whom many  
wrongs

Have sicken'd of the world. There was  
a time

When he would weep to hear of wicked-  
ness,

And wonder at the tale; when for the  
oppress

He felt a brother's pity, to the oppressor  
A good man's honest anger. His quick  
eye

Betray'd each rising feeling; every  
thought <sup>140</sup>

Leapt to his tongue. When first among  
mankind [them,

He mingled, by himself he judged of

And loved and trusted them, to Wisdom  
deaf,

And took them to his bosom. False-  
hood met

Her unsuspecting victim, fair of front,  
And lovely as Apega's sculptured form,  
Like that false image caught his warm  
embrace,

And pierced his open breast. The  
reptile race

Clung round his bosom, and with viper  
folds

Encircling, stung the fool who foster'd  
them. 150

His mother was Simplicity, his sire  
Benevolence; in earlier days he bore  
His father's name; the world who in-  
jured him

Call him Misanthropy. I may not choose  
But love him, Household Gods! for we  
grew up [bred,

Together, and in the same school were  
And our poor fortunes the same course  
have held,

Up to this hour.

Penates! some there are

Who say, that not in the inmost heaven  
ye dwell,

Gazing with eye remote on all the ways  
Of man, his Guardian Gods; wiselier  
they deem 161

A dearer interest to the human race  
Links you, yourselves the Spirits of the  
Dead.

No mortal eye may pierce the invisible  
world,

No light of human reason penetrate  
The depth where Truth lies hid. Yet to  
this faith

My heart with instant sympathy assents;  
And I would judge all systems and all  
faiths

By that best touchstone, from whose  
test Deceit

Shrinks like the Arch-Fiend at Ithuriel's  
spear; 170

And Sophistry's gay glittering bubble  
bursts,

As at the spousals of the Nereid's son,  
When that false Florimel, with her pro-  
totype

Set side by side, in her unreal charms,  
Dissolved away.

Nor can the halls of Heaven  
Give to the human soul such kindred  
joy,

As hovering o'er its earthly haunts it  
feels,

When with the breeze it dwells around  
the brow

Of one beloved on earth; or when at  
night

In dreams it comes, and brings with it  
the Days 180

And Joys that are no more. Or when,  
perchance

With power permitted to alleviate ill  
And fit the sufferer for the coming woe,  
Some strange presage the Spirit breathes,  
and fills [it

The breast with ominous fear, preparing  
For sorrow, pours into the afflicted heart  
The balm of resignation, and inspires

With heavenly hope. Even as a child  
delights

To visit day by day the favourite plant  
His hand has sown, to mark its gradual  
growth, 190

And watch all-anxious for the promised  
flower;

Thus to the blest spirit in innocence  
And pure affections like a little child,  
Sweet will it be to hover o'er the friends  
Beloved; then sweetest, if, as duty

prompts,

With earthly care we in their breasts  
have sown

The seeds of Truth and Virtue, holy  
flowers

Whose odour reacheth Heaven.

When my sick Heart  
(Sick with hope long delay'd, than which  
no care

Weights on the spirit heavier,) from itself  
Seeks the best comfort, often have I  
deem'd 201

That thou didst witness every inmost  
thought,

SEWARD! my dear! dear friend! For  
not in vain,

O early summon'd on thy heavenly  
course,

Was thy brief sojourn here; me didst  
thou leave

With strengthen'd step to follow the  
right path,

Till we shall meet again. Meantime  
 I soothe  
 The deep regret of nature, with belief,  
 O EDMUND! that thine eye's celestial  
 ken  
 Pervades me now, marking with no  
 mean joy 210  
 The movements of the heart that loved  
 thee well!

Such feelings Nature prompts, and  
 hence your rites,  
 Domestic Gods! arose. When for his  
 son

With ceaseless grief Syrophanes bewail'd,  
 Mourning his age left childless, and his  
 wealth

Heapt for an alien, he with obstinate eye  
 Still on the imaged marble of the dead  
 Dwelt, pampering sorrow. Thither  
 from his wrath,

A safe asylum, fled the offending slave,  
 And garlanded the statue, and implored  
 His young lost lord to save. Remem-  
 brance then 221

Softened the father, and he loved to see  
 The votive wreath renew'd, and the rich  
 smoke

Curl from the costly censer slow and  
 sweet.

From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing  
 rites

Divulging spread; before your idol  
 forms

By every hearth the blinded Pagan  
 knelt,

Pouring his prayers to these, and offer-  
 ing there

Vain sacrifice or impious, and sometimes  
 With human blood your sanctuary  
 defiled: 230

Till the first Brutus, tyrant-conquering  
 chief,

Arose; he first the impious rites put  
 down, [died,

He fitliest, who for Freedom lived and  
 The friend of humankind. Then did  
 your feasts

Frequent recur and blameless; and  
 when came

The solemn festival,<sup>1</sup> whose happiest rites

Emblem'd Equality, the holiest truth,  
 Crown'd with gay garlands were your  
 statues seen,

To you the fragrant censer smoked, to  
 you

The rich libation flowed: vain sacrifice!  
 For not the poppy wreath nor fruits nor  
 wine 241

Ye ask, Penates! nor the altar cleansed  
 With many a mystic form; ye ask the  
 heart

Made pure, and by domestic Peace and  
 Love

Hallow'd to you.

Hearken your hymn of praise,  
 Penates! to your shrines I come for rest,  
 There only to be found. Often at eve,  
 As in my wanderings I have seen far off  
 Some lonely light that spake of comfort  
 there, 249

It told my heart of many a joy of home,  
 When I was homeless. Often as I gazed  
 From some high eminence on goodly  
 vales

And cots and villages embower'd below,  
 The thought would rise that all to me  
 was strange

Amid the scene so fair, nor one small  
 spot

Where my tired mind might rest, and  
 call it *Home*.

There is a magic in that little word:  
 It is a mystic circle that surrounds  
 Comforts and virtues never known  
 beyond

The hallowed limit. Often has my  
 heart 260

Ached for that quiet haven! Haven'd  
 now, [ness

I think of those in this world's wilder-  
 Who wander on and find no home of  
 rest

Till to the grave they go: them Poverty,  
 Hollow-eyed fiend, the child of Wealth  
 and Power,

Bad offspring of worst parents, aye  
 afflicts,

Cankering with her foul mildews the  
 chill'd heart; . .

Them Want with scorpion scourge  
 drives to the den

Of Guilt: . . them Slaughter for the  
 price of death

<sup>1</sup> The Saturnalia.



Throws to her raven brood. Oh, not on  
 them, 270  
 God of eternal Justice! not on them  
 Let fall thy thunder!

Household Deities!  
 Then only shall be Happiness on earth  
 When man shall feel your sacred power,  
 and love

Your tranquil joys; then shall the city  
 stand

A huge void sepulchre, and on the site  
 Wherefortresses and palaces have stood,  
 The olive grow, there shall the Tree of  
 Peace

Strike its roots deep and flourish. This  
 the state

Shall bless the race redeem'd of Man,  
 when Wealth 280

And Power and all their hideous progeny  
 Shall sink annihilate, and all mankind  
 Live in the equal brotherhood of love.

Heart-calming hope, and sure! for  
 hitherward

Tend all the tumults of the troubled  
 world,

Its woes, its wisdom, and its wickedness  
 Alike; . . . so He hath will'd, whose will is  
 just.

Meantime, all hoping and expecting  
 all

In patient faith, to you, Domestic Gods!  
 Studious of other lore than song, I  
 come. 290

Yet shall my Heart remember the past  
 years

With honest pride, trusting that not in  
 vain

Lives the pure song of Liberty and  
 Truth.

Bristol, 1796.

## ENGLISH ECLOGUES

[The first three of the following Eclogues were published in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799, Eclogue II under the title of 'The Funeral'. Eclogue IV was published in *The Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808.]

THE following Eclogues, I believe, bear no resemblance to any poems in our language. This species of composition has become popular in Germany, and I was induced to attempt it by what was told me of the German Idylls by my friend Mr. William Taylor of Norwich. So far, therefore, these pieces may be deemed imitations, though I am not acquainted with the German language at present, and have never seen any translations or specimens in this kind.

With bad Eclogues I am sufficiently acquainted, from Tityrus and Corydon down to our English Strepsons and Thirsisses. No kind of poetry can boast of more illustrious names, or is more distinguished by the servile dulness of imitated nonsense. Pastoral writers, 'more silly than their sheep,' have, like their sheep, gone on in the same track one after another. Gay struck into a new path. His eclogues were the only ones which interested me when

I was a boy, and did not know they were burlesque. The subject would furnish matter for an essay, but this is not the place for it.

1799.

### I

#### THE OLD MANSION-HOUSE

##### STRANGER

OLD friend! why you seem bent on  
 parish duty,  
 Breaking the highway stones, . . . and  
 'tis a task  
 Somewhat too hard methinks for age  
 like yours!

##### OLD MAN

Why yes! for one with such a weight of  
 years  
 Upon his back! . . . I've lived here, man  
 and boy.  
 In this same parish, well nigh the full  
 age  
 Of man, being hard upon threescore and  
 ten.

I can remember sixty years ago  
 The beautifying of this mansion here,  
 When my late Lady's father, the old  
 Squire, 10  
 Came to the estate.

STRANGER

Why then you have outlasted  
 All his improvements, for you see they're  
 making  
 Great alterations here.

OLD MAN

Ay . . . great indeed !  
 And if my poor old Lady could rise up . . .  
 God rest her soul ! 'twould grieve her to  
 behold  
 What wicked work is here.

STRANGER

They've set about it  
 In right good earnest. All the front is  
 gone ;  
 Here's to be turf, they tell me, and a  
 road  
 Round to the door. There were some  
 yew trees too  
 Stood in the court. . .

OLD MAN

Ay, Master ! fine old trees !  
 Lord bless us ! I have heard my father  
 say 21  
 His grandfather could just remember  
 back  
 When they were planted there. It was  
 my task  
 To keep them trimm'd, and 'twas a  
 pleasure to me ;  
 All straight and smooth, and like a great  
 green wall !  
 My poor old lady many a time would  
 come  
 And tell me where to clip, for she had  
 play'd  
 In childhood under them, and 'twas her  
 pride  
 To keep them in their beauty. Plague,  
 I say,  
 On their new-fangled whimsies ! we  
 shall have 30  
 A modern shrubbery here stuck full of  
 firs

And your pert poplar trees ; . . I could  
 as soon  
 Have plough'd my father's grave as cut  
 them down !

STRANGER

But 'twill be lighter and more cheerful  
 now ;  
 A fine smooth turf, and with a carriage  
 road  
 That sweeps conveniently from gate to  
 gate.  
 I like a shrubbery too, for it looks fresh ;  
 And then there's some variety about it.  
 In spring the lilac and the snow-ball  
 flower,  
 And the laburnum with its golden  
 strings 40  
 Waving in the wind : And when the  
 autumn comes [ash,  
 The bright red berries of the mountain-  
 With pines enough in winter to look  
 green,  
 And show that something lives. Sure  
 this is better  
 Than a great hedge of yew, making it  
 look [ever  
 All the year round like winter, and for  
 Dropping its poisonous leaves from the  
 under boughs  
 Wither'd and bare.

OLD MAN

Ay ! so the new Squire thinks ;  
 And pretty work he makes of it ! What  
 'tis 49  
 To have a stranger come to an old house !

STRANGER

It seems you know him not ?

OLD MAN

No, Sir, not I.  
 They tell me he's expected daily now ;  
 But in my Lady's time he never came  
 But once, for they were very distant kin.  
 If he had play'd about here when a child  
 In that fore court, and eat the yew-  
 berries,  
 And sate in the porch, threading the  
 jessamine flowers  
 Which fell so thick, he had not had the  
 heart  
 To mar all thus !

STRANGER

Come ! come ! all is not wrong ;  
Those old dark windows . .

OLD MAN

They're demolish'd too, . . 60  
As if he could not see through casement  
glass !

The very red-breasts, that so regular  
Came to my Lady for her morning  
crumbs,  
Won't know the windows now !

STRANGER

Nay they were small,  
And then so darken'd round with jessamine,  
Harbouring the vermin ; . . yet I could  
have wish'd  
That jessamine had been saved, which  
canopied  
And bower'd and lined the porch.

OLD MAN

It did one good  
To pass within ten yards when 'twas in  
blossom.

There was a sweet-briar too that grew  
beside ;

My Lady loved at evening to sit there <sup>70</sup>  
And knit ; and her old dog lay at her  
feet

And slept in the sun ; 'twas an old  
favourite dog, . .

She did not love him less that he was old  
And feeble, and he always had a place  
By the fire-side : and when he died at  
last

She made me dig a grave in the garden  
for him.

For she was good to all ! a woeful day  
'Twas for the poor when to her grave  
she went !

STRANGER

They lost a friend then ?

OLD MAN

You're a stranger here, 80  
Or you wouldn't ask that question. Were  
they sick ?

She had rare cordial waters, and for herbs  
She could have taught the Doctors.  
Then at winter,

When weekly she distributed the bread  
In the poor old porch, to see her and to  
hear

The blessings on her ! and I warrant  
them

They were a blessing to her when her  
wealth

Had been no comfort else. At Christ-  
mas, Sir !

It would have warm'd your heart if you  
had seen

Her Christmas kitchen, . . how the  
blazing fire

Made her fine pewter shine, and holly  
boughs

So cheerful red, . . and as for misseltoe, . .  
The finest bush that grew in the country  
round

Was mark'd for Madam. Then her old  
ale went

So bountiful about ! a Christmas cask.  
And 'twas a noble one ! . . God help me,  
Sir !

But I shall never see such days again.

STRANGER

Things may be better yet than you  
suppose,

And you should hope the best.

OLD MAN

It don't look well, . .  
These alterations, Sir ! I'm an old  
man,

And love the good old fashions ; we  
don't find

Old bounty in new houses. They've  
destroy'd

All that my Lady loved ; her favourite  
walk

Grubb'd up, . . and they do say that the  
great row

Of elms behind the house, which meet  
a-top,

They must fall too. Well ! well ! I did  
not think

To live to see all this, and 'tis perhaps  
A comfort I shan't live to see it long.

STRANGER

But sure all changes are not needs for  
the worse,

My friend ?

## OLD MAN

May-hap they mayn't, Sir; . .  
 for all that 110  
 I like what I've been used to. I re-  
 member  
 All this from a child up, and now to  
 lose it,  
 'Tis losing an old friend. There's  
 nothing left  
 As 'twas; . . I go abroad and only  
 meet  
 With men whose fathers I remember  
 boys;  
 The brook that used to run before my  
 door,  
 That's gone to the great pond; the  
 trees I learnt  
 To climb are down; and I see nothing  
 now  
 That tells me of old times, . . except the  
 stones  
 In the churchyard. You are young,  
 Sir, and I hope 120  
 Have many years in store, . . but pray  
 to God  
 You mayn't be left the last of all your  
 friends.

## STRANGER

Well! well! you've one friend more  
 than you're aware of.  
 If the Squire's taste don't suit with  
 yours, I warrant  
 That's all you'll quarrel with: walk in  
 and taste  
 His beer, old friend! and see if your old  
 Lady  
 E'er broach'd a better cask. You did  
 not know me,  
 But we're acquainted now. 'Twould  
 not be easy  
 To make you like the outside; but  
 within,  
 That is not changed, my friend! you'll  
 always find 130  
 The same old bounty and old welcome  
 there.

*Westbury, 1798.*

## II

## HANNAH

PASSING across a green and lonely lane  
 A funeral met our view. It was not here  
 A sight of every day, as in the streets  
 Of some great city, and we stopt and  
 ask'd  
 Whom they were bearing to the grave.  
 A girl,  
 They answer'd, of the village, who had  
 pined  
 Through the long course of eighteen  
 painful months  
 With such slow wasting, that the hour  
 of death  
 Came welcome to her. We pursued our  
 way  
 To the house of mirth, and with that  
 idle talk 10  
 Which passes o'er the mind and is forgot,  
 We wore away the time. But it was  
 eve  
 When homewardly I went, and in the air  
 Was that cool freshness, that dis-  
 colouring shade  
 Which makes the eye turn inward:  
 hearing then  
 Over the vale the heavy toll of death  
 Sound slow, it made me think upon the  
 dead;  
 I question'd more, and learnt her mourn-  
 ful tale.

She bore unhusbanded a mother's  
 pains,  
 And he who should have cherish'd her,  
 far off 20  
 Sail'd on the seas. Left thus, a wretched  
 one,  
 Scorn made a mock of her, and evil  
 tongues  
 Were busy with her name. She had to  
 bear  
 The sharper sorrow of neglect from him  
 Whom she had loved too dearly. Once  
 he wrote,  
 But only once that drop of comfort  
 came  
 To mingle with her cup of wretchedness;  
 And when his parents had some tidings  
 from him,



There was no mention of poor Hannah  
there,  
Or 'twas the cold inquiry, more unkind  
Than silence. So she pined and pined  
away, 31  
And for herself and baby toil'd and  
toil'd ;  
Nor did she, even on her death-bed, rest  
From labour, knitting there with lifted  
arms,  
Till she sunk with very weakness. Her  
old mother  
Omitted no kind office, working for her,  
Albeit her hardest labour barely earn'd  
Enough to keep life struggling, and pro-  
long  
The pains of grief and sickness. Thus  
she lay  
On the sick bed of poverty, worn out  
With her long suffering and those pain-  
ful thoughts 41  
Which at her heart were rankling, and  
so weak,  
That she could make no effort to express  
Affection for her infant; and the child,  
Whose lispng love perhaps had solaced  
her,  
Shunn'd her as one indifferent. But  
she too  
Had grown indifferent to all things of  
earth,  
Finding her only comfort in the thought  
Of that cold bed wherein the wretched  
rest.  
There had she now, in that last home,  
been laid, 50  
And all was over now, . . sickness and  
grief,  
Her shame, her suffering, and her peni-  
tence, . .  
Their work was done. The school-boys  
as they sport  
In the churchyard, for awhile might  
turn away  
From the fresh grave till grass should  
cover it ;  
Nature would do that office soon ; and  
none  
Who trod upon the senseless turf would  
think  
Of what a world of woes lay buried there!

*Burton, near Christ Church, 1797.*

## III

## THE RUINED COTTAGE

AY, Charles! I knew that this would  
fix thine eye ; . .  
This woodbine wreathing round the  
broken porch,  
Its leaves just withering, yet one  
autumn flower  
Still fresh and fragrant ; and yon holly-  
hock  
That through the creeping weeds and  
nettles tall  
Peers taller, lifting, column-like, a stem  
Bright with its roseate blossoms. I have  
seen  
Many an old convent reverend in decay,  
And many a time have trod the castle  
courts  
And grass-green halls, yet never did  
they strike 10  
Home to the heart such melancholy  
thoughts  
As this poor cottage. Look ! its little  
hatch  
Fleeced with that grey and wintry moss ;  
the roof  
Part moulder'd in, the rest o'ergrown  
with weeds,  
House-leek, and long thin grass, and  
greener moss ;  
So Nature steals on all the works of man,  
Sure conqueror she, reclaiming to her-  
self  
His perishable piles. I led thee here,  
Charles, not without design ; for this  
hath been  
My favourite walk even since I was a  
boy ; 20  
And I remember, Charles, this ruin here,  
The neatest comfortable dwelling-place !  
That when I read in those dear books  
which first  
Woke in my heart the love of poesy,  
How with the villagers Erminia dwelt,  
And Calidore for a fair shepherdess  
Forsook his quest to learn the shepherd's  
lore,  
My fancy drew from this the little hut  
Where that poor princess wept her hope-  
less love,

Or where the gentle Calidore at eve 30  
Led Pastorella home. There was not  
then

A weed where all these nettles overtop  
The garden-wall; but sweet-briar,  
scenting sweet

The morning air; rosemary and mar-  
joram,

All wholesome herbs; and then, that  
woodbine wreathed

So lavishly around the pillar'd porch  
Its fragrant flowers, that when I pass'd  
this way,

After a truant absence hastening home,  
I could not chuse but pass with slacken'd  
speed

By that delightful fragrance. Sadly  
changed 40

Is this poor cottage! and its dwellers,  
Charles! . .

Theirs is a simple melancholy tale, . .  
There's scarce a village but can fellowit:  
And yet, methinks, it will not weary  
thee,

And should not be untold.

A widow here

Dwelt with an orphan grandchild: just  
removed

Above the reach of pinching poverty,  
She lived on some small pittance which  
sufficed,

In better times, the needful calls of life,  
Not without comfort. I remember her  
Sitting at even in that open doorway, 51  
And spinning in the sun. Methinks I  
see her

Raising her eyes and dark-rimm'd spec-  
tacles

To see the passer-by, yet ceasing not  
To twirl her lengthening thread; or in  
the garden,

On some dry summer evening, walking  
round

To view her flowers, and pointing as she  
lean'd

Upon the ivory handle of her stick,  
To some carnation whose o'erheavy  
head

Needed support; while with the water-  
ing-pot 60

Joanna follow'd, and refresh'd and  
trimm'd [child]

The drooping plant; Joanna, her dear

As lovely and as happy then as youth  
And innocence could make her.

Charles, it seems

As though I were a boy again, and all  
The mediate years with their vicissitudes  
A half-forgotten dream. I see the Maid

So comely in her Sunday dress! her hair,  
Her bright brown hair, wreathed in con-  
tracting curls;

And then her cheek! it was a red and  
white 70

That made the delicate hues of art look  
loathsome.

The countrymen who on their way to  
church

Were leaning o'er the bridge, loitering  
to hear

The bell's last summons, and in idleness  
Watching the stream below, would all  
look up

When she pass'd by. And her old  
Grandam, Charles, . .

When I have heard some erring infidel  
Speak of our faith as of a gloomy creed,  
Inspiring superstitious wretchedness,

Her figure has recurr'd; for she did love  
The Sabbath-day; and many a time  
hath cross'd 81

These fields in rain and through the  
winter snows,

When I, a graceless boy, and cold of foot,  
Wishing the weary service at its end,

Have wonder'd wherefore that good  
dame came there,

Who, if it pleased her, might have staid  
beside

A comfortable fire.

One only care

Hung on her aged spirit. For herself,  
Her path was plain before her, and the  
close

Of her long journey near. But then her  
child 90

Soon to be left alone in this bad world, . .  
That was a thought which many a  
winter night

Had kept her sleepless: and when pruden-  
dent love

In something better than a servant's  
state

Had placed her well at last, it was a pang  
Like parting life to part with her dear  
girl.

One summer, Charles, when at the holidays  
 Return'd from school, I visited again  
 My old accustom'd walks, and found in them <sup>99</sup>  
 A joy almost like meeting an old friend,  
 I saw the cottage empty, and the weeds  
 Already crowding the neglected flowers.  
 Joanna, by a villain's wiles seduced,  
 Had play'd the wanton, and that blow  
 Had reach'd  
 Her grandam's heart. She did not  
 suffer long ;  
 Her age was feeble, and this mortal grief  
 Brought her grey hairs with sorrow to  
 the grave.

I pass this ruin'd dwelling oftentimes,  
 And think of other days. It wakes in me  
 A transient sadness ; but the feelings,  
 Charles, <sup>110</sup>  
 Which ever with these recollections rise,  
 I trust in God they will not pass away.  
*Westbury, 1799.*

## IV

## THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL

STRANGER

WHOM are they ushering from the  
 world, with all  
 This pageantry and long parade of  
 death ?

TOWNSMAN

A long parade, indeed, Sir, and yet here  
 You see but half ; round yonder bend  
 it reaches  
 A furlong further, carriage behind  
 carriage.

STRANGER

'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the  
 pomp  
 Tempts me to stand a gazer.

TOWNSMAN

Yonder schoolboy  
 Who plays the truant, says the procla-  
 mation  
 Of peace was nothing to the show ; and  
 even

The chairing of the members at election  
 Would not have been a finer sight than  
 this ; <sup>11</sup>  
 Only that red and green are prettier  
 colours  
 Than all this mourning. There, Sir,  
 you behold  
 One of the red-gown'd worthies of the  
 city,  
 The envy and the boast of our ex-  
 change ; . .  
 Ay, what was worth, last week, a good  
 half-million,  
 Screw'd down in yonder hearse !

STRANGER

Then he was born  
 Under a lucky planet, who to-day  
 Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

TOWNSMAN

When first I heard his death, that very  
 wish <sup>20</sup>  
 Leapt to my lips ; but now the closing  
 scene  
 Of the comedy hath waken'd wiser  
 thoughts ;  
 And I bless God, that, when I go to the  
 grave,  
 There will not be the weight of wealth  
 like his  
 To sink me down.

STRANGER

The camel and the needle, . .  
 Is that then in your mind ?

TOWNSMAN

Even so. The text  
 Is Gospel-wisdom. I would ride the  
 camel, . .  
 Yea leap him flying, through the  
 needle's eye.  
 As easily as such a pamper'd soul  
 Could pass the narrow gate.

STRANGER

Your pardon, Sir, <sup>30</sup>  
 But sure this lack of Christian charity  
 Looks not like Christian truth.

TOWNSMAN

Your pardon too, Sir,  
 If, with this text before me, I should  
 feel  
 In the preaching mood! But for these  
 barren fig-trees,  
 With all their flourish and their leafiness,  
 We have been told their destiny and  
 use,  
 When the axe is laid unto the root, and  
 they  
 Cumber the earth no longer.

STRANGER

Was his wealth  
 Stored fraudfully, . . the spoil of orphans  
 wrong'd,  
 And widows who had none to plead their  
 right? 40

TOWNSMAN

All honest, open, honourable gains,  
 Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,  
 Ships to the East and West.

STRANGER

Why judge you then  
 So hardly of the dead?

TOWNSMAN

For what he left  
 Undone; . . for sins, not one of which is  
 written  
 In the Ten Commandments. He, I  
 warrant him,  
 Believed no other Gods than those of  
 the Creed;  
 Bow'd to no idols, . . but his money-  
 bags;  
 Swore no false oaths, except at the cus-  
 tom-house;  
 Kept the Sabbath idle; built a monu-  
 ment 50  
 To honour his dead father; did no  
 murder;  
 Never sustain'd an action for crim-con;  
 Never pick'd pockets; never bore false-  
 witness;  
 And never, with that all-commanding  
 wealth,  
 Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox,  
 nor ass!

STRANGER

You knew him then it seems?

TOWNSMAN

As all men know  
 The virtues of your hundred-thou-  
 sanders;  
 They never hide their lights beneath a  
 bushel.

STRANGER

Nay, nay, uncharitable Sir! for often  
 Doth bounty like a streamlet flow un-  
 seen, 60  
 Freshening and giving life along its  
 course.

TOWNSMAN

We track the streamlet by the brighter  
 green  
 And livelier growth it gives; . . but as  
 for this . .  
 This was a pool that stagnated and  
 stunk;  
 The rains of heaven engendered nothing  
 in it  
 But slime and foul corruption.

STRANGER

Yet even these  
 Are reservoirs whence public charity  
 Still keeps her channels full.

TOWNSMAN

Now, Sir, you touch  
 Upon the point. This man of half a  
 million  
 Had all these public virtues which you  
 praise: 70  
 But the poor man rung never at his  
 door,  
 And the old beggar, at the public gate,  
 Who, all the summer long, stands hat in  
 hand,  
 He knew how vain it was to lift an eye  
 To that hard face. Yet he was always  
 found  
 Among your ten and twenty pound  
 subscribers,  
 Your benefactors in the newspapers.  
 His alms were money put to interest  
 In the other world, . . donations to keep  
 open



A running charity account with  
 heaven, . . . 80  
 Retaining fees against the Last Assizes,  
 When, for the trusted talents, strict  
 account  
 Shall be required from all, and the old  
 Arch-Lawyer  
 Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

## STRANGER

I must needs  
 Believe you, Sir : . . these are your wit-  
 nesses,  
 These mourners here, who from their  
 carriages  
 Gape at the gaping crowd. A good  
 March wind  
 Were to be pray'd for now, to lend their  
 eyes  
 Some decent rheum ; the very hireling  
 mute  
 Bears not a face more blank of all emo-  
 tion 90  
 Than the old servant of the family !  
 How can this man have lived, that thus  
 his death  
 Costs not the soiling one white handker-  
 chief !

## TOWNSMAN

Who should lament for him, Sir, in  
 whose heart  
 Love had no place, nor natural charity ?  
 The parlour spaniel, when she heard his  
 step,  
 Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole  
 aside  
 With creeping pacc ; she never raised  
 her eyes  
 To woo kind words from him, nor laid  
 her head  
 Upraised upon his knee, with fondling  
 whine. 100  
 How could it be but thus ? Arithmetic

Was the sole science he was ever taught ;  
 The multiplication-table was his Creed,  
 His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.  
 When yet he was a boy, and should have  
 breathed  
 The open air and sunshine of the fields,  
 To give his blood its natural spring and  
 play,  
 He in a close and dusky counting-  
 house  
 Smoke-dried and sear'd and shrivell'd  
 up his heart.  
 So from the way in which he was train'd  
 up 110  
 His feet departed not ; he toil'd and  
 moil'd,  
 Poor muck-worm ! through his three-  
 score years and ten ;  
 And when the earth shall now be  
 shovell'd on him,  
 If that which served him for a soul were  
 still  
 Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to  
 dirt.

## STRANGER

Yet your next newspapers will blazon  
 him  
 For industry and honourable wealth  
 A bright example.

## TOWNSMAN

Even half a million  
 Gets him no other praise. But come  
 this way 120  
 Some twelve months hence, and you will  
 find his virtues  
 Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,  
 Faith with her torch beside, and little  
 Cupids  
 Dropping upon his urn their marble  
 tears.

Bristol 1803.

# THE DEVIL'S WALK

## ADVERTISEMENT

AFTER the Devil's Thoughts had been published by Mr. Coleridge in the collection of his Poetical Works, and the statement with which he accompanied it, it might have been supposed that the joint authorship of that Siamese production had been sufficiently authenticated, and that no supposititious claim to it would again be advanced. The following extract, however, appeared in the *John Bull* of Feb. 14, 1830:—

'In the *Morning Post* of Tuesday, we find the following letter:—

“To the Editor of the *Morning Post*.

“SIR,—Permit me to correct a statement which appeared in a recent number of the *John Bull*, wherein it is made to appear that Dr. Southey is the author of the Poem entitled *The Devil's Walk*. I have the means of settling this question; since I possess the identical MS. copy of verses, as they were written by my uncle, the late Professor Porson, during an evening party at Dr. Beloe's.

“I am Sir, your very obedient Servant,

“R. C. PORSON.

“*Bayswater Terrace*, Feb. 6, 1830.”

'We are quite sure that Mr. Porson, the writer of the above letter, is convinced of the truth of the statement it contains; but although *The Devil's Walk* is perhaps not a work of which either Mr. Southey or Mr. Porson need be very proud, we feel it due to ourselves to re-state the fact of its being from the pen of Mr. Southey. If we are wrong, Mr. Porson may apply to Mr. Southey; for although Mr. Porson's eminent uncle is dead, the Poet Laureate is alive and merry.

'The Lines—Poem they can scarcely be called—were written by Mr. Southey, one morning before breakfast, the idea having struck him while he was shaving; they

were subsequently shown to Mr. Coleridge, who, we believe, pointed some of the stanzas, and perhaps added one or two.

'We beg to assure Mr. R. C. Porson that we recur to this matter out of no disrespect either to the memory of his uncle, which is not likely to be affected one way or another by the circumstance; or to his own veracity, being, as we said, quite assured that he believes the statement he makes: our only object is to set ourselves right.'

'Our readers, perhaps, may smile at the following, which appears in yesterday's *Court Journal*:—

“We have received a letter, signed 'W. Marshall,' and dated 'York'; claiming for its writer the long-contested authorship of those celebrated verses, which are known by the title of *The Devil's Walk on Earth*, and to which attention has lately been directed anew, by Lord Byron's imitation of them. There have been so many mystifications connected with the authorship of these clever verses, that, for any thing we know to the contrary, this letter may be only one more.”

A week afterwards there was the following notice:—'We cannot waste any more time about *The Devil's Walk*. We happen to know that it is Mr. Southey's; but, as he is alive, we refer any body, who is not yet satisfied, to the eminent person himself—we do not mean the Devil—but the Doctor.'

The same newspaper contained the ensuing advertisement:—'On Tuesday next, uniform with Robert Cruikshank's *Monsieur Tonson*, price one shilling: *The Devil's Walk*, a Poem, by Professor Porson. With additions and variations by Southey and Coleridge; illustrated by seven engravings from R. Cruikshank. London, Marsh and Miller, 137 Oxford Street; and Constable and Co., Edinburgh.'

Professor Porson never had any part in these verses as a *writer*, and it is for the first time that he now appears in them as the *subject* of two or three stanzas written some few years ago, when the fabricated story of his having composed them during an evening party at Dr. Vincent's (for that was the original *habitat* of this falsehood) was revived. A friend of one of the authors, more jealous for him than he has ever been for himself, urged him then to put the

matter out of doubt (for it was before Mr. Coleridge had done so); and as much to please that friend, as to amuse himself and his domestic circle, in a sportive mood, the part which relates the rise and progress of the Poem was thrown off, and that also touching the aforesaid Professor. The old vein having thus been opened, some other passages were added; and so it grew to its present length.

## THE DEVIL'S WALK

[First printed in *The Morning Post*, September 6, 1799. See Notes.]

## 1

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day  
A walking the Devil is gone,  
To look at his little snug farm of the  
World,  
And see how his stock went on.

## 2

Over the hill and over the dale,  
And he went over the plain;  
And backward and forward he swish'd  
his tail,  
As a gentleman swishes a cane.

## 3

How then was the Devil drest?  
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best, 10  
His coat was red and his breeches were  
blue,  
And there was a hole where his tail came  
through.

## 4

A lady drove by in her pride,  
In whose face an expression he spied  
For which he could have kiss'd her;  
Such a flourishing, fine, clever creature  
was she,  
With an eye as wicked as wicked can  
be,  
I should take her for my Aunt, thought  
he,  
If my dam had had a sister.

## 5

He met a lord of high degree, 20  
No matter what was his name;  
Whose face with his own when he came  
to compare  
The expression, the look, and the  
air,  
And the character too, as it seem'd to  
a hair,—  
Such a twin-likeness there was in the  
pair  
That it made the Devil start and  
stare,  
For he thought there was surely a  
looking-glass there,  
But he could not see the frame.

## 6

He saw a Lawyer killing a viper  
On a dunghill beside his stable; 30  
Ho! quoth he, thou put'st me in mind  
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

## 7

An Apothecary on a white horse  
Rode by on his vocation;  
And the Devil thought of his old friend  
Death in the Revelation.

## 8

He pass'd a cottage with a double coach-  
house,  
A cottage of gentility!  
And he own'd with a grin  
That his favourite sin 40  
Is pride that apes humility.

9

He saw a pig rapidly  
Down a river float ;  
The pig swam well, but every stroke  
Was cutting his own throat ;

10

And Satan gave thereat his tail  
A twirl of admiration ;  
For he thought of his daughter War  
And her suckling babe Taxation.

11

Well enough, in sooth, he liked that  
truth, <sup>50</sup>  
And nothing the worse for the jest ;  
But this was only a first thought  
And in this he did not rest :  
Another came presently into his head,  
And here it proved, as has often been  
said,  
That second thoughts are best.

12

For as Piggy plied with wind and tide,  
His way with such celerity,  
And at every stroke the water dyed  
With his own red blood, the Devil cried,  
Behold a swinish nation's pride <sup>61</sup>  
In cotton-spun prosperity.

13

He walk'd into London leisurely,  
The streets were dirty and dim :  
But there he saw Brothers the Prophet,  
And Brothers the Prophet saw him.<sup>1</sup>

14

He entered a thriving bookseller's shop ;  
Quoth he, We are both of one college,  
For I myself sate like a Cormorant once  
Upon the Tree of Knowledge. <sup>70</sup>

15

As he passed through Cold-Bath Fields  
he look'd  
At a solitary cell ;  
And he was well-pleas'd, for it gave him  
a hint  
For improving the prisons of Hell.

<sup>1</sup> ' After this I was in a vision, having the  
angel of God near me, and saw Satan walk-  
ing leisurely into London.'—*Brothers' Pro-  
phesies*, part i, p. 41.

16

He saw a turnkey tie a thief's hands  
With a cordial tug and jerk ;  
Nimble, quoth he, a man's fingers move  
When his heart is in his work.

17

He saw the same turnkey unfettering a  
man  
With little expedition ; <sup>80</sup>  
And he chucked to think of his dear  
slave trade,  
And the long debates and delays that  
were made  
Concerning its abolition.

18

He met one of his favourite daughters  
By an Evangelical Meeting ;  
And forgetting himself for joy at her  
sight,  
He would have accosted her outright,  
And given her a fatherly greeting.

19

But she tipt him a wink, drew back, and  
cried,  
Avant ! my name's Religion ! <sup>90</sup>  
And then she turn'd to the preacher  
And leer'd like a love-sick pigeon.

20

A fine man and a famous Professor was  
he,  
As the great Alexander now may be,  
Whose fame not yet o'erpast is ;  
Or that new Scotch performer  
Who is fiercer and warmer,  
The great Sir Arch-Bombastes.

21

With throbs and throes, and ahs and ohs,  
Far famed his flock for frightening ;  
And thundering with his voice, the  
while <sup>101</sup>  
His eyes zigzag like lightning.

22

This Scotch phenomenon, I trow,  
Beats Alexander hollow ;  
Even when most tame  
He breathes more flame  
Than ten Fire-Kings could swallow.



23

Another daughter he presently met :  
 With music of fife and drum,  
 And a consecrated flag, 110  
 And shout of tag and rag,  
 And march of rank and file,  
 Which had fill'd the crowded aisle  
 Of the venerable pile,  
 From church he saw her come.

24

He call'd her aside, and began to chide,  
 For what dost thou here ? said he ;  
 My city of Rome is thy proper home,  
 And there's work enough there for thee.

25

Thou hast confessions to listen,  
 And bells to christen, 121  
 And altars and dolls to dress ;  
 And fools to coax,  
 And sinners to hoax,  
 And beads and bones to bless ;  
 And great pardons to sell  
 For those who pay well,  
 And small ones for those who pay less.

26

Nay, Father, I boast, that this is my  
 post,  
 She answered ; and thou wilt allow,  
 That the great Harlot, 131  
 Who is clothed in scarlet,  
 Can very well spare me now.

27

Upon her business I am come here,  
 That we may extend her powers ;  
 Whatever lets down this church that  
 we hate,  
 Is something in favour of ours.

28

You will not think, great Cosmocrat !  
 That I spend my time in fooling ;  
 Many irons, my Sire, have we in the fire,  
 And I must leave none of them  
 cooling ; 141  
 For you must know state-councils here  
 Are held which I bear rule in.

When my liberal notions  
 Produce mischievous motions,  
 There's many a man of good intent,  
 In either house of Parliament,  
 Whom I shall find a tool in ;  
 And I have hopeful pupils too  
 Who all this while are schooling.

29

Fine progress they make in our liberal  
 opinions, 151  
 My Utilitarians,  
 My all sorts of —inians  
 And all sorts of —arians ;  
 My all sorts of —ists,  
 And my Prigs and my Whigs  
 Who have all sorts of twists  
 Train'd in the very way, I know,  
 Father, you would have them go ;  
 High and low, 160  
 Wise and foolish, great and small,  
 March-of-Intellect-Boys all.

30

Well pleased wilt thou be at no very far  
 day  
 When the caldron of mischief boils,  
 And I bring them forth in battle array  
 And bid them suspend their broils,  
 That they may unite and fall on the  
 prey,  
 For which we are spreading our  
 toils.  
 How the nice boys all will give mouth  
 at the call,  
 Hark away ! hark away to the  
 spoils ! 170  
 My Macs and my Quacks and my law-  
 less-Jacks,  
 My Sheils and O'Connells, my pious  
 Mac-Donnells,  
 My joke-smith Sydney, and all of his  
 kidney,  
 My Humes and my Broughams,  
 My merry old Jerry,  
 My Lord Kings, and my Doctor  
 Doyles !

31

At this good news, so great  
 The Devil's pleasure grew,  
 That with a joyful swish he rent  
 The hole where his tail came through.

32

His countenance fell for a moment 181  
 When he felt the stitches go ;  
 Ah ! thought he, there's a job now  
 That I've made for my tailor below.

33

Great news! bloody news! cried a news-  
 man ;  
 The Devil said, Stop, let me see !  
 Great news ? bloody news ? thought  
 the Devil,  
 The bloodier the better for me.

34

So he bought the newspaper, and no  
 news  
 At all for his money he had. 190  
 Lying varlet, thought he, thus to take in  
 old Nick !  
 But it's some satisfaction, my lad,  
 To know thou art paid beforehand for  
 the trick,  
 For the sixpence I gave thee is bad.

35

And then it came into his head  
 By oracular inspiration,  
 That what he had seen and what he had  
 said,  
 In the course of this visitation,  
 Would be published in the Morning Post  
 For all this reading nation. 200

36

Therewith in second-sight he saw  
 The place and the manner and time,  
 In which this mortal story  
 Would be put in immortal rhyme.

37

That it would happen when two poets  
 Should on a time be met,  
 In the town of Nether Stowey,  
 In the shire of Somerset :

38

There while the one was shaving  
 Would he the song begin ; 210  
 And the other when he heard it at  
 breakfast,  
 In ready accord join in.

39

So each would help the other  
 Two heads being better than one ;  
 And the phrase and conceit  
 Would in unison meet,  
 And so with glee the verse flow free,  
 In ding-dong chime of sing-song  
 rhyme,  
 Till the whole were merrily done.

40

And because it was set to the razor,  
 Not to the lute or harp, 221  
 Therefore it was that the fancy  
 Should be bright, and the wit be sharp.

41

But then, said Satan to himself,  
 As for that said beginner,  
 Against my infernal Majesty  
 There is no greater sinner.

42

He hath put me in ugly ballads  
 With libellous pictures for sale ;  
 He hath scoff'd at my hoofs and my  
 horns, 230  
 And has made very free with my tail.

43

But this Mister Poet shall find  
 I am not a safe subject for whim ;  
 For I'll set up a School of my own,  
 And my Poets shall set upon him.

44

He went to a coffee-house to dine,  
 And there he had soy in his dish ;  
 Having ordered some soles for his  
 dinner,  
 Because he was fond of flat fish.

45

They are much to my palate, thought  
 he, 240  
 And now guess the reason who can,  
 Why no bait should be better than  
 place,  
 When I fish for a Parliament-man.

46

But the soles in the bill were ten shillings ;

Tell your master, quoth he, what I say ;

If he charges at this rate for all things,  
He must be in a pretty good way.

47

But mark ye, said he to the waiter,  
I'm a dealer myself in this line,  
And his business, between you and me,  
Nothing like so extensive as mine. 251

48

Now soles are exceedingly cheap ;  
Which he will not attempt to deny,  
When I see him at my fish-market,  
I warrant him, by and by.

49

As he went along the Strand  
Between three in the morning and  
four  
He observed a queer-looking person  
Who stagger'd from Perry's door.

50

And he thought that all the world over  
In vain for a man you might seek, 261  
Who could drink more like a Trojan  
Or talk more like a Greek.

51

The Devil then he prophesied  
It would one day be matter of talk,  
That with wine when smitten,  
And with wit moreover being happily  
bitten,  
This erudite bibber was he who had  
written  
The story of this walk.

52

A pretty mistake, quoth the Devil ;  
A pretty mistake I opine ! 271  
I have put many ill thoughts in his  
mouth,  
He will never put good ones in mine.

53

And whoever shall say that to Porson  
These best of all verses belong,  
He is an untruth-telling whoreson,  
And so shall be call'd in the song.

54

And if seeking an illicit connection with  
fame,  
Any one else should put in a claim,  
In this comical competition ; 280  
That excellent poem will prove  
A man-trap for such foolish ambi-  
tion,  
Where the silly rogue shall be caught by  
the leg,  
And exposed in a second edition.

55

Now the morning air was cold for  
him  
Who was used to a warm abode ;  
And yet he did not immediately wish  
To set out on his homeward road.

56

For he had some morning calls to  
make  
Before he went back to Hell ; 290  
So, thought he, I'll step into a gaming-  
house,  
And that will do as well ;  
But just before he could get to the  
door  
A wonderful chance befell.

57

For all on a sudden, in a dark place,  
He came upon General ——'s burning  
face ;  
And it struck him with such conster-  
nation,  
That home in a hurry his way did he  
take,  
Because he thought by a slight mis-  
take  
'Twas the general conflagration. 300

# INSCRIPTIONS

'The three utilities of Poetry: the praise of Virtue and Goodness, the memory of things remarkable, and to invigorate the Affections.'—*Welsh Triad*.

[As five of the inscriptions have been inserted among the Selected Minor Poems, it has been necessary in some instances to alter the numbering of those here printed. Where this has been done, a number in brackets ( ) at the head of an inscription denotes its number in the edition of 1837-1838.

Inscriptions I-VI inclusive were published in *Poems*, 1797. I, II, and III have been almost rewritten.]

## I

### FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY

CALLEST thou thyself a Patriot? . . On  
 this field  
 Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the  
 brave,  
 Beneath the banners of that Charles  
 whom thou  
 Abhorrest for a Tyrant. Dost thou  
 boast  
 Of loyalty? The field is not far off  
 Where in rebellious arms against his  
 King  
 Hambden was kill'd, that Hambden at  
 whose name  
 The heart of many an honest English-  
 man  
 Beats with congenial pride. Both un-  
 corrupt,  
 Friends to their common country both,  
 they fought, 10  
 They died in adverse armies. Traveller!  
 If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not  
 accord,  
 Remember these, our famous country-  
 men,  
 And quell all angry and injurious  
 thoughts.

*Bristol*, 1796.

## II

### FOR A CAVERN THAT OVERLOOKS THE RIVER AVON

ENTER this cavern, Stranger! Here  
 awhile  
 Respiring from the long and steep  
 ascent,  
 Thou may'st be glad of rest, and haply  
 too  
 Of shade, if from the summer's wester-  
 ing sun  
 Shelter'd beneath this beetling vault of  
 rock.  
 Round the rude portal clasping its  
 rough arms  
 The antique ivy spreads a canopy,  
 From whose grey blossoms the wild bees  
 collect  
 In autumn their last store. The Muses  
 love 9  
 This spot; believe a Poet who hath felt  
 Their visitation here. The tide below  
 Rising or reflux scarcely sends its  
 sound  
 Of waters up; and from the heights  
 beyond  
 Where the high-hanging forest waves  
 and sways,  
 Varying before the wind its verdant  
 hues,  
 The voice is music here. Here thou  
 may'st feel  
 How good, how lovely, Nature! And  
 when hence  
 Returning to the city's crowded streets,  
 Thy sickening eye at every step revolts  
 From scenes of vice and wretchedness,  
 reflect 20  
 That Man creates the evil he endures.

*Bristol*, 1796.



## III

FOR A TABLET AT SILBURY-  
HILL

This mound in some remote and date-  
less day  
Rear'd o'er a Chieftain of the Age of  
Hills,  
May here detain thee, Traveller! from  
thy road  
Not idly lingering. In his narrow house  
Some warrior sleeps below, whose gal-  
lant deeds

Haply at many a solemn festival  
The Scald hath sung; but perish'd is  
the song

Of praise, as o'er these bleak and barren  
downs

The wind that passes and is heard no  
more.

Go, Traveller, and remember when the  
pomp

Of earthly Glory fades, that one good  
deed,

Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,  
Lives in the eternal register of Heaven.

*Bristol, 1796.*

## IV

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE NEW  
FOREST

This is the place where William's kingly  
power

Did from their poor and peaceful homes  
expel,

Unfriended, desolate, and shelterless,  
The habitants of all the fertile track

Far as these wilds extend. He levell'd  
down

Their little cottages, he bade their  
fields

Lie waste, and forested the land, that so  
More royally might he pursue his  
sports.

If that thine heart be human, Pas-  
senger!

Sure it will swell within thee, and thy  
lips

Will mutter curses on him. Think thou  
then

What cities flame, what hosts unsepul-  
chred

Pollute the passing wind, when raging  
Power

Drives on his blood-hounds to the chase  
of Man;

And as thy thoughts anticipate that  
day

When God shall judge aright, in charity  
Pray for the wicked rulers of mankind.

*Bristol, 1796.*

## V

FOR A TABLET ON THE BANKS  
OF A STREAM

STRANGER! awhile upon this mossy  
bank

Recline thee. If the Sun rides high, the  
breeze,

That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,  
Will play around thy brow, and the  
cool sound

Of running waters soothe thee. Mark  
how clear

They sparkle o'er the shallows, and  
behold

Where o'er their surface wheels with  
restless speed

Yon glossy insect, on the sand below  
How its swift shadow flits. In solitude

The rivulet is pure, and trees and  
herbs

Bend o'er its salutary course refresh'd,  
But passing on amid the haunts of  
men,

It finds pollution there, and rolls from  
thence

A tainted stream. Seek'st thou for  
HAPPINESS?

Go, Stranger, sojourn in the woodland  
cot

Of INNOCENCE, and thou shalt find her  
there.

*Bristol, 1796.*

## VI

FOR THE CENOTAPH AT  
ERMENONVILLE

STRANGER! the MAN of NATURE lies  
not here :

Enshrin'd far distant by the Scoffer's<sup>1</sup>  
side

His relics rest, there by the giddy throng  
With blind idolatry alike revered.

Wiselier directed have thy pilgrim feet  
Explored the scenes of Ermenonville.

ROUSSEAU

Loved these calm haunts of Solitude and  
Peace ;

Here he has heard the murmurs of the  
lake,

And the soft rustling of the poplar grove,  
When o'er its bending boughs the pass-  
ing wind

Swept a grey shade. Here, if thy breast  
be full,

If in thine eye the tear devout should  
gush,

His SPIRIT shall behold thee, to thine  
home

From hence returning, purified of heart.

*Bristol, 1796.*

## VII

## FOR A MONUMENT AT OXFORD

[First published in *The Oracle*, afterwards  
in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in  
*Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

HERE Latimer and Ridley in the flames  
Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast  
walk'd

Uprightly through the world, just  
thoughts of joy

May fill thy breast in contemplating  
here

Congenial virtue. But if thou hast  
swerved

From the straight path of even rectitude,  
Fearful in trying seasons to assert  
The better cause, or to forsake the  
worse

<sup>1</sup> Voltaire.

Reluctant, when perchance therein en-  
thrall'd

Slave to false shame, oh! thankfully  
receive

The sharp punctious motions that  
this spot

May wake within thee, and be wise in  
time,

And let the future for the past atone.

*Bath, 1797.*

## VIII

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE VALE  
OF EWIAS

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
December 21, 1798; afterwards in *The  
Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical  
Tales*, 1805.]

HERE was it, Stranger, that the patron  
Saint

Of Cambria pass'd his age of penitence,  
A solitary man; and here he made

His hermitage, the roots his food, his  
drink

Of Hodney's mountain stream. Per-  
chance thy youth

Has read with eager wonder how the  
Knight

Of Wales in Ormandine's enchanted  
bower

Slept the long sleep: and if that in thy  
veins

Flow the pure blood of Britain, sure that  
blood

Hath flow'd with quicker impulse at the  
tale

Of David's deeds, when through the  
press of war

His gallant comrades follow'd his green  
crest

To victory. Stranger! Hatterill's moun-  
tain heights

And this fair vale of Ewias, and the  
stream

Of Hodney, to thine after-thoughts will  
rise

More grateful, thus associate with the  
name

Of David and the deeds of other days.

*Bath, 1798.*

## IX

## EPITAPH ON ALGERNON SIDNEY

[First published in *The Morning Post*, December 25, 1798; afterwards in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

HERE Sidney lies, he whom perverted  
law,  
The pliant jury and the bloody judge,  
Doom'd to a traitor's death. A tyrant  
King  
Required, an abject country saw and  
shared

The crime. The noble cause of Liberty  
He loved in life, and to that noble cause  
In death bore witness. But his country  
rose

Like Samson from her sleep, and broke  
her chains,  
And proudly with her worthies she en-  
roll'd

Her murder'd Sidney's name. The  
voice of man <sup>10</sup>  
Gives honour or destroys; but earthly  
power

Gives not, nor takes away, the self-  
applause

Which on the scaffold suffering virtue  
feels,

Nor that which God appointed its  
reward.

*Westbury*, 1798.

## X

## EPITAPH ON KING JOHN

[First published in *The Morning Post*, May 28, 1798; afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

JOHN rests below. A man more in-  
famous

Never hath held the sceptre of these  
realms,

And bruised beneath the iron rod of  
Power

The oppressed men of England. Eng-  
lishman!

Curse not his memory. Murderer as he  
was,

Coward and slave, yet he it was who  
sign'd

That Charter which should make thee  
morn and night

Be thankful for thy birth-place: . .  
Englishman!

That holy Charter, which, shouldst thou  
permit

Force to destroy, or Fraud to under-  
mine, <sup>10</sup>

Thy children's groans will persecute thy  
soul,

For they must bear the burthen of thy  
crime.

*Westbury*, 1798.

## XI (XII)

FOR A MONUMENT AT  
TORDESILLAS

[Published in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797.]

SPANIARD! if thou art one who bows  
the knee

Before a despot's footstool, hie thee  
hence!

This ground is holy: here Padilla died,  
Martyr of Freedom. But if thou dost  
love

Her cause, stand then as at an altar  
here,

And thank the Almighty that thine  
honest heart,

Full of a brother's feelings for mankind,  
Revolts against oppression. Not un-  
heard

Nor unavailing shall the grateful prayer  
Ascend; for honest impulses will rise, <sup>10</sup>

Such as may elevate and strengthen  
thee

For virtuous action. Relics silver-  
shrined,

And chaunted mass, would wake within  
the soul

Thoughts valueless and cold compared  
with these.

*Bristol*, 1796.

## XII (XIII)

## FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO

[Published in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797.]

PIZARRO here was born ; a greater name  
The list of Glory boasts not. Toil and  
Pain,

Famine and hostile Elements, and  
Hosts

Embattled, fail'd to check him in his  
course,

Not to be wearied, not to be deterr'd,  
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm  
He over-ran, and with relentless arm  
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons,  
And wealth, and power, and fame, were  
his rewards.

There is another world. beyond the  
Grave, <sup>10</sup>

According to their deeds where men are  
judged.

O Reader ! if thy daily bread be earn'd  
By daily labour. . . yea, however low,  
However painful be thy lot assign'd,  
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude. the  
God

Who made thee, that thou art not such  
as he.

*Bristol*, 1796.

## XIII (XIV)

FOR THE CELL OF HONORIUS, AT  
THE CORK CONVENT, NEAR  
CINTRA

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
November 5, 1798.]

HERE cavern'd like a beast Honorius  
pass'd

In self-affliction, solitude, and prayer.  
Long years of penance. He had rooted  
out

All human feelings from his heart, and  
fled

With fear and loathing from all human  
joys.

Not thus in making known his will  
divine

Hath Christ enjoin'd. To aid the father-  
less,

Comfort the sick, and be the poor man's  
friend,

And in the wounded heart pour gospel-  
balm ;

These are the injunctions of his holy  
law, <sup>10</sup>

Which whoso keeps shall have a joy on  
earth,

Calm, constant, still increasing, pre-  
luding

The eternal bliss of Heaven. Yet mock  
not thou,

Stranger, the Anchorite's mistaken zeal !  
He painfully his painful duties kept,

Sincere though erring : Stranger, do  
thou keep

Thy better and thine easier rule as well.

*Bristol*, 1798.

## XIV (XV)

## FOR A MONUMENT AT TAUNTON

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
July 6, 1799 ; afterwards in *The Annual  
Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*,  
1805.]

THEY suffer'd here whom Jefferies  
doom'd to death

In mockery of all justice, when the  
Judge

Unjust, subservient to a cruel King,  
Perform'd his work of blood. They

suffer'd here  
The victims of that Judge, and of that

King ;  
In mockery of all justice here they

bled,  
Unheard. But not unpitied, nor of

God  
Unseen, the innocent suffered ; not un-  
heard

The innocent blood cried vengeance ;  
for at length.

The indignant Nation in its power  
arose, <sup>10</sup>

Resistless. Then that wicked Judge  
took flight,

Disguised in vain : . . not always is the  
Lord



Slow to revenge! A miserable man  
 He fell beneath the people's rage, and  
 still  
 The children curse his memory. From  
 the throne  
 The obdurate bigot who commission'd  
 him,  
 Inhuman James, was driven. He lived  
 to drag  
 Long years of frustrate hope, he lived  
 to load  
 More blood upon his soul. Let tell the  
 Boyne,  
 Let Londonderry tell his guilt and  
 shame; 20  
 And that immortal day when on thy  
 shores,  
 La Hogue, the purple ocean dash'd the  
 dead!

*Westbury, 1798.*

### XV (XVI)

#### FOR A TABLET AT PENSURST

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 December 7, 1798; afterwards in *The*  
*Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical*  
*Tales*, 1805.]

ARE days of old familiar to thy mind,  
 O Reader? Hast thou let the midnight  
 hour  
 Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy  
 lived  
 With high-born beauties and enamour'd  
 chiefs,  
 Sharing their hopes, and with a breath-  
 less joy  
 Whose expectation touch'd the verge of  
 pain.  
 Following their dangerous fortunes? If  
 such lore  
 Hath ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt  
 tread,  
 As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,  
 The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here  
 was born, 10  
 Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver  
 man  
 His own delightful genius ever feign'd,  
 Illustrating the vales of Arcady

With courteous courage and with loyal  
 loves.  
 Upon his natal day an acorn here  
 Was planted: it grew up a stately oak,  
 And in the beauty of its strength it  
 stood  
 And flourish'd, when his perishable part  
 Had moulder'd, dust to dust. That  
 stately oak  
 Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's  
 fame 20  
 Endureth in his own immortal works.

*Westbury, 1799.*

### XVI (XVII)

#### EPITAPH

THIS to a mother's sacred memory  
 Her son hath hallow'd. Absent many  
 a year  
 Far over sea, his sweetest dreams were  
 still  
 Of that dear voice which soothed his  
 infancy;  
 And after many a fight against the Moor  
 And Malabar, or that fierce cavalry  
 Which he had seen covering the bound-  
 less plain,  
 Even to the utmost limits where the eye  
 Could pierce the far horizon, . . . his first  
 thought  
 In safety was of her, who when she  
 heard 10  
 The tale of that day's danger, would  
 retire  
 And pour her pious gratitude to Heaven  
 In prayers and tears of joy. The linger-  
 ing hour  
 Of his return, long-look'd-for, came at  
 length,  
 And full of hope he reach'd his native  
 shore.  
 Vain hope that puts its trust in human  
 life!  
 For ere he came, the number of her days  
 Was full. O Reader, what a world  
 were this,  
 How unendurable its weight, if they  
 Whom Death hath sunder'd did not  
 meet again! 20

*Keswick, 1810.*

## XVII (XIX)

## FOR A MONUMENT AT ROLISSA

TIME has been when Rolissa was a  
 name  
 Ignoble, by the passing traveller heard  
 And then forthwith forgotten; now in  
 war  
 It is renown'd. For when to her  
 ally,  
 In bondage by perfidious France op-  
 press'd  
 England sent succour, first within this  
 realm  
 The fated theatre of their long strife  
 Confronted, here the hostile nations  
 met.  
 Laborde took here his stand; upon yon  
 point  
 Of Mount Saint Anna was his Eagle  
 fix'd; <sup>10</sup>  
 The veteran chief, disposing well all  
 aid  
 Of height and glen, possess'd the moun-  
 tain straits,  
 A post whose strength thus mann'd and  
 profited  
 Seem'd to defy the enemy and make  
 The vantage of assailing numbers  
 vain.  
 Here, too, before the sun should bend  
 his course  
 Adown the slope of heaven, so had their  
 plans  
 Been timed, he look'd for Loison's army,  
 rich  
 With spoils from Evora and Beja  
 sack'd.  
 That hope the British Knight areeding  
 well, <sup>20</sup>  
 With prompt attack prevented; and  
 nor strength  
 Of ground, nor leader's skill nor  
 discipline  
 Of soldiers practised in the ways of  
 war,  
 Avail'd that day against the British  
 arm.

Resisting long, but beaten from their  
 stand,  
 The French fell back; they join'd their  
 greater host  
 To suffer fresh defeat, and Portugal  
 First for Sir Arthur wreathed her  
 laurels here.

## XVIII (XX)

## FOR A MONUMENT AT VIMEIRO

THIS is Vimeiro; yonder stream which  
 flows  
 Westward through heathery highlands  
 to the sea,  
 Is call'd Maceira, till of late a name,  
 Save to the dwellers of this peaceful  
 vale,  
 Known only to the coasting mariner;  
 Now in the bloody page of war in-  
 scribed.  
 When to the aid of injured Portugal  
 Struggling against the intolerable yoke  
 Of treacherous France, England, her old  
 ally,  
 Long tried and always faithful found,  
 went forth, <sup>10</sup>  
 The embattled hosts in equal strength  
 array'd,  
 And equal discipline, encountered here.  
 Junot, the mock Abrantes, led the  
 French,  
 And confident of skill so oft approved,  
 And vaunting many a victory, advanced  
 Against an untried foe. But when the  
 ranks  
 Met in the shock of battle, man to  
 man,  
 And bayonet to bayonet opposed,  
 The flower of France, cut down along  
 their line,  
 Fell like ripe grass before the mower's  
 scythe, <sup>20</sup>  
 For the strong arm and rightful cause  
 prevail'd.  
 That day deliver'd Lisbon from the  
 yoke,  
 And babes were taught to bless Sir  
 Arthur's name.

XIX (XXI)  
AT CORUÑA

WHEN from these shores the British  
army first  
Boldly advanced into the heart of Spain,  
The admiring people who beheld its  
march  
Call'd it 'the Beautiful'. And surely  
well  
Its proud array, its perfect discipline,  
Its ample furniture of war complete,  
Its powerful horse, its men of British  
mould,  
All high in heart and hope, all of them-  
selves  
Assured, and in their leaders confident,  
Deserved the title. Few short weeks  
elapsed <sup>10</sup>  
Ere hither that disastrous host return'd,  
A fourth of all its gallant force con-  
sumed  
In hasty and precipitate retreat,  
Stores, treasure, and artillery, in the  
wreck  
Left to the fierce pursuer, horse and man  
Founder'd, and stiffening on the moun-  
tain snows.  
But when the exulting enemy ap-  
proach'd  
Boasting that he would drive into the  
sea  
The remnant of the wretched fugitives,  
Here, ere they reach'd their ships, they  
turn'd at bay. <sup>20</sup>  
Then was the proof of British courage  
seen ;  
Against a foe far overnumbering them,  
An insolent foe, rejoicing in pursuit,  
Sure of the fruit of victory, what-  
soever  
Might be the fate of battle, here they  
stood,  
And their safe embarkation, . . all they  
sought,  
Won manfully. That mournful day  
avenged  
Their sufferings, and redeem'd their  
country's name ;  
And thus Coruña, which in this retreat  
Had seen the else indelible reproach <sup>30</sup>  
Of England, saw the stain effaced in  
blood.

XX (XXII)  
EPITAPH

HE who in this unconsecrated ground  
Obtain'd a soldier's grave, hath left a  
name  
Which will endure in history: the  
remains  
Of Moore, the British General, rest below.  
His early prowess Corsica beheld,  
When, at Mozello, bleeding, through the  
breach  
He passed victorious; the Columbian  
isles  
Then saw him tried; upon the sandy  
downs  
Of Holland was his riper worth approved;  
And leaving on the Egyptian shores his  
blood, <sup>10</sup>  
He gathered there fresh palms. High  
in repute  
A gallant army last he led to Spain,  
In arduous times; for moving in his  
strength,  
With all his mighty means of war com-  
plete,  
The Tyrant Buonaparte bore down all  
Before him; and the British Chief be-  
held,  
Where'er he look'd, rout, treason, and  
dismay,  
All sides with all embarrassments beset,  
And danger pressing on. Hither he  
came  
Before the far out-numbering hosts of  
France <sup>20</sup>  
Retreating to her ships, and close pur-  
sued ;  
Nor were there wanting men who coun-  
sell'd him  
To offer terms, and from the enemy  
Purchase a respite to embark in peace,  
At price of such abasement, . . even to  
this,  
Brave as they were, by hopelessness  
subdued.  
That shameful counsel Moore, in happy  
hour  
Remembering what was due to Eng-  
land's name,  
Refused: he fought, he conquer'd, and  
he fell.

## XXI (XXIII)

TO THE MEMORY OF PAUL  
BURRARDMORTALLY WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF  
CORUÑA[Published in *The Literary Souvenir* for  
1826.]

MYSTERIOUS are the ways of Providence!—  
 Old men who have grown grey in camps,  
 and wish'd,  
 And pray'd, and sought in battle to lay  
 down  
 The burthen of their age, have seen the  
 young  
 Fall round, themselves untouch'd; and  
 balls beside  
 The graceless and the unblest head have  
 pass'd,  
 Harmless as hail, to reach some precious  
 life,  
 For which clasp'd hands, and suppli-  
 cating eyes,  
 Duly at morn and eve were raised to  
 Heaven;  
 And, in the depth and lonesness of the  
 soul 10  
 (Then boding all too truly), midnight  
 prayers  
 Breathed from an anxious pillow wet  
 with tears.  
 But blessed, even amid their grief, are  
 they  
 Who, in the hour of visitation, bow  
 Beneath the unerring will, and look  
 toward  
 Their Heavenly Father, merciful as  
 just!  
 They, while they own his goodness, feel  
 that whom  
 He chastens, them he loves. The cup  
 he gives,  
 Shall they not drink it? Therefore doth  
 the draught  
 Resent of comfort in its bitterness, 20  
 And carry healing with it. What but  
 this

Could have sustain'd the mourners who  
 were left,  
 With life-long yearnings, to remember  
 him  
 Whose early death this monumental  
 verse  
 Records? For never more auspicious  
 hopes  
 Were nipt in flower, nor finer qualities  
 From goodliest fabric of mortality  
 Divorced, nor virtues worthier to adorn  
 The world transferr'd to heaven, than  
 when, ere time  
 Had measured him the space of nine-  
 teen years, 30  
 Paul Burrard on Coruña's fatal field  
 Received his mortal hurt. Not unpre-  
 pared  
 The heroic youth was found: for in the  
 ways  
 Of piety had he been trained; and  
 what  
 The dutiful child upon his mother's  
 knees  
 Had learnt, the soldier faithfully ob-  
 served.  
 In chamber or in tent, the Book of  
 God  
 Was his beloved manual; and his life  
 Besem'd the lessons which from thence  
 he drew.  
 For, gallant as he was, and blithe of  
 heart, 40  
 Expert of hand, and keen of eye, and  
 prompt  
 In intellect, religion was the crown  
 Of all his noble properties. When Paul  
 Was by, the scoffer, self-abased, re-  
 strain'd  
 The license of his speech; and ribaldry  
 Before his virtuous presence sate  
 rebuked.  
 And yet so frank and affable a form  
 His virtue wore, that wheresoe'er he  
 moved  
 A sunshine of good-will and cheerfulness  
 Enliven'd all around. Oh! marvel  
 not, 50  
 If, in the morning of his fair career,  
 Which promised all that honour could  
 bestow  
 On high desert, the youth was sum-  
 mon'd hence!



His soul required no farther discipline,  
Pure as it was, and capable of Heaven.  
Upon the spot from whence he just had  
seen

His General borne away, the appointed  
ball

Reach'd him. But not on that Galli-  
cian ground

Was it his fate, like many a British  
heart,

To mingle with the soil: the sea re-  
ceived 60

His mortal relics, . . . to a watery grave  
Consign'd so near his native shore, so  
near

His father's house, that they who loved  
him best.

Unconscious of its import, heard the  
gun

Which fired his knell.—Alas! if it were  
known,

When, in the strife of nations, dreadful  
Death

Mows down with indiscriminating  
sweep

His thousands ten times told, . . . if it  
were known

What ties are sever'd then, what ripen-  
ing hopes

Blasted, what virtues in their bloom cut  
off; 70

How far the desolating scourge extends;  
How wide the misery spreads; what  
hearts beneath

Their grief are broken, or survive to  
feel

Always the irremediable loss;  
Oh! who of woman born could bear the  
thought?

Who but would join with fervent piety  
The prayer that asketh in our time for  
peace?—

Nor in our time alone!—Enable us,  
Father which art in heaven! but to  
receive

And keep thy word: thy kingdom then  
should come, 80

Thy will be done on earth; the victory  
Accomplished over Sin as well as  
Death,

And the great scheme of Providence  
fulfill'd.

## XXII (XXIV)

## FOR THE BANKS OF THE DOURO

Crossing in unexampled enterprize  
This great and perilous stream, the  
English host

Effect'd here their landing, on the day  
When Soutl from Porto with his troops  
was driven.

No sight so joyful ever had been seen  
From Douro's banks, . . . not when the  
mountains sent

Their generous produce down, or home-  
ward fleets

Entered from distant seas their port  
desired;

Nor e'er were shouts of such glad  
mariners

So gladly heard, as then the cannon's  
peal, 10

And short sharp strokes of frequent  
musketry,

By the delivered habitants that hour.  
For they who beaten then and routed  
fled

Before victorious England, in their day  
Of triumph, had, like fiends let loose  
from hell,

Fill'd yon devoted city with all forms  
Of horror, all unutterable crimes;

And vengeance now had reach'd the  
inhuman race

Accurst. Oh what a scene did Night  
behold

Within those rescued walls, when festal  
fires, 20

And torches, blazing through the bloody  
streets,

Stream'd their broad light where horse  
and man in death

Unheeded lay outstretch'd! Eyes which  
had wept

In bitterness so long, shed tears of joy,  
And from the broken heart thanksgiving  
mix'd

With anguish rose to Heaven. Sir  
Arthur then

Might feel how precious in a righteous  
cause

Is victory, how divine the soldier's meed,  
When grateful nations bless the aveng-  
ing sword!

## XXIII (XXV)

## TALAVERA

## FOR THE FIELD OF BATTLE

YON wide-extended town, whose roofs  
and towers

And poplar avenues are seen far off,  
In goodly prospect over scatter'd woods  
Of dusky ilex, boasts among its sons  
Of Mariana's name, . . he who hath  
made

The splendid story of his country's wars  
Through all the European kingdoms  
known.

Yet in his ample annals thou canst find  
No braver battle chronicled, than here  
Was waged, when Joseph of the stolen  
crown

Against the hosts of England and of  
Spain

His veteran armies brought. By  
veteran chiefs

Captain'd, a formidable force they came,  
Full fifty thousand. Victor led them on,  
A man grown grey in arms, nor e'er in  
aught

Dishonoured, till by this opprobrious  
cause.

He over rude Alverche's summer  
stream

Winning his way, made first upon the  
right

His hot attack, where Spain's raw levies,  
ranged

In double line, had taken their strong  
stand

In yonder broken ground, by olive  
groves

Cover'd and flank'd by Tagus. Soon  
from thence,

As one whose practised eye could apprehend

All vantages in war, his troops he drew ;  
And on this hill, the battle's vital point,  
Bore with collected power, outnumbering

The British ranks twice told. Such  
fearful odds

Were balanced by Sir Arthur's master  
mind

And by the British heart. Twice during  
night

The fatal spot they storm'd, and twice  
fell back,

Before the bayonet driven. Again at  
morn

They made their fiery onset, and again  
Repell'd, again at noon renew'd the  
strife.

Yet was their desperate perseverance  
vain,

Where skill by equal skill was counter-  
vail'd,

And numbers by superior courage foil'd ;  
And when the second night drew over  
them

Its sheltering cope, in darkness they  
retired,

At all points beaten. Long in the red  
page

Of war shall Talavera's famous name  
Stand forth conspicuous. While that  
name endures,

Bear in thy soul, O Spain, the memory  
Of all thou sufferdest from perfidious

France,  
Of all that England in thy cause achieved.

## XXIV (XXVI)

## FOR THE DESERTO DE BUSACO

READER, thou standest upon holy  
ground

Which Penitence hath chosen for itself,  
And war disturbing the deep solitude

Hath left it doubly sacred. On these  
heights

The host of Portugal and England stood,  
Arrayed against Massena, when the  
chief

Proud of Rodrigo and Almeida won,  
Press'd forward, thinking the devoted  
realm

Full sure should fall a prey. He in his  
pride

Scorn'd the poor numbers of the English  
foe,

And thought the children of the land  
would fly

From his advance, like sheep before the  
wolf,

Scattering, and lost in terror. Ill he  
knew

The Lusitanian spirit ! Ill he knew  
The arm, the heart of England ! Ill he  
knew

Her Wellington ! He learnt to know  
them here.

That spirit and that arm, that heart,  
that mind,

Here on Busaco gloriously display'd,  
When hence repulsed the beaten boaster  
wound

Below, his course circuitous, and left <sup>20</sup>  
His thousands for the beasts and  
ravenous fowl.

The Carmelite who in his cell recluse  
Was wont to sit, and from a skull receive  
Death's silent lesson, wheresoe'er he  
walk

Henceforth may find his teachers. He  
shall find

The Frenchmen's bones in glen and  
grove, on rock

And height, where'er the wolves and  
carrion birds

Have strewn them, wash'd in torrents,  
bare and bleach'd

By sun and rain and by the winds of  
heaven.

## XXV (XXVII)

FOR THE LINES OF TORRES  
VEDRAS

THROUGH all Iberia, from the Atlantic  
shores

To far Pyrene, Wellington hath left  
His trophies ; but no monument records

To after-time a more enduring praise,  
Than this which marks his triumph here  
attain'd

By intellect, and patience to the end  
Holding through good and ill its course  
assign'd,

The stamp and seal of greatness. Here  
the chief

Perceived in foresight Lisbon's sure  
defence,

A vantage ground for all reverse pre-  
pared, <sup>10</sup>

Where Portugal and England might  
dofy

All strength of hostile numbers. Not  
for this

Of hostile enterprise did he abate,  
Or gallant purpose : witness the proud  
day

Which saw Soult's murderous host from  
Porto driven ;

Bear witness Talavera, made by him  
Famous for ever ; and that later fight,  
When from Busaco's solitude the birds,  
Then first affrighted in their sanctuary,  
Fled from the thunders and the fires of  
war. <sup>20</sup>

But when Spain's feeble counsels, in  
delay

As erring, as in action premature,  
Had left him in the field without sup-  
port,

And Buonaparte, having trampled down  
The strength and pride of Austria, this  
way turn'd

His single thought and undivided power,  
Retreating hither the great General  
came ;

And proud Massena, when the boastful  
chief

Of plundered Lisbon dreamt, here found  
himself

Stopt suddenly in his presumptuous  
course. <sup>30</sup>

From Ericeyra on the western sea,  
By Mafra's princely convent, and the  
heights

Of Montichique, and Bucellas famed  
For generous vines, the formidable  
works

Extending, rested on the guarded shores  
Of Tagus, that rich river who received  
Into his ample and rejoicing port

The harvests and the wealth of distant  
lands,

Secure, insulting with the glad display  
The robber's greedy sight. Five months  
the foe <sup>40</sup>

Behold these lines, made inexpugnable  
By perfect skill, and patriot feelings hero  
With discipline conjoin'd, courageous  
hands,

True spirits, and one comprehensive  
mind

All overseeing and pervading all.  
Five months, tormenting still his heart  
with hope,

He saw his projects frustrated ; the  
power

Of the blaspheming tyrant whom he served  
 Fail in the proof; his thousands disappear,  
 In silent and inglorious war consumed;  
 Till hence retreating, madden'd with despite,  
 Here did the self-styled Son of Victory leave,  
 Never to be redeem'd, that vaunted name.

## XXVI (XXVIII)

## AT SANTAREM

FOUR months Massena had his quarters here,  
 When by those lines deterr'd where Wellington  
 Defied the power of France, but loth to leave  
 Rich Lisbon yet unsack'd, he kept his ground,  
 Till from impending famine, and the force  
 Array'd in front, and that consuming war  
 Which still the faithful nation, day and night,  
 And at all hours was waging on his rear,  
 He saw no safety, save in swift retreat.  
 Then of his purpose frustrated, this child  
 Of Hell, . . . so fitlier than of Victory  
 Call'd, 11  
 Gave his own devilish nature scope, and let  
 His devilish army loose. The mournful rolls  
 That chronicle the guilt of humankind  
 Tell not of aught more hideous than the deeds  
 With which this monster and his kindred troops  
 Track'd their inhuman way; all cruelties,  
 All forms of horror, all deliberate crimes,  
 Which tongue abhors to utter, ear to hear. 19  
 Let this memorial bear Massena's name  
 For everlasting infamy inscribed.

## XXVII (XXIX)

## AT FUENTES D'ONORO

THE fountains of Onoro which give name  
 To this poor hamlet, were distain'd with blood,  
 What time Massena, driven from Portugal  
 By national virtue in endurance proved,  
 And England's faithful aid, against the land  
 Not long delivered, desperately made  
 His last fierce effort here. That day,  
 bestreak'd  
 With slaughter Coa and Agueda ran,  
 So deeply had the open veins of war  
 Purpled their mountain feeders. Strong  
 in means, 10  
 With rest, and stores, and numbers reinforced,  
 Came the ferocious enemy, and ween'd  
 Beneath their formidable cavalry  
 To trample down resistance. But there  
 fought  
 Against them here, with Britons side by side,  
 The children of regenerate Portugal,  
 And their own crimes, and all-beholding  
 Heaven.  
 Beaten, and hopeless thenceforth of  
 success  
 The inhuman Marshal, never to be  
 named  
 By Lusitanian lips without a curse 20  
 Of clinging infamy, withdrew and left  
 These Fountains famous for his over-  
 throw.

## XXVIII (XXXI)

## FOR A MONUMENT AT ALBUHERA

SEVEN thousand men lay bleeding on  
 these heights,  
 When Beresford in strenuous conflict  
 strove  
 Against a foe whom all the accidents  
 Of battle favoured, and who knew full  
 well  
 To seize all offers that occasion gave.  
 Wounded or dead, seven thousand here  
 were stretch'd,



And on the plain around a myriad  
 more,  
 Spaniard and Briton and true Portu-  
 gueze,  
 Alike approved that day; and in the  
 cause  
 Of France, with her flagitious sons com-  
 pell'd, <sup>10</sup>  
 Pole and Italian, German, Hollander,  
 Men of all climes and countries, hither  
 brought,  
 Doing and suffering, for the work of  
 war.  
 This point by her superior cavalry  
 Franco from the Spaniard won, the  
 elements  
 Aiding her powerful efforts; here  
 awhile  
 She seem'd to rule the conflict; and  
 from hence  
 The British and the Lusitanian arm  
 Dislodged with irresistible assault  
 The enemy, even when he deem'd the  
 day <sup>20</sup>  
 Was written for his own. But not for  
 Soult,  
 But not for France was that day in the  
 rolls  
 Of war to be inscribed by Victory's  
 hand,  
 Not for the inhuman chief, and cause  
 unjust;  
 She wrote for aftertimes in blood the  
 names  
 Of Spain and England, Blake and  
 Beresford.

## XXIX (XXXII)

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM  
 MYERS

SPANIARD or Portugueze! tread rever-  
 ently  
 Upon a soldier's grave; no common  
 heart  
 Lies mingled with the clod beneath thy  
 feet.  
 To honours and to ample wealth was  
 Myers  
 In England born; but leaving friends  
 beloved,

And all allurements of that happy land,  
 His ardent spirit to the field of war  
 Impell'd him. Fair was his career. He  
 faced  
 The perils of that memorable day,  
 When through the iron shower and fiery  
 storm <sup>10</sup>  
 Of death the dauntless host of Britain  
 made  
 Their landing at Aboukir; then not  
 less  
 Illustrated, than when great Nelson's  
 hand,  
 As if insulted Heaven with its own  
 wrath  
 Had arm'd him, smote the miscreant  
 Frenchmen's fleet,  
 And with its wreck wide-floating many  
 a league  
 Strew'd the rejoicing shores. What  
 then his youth  
 Held forth of promise, amply was con-  
 firm'd  
 When Wellesley, upon Talavera's plain,  
 On the mock monarch won his coronet:  
 There when the trophies of the field  
 were reap'd <sup>21</sup>  
 Was he for gallant bearing eminent  
 When all did bravely. But his valour's  
 orb  
 Shone brightest at its setting. On the  
 field  
 Of Albuhera he the fusileers  
 Led to regain the heights, and promised  
 them  
 A glorious day; a glorious day was  
 given;  
 The heights were gain'd, the victory  
 was achieved,  
 And Myers received from death his  
 deathless crown.  
 Here to Valverde was he borne, and  
 here <sup>30</sup>  
 His faithful men amid this olive grove,  
 The olive emblem here of endless peace,  
 Laid him to rest. Spaniard or Portu-  
 gueze,  
 In your good cause the British soldier  
 fell;  
 Tread reverently upon his honour'd  
 grave.

## XXX (XXXIV)

FOR THE WALLS OF CIUDAD  
RODRIGO

HERE Craufurd fell, victorious, in the  
breach,  
Leading his countrymen in that assault  
Which won from haughty France these  
rescued walls ;  
And here intomb'd far from his native  
land  
And kindred dust, his honour'd relics  
rest.  
Well was he versed in war, in the Orient  
train'd  
Beneath Cornwallis ; then for many a  
year  
Following through arduous and ill-fated  
fields  
The Austrian banners ; on the sea-like  
shores  
Of Plata next, still by malignant stars to  
Pursued ; and in that miserable retreat,  
For which Coruña witness'd on her hills  
The pledge of vengeance given. At  
length he saw,  
Long woo'd and well deserved, the  
brighter face  
Of Fortune, upon Coa's banks vouch-  
safed,  
Before Almeida, when Massena found  
The fourfold vantage of his numbers  
foil'd,  
Before the Briton, and the Portugal,  
There vindicating first his old renown,  
And Craufurd's mind that day presiding  
there. <sup>20</sup>  
Again was her auspicious countenance  
Upon Busaco's holy heights reveal'd ;  
And when by Torres Vedras, Welling-  
ton,  
Wisely secure, defied the boastful  
French,  
With all their power ; and when Onoro's  
springs  
Beheld that execrable enemy  
Again chastised beneath the avenging  
arm.  
Too early here his honourable course  
He closed, and won his noble sepulchre.  
Where should the soldier rest so worthily

As where he fell ? Be thou his monu-  
ment, <sup>31</sup>

O City of Rodrigo, yea be thou,  
To latest time, his trophy and his tomb !  
Sultans, or Pharaohs of the elder world,  
Lie not in Mosque or Pyramid enshrined  
Thus gloriously, nor in so proud a grave.

## XXXI (XXXV)

TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR  
GENERAL MACKINNON

SON of an old and honourable house,  
Henry Mackinnon from the Hebrides  
Drew his descent, but upon English  
ground  
An English mother bore him. Dauphiny  
Beheld the blossom of his opening years ;  
For hoping in that genial clime to save  
A child of feebler frame, his parents  
there  
Awhile their sojourn fix'd : and thus it  
chanced  
That in that generous season, when the  
heart  
Yet from the world is pure and unde-  
filed, <sup>10</sup>  
Napoleon Buonaparte was his friend.  
The adventurous Corsican, like Henry,  
then  
Young, and a stranger in the land of  
France,  
Their frequent and their favour'd guest  
became,  
Finding a cheerful welcome at all hours,  
Kindness, esteem, and in the English  
youth  
Quick sympathy of apprehensive mind  
And lofty thought heroic. On the way  
Of life they parted, not to meet again.  
Each follow'd war, but, oh ! how dif-  
ferently <sup>20</sup>  
Did the two spirits which till now had  
grown  
Like two fair plants, it seem'd, of kin-  
dred seed,  
Develop'd in that awful element !  
For never had benignant nature  
shower'd  
More bounteously than on Mackinnon's  
head

Her choicest gifts. Form, features, intellect,  
 Were such as might at once command  
 and win  
 All hearts. In all relationships approved,  
 Son, brother, husband, father, friend,  
 his life  
 Was beautiful; and when in tented  
 fields, <sup>30</sup>  
 Such as the soldier should be in the sight  
 Of God and man was he. Poor praise it  
 were  
 To speak his worth evinced upon the  
 banks  
 Of Douro, Talavera's trophied plain,  
 Busaco's summit, and what other days,  
 Many and glorious all, illustrated  
 His bright career. Worthier of him to  
 say  
 That in the midst of camps his manly  
 breast  
 Retain'd its youthful virtue; that he  
 walk'd  
 Through blood and evil uncontaminate,  
 And that the stern necessity of war <sup>41</sup>  
 But nurtured with its painful discipline  
 Thoughtful compassion in that gentle  
 soul,  
 And feelings such as man should cherish  
 still  
 For all of woman born. He met his  
 death  
 When at Rodrigo on the breach he  
 stood  
 Triumphant; to a soldier's wish it came  
 Instant, and in the hour of victory.  
 Mothers and maids of Portugal, oh bring  
 Your garlands here, and strew his grave  
 with flowers; <sup>50</sup>  
 And lead the children to his monument,  
 Grey-headed sires, for it is holy ground!  
 For tenderness and valour in his heart,  
 As in your own Nunalures, had made  
 Their habitation; for a dearer life  
 Never in battle hath been offered up,  
 Since in like cause and in unhappy day,  
 By Zutphen's walls the peerless Sidney  
 fell.  
 'Tis said that Buonaparte, when he  
 heard  
 How thus, among the multitude whose  
 blood <sup>60</sup>

Cries out to Heaven upon his guilty  
 head,  
 His early friend had fallen, was touch'd  
 with grief.  
 If aught it may avail him, be that  
 thought,  
 That brief recurrence of humanity  
 In his hard heart, remember'd in his  
 hour.

## XXXII (XXXVI)

FOR THE AFFAIR AT ARROYO  
MOLINOS

HE who may chronicle Spain's arduous  
 strife  
 Against the Intruder, hath to speak of  
 fields  
 Profuselier fed with blood, and victories  
 Borne wider on the wings of glad report;  
 Yet shall this town, which from the  
 mill-stream takes  
 Its humble name, be storied as the spot  
 Where the vain Frenchman, insolent  
 too long  
 Of power and of success, first saw the  
 strength  
 Of England in prompt enterprize es-  
 sayed,  
 And felt his fortunes ebb, from that day  
 forth <sup>10</sup>  
 Swept back upon the reflux tide of war.  
 Girard lay here, who late from Caceres,  
 Far as his active cavalry could scour,  
 Had pillaged and oppress the country  
 round;  
 The Spaniard and the Portugueze he  
 scorn'd,  
 And deem'd the British soldiers all too  
 slow  
 To seize occasion, unalert in war,  
 And therefore brave in vain. In such  
 belief  
 Secure at night he laid him down to  
 sleep,  
 Nor dreamt that these disparaged  
 enemies <sup>20</sup>  
 With drum and trumpet should in  
 martial charge  
 Sound his reveille. All day their march  
 severe

They held through wind and drenching  
rain ; all night  
The autumnal tempest unabating raged,  
While in their comfortless and open  
camp  
They cheer'd themselves with patient  
hope : the storm  
Was their ally, and moving in the mist,  
When morning open'd, on the astonish'd  
foe  
They burst. Soon routed horse and  
foot, the French  
On all sides scattering, fled, on every  
side  
Beset, and every where pursued, with  
loss  
Of half their numbers captured, their  
whole stores,  
And all their gather'd plunder. 'Twas  
a day  
Of surest omen, such as fill'd with joy  
True English hearts. . . No happier peals  
have e'er  
Been roll'd abroad from town and vil-  
lage tower  
Than gladden'd then with their exultant  
sound  
Salopian vales ; and flowing cups were  
brimm'd  
All round the Wrekin to Sir Rowland's  
name.

## XXXIII (XXXVII)

WRITTEN IN AN UNPUBLISHED  
VOLUME OF LETTERS AND  
MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS, BY  
BARRÉ CHARLES ROBERTS.

Nor often hath the cold insensate earth  
Closed over such fair hopes, as when the  
grave  
Received young Barré's perishable part ;  
Nor death destroyed so sweet a dream  
of life.  
Nature, who sometimes lavisheth her  
gifts  
With fatal bounty, had conferred on him  
Even such endowments as parental love  
Might in its wisest prayer have ask'd of  
Heaven ;  
An intellect that, choosing for itself

The better part, went forth into the  
fields  
Of knowledge, and with never-sated  
thirst  
Drank of the living springs ; a judge-  
ment calm  
And clear ; a heart affectionate ; a soul  
Within whose quiet sphere no vanities  
Or low desires had place. Nor were the  
seeds  
Of excellence thus largely given, and left  
To struggle with impediment of clime  
Austere, or niggard soil ; all circum-  
stance  
Of happy fortune was to him vouch-  
safed ;  
His way of life was as through garden-  
walks  
Wherein no thorns are seen, save such  
as grow,  
Types of our human state, with fruits  
and flowers.  
In all things favoured thus auspiciously,  
But in his father most. An intercourse  
So beautiful no former record shows  
In such relationship displayed, where  
through  
Familiar friendship's perfect confidence,  
The father's ever-watchful tenderness  
Meets ever in the son's entire respect  
Its due return devout, and playful love  
Mingles with every thing, and sheds o'er  
all  
A sunshine of its own. Should we then  
say  
The parents purchased at too dear a cost  
This deep delight, the deepest, purest joy  
Which Heaven hath here assign'd us,  
when they saw  
Their child of hope, just in the May of  
life,  
Beneath a slow and cankering malady,  
With irremediable decay consumed,  
Sink to the untimely grave ? Oh, think  
not thus !  
Nor deem that such long anguish, and  
the grief  
Which in the inmost soul doth strike its  
roots  
There to abide through time, can over-  
weigh  
The blessings which have been, and yet  
shall be !



Think not that He in Whom we live,  
doth mock  
Our dearest aspirations! Think not  
love,  
Genius, and virtue should inhere alone  
In mere mortality, and Earth put out  
The sparks which are of Heaven! We  
are not left  
In darkness, nor devoid of hope. The  
Light  
Of Faith hath risen to us: the van-  
quish'd Grave 50  
To us the great consolatory truth  
Proclaim'd that He who wounds will  
heal; and Death,  
Opening the gates of Immortality,  
The spirits whom it hath discovered here  
In everlasting union re-unite.

Keswick, 1814.

XXXIV (XXXIX)

EPITAPH

SOME there will be to whom, as here they  
read,  
While yet these lines are from the chisel  
sharp,  
The name of Clement Francis, will recall  
His countenance benign; and some who  
knew  
What stores of knowledge and what  
humble thoughts,  
What wise desires, what cheerful piety,  
In happy union form'd the character  
Which faithfully impress'd his aspect  
meek.  
And others too there are, who in their  
hearts  
Will bear the memory of his worth en-  
shrined, 10  
For tender and for reverential thoughts,  
When grief hath had its course, a life-  
long theme.  
A little while, and these, who to the  
truth  
Of this poor tributary strain could bear  
Their witness, will themselves have  
pass'd away,  
And this cold marble monument present  
Words which can then within no living  
mind

Create the ideal form they once evoked;  
This, then, the sole memorial of the  
dead.

So be it. Only that which was of earth  
Hath perish'd; only that which was  
infirm, 21

Mortal, corruptible, and brought with it  
The seed connate of death. A place in  
Time

Is given us, only that we may prepare  
Our portion for Eternity: the Soul  
Possesseth there what treasures for  
itself,

Wise to salvation, it laid up in Heaven.  
O Man, take thou this lesson from the  
Grave!

There too all true affections shall revive,  
To fade no more; all losses be re-  
stored, 30

All griefs be heal'd, all holy hopes ful-  
fill'd.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE CALE-  
DONIAN CANAL

[Published in *The Anniversary*, 1829.]

XXXV (XL)

I. AT CLACHNACHARRY

ATHWART the island here, from sea to  
sea,  
Between these mountain barriers, the  
Great Glen  
Of Scotland offers to the traveller,  
Through wilds impervious else, an easy  
path,  
Along the shore of rivers and of lakes,  
In line continuous, whence the waters  
flow  
Dividing east and west. Thus had they  
held  
For untold centuries their perpetual  
course  
Unprofited, till in the Georgian age  
This mighty work was plann'd, which  
should unite 10  
The lakes, control the innavigable  
streams,  
And through the bowels of the land  
deduce  
A way, where vessels which must else  
have braved

The formidable Cape, and have essayed  
The perils of the Hyperborean Sea,  
Might from the Baltic to the Atlantic  
deep

Pass and repass at will. So when the  
storm

Careers abroad, may they securely here,  
Through birchen groves, green fields,  
and pastoral hills,

Pursue their voyage home. Humanity  
May boast this proud expenditure, be-  
gun 21

By Britain in a time of arduous war ;  
Through all the efforts and emergencies  
Of that long strife continued, and  
achieved

After her triumph, even at the time  
When national burdens bearing on the  
state

Were felt with heaviest pressure. Such  
expense

Is best economy. In growing wealth,  
Comfort, and spreading industry, be-  
hold

The fruits immediate ! And, in days to  
come, 30

Fitly shall this great British work be  
named

With whatsoe'er of most magnificence,  
For public use, Rome in her plenitude  
Of power effected, or all-glorious Greece,  
Or Egypt, mother-land of all the arts.

### XXXVI (XLI)

#### 2. AT FORT AUGUSTUS

THOU who hast reach'd this level where  
the glede,

Wheeling between the mountains in  
mid air,

Eastward or westward as his gyre in-  
clines,

Descries the German or the Atlantic Sea.  
Pause here ; and, as thou seest the ship  
pursue

Her easy way serene, call thou to mind  
By what exertions of victorious art

The way was open'd. Fourteen times  
upheaved,

The vessel hath ascended, since she  
changed

The salt sea water for the highland  
lymph ; 10

As oft in imperceptible descent  
Must, step by step, be lower'd, before  
she woo

The ocean breeze again. Thou hast  
beheld

What basins, most capacious of their  
kind,

Enclose her, while the obedient element  
Lifts or depones its burthen. Thou hast  
seen

The torrent hurrying from its native hills  
Pass underneath the broad canal in-  
humed,

Then issue harmless thence ; the rivulet  
Admitted by its intake peaceably, 20

Forthwith by gentle overfall discharged:  
And haply too thou hast observed the  
herds

Frequent their vaulted path, uncon-  
scious they

That the wide waters on the long low  
arch

Above them, lie sustained. What other  
works

Science, audacious in emprise, hath  
wrought,

Meet not the eye, but well may fill the  
mind.

Not from the bowels of the land alone,  
From lake and stream hath their diluvial  
wreck

Been scoop'd to form this navigable  
way ; 30

Huge rivers were controll'd, or from  
their course

Shoulder'd aside ; and at the eastern  
mouth,

Where the salt ooze denied a restingplace,  
There were the deep foundations laid,

by weight

On weight immersed, and pile on pile  
down-driven,

Till steadfast as the everlasting rocks  
The massive outwork stands. Contem-  
plate now

What days and nights of thought, what  
years of toil,

What inexhaustive springs of public  
wealth

The vast design required ; the immediate  
good, 40

The future benefit progressive still ;  
And thou wilt pay thy tribute of due  
praise

To those whose counsels, whose decrees,  
whose care,

For after ages formed the generous  
work.

## XXXVII (XLII)

## 3. AT BANAVIE

WHERE these capacious basins, by the  
laws

Of the subjacent element receive  
The ship, descending or upraised, eight  
times,

From stage to stage with unfelt agency  
Translated ; fittest may the marble here  
Record the Architect's immortal name.  
Telford it was, by whose presiding  
mind

The whole great work was plann'd and  
perfected ;

Telford, who o'er the vale of Cambrian  
Dee,

Aloft in air, at giddy height upborne, 10  
Carried his navigable road, and hung  
High o'er Menai's straits the bending  
bridge ;

Structures of more ambitious enterprize  
Than minstrels in the age of old romance  
To their own Merlin's magic lore  
ascribed.

Nor hath he for his native land per-  
form'd

Less in this proud design ; and where  
his piers

Around her coast from many a fisher's  
creek

Unshelter'd else, and many an ample  
port,

Repel the assailing storm ; and where  
his roads 20

In beautiful and sinuous line far seen,  
Wind with the vale, and win the long  
ascent,

Now o'er the deep morass sustain'd, and  
now

Across ravine, or glen, or estuary,  
Opening a passage through the wilds  
subdued.

## XXXVIII (XLIII)

## EPITAPH IN BUTLEIGH CHURCH

DIVIDED far by death were they, whose  
names

In honour here united, as in birth,  
This monumental verse records. They  
drew

In Dorset's healthy vales their natal  
breath,

And from these shores beheld the ocean  
first,

Whereon in early youth with one accord  
They chose their way of fortune ; to  
that course

By Hood and Bridport's bright example  
drawn,

Their kinsmen, children of this place,  
and sons

Of one, who in his faithful ministry 10  
Inculcated within these hallow'd walls

The truths in mercy to mankind reveal'd.  
Worthy were these three brethren each  
to add

New honours to the already honour'd  
name :

But Arthur, in the morning of his day,  
Perish'd amid the Caribbean sea,

When the Pomona, by a hurricane  
Whirl'd, riven and overwhelm'd, with  
all her crew

Into the deep went down. A longer  
date

To Alexander was assign'd, for hope, 20  
For fair ambition, and for fond regret,

Alas, how short ! for duty, for desert,  
Sufficing ; and while Time preserves the  
roll

Of Britain's naval feats, for good report.  
A boy, with Cook he rounded the great  
globe ;

A youth, in many a celebrated fight  
With Rodney had his part ; and having  
reach'd

Life's middle stage, engaging ship to  
ship,

When the French Hercules, a gallant  
foe,

Struck to the British Mars his three-  
striped flag. 30

He fell, in the moment of his victory.

Here his remains in sure and certain  
 hope  
 Are laid, until the hour when Earth and  
 Sea  
 Shall render up their dead. One brother  
 yet  
 Survived, with Keppel and with Rodney  
 train'd  
 In battles, with the Lord of Nile ap-  
 proved,  
 Ere in command he worthily upheld  
 Old England's high prerogative. In the  
 east,  
 The west, the Baltic and the Midland  
 seas,  
 Yea, wheresoever hostile fleets have  
 plough'd <sup>40</sup>  
 The ensanguined deep, his thunders have  
 been heard,  
 His flag in brave defiance hath been  
 seen ;  
 And bravest enemies at Sir Samuel's  
 name  
 Felt fatal presage in their inmost heart,  
 Of unavertible defeat foredoom'd.  
 Thus in the path of glory he rode on,  
 Victorious alway, adding praise to  
 praise ;  
 Till full of honours, not of years, be-  
 neath  
 The venom of the infected clime he  
 sunk,  
 On Coromandel's coast, completing  
 there <sup>50</sup>  
 His service, only when his life was spent.

To the three brethren, Alexander's  
 son  
 (Sole scion he in whom their line sur-  
 vived),  
 With English feeling, and the deeper  
 sense  
 Of filial duty, consecrates this tomb.

1827.

## XXXIX (XLIV)

## EPITAPH

To Butler's venerable memory  
 By private gratitude for public worth  
 This monument is raised, here where  
 twelve years  
 Meekly the blameless Prelate exercised  
 His pastoral charge; and whither,  
 though removed  
 A little while to Durham's wider See,  
 His mortal relics were convey'd to rest.  
 Born in dissent, and in the school of  
 schism  
 Bred, he withstood the withering in-  
 fluence  
 Of that unwholesome nurture. To the  
 Church, <sup>10</sup>  
 In strength of mind mature and judg-  
 ment clear,  
 A convert, in sincerity of heart  
 Seeking the truth, deliberately con-  
 vinced,  
 And finding there the truth he sought,  
 he came.  
 In honour must his high desert be  
 held  
 While there is any virtue, any praise ;  
 For he it was whose gifted intellect  
 First apprehended, and developed first  
 The analogy connate, which in its course  
 And constitution Nature manifests <sup>20</sup>  
 To the Creator's word and will divine ;  
 And in the depth of that great argument  
 Laying his firm foundation, built there-  
 on  
 Proofs never to be shaken of the truths  
 Reveal'd from Heaven in mercy to man-  
 kind ;  
 Allying thus Philosophy with Faith,  
 And finding in things seen and known,  
 the type  
 And evidence of those within the veil.



# CARMEN TRIUMPHALE

FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1814

' Illi justitiam confirmavere triumphii,  
Præsentes docuere Deos.'—CLAUDIAN.

[Published together with *Carmina Aulica* in one volume in 1814. The first four stanzas were published in *The Courier* for January 8, 1814. See also Note to the 'Ode Written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte in January, 1814,' p. 755.

Some extracts from Southey's notes to this Ode are printed at the end of the poem. They are of interest as illustrating the attitude of British political parties during the war with Napoleon, and the mistaken calculations of the *Edinburgh Review*.]

## I

IN happy hour doth he receive  
The Laurel, meed of famous Bards of  
yore,  
Which Dryden and diviner Spenser  
wore, . . .  
In happy hour, and well may he rejoice,  
Whose earliest task must be  
To raise the exultant hymn for victory,  
And join a nation's joy with harp and  
voice, [wind,  
Pouring the strain of triumph on the  
Glory to God, his song, Deliverance  
for Mankind !

## II

Wake, lute and harp ! My soul take  
up the strain ! 10  
Glory to God ! Deliverance for Man-  
kind !  
Joy, . . for all Nations, joy ! But  
most for thee,  
Who hast so nobly fill'd thy part  
assign'd, [land !  
O England ! O my glorious native  
For thou in evil days didst stand  
Against leagued Europe all in arms  
array'd,  
Single and undismay'd,  
Thy hope in Heaven and in thine own  
right hand.  
Now are thy virtuous efforts overpaid,  
Thy generous counsels now their  
guerdon find, . . 20  
Glory to God ! Deliverance for  
Mankind !

## III

Dread was the strife, for mighty was  
the foe  
Who sought with his whole strength  
thy overthrow.  
The Nations bow'd before him ; some  
in war  
Subdued, some yielding to superior art ;  
Submiss, they follow'd his victorious car.  
Their Kings, like Satraps, waited  
round his throne ;  
For Britain's ruin and their own,  
By force or fraud in monstrous league  
combined.  
Alone, in that disastrous hour, 30  
Britain stood firm and braved his  
power ;  
Alone she fought the battles of mankind.

## IV

O virtue which, above all former fame,  
Exalts her venerable name !  
O joy of joys for every British breast !  
That with that mighty peril full in  
view, [true !  
The Queen of Ocean to herself was  
That no weak heart, no abject mind  
possess'd  
Her counsels, to abase her lofty crest, . .  
(Then had she sunk in everlasting  
shame), 40  
But ready still to succour the op-  
press'd,  
Her Red Cross floated on the waves  
unfurl'd, [world  
Offering Redemption to the groaning

## V

First from his trance the heroic  
Spaniard woke ;  
His chains he broke,  
And casting off his neck the treacherous  
yoke,  
He call'd on England, on his generous  
foe :  
For well he knew that wheresoe'er  
Wise policy prevail'd, or brave despair,  
Thither would Britain's liberal  
succours flow, 50  
Her arm be present there.  
Then, too, regenerate Portugal  
display'd  
Her ancient virtue, dormant all-too-  
long.

Rising against intolerable wrong,  
On England, on her old ally, for aid  
The faithful nation call'd in her  
distress :  
And well that old ally the call  
obey'd,  
Well was that faithful friendship then  
repaid.

## VI

Say from thy trophied field how well,  
Vimeiro ! Rocky Douro tell ! 60  
And thou, Busaco, on whose sacred  
height  
The astonished Carmelite,  
While those unwonted thunders shook  
his cell,  
Join'd with his prayers the fervour of  
the fight.  
Bear witness those old Towers,<sup>1</sup> where  
many a day  
Waiting with foresight calm the fitting  
hour,  
The Wellesley, gathering strength in  
wise delay,  
Defied the Tyrant's undivided  
power.  
Swore not the boastful Frenchman in  
his might, 69  
Into the sea to drive his Island-foe ?  
Tagus and Zezere, in secret night,  
Ye saw that host of ruffians take their  
flight !<sup>2</sup>  
And in the Sun's broad light  
Onoro's Springs<sup>3</sup> beheld their over-  
throw.

## VII

Patient of loss, profuse of life,  
Meantime had Spain endured the strife ;  
And though she saw her cities yield,  
Her armies scatter'd in the field,  
Her strongest bulwarks fall ; 79  
The danger undismay'd she view'd,  
Knowing that nought could e'er appal  
The Spaniards' fortitude.<sup>4</sup>  
What though the Tyrant, drunk with  
power,  
Might vaunt himself, in impious hour,  
Lord and Disposer of this earthly ball ?  
Her cause is just, and Heaven is  
over all.

## VIII

Therefore no thought of fear debased  
Her judgment, nor her acts disgraced.  
To every ill, but not to shame resign'd,  
All sufferings, all calamities she bore.  
She bade the people call to mind 91  
Their heroes of the days of yore,  
Pelayo and the Campeador,<sup>5</sup>  
With all who, once in battle strong,  
Lived still in story and in song.  
Against the Moor, age after age,  
Their stubborn warfare did they wage ;  
Age after age, from sire to son,  
The hallowed sword was handed down ;  
Nor did they from that warfare cease,  
And sheathe that hallow'd sword in  
peace, 101  
Until the work was done.

## IX

Thus, in the famous days of yore,  
Their fathers triumph'd o'er the Moor.  
They gloried in his overthrow,  
But touch'd not with reproach his  
gallant name ;  
For fairly, and with hostile aim profest,  
The Moor had rear'd his haughty crest,  
An open, honourable foe ;  
But as a friend the treacherous French-  
man came, 110  
And Spain received him as a guest.  
Think what your fathers were !  
she cried,  
Think what ye are, in sufferings tried ;  
And think of what your sons must  
be . . .  
Even as ye make them . . slaves or free!

## X

Strains such as these from Spain's  
 three seas,  
 And from the farthest Pyrenees,  
 Rung through the region. Vengeance  
 was the word ;  
 One impulse to all hearts at once was  
 given ;  
 From every voice the sacred cry was  
 heard, 120  
 And borne abroad by all the winds of  
 Heaven.  
 Heaven too, to whom the Spaniards  
 look'd for aid,  
 A spirit equal to the hour bestow'd ;  
 And gloriously the debt they paid,  
 Which to their valiant ancestors they  
 owed ; [France  
 And gloriously against the power of  
 Maintain'd their children's proud  
 inheritance.  
 Their steady purpose no defeat could  
 move, [mind ;  
 No horrors could abate their constant  
 Hope had its source and resting-place  
 above, 130  
 And they, to loss of all on earth  
 resign'd,  
 Suffer'd, to save their country, and  
 mankind.  
 What strain heroic might suffice to tell,  
 How Zaragoza stood, and how she fell?  
 Ne'er since yon sun began his daily  
 round,  
 Was higher virtue, holier valour, found  
 Than on that consecrated ground.

## XI

Alone the noble Nation stood,  
 When from Coruña, in the main,  
 The star of England set in blood. 140  
 Ere long on Talavera's plain,  
 That star resplendent rose again ;  
 And though that day was doom'd to be  
 A day of frustrate victory,  
 Not vainly bled the brave ;  
 For French and Spaniard there might  
 see [save ;  
 That England's arm was strong to  
 Fair promise there the Wellesley gave,  
 And well in sight of earth and Heaven  
 Did he redeem the pledge which there  
 was given. 150

## XII

Lord of Conquest, heir of Fame,  
 From rescued Portugal he came.  
 Rodrigo's walls in vain oppose ;  
 In vain thy bulwarks, Badajoz ;  
 And Salamanca's heights proclaim  
 The Conqueror's praise, the Wellesley's  
 name.  
 Oh, had the sun stood still that  
 hour,  
 When Marmont and his broken  
 power  
 Fled from their field of shame !  
 Spain felt through all her realms the  
 electric blow ; 160  
 Cadiz in peace expands her gates  
 again ;  
 And Betis, who, to bondage long  
 resign'd,  
 Flow'd mournfully along the silent  
 plain,  
 Into her joyful bosom unconfined  
 Receives once more the treasures of  
 the main.

## XIII

What now shall check the Wellesley,  
 when at length  
 Onward he goes, rejoicing in his  
 strength ?  
 From Douro, from Castille's extended  
 plain,  
 The foe, a numerous band,  
 Retire ; amid the heights which over-  
 hang 170  
 Dark Ebro's bed, they think to make  
 their stand.  
 He reads their purpose, and prevents  
 their speed ;  
 And still as they recede,  
 Impetuously he presses on their  
 way ;  
 Till by Vittoria's walls they stood at  
 bay,  
 And drew their battle up in fair array.

## XIV

Vain their array, their valour vain  
 There did the practised Frenchman  
 find  
 A master arm, a master mind !  
 Behold his veteran army driven 180  
 Like dust before the breath of Heaven,

Like leaves before the autumnal  
wind !

Now, Britain, now thy brow with  
laurels bind ;

Raise now the song of joy for rescued  
Spain !

And Europe, take thou up the  
awakening strain . .

Glory to God ! Deliverance for Man-  
kind !

xv

From Spain the living spark went  
forth :

The flame hath caught, the flame is  
spread !

It warms, . . it fires the farthest North.  
Behold ! the awaken'd Muscovite

Meets the Tyrant in his might ;<sup>6</sup>

The Brandenburg, at Freedom's call,  
Rises more glorious from his fall ;

And Frederick, best and greatest of  
the name,

Treads in the path of duty and of  
fame.

See Austria from her painful trance  
awake !

The breath of God goes forth, . . the  
dry bones shake !

Up Germany ! . . with all thy nations  
rise !

Land of the virtuous and the wise,  
No longer let that free, that mighty  
mind,<sup>200</sup>

Endure its shame ! She rose as from  
the dead,

She broke her chains upon the op-  
pressor's head . . .<sup>7</sup>

Glory to God ! Deliverance for Man-  
kind !

xvi

Open thy gates, O Hanover ! display  
Thy loyal banners to the day ;

Receive thy old illustrious line once  
more !

Beneath an Upstart's yoke opprest,  
Long hath it been thy fortune to

deplore

That line, whose fostering and paternal  
sway

So many an age thy grateful children  
blest.<sup>210</sup>

The yoke is broken now : . . A  
mightier hand

Hath dash'd, . . in pieces dash'd, . .  
the iron rod.

To meet her Princes, the deliver'd  
land

Pours her rejoicing multitudes abroad ;  
The happy bells, from every town

and tower,

Roll their glad peals upon the joyful  
wind ;

And from all hearts and tongues, with  
one consent,

The high thanksgiving strain to heaven  
is sent, . .

Glory to God ! Deliverance for  
Mankind !

xvii

Egmont and Horn, heard ye that holy  
cry,<sup>220</sup>

Martyrs of Freedom, from your seats  
in Heaven ?

And William the Deliverer, doth thine  
eye

Regard from yon empyreal realm the  
land

For which thy blood was given ?

What ills hath that poor Country  
suffer'd long !

Deceived, despised, and plunder'd, and  
oppress'd,

Mockery and insult aggravating  
wrong !

Severely she her errors hath atoned,  
And long in anguish groan'd,

Wearing the patient semblance of  
despair,<sup>230</sup>

While fervent curses rose with every  
prayer :

In mercy Heaven at length its ear  
inclined ;

The avenging armies of the North  
draw nigh,

Joy for the injured Hollander ! . . the  
cry

Of Orange rends the sky !

All hearts are now in one good cause  
combined, . .

Once more that flag triumphant floats  
on high, . .

Glory to God ! Deliverance for  
Mankind !



## XVIII

When shall the Dove go forth ? Oh  
 when  
 Shall Peace return among the Sons of  
 Men ? <sup>240</sup>  
 Hasten benignant Heaven the blessed  
 day !  
 Justice must go before,  
 And Retribution must make plain the  
 way ;  
 Force must be crushed by Force,  
 The power of Evil by the power of  
 Good,  
 Ere Order bless the suffering world  
 once more,  
 Or Peace return again.  
 Hold then right on in your auspicious  
 course,  
 Ye Princes, and ye People, hold right  
 on !  
 Your task not yet is done : <sup>250</sup>

Pursue the blow, . . ye know your  
 foe, . .  
 Complete the happy work so well  
 begun.  
 Hold on, and be your aim with all  
 your strength  
 Loudly proclaim'd and steadily  
 pursued ;  
 So shall this fatal Tyranny at length  
 Before the arms of Freedom fall  
 subdued.  
 Then, when the waters of the flood  
 abate,  
 The Dove her resting-place secure may  
 find :  
 And France restored, and shaking off  
 her chain,  
 Shall join the Avengers in the joyful  
 strain, <sup>260</sup>  
 Glory to God ! Deliverance for  
 Mankind !

## NOTES TO CARMEN TRIUMPHALE

<sup>1</sup> Torres Vedras. *Turres Væteres*, . . a name so old as to have been given when the Latin tongue was the language of Portugal. This town is said to have been founded by the Turduli, a short time before the commencement of the Christian Æra.

In remembering the lines of Torres Vedras, the opinion of the wise men of the North ought not to be forgotten, 'If they (the French) do not make an effort to drive us out of Portugal, it is because we are better there than any where else. We fear they will not leave us on the Tagus many days longer than suits their own purposes.'—*Edinburgh Review*, No. XXVII, p. 263.

The opinion is delivered with happy precision of language: . . Our troops were indeed, to use the same neat and felicitous expression, 'better there than any where else.'

<sup>2</sup> No cruelties recorded in history exceed those which were systematically committed by the French during their retreat from Portugal. 'Their conduct,' (says Lord Wellington in his dispatch of the 14th of March, 1811,) 'throughout this retreat, has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed.'

'Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Pernes, in which the head-

quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been induced by promises of good treatment to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed on the night the enemy withdrew from their position; and they have since burnt every town and village through which they have passed. The Convent of Alcobaça was burnt by order from the French head-quarters. The Bishop's Palace, and the whole town of Leyria, in which General Drouet had had his head-quarters, shared the same fate; and there is not an inhabitant of the country, of any class or description, who has had any dealing or communication with the French army who has not had reason to repent of it, or to complain of them. This is the mode in which the promises have been performed, and the assurances have been fulfilled, which were held out in the proclamation of the French commander-in-chief, in which he told the inhabitants of Portugal, that he was not come to make war upon them, but with a powerful army of one hundred and ten thousand men to drive the English into the sea. It is to be hoped, that the example of what has occurred in this country will teach the people of this and other nations what value they ought to place

on such promises and assurances, and that there is no security for life or for any thing that renders life valuable, except in decided resistance to the enemy.'

As exact an account of these atrocities was collected as it was possible to obtain, . . . and that record will for ever make the French name detested in Portugal. In the single diocese of Coimbra, 2,969 persons, men, women, and children, were murdered, . . . every one with some shocking circumstance of aggravated cruelty. . . . 'Nem huma só das 2969 mortes cometidas pelo inimigo deixou de ser atroz e dolorosissima.' (Breve Memoria dos Estragos Causados no Bispado de Coimbra pelo Exercito Francez, commandado pelo General Massena. Extrahida das Enfornaçoens que deram os Reverendos Parocos, e remetida a Junta dos Socorros da Subscripsam Britannica, pelo Reverendo Provisor Governador do mesmo Bispado, p. 12.) Some details are given in this brief Memorial. 'A de tel forfaits,' says J. J. Rousseau, 'celui qui détourne ses regards est un lâche, un déserteur de la justice: la véritable humanité les envisage pour les connoître, pour les juger, pour les détester.' (*Le Lévitte d'Ephraïm.*) I will not, however, in this place repeat abominations which at once outrage humanity and disgrace human nature.

When the French, in 1792, entered Spire, some of them began to commit excesses which would soon have led to a general sack. Custine immediately ordered a captain, two officers, and a whole company to be shot. This dreadful example, he told the National Convention, he considered as the only means of saving the honour of the French nation, . . . and it met with the approbation of the whole army. But the French armies had not then been systematically brutalized. It was reserved for Buonaparte to render them infamous, as well as to lead them to destruction.

The French soldier, says Capmany, is executioner and robber at the same time: he leaves the unhappy wretch who is delivered over to his mercy, naked to the skin, . . . stripping off the clothes that they may not be torn by the musket-shot! . . . The pen falls from my hand, and I cannot proceed!

'Para que se junte á esta crueldad la mayor infamia, el soldado Frances es verdugo y ladrón en una pieza; dexa en cueros vivos al malaventurado que entregan á su discrecion, quitandole la ropa antes que los

fusilazos se la destrozen. La pluma se cae de la mano, y no puede proseguir.'—*Centinelá, contra Franceses*, P. ii, p. 35.

Yet the *Edinburgh Review* says, 'the hatred of the name of a Frenchman in Spain has been such as the reality will by no means justify; and the detestation of the French government has, among the inferior orders, been carried to a pitch wholly unauthorized by its proceedings towards them.'—No. XXVII, p. 262. This passage might be read with astonishment, if any thing absurd, any thing mischievous, or any thing false, could excite surprise when it comes from that quarter.

<sup>3</sup> Fuentes d'Onoro. This name has sometimes been rendered Fountains of Honour, by an easy mistake, or a pardonable licence.

<sup>4</sup> 'The fate of Spain, we think, is decided, and that fine and misguided country has probably yielded, by this time, to the fate which has fallen on the greater part of continental Europe. Her European dominions have yielded already to the unrelaxing grasp of the insatiable conqueror.'—*Edinburgh Review*, No. XXVI, p. 298.

'The fundamental position which we ventured to lay down respecting the Spanish question was this: . . . that the spirit of the people, however enthusiastic and universal, was in its nature more uncertain and short-lived, more likely to be extinguished by reverses, or to go out of itself amidst the delays of a protracted contest, than the steady, regular, moderate feeling which calls out disciplined troops, and marshals them under known leaders, and supplies them by systematic arrangements: . . . a proposition so plain and obvious, that if it escaped ridicule as a truism, it might have been reasonably expected to avoid the penalties of heresy and paradox. *The event has indeed woefully proved its truth.*'—*Edinburgh Review*, No. XXVII, p. 246.

These gentlemen could see no principle of permanence in the character of the Spaniards, and no proof of it in their history; . . . and they could discover no principle of dissolution in the system of Buonaparte; . . . a system founded upon force and falsehood, in direct opposition to the interest of his own subjects and to the feelings of human nature.

<sup>5</sup> The Cid, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar.

<sup>6</sup> 'Ecce iterum Crispinus!' What says the *Edinburgh Review* concerning Russia? 'Considering how little that power has shown itself capable of effecting for the salvation of Europe, . . . how wretched the

state of its subjects is under the present government, . . . how trifling an acquisition of strength the common enemy could expect to obtain from the entire possession of its resources, we acknowledge that we should contemplate with great composure any change which might lay the foundation of future improvement, and scatter the forces of France over the dominion of the Czars.\*—No. XXVIII, p. 460.

This is a choice passage. The reasoning is worthy of the writer's judgement, the feeling perfectly consistent with his *liberality*, and the conclusion as consistent with his politics.

<sup>7</sup> Hear the Edinburgh Reviewer! 'It would be as chimerical to expect a mutiny among the vassal states of France who are the most impatient of her yoke, as amongst the inhabitants of Bourdeaux, or the conscripts of the year 1808 and 1809. In making this comparison, we are indeed putting the case much more strongly against

France than the facts warrant, for with the exception of Holland, and the States into which the conscription has been introduced, either immediately, or by means of large requisitions of men made to their Governments,\* the changes effected by the French invasion have been favourable to the individual happiness of the inhabitants †, so that the hatred of France is liable to considerable diminution, inasmuch as the national antipathy and spirit of independence are gradually undermined by the solid benefits which the change of masters has conferred.'—No. XXVIII, p. 458.

Great as a statesman, profound as a philosopher, amiable as an optimist of the Pangloss school, . . . but not altogether fortunate as a Prophet!

\* N.B. These little exceptions include all the countries which were annexed to the French Empire, all Italy, and all the States of the Confederation of the Rhine.

† Particularly the commercial part of them.

## EPISTLE TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

[First published in *The Anniversary*, 1829.]

WELL, Heaven be thank'd! friend  
Allan, here I am,  
Once more to that dear dwelling place  
return'd,  
Where I have pass'd the whole mid stage  
of life,  
Not idly, certes; not unworthily, . . .  
So let me hope: where Time upon my  
head  
Hath laid his frore and monitory hand;  
And when this poor frail earthly tabernacle  
Shall be dissolved, . . . it matters not how  
soon  
Or late, in God's good time, . . . where  
I would fain  
Be gathered to my children, earth to  
earth. 10

Needless it were to say how willingly  
I bade the huge metropolis farewell,  
Its din, and dust, and dirt, and smoke,  
and smut,  
Thames' water, pavioir's ground, and  
London sky;

Weary of hurried days and restless  
nights,  
Watchmen, whose office is to murder  
sleep  
When sleep might else have weigh'd  
one's eyelids down,  
Rattle of carriages, and roll of carts,  
And tramp of iron hoofs; and worse  
than all, . . .  
Confusion being worse confounded then,  
With coachmen's quarrels and with  
footmen's shouts, 21  
My next-door neighbours, in a street not  
yet  
Macadamized, (me miserable!) *at home*;  
For then had we from midnight until  
morn  
House-quakes, street-thunders, and  
door-batteries.  
O Government! in thy wisdom and thy  
want,  
Tax knockers; . . . in compassion to the  
sick,  
And those whose sober habits are not  
yet

Inverted, topsy-turvy night and day,  
Tax them more heavily than thou hast  
charged 30

Armorial bearings and bepowder'd pates.  
And thou, O Michael, ever to be praised,  
Angelic among Taylors! for thy laws  
Antifuliginous, extend those laws  
Till every chimney its own smoke con-  
sume,

And give thenceforth thy dinners un-  
lampoon'd.

Escaping from all this, the very whirl  
Of mail-coach wheels bound outward  
from Lad-lane,

Was peace and quietness. Three hun-  
dred miles

Of homeward way seem'd to the body  
rest, 40

And to the mind repose.

Donne<sup>1</sup> did not hate

More perfectly that city. Not for all  
Its social, all its intellectual joys, . .

Which having touch'd, I may not con-  
descend

To name aught else the Demon of the  
place

Might for his lure hold forth; . . not even  
for these

Would I forego gardens and green-field  
walks,

And hedge-row trees, and stiles, and  
shady lanes,

And orchards, were such ordinary scenes  
Alone to me accessible as those 50

Wherein I learnt in infancy to love

The sights and sounds of Nature; . .  
wholesome sights

Gladdening the eye that they refresh;  
and sounds

Which, when from life and happiness  
they spring,

Bear with them to the yet unhardened  
heart

A sense that thrills its cords of sym-  
pathy;

<sup>1</sup> This poet begins his second Satire  
thus:—

'Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate  
Perfectly all this town, yet there 's one state  
In all ill things so excellently best,  
That hate towards them breeds pity towards  
the rest.'

Or, when proceeding from insensate  
things,

Give to tranquillity a voice wherewith  
To woo the ear and win the soul  
attuned; . . 59

Oh not for all that London might bestow  
Would I renounce the genial influences  
And thoughts and feelings to be found  
where'er

We breathe beneath the open sky, and  
see

Earth's liberal bosom. Judge then by  
thyself,

Allan, true child of Scotland, . . thou  
who art

So oft in spirit on thy native hills,  
And yonder Solway shores, . . a poet  
thou,

Judge by thyself how strong the ties  
which bind

A poet to his home; when, . . making  
thus

Large recompense for all that haply else  
Might seem perversely or unkindly  
done, . . 71

Fortune hath set his happy habitacle  
Among the ancient hills, near mountain  
streams

And lakes pellucid, in a land sublime  
And lovely as those regions of Romance  
Where his young fancy in its day-dreams  
roam'd,

Expatiating in forests wild and wide,  
Loëgrian, or of dearest Faery-land.

Yet, Allan, of the cup of social joy  
No man drinks freelier, nor with heartier  
thirst, 80

Nor keener relish, where I see around  
Faces which I have known and loved so  
long,

That when he prints a dream upon my  
brain

Dan Morpheus takes them for his  
readiest types.

And therefore in that loathed metro-  
polis

Time measured out to me some golden  
hours.

They were not leaden-footed while the  
clay

Beneath the patient touch of Chantrey's  
hand



Grew to the semblance of my lineaments.  
 Lit up in memory's landscape, like green  
 spots 90  
 Of sunshine, are the mornings, when in  
 talk  
 With him and thee, and Bedford (my  
 true friend  
 Of forty years), I saw the work proceed,  
 Subject the while myself to no restraint,  
 But pleasureably in frank discourse  
 engaged :  
 Pleased too, and with no unbecoming  
 pride  
 To think this countenance, such as it is,  
 So oft by rascally mislikeness wrong'd,  
 Should faithfully to those who in his  
 works  
 Have seen the inner man pourtray'd, be  
 shown, 100  
 And in enduring marble should partake  
 Of our great sculptor's immortality.

I have been libell'd, Allan, as thou  
 knowest,  
 Through all degrees of calumny ; but  
 they  
 Who fix one's name for public sale  
 beneath  
 A set of features slanderously unlike,  
 Are the worst libellers. Against the  
 wrong  
 Which they inflict Time hath no remedy.  
 Injuries there are which Time redresseth  
 best,  
 Being more sure in judgement, though  
 perhaps 110  
 Slower in process even than the court  
 Where justice, tortoise-footed and mole-  
 eyed,  
 Sleeps undisturb'd, fann'd by the lulling  
 wings  
 Of harpies at their prey. We soon live  
 down  
 Evil or good report, if undeserved.  
 Let then the dogs of Faction bark and  
 bay,  
 Its bloodhounds, savaged by a cross of  
 wolf,  
 Its full-bred kennel from the Blatant-  
 beast ;  
 And from my lady's gay veranda, let  
 Her pamper'd lap-dog with his fetid  
 breath 120

In bold bravado join, and snap and  
 growl,  
 With petulant consequentialness elate,  
 There in his imbecility at once  
 Ridiculous and safe ; though all give cry,  
 Whiggery's sleek spaniels, and its  
 lurchers lean,  
 Its poodles by unlucky training marr'd,  
 Mongrel and cur and bob-tail, let them  
 yelp  
 Till weariness and hoarseness shall at  
 length  
 Silence the noisy pack ; meantime be  
 sure  
 I will not stoop for stones to cast among  
 them. 130  
 The founarts and the skunks may be  
 secure  
 In their own scent ; and for that viler  
 swarm,  
 The vermin of the press, both those that  
 skip,  
 And those that creep and crawl, I do not  
 catch  
 And pin them for exposure on the page,  
 Their filth is their defence.

But I appeal  
 Against the limner's and the graver's  
 wrong ;  
 Their evil works survive them. Bilder-  
 dijk,  
 Whom I am privileged to call my friend,  
 Suffering by graphic libels in likewise,  
 Gave his wrath vent in verse. Would I  
 could give 141  
 The life and spirit of his vigorous Dutch,  
 As his dear consort hath transfused my  
 strains  
 Into her native speech ; and made them  
 known  
 On Rhine and Yssel, and rich Amstel's  
 banks ;  
 And wheresoe'er the voice of Vondel still  
 Is heard, and still Antonides and Hooft  
 Are living agencies ; and Father Cats,  
 The household poet, teacheth in his  
 songs  
 The love of all things lovely, all things  
 pure : 150  
 Best poet, who delights the cheerful  
 mind  
 Of childhood, stores with moral strength  
 the heart

Of youth, with wisdom maketh mid-life  
rich,  
And fills with quiet tears the eyes of age.

Hear then in English rhyme how  
Bilderdijk  
Describes his wicked portraits, one by  
one.

'A madman who from Bedlam hath  
broke loose ;

An honest fellow of the numskull race ;  
And pappyer-headed still, a very goose  
Staring with eyes agast and vacant  
face ; 160

A Frenchman who would mirthfully  
display

On some poor idiot his malicious wit ;  
And lastly, one who, train'd up in the  
way

Of worldly craft, hath not forsaken it,  
But hath served Mammon with his  
whole intent,

A thing of Nature's worst materials  
made,

Low-minded, stupid, base and insolent.  
I, . . I, . . a Poet, . . have been thus  
pourtray'd.

Can ye believe that my true effigy  
Among these vile varieties is found ?

What thought, or line, or word, hath  
fallen from me 171

In all my numerous works whereon  
to ground

The opprobrious notion ? Safely I may  
smile

At these, acknowledging no likeness  
here.

But worse is yet to come ; so, soft  
awhile !

For now in potter's earth must I  
appear,

And in such workmanship, that, sooth  
to say,

Humanity disowns the imitation,  
And the dolt image is not worth its clay.

Then comes there one who will to  
admiration 180

In plastic wax my perfect face present ;  
And what of his performance comes  
at last ?

Folly itself in every lineament !  
Its consequential features overcast

With the coxcombical and shallow laugh  
Of one who would, for condescension,  
hide,

Yet in his best behaviour, can but half  
Suppress the scornfulness of empty  
pride.'

'And who is Bilderdijk ?' methinks  
thou sayest,

A ready question ; yet which, trust me,  
Allan, 190

Would not be ask'd, had not the curse  
that came

From Babel, clipt the wings of Poetry.  
Napoleon ask'd him once with cold fix'd  
look,

'Art thou then in the world of letters  
known ?'

'I have deserved to be,' the Hollander  
Replied, meeting that proud imperial  
look

With calm and proper confidence, and  
eye

As little wont to turn away abash'd  
Before a mortal presence. He is one

Who hath received upon his constant  
breast 200

The sharpest arrows of adversity ;  
Whom not the clamours of the multitude

Demanding in their madness and their  
might

Iniquitous things, could shake in his  
firm mind ;

Nor the strong hand of instant tyranny,  
From the straight path of duty turn  
aside.

But who in public troubles, in the wreck  
Of his own fortunes, in proscription,  
exile,

Want, obloquy, ingratitude, neglect,  
And what severer trials Providence 210

Sometimes inflicteth, chastening whom  
it loves,

In all, through all, and over all, hath  
borne

An equal heart, as resolute toward  
The world, as humbly and religiously

Beneath his heavenly Father's rod  
resign'd.

Right-minded, happy-minded, righteous  
man,

True lover of his country and his kind ;  
In knowledge, and in inexhaustive stores

Of native genius rich ; philosopher,  
Poet, and sage. The language of a  
State 220

Inferior in illustrious deeds to none,  
But circumscribed by narrow bounds,  
and now

Sinking in irrecoverable decline,  
Hath pent within its sphere a name  
wherewith

Europe should also have rung from side  
to side.

Such, Allan, is the Hollander to  
whom

Esteem and admiration have attach'd  
My soul, not less than pre-consent of  
mind,

And gratitude for benefits, when being  
A stranger, sick, and in a foreign  
land, 230

He took me like a brother to his  
house,

And ministered to me, and made a time  
Which had been wearisome and careful  
else,

So pleasurable, that in my kalendar  
There are no whiter days. 'Twill be a  
joy

For us to meet in Heaven, though we  
should look

Upon each other's earthly face no more.  
. . . This is this world's complexion !  
'cheerful thoughts

Bring sad thoughts to the mind,' and  
these again

Give place to calm content, and stead-  
fast hope, 240

And happy faith assured. . . Return we  
now,

With such transition as our daily life  
Imposes in its wholesome discipline,  
To a lighter strain ; and from the gallery  
Of the Dutch Poet's mis-resemblances  
Pass into mine ; where I shall show thee,  
Allan,

Such an array of villainous visages,  
That if among them all there were but  
one

Which as a likeness could be proved  
upon me,

It were enough to make me in mere  
shame 250

Take up an alias, and forswear myself.

Whom have we first ? A dainty gen-  
tleman,

His sleepy eyes half-closed, and coun-  
tenance

To no expression stronger than might  
suit

A simper, capable of being moved ;  
Sawney and sentimental ; with an air  
So lack-thought and so lackadaisycal,  
You might suppose the volume in his  
hand

Must needs be Zimmermann on Solitude.

Then comes a jovial landlord, who  
hath made it 260

Part of his trade to be the shoeing horn  
For his commercial customers. God  
Bacchus

Hath not a thirstier votary. Many a pipe  
Of Porto's vintage hath contributed

To give his cheeks that deep carmine  
engrain'd,

And many a runlet of right Nantes, I  
ween,

Hath suffer'd percolation through that  
trunk,

Leaving behind it in the boozey eyes  
A swollen and red suffusion, glazed and  
dim.

Our next is in the evangelical line, 270  
A leaden-visaged specimen ; demure,  
Because he hath put on his Sunday's  
face ;

Dull by formation, by complexion sad,  
By bile, opinions, and dyspepsy sour.

One of the sons of Jack, . . . I know not  
which,

For Jack hath a most numerous pro-  
geny, . . .

Made up for Mr. Colburn's Magazine  
This pleasant composite ; a bust sup-  
plied

The features ; look, expression, char-  
acter,

Are of the artist's fancy and free grace.  
Such was that fellow's birth and parent-  
age. 281

The rascal proved prolific ; one of his  
breed,

By Docteur Pichot introduced in France,  
Passes for Monsieur Sooté ; and  
another, . . .

An uglier miscreant too, . . the brothers  
 Schumann  
 And their most cruel copper-scratcher  
 Zschoch,  
 From Zwickau sent abroad through  
 Germany.  
 I wish the Schumen and the copper-  
 scratcher  
 No worse misfortune for their recom-  
 pence,  
 Than to encounter such a cut-throat  
 face 290  
 In the Black Forest or the Odenwald.

And now is there a third derivative  
 From Mr. Colburn's composite, which  
 late  
 The Arch-Pirate Galignani hath pre-  
 fix'd,  
 A spurious portrait to a faithless life,  
 And bearing lyingly the libell'd name  
 Of Lawrence, impudently there insculpt.

The bust that was the innocent fore-  
 father  
 To all this base, abominable brood,  
 I blame not, Allan. 'Twas the work of  
 Smith, 300  
 A modest, mild, ingenious man, and errs,  
 Where erring, only because over-true,  
 Too close a likeness for similitude ;  
 Fixing to every part and lineament  
 Its separate character, and missing thus  
 That which results from all.

Sir Smug comes next ;

Allan, I own Sir Smug ! I recognize  
 That visage with its dull sobriety ;  
 I see it duly as the day returns,  
 When at the looking-glass with lather'd  
 chin 310  
 And razor-weapon'd hand I sit, the face  
 Composed and apprehensively intent  
 Upon the necessary operation  
 About to be perform'd, with touch, alas,  
 Not always confident of hair-breadth  
 skill.  
 Even in such sober sadness and con-  
 strain'd  
 Composure cold, the faithful Painter's  
 eye  
 Had fix'd me like a spell, and I could feel  
 My features stiffen as he glanced upon  
 them.

And yet he was a man whom I loved  
 dearly, 320  
 My fellow-traveller, my familiar friend,  
 My household guest. But when he  
 look'd upon me,  
 Anxious to exercise his excellent art,  
 The countenance he knew so thoroughly  
 Was gone, and in its stead there sate  
 Sir Smug.

Under the graver's hand, Sir Smug  
 became  
 Sir Smouch, . . a son of Abraham. Now  
 albeit,  
 For rather would I trace my lineage  
 thence  
 Than with the oldest line of Peers or  
 Kings  
 Claim consanguinity, that cast of fea-  
 tures 330  
 Would ill accord with me, who in all  
 forms  
 Of pork, baked, roasted, toasted, boil'd  
 or broil'd,  
 Fresh, salted, pickled, seasoned, moist  
 or dry,  
 Whether ham, bacon, sausage, souse or  
 brawn,  
 Leg, bladebone, baldrib, griskin, chine,  
 or chop,  
 Profess myself a genuine Philopig.

It was, however, as a Jew whose  
 portion  
 Had fallen unto him in a goodly land  
 Of loans, of omnium, and of three per  
 cents,  
 That Messrs. Percy of the Anecdote-  
 firm 340  
 Presented me unto their customers.  
 Poor Smouch endured a worse judaiza-  
 tion  
 Under another hand. In this next stage  
 He is on trial at the Old Bailey, charged  
 With dealing in base coin. That he is  
 guilty  
 No Judge or Jury could have half a  
 doubt  
 When they saw the culprit's face ; and  
 he himself,  
 As you may plainly see, is comforted  
 By thinking he has just contrived to  
 keep



Out of rope's reach, and will come off  
this time 350

For transportation.

Stand thou forth for trial,  
Now, William Darton, of the Society  
Of Friends called Quakers; thou who  
in 4th month

Of the year 24, on Holborn Hill,

At No. 58., didst wilfully,

Falsely, and knowing it was falsely done,  
Publish upon a card, as Robert Southey's,

A face which might be just as like Tom  
Fool's,

Or John, or Richard Any-body-else's!

What had I done to thee, thou William  
Darton,

That thou shouldst for the lucre of base  
gain, 361

Yea, for the sake of filthy fourpences,  
Palm on my countrymen that face for  
mine?

O William Darton, let the Yearly  
Meeting

Deal with thee for that falseness! All  
the rest

Are traceable; Smug's Hebrew family;  
The German who might properly adorn  
A gibbet or a wheel, and Monsieur Sooté,  
Sons of Fitzbust the Evangelical; . .

I recognize all these unlikenesses, 370  
Spurious abominations though they be,

Each filiated on some original;  
But thou, Friend Darton, and . . observe

me, man,

Only in courtesy, and *quasi* Quaker,  
I call thee Friend! . . hadst no original;

No likeness or unlikeness, *silhouette*,  
Outline, or plaster, representing me,

Whereon to form thy misrepresentation.  
If I guess rightly at the pedigree

Of thy bad groatsworth, thou didst get  
a barber 380

To personate my injured Laureateship;  
An advertising barber, . . one who keeps

A bear, and when he puts to death poor  
Bruin

Sells his grease, fresh as from the carcass  
cut,

*Pro bono publico*, the price per pound  
Twelve shillings and no more. From

such a barber,  
O unfriend Darton! was that portrait

made  
I think, or peradventure from his block.

Next comes a minion worthy to be set  
In a wooden frame; and here I might

invoko 390  
Avenging Nemesis, if I did not feel

Just now God Cynthius pluck me by  
the ear.

But, Allan, in what shape God Cynthius  
comes.

And wherefore he admonisheth me thus,  
Nor thou nor I will tell the world; here-

after  
The commentators, my Malones and

Reids,  
May if they can. For in my gallery

Though there remaineth undescribed  
good store,

Yet 'of enough enough, and now no  
more,'

(As honest old George Gascoigne said  
of yore.) 400

Save only a last couplet to express  
That I am always truly yours,

R. S.

*Keswick, August, 1828.*

# MADOC.

' OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA.'

TO

CHARLES WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN,

THIS POEM

WAS ORIGINALLY INSCRIBED, IN 1805,

AS A TOKEN OF SIXTEEN YEARS OF UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP;

AND IS NOW RE-INSCRIBED WITH THE SAME FEELING,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF THIRTY-TWO.

## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE historical facts on which this Poem is founded may be related in a few words. On the death of Owen Gwyneth, king of North Wales, A.D. 1169, his children disputed the succession. Yorwerth, the elder, was set aside without a struggle, as being incapacitated by a blemish in his face. Hoel, though illegitimate, and born of an Irish mother, obtained possession of the throne for a while, till he was defeated and slain by David, the eldest son of the late king by a second wife. The conqueror, who then succeeded without opposition, slew Yorwerth, imprisoned Rodri, and hunted others of his brethren into exile. But Madoc, meantime, abandoned his barbarous country, and sailed away to the West in search of some better resting-place. The land which he discovered pleased him: he left there part of his people, and went back to Wales for a fresh supply of adventurers, with whom he again set sail, and was heard of no more. Strong evidence has been adduced that he reached America, and that his posterity exist there to this day, on the southern branches of the Missouri, retaining their complexion, their language, and, in some degree, their arts.

About the same time, the Aztecas, an American tribe, in consequence of certain calamities, and of a particular omen, forsook Aztlan, their own country, under the guidance of Yuhithiton. They became a mighty people, and founded the Mexican empire, taking the name of Mexicans, in honour of Mexitli, their tutelary god. Their emigration is here connected with the adventures of Madoc, and their superstition is represented as the same which their descendants practised, when discovered by the Spaniards. The manners of the Poem, in both its parts, will be found historically true. It assumes not the degraded title of Epic: and the question, therefore, is not whether the story is formed upon the rules of Aristotle, but whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry.

*Keswick, 1805.*

'Three things must be avoided in Poetry; the frivolous, the obscure, and the superfluous.

'The three excellencies of Poetry; simplicity of language, simplicity of subject, and simplicity of invention.

'The three indispensable purities of Poetry; pure truth, pure language, and pure manners.

'Three things should all Poetry be; thoroughly erudite, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural.'—*Triads.*

COME, LISTEN TO A TALE OF TIMES OF OLD !  
 COME, FOR YE KNOW ME. I AM HE WHO SANG  
 THE MAID OF ARC, AND I AM HE WHO FRAMED  
 OF THALABA THE WILD AND WONDROUS SONG.  
 COME, LISTEN TO MY LAY, AND YE SHALL  
 HEAR  
 HOW MADOC FROM THE SHORES OF BRITAIN  
 SPREAD

THE ADVENTUROUS SAIL, EXPLORED THE  
 OCEAN PATHS,  
 AND QUELLED BARBARIAN POWER, AND  
 OVERTHREW  
 THE BLOODY ALTARS OF IDOLATRY,  
 AND PLANTED IN ITS FANES TRIUMPHANTLY  
 THE CROSS OF CHRIST. COME, LISTEN TO  
 MY LAY !

## MADOC IN WALES: PART I

## I. THE RETURN TO WALES

FAIR blows the wind, . . . the vessel drives  
 along,  
 Her streamers fluttering at their length,  
 her sails  
 All full, . . . she drives along, and round  
 her prow  
 Scatters the ocean spray. What feelings  
 then  
 Fill'd every bosom, when the mariners,  
 After the peril of that weary way,  
 Beheld their own dear country ! Here  
 stands one  
 Stretching his sight toward the distant  
 shore,  
 And as to well-known forms his busy  
 joy  
 Shapes the dim outline, eagerly he  
 points 10  
 The fancied headland and the cape and  
 bay,  
 Till his eyes ache o'erstraining. This  
 man shakes  
 His comrade's hand and bids him wel-  
 come home,  
 And blesses God, and then he weeps  
 aloud :  
 Here stands another, who in secret  
 prayer  
 Calls on the Virgin and his patron Saint,  
 Renewing his old vows of gifts and  
 alms  
 And pilgrimage, so he may find all well.  
 Silent and thoughtful and apart from all  
 Stood Madoc ; now his noble enterprize  
 Proudly remembering, now in dreams of  
 hope, 21  
 Anon of bodings full and doubt and fear.

Fair smiled the evening, and the  
 favouring gale  
 Sung in the shrouds, and swift the  
 steady bark  
 Rush'd roaring through the waves.  
The sun goes down :  
 Far off his light is on the naked crags  
 Of Penmanmawr, and Arvon's ancient  
 hills ;  
 And the last glory lingers yet awhile,  
 Crowning old Snowdon's venerable head,  
 That rose amid his mountains. Now  
 the ship 30  
 Drew nigh where Mona, the dark island,  
 stretch'd  
 Her shore along the ocean's lighter line.  
 There through the mist and twilight,  
 many a fire  
 Up-flaming stream'd upon the level sea  
 Red lines of lengthening light, which, far  
 away  
 Rising and falling, flash'd athwart the  
 waves.  
 Thereat full many a thought of ill dis-  
 turb'd  
 Prince Madoc's mind ; . . . did some new  
 conqueror seize  
 The throne of David ? had the tyrant's  
 guilt  
 Awaken'd vengeance to the deed of  
 death ? 40  
 Or blazed they for a brother's obsequies,  
 The sport and mirth of murder ? . . . Like  
 the lights  
 Which there upon Aberfraw's royal walls  
 Are waving with the wind, the painful  
 doubt  
 Fluctuates within him. . . Onward drives  
 the gale, . . .

On flies the bark ; . . and she hath  
 reach'd at length  
 Her haven, safe from her unequall'd  
 way !  
 And now, in louder and yet louder joy  
 Clamorous, the happy mariners all-hail  
 Their native shore, and now they leap to  
 land. 50

There stood an old man on the beach  
 to wait  
 The comers from the ocean ; and he  
 ask'd,  
 Is it the Prince ? And Madoc knew his  
 voice,  
 And turn'd to him and fell upon his  
 neck ;  
 For it was Urien who had foster'd him,  
 Had loved him like a child ; and Madoc  
 loved,  
 Even as a father loved he that old man.  
 My Sister ? quoth the Prince. . . Oh, she  
 and I  
 Have wept together, Madoc, for thy  
 loss, . .  
 That long and cruel absence ! . . She  
 and I, 60  
 Hour after hour and day by day, have  
 look'd  
 Toward the waters, and with aching eyes  
 And aching heart, sate watching every  
 sail.

And David and our brethren ? cried  
 the Prince,  
 As they moved on. . . But then old  
 Urien's lips  
 Were slow at answer ; and he spake,  
 and paused  
 In the first breath of utterance, as to  
 choose  
 Fit words for uttering some unhappy  
 tale.  
 More blood, quoth Madoc, yet ? Hath  
 David's fear  
 Forced him to still more cruelty ?  
 Alas . . 70  
 Woe for the house of Owen !

Evil stars,  
 Replied the old man, ruled o'er thy  
 brethren's birth.  
 From Dolwyddelan driven, his peaceful  
 home,

Poor Yorwerth sought the church's  
 sanctuary ;  
 The murderer follow'd ; . . Madoc, need  
 I say  
 Who sent the sword ? . . Llewelyn, his  
 brave boy, [realm,  
 Where wanders he ? in this his rightful  
 Houseless and hunted ; richly would the  
 King  
 Gift the red hand that rid him of that  
 fear !

Ririd, an outlaw'd fugitive, as yet 80  
 Eludes his deadly purpose ; Rodri lives,  
 A prisoner he, . . I know not in what fit  
 Of natural mercy from the slaughter  
 spared.

Oh, if my dear old master saw the wreck  
 And scattering of his house ! . . that  
 princely race !  
 The beautiful band of brethren that  
 they were !

Madoc made no reply, . . he closed his  
 eyes,  
 Groaning. But Urien, for his heart was  
 full,  
 Loving to linger on the woe, pursued :  
 I did not think to live to such an hour 90  
 Of joy as this ! and often, when my sight  
 Turn'd dizzy from the ocean, overcome  
 With heavy anguish, Madoc, I have  
 prayed  
 That God would please to take me to his  
 rest.

So as he ceased his speech, a sudden  
 shout  
 Of popular joy awakened Madoc's ear ;  
 And calling then to mind the festal fires,  
 He ask'd their import. The old man  
 replied,  
 It is the giddy people merry-making  
 To welcome their new Queen ; unheed-  
 ing they 100  
 The shame and the reproach to the long  
 line  
 Of our old royalty ! . . Thy brother weds  
 The Saxon's sister.

What ! . . in loud reply  
 Madoc exclaim'd, hath he forgotten all ?  
 David ! King Owen's son, . . my father's  
 son, . .  
 He wed the Saxon, . . the Plantagenet !



Quoth Urien, He so doats, as she had  
dropt  
Some philtre in his cup, to lethargize  
The British blood that came from Owen's  
veins.  
Three days his halls have echoed to the  
song 110  
Of joyaunce.

Shame! foul shame! that  
they should hear  
Songs of such joyaunce! cried the  
indignant Prince:  
Oh that my Father's hall, where I  
have heard  
The songs of Corwen and of Keiriog's  
day,  
Should echo this pollution! Will the  
chiefs  
Brook this alliance, this unnatural tie?

There is no face but wears a courtly  
smile,  
Urien replied: Aberfraw's ancient  
towers  
Beheld no pride of festival like this,  
No like solemnities, when Owen came  
In conquest, and Gowalchmai struck the  
harp. 121  
Only Goeryyl, careless of the pomp,  
Sits in her solitude, lamenting thee.

Saw ye not then my banner? quoth  
the Lord  
Of Ocean; on the topmast-head it  
stood  
To tell the tale of triumph; . . or did  
night  
Hide the glad signal, and the joy hath  
yet  
To reach her?

Now had they almost attain'd  
The palace portal. Urien stopt and  
said,  
The child should know your coming; it  
is long 130  
Since she hath heard a voice that to her  
heart  
Spake gladness; . . none but I must tell  
her this.  
So Urien sought Goeryyl, whom he  
found  
Alone and gazing on the moonlight  
sea.

Oh you are welcome, Urien! cried the  
maid  
There was a ship came sailing hither-  
ward . .

I could not see his banner, for the night  
Closed in so fast around her; but my  
heart  
Indulged a foolish hope!

The old man replied,  
With difficult effort keeping his heart  
down, 140  
God in his goodness may reserve for us  
That blessing yet! I have yet life enow  
To trust that I shall live to see the day,  
Albeit the number of my years well nigh  
Be full.

Ill-judging kindness! said the  
maid.

Have I not nursed for two long wretched  
years

That miserable hope, which every day  
Grew weaker, like a baby sick to death,  
Yet dearer for its weakness day by day!  
No, never shall we see his daring bark!  
I knew and felt it in the evil hour 151  
When forth she fared! I felt it then!  
that kiss

Was our death parting! . . And she  
paused to curb

The agony: anon, . . But thou hast been  
To learn their tidings, Urien? . . He  
replied,

In half-articulate words, . . They said,  
my child,

That Madoc lived, . . that soon he would  
be here.

She had received the shock of happi-  
ness:

Urien! she cried . . thou art not mocking  
me!

Nothing the old man spake, but spread  
his arms 160

Sobbing aloud. Goeryyl from their hold  
Started, and sunk upon her brother's  
breast.

Recovering first, the aged Urien said,  
Enough of this, . . there will be time for  
this,

My children! better it behoves ye now  
To seek the King. And, Madoc, I  
beseech thee,

Bear with thy brother ! gently bear with  
him,  
My gentle Prince ! he is the headstrong  
slave  
Of passions unsubdued ; he feels no tie  
Of kindly love, or blood ; . . provoke him  
not, 170  
Madoc ! . . It is his nature's malady.

Thou good old man ! replied the  
Prince, be sure  
I shall remember what to him is due,  
What to myself ; for I was in my youth  
Wisely and well train'd up ; nor yet hath  
time  
Effaced the lore my foster-father taught.

Haste, haste ! exclaim'd Goervyl ; . .  
for her heart  
Smote her in sudden terror at the thought  
Of Yorwerth, and of Owen's broken  
house ; . .  
I dread his dark suspicions !

Not for me  
Suffer that fear, my sister ! quoth the  
Prince. 181  
Safe is the straight and open way I  
tread ;  
Nor hath God made the human heart so  
bad  
That thou or I should have a danger  
there.  
So saying, they toward the palace gate  
Went on, ere yet Aberfraw had received  
The tidings of her wanderer's glad  
return.

## II. THE MARRIAGE FEAST

THE guests were seated at the festal  
board ;  
Green rushes strew'd the floor ; high in  
the hall  
Was David ; Emma, in her bridal robe,  
In youth, in beauty, by her husband's  
side  
Sate at the marriage feast. The  
monarch raised  
His eyes, he saw the mariner approach ;  
Madoc ! he cried ; strong nature's  
impulses

Prevail'd, and with a holy joy he met  
His brother's warm embrace.

With that what peals  
Of exultation shook Aberfraw's tower !  
How then re-echoing rang the home of  
Kings, 11  
When from subdu'd Ocean, from the  
World  
That he had first foreseen, he first had  
found,  
Came her triumphant child ! The  
mariners,  
A happy band, enter the clamorous hall ;  
Friend greets with friend, and all are  
friends ; one joy  
Fills with one common feeling every  
heart,  
And strangers give and take the wel-  
coming  
Of hand and voice and eye. That  
boisterous joy  
At length allay'd, the board was spread  
anew, 20  
Anew the horn was brimm'd, the central  
hearth

Built up anew for later revelries.  
Now to the ready feast ! the seneschal  
Duly below the pillars ranged the crew ;  
Toward the guest's most honourable seat  
The King himself led his brave brother ;  
. . then,  
Eyeing the lovely Saxon as he spake,  
Here, Madoc, see thy sister ! thou hast  
been  
Long absent, and our house hath felt  
the while

Sad diminution ; but my arm at last 30  
Hath rooted out rebellion from the land ;  
And I have stablish'd now our ancient  
house,  
Grafting a scyon from the royal tree  
Of England on the sceptre ; so shall  
peace  
Bless our dear country.

Long and happy years  
Await my sovereigns ! thus the Prince  
replied,  
And long may our dear country rest in  
peace !  
Enough of sorrow hath our royal house  
Known in the field of battles, . . yet we  
reap'd  
The harvest of renown

Ay, . . many a day, 40

David replied, together have we led  
The onset. . . Dost thou not remember,  
brother,

How in that hot and unexpected charge  
On Keiriog's bank, we gave the enemy  
Their welcoming ?

And Berwyn's after-strife !  
Quoth Madoc, as the memory kindled  
him :

The fool that day, who in his masque  
attire

Sported before King Henry, wished in  
vain

Fitlier habiliments of javelin-proof !  
And yet not more precipitate that fool  
Dropt his mock weapons, than the  
archers cast 51

Desperate their bows and quivers-full  
away,

When we leapt on, and in the mire and  
blood

Trampled their banner !

That, exclaimed the King,  
That was a day indeed, which I may still  
Proudly remember, proved as I have  
been

In conflicts of such perilous assay,  
That Saxon combat seem'd like woman's  
war.

When with the traitor Hoel I did wage  
The deadly battle, then was I in truth 60  
Put to the proof ; no vantage-ground  
was there,

Nor famine, nor disease, nor storms to  
aid,

But equal, hard, close battle, man to  
man,

Briton to Briton. By my soul, pursued  
The tyrant, heedless how from Madoc's  
eye

Flash'd the quick wrath like lightning, . .  
though I knew

The rebel's worth, his prowess then  
excited

Unwelcome wonder ; even at the last,  
When stiff with toil and faint with  
wounds, he raised

Feebly his broken sword, . .

Then Madoc's grief  
Found utterance ; Wherefore, David,  
dost thou rouse 71

The memory now of that unhappy day,

That thou should'st wish to hide from  
earth and heaven ?

Not in Aberfraw, . . not to me this tale !  
Tell it the Saxon ! . . he will join thy  
triumph, . .

He hates the race of Owen ! . . but I  
loved

My brother Hoel, . . loved him ? . . that  
ye know !

I was to him the dearest of his kin,  
And he my own heart's brother.

David's cheek  
Grew pale and dark ; he bent his broad  
black brow 80

Full upon Madoc's glowing countenance ;  
Art thou return'd to brave me ? to my  
teeth

To praise the rebel bastard ? to insult  
The royal Saxon, my affianced friend ?  
I hate the Saxon ! Madoc cried ; not yet  
Have I forgotten, how from Keiriog's  
shame

Flying, the coward wreak'd his cruelty  
On our poor brethren ! . . David, seest  
thou never

Those eyeless spectres by thy bridal bed ?  
Forget that horror ? . . may the fire of  
God 90

Blast my right hand, or ever it be link'd  
With that accursed Plantagenet's !

The while,  
Impatience struggled in the heaving  
breast

Of David ; every agitated limb  
Shook with ungovernable wrath ; the  
page,

Who chafed his feet, in fear suspends his  
task ;

In fear the guests gaze on him silently ;  
His eyeballs flash'd, strong anger choked  
his voice,

He started up. . . Him Emma, by the  
hand 99

Gently retaining, held, with gentle words  
Calming his rage. Goeryl too in tears  
Besought her generous brother : he had  
met

Emma's reproaching glance, and self-  
reproved,

While the warm blood flush'd deeper o'er  
his cheek,

Thus he replied ; I pray you pardon  
me.

My Sister-Queen ! nay, you will learn to  
love  
This high affection for the race of Owen,  
Yourself the daughter of his royal house  
By better ties than blood.  
Grateful the Queen  
Replied, by winning smile and eloquent  
eye 110  
Thanking the gentle Prince: a moment's  
pause  
Ensued; Goervyl then with timely  
speech  
Thus to the wanderer of the waters  
spake:  
Madoc, thou hast not told us of the  
world  
Beyond the ocean and the paths of man.  
A lovely land it needs must be, my  
brother,  
Or sure you had not sojourn'd there so  
long,  
Of me forgetful, and my heavy hours  
Of grief and solitude and wretched  
hope.  
Where is Cadwallon? for one bark  
alone 120  
I saw come sailing here.  
The tale you ask  
Is long, Goervyl, said the mariner,  
And I in truth am weary. Many moons  
Have wax'd and waned, since from that  
distant world,  
The country of my dreams and hope and  
faith,  
We spread the homeward sail: a goodly  
world,  
My Sister! thou wilt see its goodliness,  
And greet Cadwallon there. . . But this  
shall be  
To-morrow's tale; . . indulge we now  
the feast! . .  
You know not with what joy we mariners  
Behold a sight like this.  
Smiling he spake, 131  
And turning, from the sewer's hand he  
took  
The flowing mead. David, the while,  
relieved  
From rising jealousies, with better eye  
Regards his venturous brother. Let the  
Bard,  
Exclaim'd the King, give his accustom'd  
lay;

For sweet, I know, to Madoc is the song  
He loved in earlier years.  
Then, strong of voice,  
The officer proclaim'd the sovereign will,  
Bidding the hall be silent; loud he  
spake, 140  
And smote the sounding pillar with his  
wand,  
And hush'd the banqueters. The chief  
of Bards  
Then raised the ancient lay.  
Thee, Lord! he sung,  
O Father! Thee, whose wisdom, Thee,  
whose power,  
Whose love, . . all love, all power, all  
wisdom, Thou!  
Tongue cannot utter, nor can heart con-  
ceive.  
He in the lowest depth of Being framed  
The imperishable mind; in every  
change,  
Through the great circle of progressive  
life,  
He guides and guards, till evil shall be  
known, 150  
And being known as evil, cease to be;  
And the pure soul, emancipate by Death,  
The Enlarger, shall attain its end pre-  
doom'd,  
The eternal newness of eternal joy.  
He left this lofty theme; he struck the  
harp  
To Owen's praise, swift in the course of  
wrath,  
Father of Heroes. That proud day he  
sung,  
When from green Erin came the insult-  
ing host,  
Lochlin's long burthens of the flood, and  
they  
Who left their distant homes in evil  
hour, 160  
The death-doom'd Normen. There was  
heaviest toil,  
There deeper tumult, where the dragon  
race  
Of Mona trampled down the humbled  
head  
Of haughty power; the sword of  
slaughter carved  
Food for the yellow-footed fowl of  
heaven,



And Menai's waters, burst with plunge  
on plunge,  
Curling above their banks with tempest-  
swell  
Their bloody billows heaved.

The long-past days

Came on the mind of Madoc, as he heard  
That song of triumph; on his sun-burnt  
brow 170

Sate exultation: . . . other thoughts arose,  
As on the fate of all his gallant house  
Mournful he mused; oppressive memory  
swell'd

His bosom, over his fix'd eye-balls swam  
The tear's dim lustre, and the loud-  
toned harp

Rung on his ear in vain; . . . its silence  
first

Roused him from dreams of days that  
were no more.

### III. CADWALLON

THEN on the morrow, at the festal board,  
The Lord of Ocean thus began his tale.

My heart beat high when with the  
favouring wind  
We sail'd away; Aberfraw! when thy  
towers,  
And the huge headland of my mother  
isle,  
Shrunk and were gone.

But, Madoc, I would learn,  
Quoth David, how this enterprize arose,  
And the wild hope of worlds beyond the  
sea;

For, at thine outset, being in the war,  
I did not hear from vague and common  
fame 10

The moving cause. Sprung it from  
bardic lore,

The hidden wisdom of the years of old,  
Forgotten long? or did it visit thee  
In dreams that come from Heaven?

The Prince replied,

Thou shalt hear all; . . . but if, amid the  
tale,

Strictly sincere, I haply should rehearse  
Aught to the King ungrateful, let my  
brother

Be patient with the involuntary fault.

I was the guest of Rhys at Dinevawr,  
And there the tidings found me, that  
our sire 20

Was gather'd to his fathers: . . . not alone  
The sorrow came; the same ill mes-  
senger

Told of the strife that shook our royal  
house,

When Hoel, proud of prowess, seized  
the throne

Which you, for elder claim and lawful  
birth,

Challenged in arms. With all a brother's  
love, 1

I on the instant hurried to prevent  
The impious battle: . . . all the day I sped;  
Night did not stay me on my eager  
way . . .

Where'er I pass'd, new rumour raised  
new fear. . . 30

Midnight, and morn, and noon, I hur-  
ried on,

And the late eve was darkening when  
I reach'd

Arvon, the fatal field. . . The sight, the  
sounds,

Live in my memory now, . . . for all was  
done!

For horse and horseman, side by side in  
death,

Lay on the bloody plain; . . . a host of  
men,

And not one living soul, . . . and not one  
sound,

One human sound; . . . only the raven's  
wing,

Which rose before my coming, and the  
neigh

Of wounded horses, wandering o'er the  
plain. 40

Night now was coming on; a man  
approach'd

And bade me to his dwelling nigh at  
hand.

Thither I turn'd, too weak to travel  
more;

For I was overspent with weariness,  
And having now no hope to bear me up,  
Trouble and bodily labour master'd me.  
I ask'd him of the battle: . . . who had  
fallen

He knew not, nor to whom the lot of war

Had given my father's sceptre. Here,  
said he,

I came to seek if haply I might find 50  
Some wounded wretch, abandon'd else  
to death.

My search was vain, the sword of civil  
war

Had bit too deeply.

Soon we reach'd his home,  
A lone and lowly dwelling in the hills,  
By a grey mountain stream. Beside the  
hearth

There sate an old blind man; his head  
was raised

As he were listening to the coming  
sounds,

And in the fire-light shone his silver  
locks.

Father, said he who guided me, I bring  
A guest to our poor hospitality; 60

And then he brought me water from the  
brook,

And homely fare, and I was satisfied:  
That done, he piled the hearth, and  
spread around

The rushes of repose. I laid me down;  
But worn with toil, and full of many  
fears,

Sleep did not visit me: the quiet sounds  
Of nature troubled my distemper'd  
sense;

My ear was busy with the stirring gale,  
The moving leaves, the brook's per-  
petual flow. 69

So on the morrow languidly I rose,  
And faint with fever: but a restless  
wish

Was working in me, and I said, My host,  
Wilt thou go with me to the battle-field,  
That I may search the slain? for in the  
fray

My brethren fought; and though with  
all my speed

I strove to reach them ere the strife  
began,

Alas, I sped too slow!

Grievest thou for that?  
He answer'd, grievest thou that thou art  
spared

The shame and guilt of that unhappy  
strife, 79

Briton with Briton in unnatural war?

Nay, I replied, mistake me not! I came  
To reconcile the chiefs; they might  
have heard

Their brother's voice.

Their brother's voice? said he,  
Was it not so? . . . And thou, too, art the  
son

Of Owen! . . . Yesternight I did not know  
The cause there is to pity thee. Alas,  
Two brethren thou wilt lose when one  
shall fall! . . .

Lament not him whom death may save  
from guilt;

For all too surely in the conqueror  
Thou wilt find one whom his own fears  
henceforth 90

Must make to all his kin a perilous foe.

I felt as though he wrong'd my  
father's sons,

And raised an angry eye, and answer'd  
him, . . .

My brethren love me.

Then the old man cried,  
Oh what is Princes' love? what are the  
ties

Of blood, the affections growing as we  
grow,

If but ambition come? . . . Thou deemest  
sure

Thy brethren love thee; . . . ye have  
play'd together

In childhood, shared your riper hopes  
and fears,

Fought side by side in battle: . . . they  
may be 100

Brave, generous, all that once their  
father was,

Whom ye, I ween, call virtuous.

At the name,  
With pious warmth, I cried, Yes, he was  
good,

And great, and glorious! Gwyneth's  
ancient annals

Boast not a name more noble. In the  
war

Fearless he was, . . . the Saxon found him  
so;

Wise was his counsel, and no supplicant  
For justice ever from his palace-gate

Unrighted turn'd away. King Owen's  
name 109

Shall live to after times without a blot!

There were two brethren once of kingly  
line,  
The old man replied ; they loved each  
other well,  
And when the one was at his dying hour,  
It then was comfort to him that he left  
So dear a brother, who would duly pay  
A father's duties to his orphan boy.  
And sure he loved the orphan, and the  
boy  
With all a child's sincerity loved him,  
And learnt to call him father : so the  
years  
Went on, till when the orphan gain'd  
the age 120  
Of manhood, to the throne his uncle  
came.  
The young man claim'd a fair inherit-  
ance,  
His father's lands ; and . . mark what  
follows. Prince !  
At midnight he was seized, and to his  
eyes  
The brazen plate was held. . . He cried  
aloud,  
He look'd around for help, . . he only  
saw  
His Uncle's ministers, prepared to do  
Their wicked work, who to the red hot  
brass  
Forced his poor eyes, and held the open  
lids, 129  
Till the long agony consumed the sense ;  
And when their hold relax'd, it had  
been worth  
The wealth of worlds if he could then  
have seen,  
Dreadful to him and hideous as they  
were,  
Their ruffian faces ! . . I am blind, young  
Prince,  
And I can tell how sweet a thing it is  
To see the blessed light !  
Must more be told ?  
What farther agonies he yet endured ?  
Or hast thou known the consummated  
crime,  
And heard Cynetha's fate ?  
A painful glow  
Inflamed my cheek, and for my father's  
crime 140  
I felt the shame of guilt. The dark-  
brow'd man

Beheld the burning flush, the uneasy  
eye,  
That knew not where to rest. Come !  
we will search  
The slain ! arising from his seat, he said,  
I follow'd ; to the field of fight we went,  
And over steeds and arms and men we  
held  
Our way in silence. Here it was, quoth  
he,  
The fiercest war was waged ; lo ! in  
what heaps  
Man upon man fell slaughter'd ! Then  
my heart  
Smote me, and my knees shook ; for  
I beheld 150  
Where, on his conquer'd foemen, Hoel  
lay.

He paused, his heart was full, and on  
his tongue  
The imperfect utterance died ; a general  
gloom  
Sadden'd the hall, and David's cheek  
grew pale.  
Commanding first his feelings, Madoc  
broke  
The oppressive silence.

Then Cadwallon took  
My hand, and, pointing to his dwelling,  
cried,  
Prince, go and rest thee there, for thou  
hast need  
Of rest ; . . the care of sepulture be mine.  
Nor did I then comply, refusing rest. 160  
Till I had seen in holy ground inearth'd  
My poor lost brother. Wherefore, he  
exclaim'd,  
(And I was awed by his severer eye)  
Wouldst thou be pampering thy dis-  
temper'd mind ?  
Affliction is not sent in vain, young  
man,  
From that good God, who chastens  
whom he loves.  
Oh ! there is healing in the bitter cup !  
Go yonder, and before the unerring will  
Bow, and have comfort ! To the hut  
I went,  
And there beside the lonely mountain-  
stream, 170  
I veil'd my head, and brooded on the  
past.

He tarried long ; I felt the hours pass  
by,  
As in a dream of morning, when the  
mind,  
Half to reality awaken'd, blends  
With airy visions and vague phantasies  
Her dim perception ; till at length his  
step  
Aroused me, and he came. I question'd  
him,  
Where is the body ? hast thou bade the  
priests  
Perform due masses for his soul's re-  
pose ?

He answer'd me, The rain and dew of  
heaven 180  
Will fall upon the turf that covers him,  
And greener grass will flourish on his  
grave.  
But rouse thee, Prince ! there will be  
hours enough  
For mournful memory ; . . it befits thee  
now  
Take counsel for thyself : . . the son of  
Owen  
Lives not in safety here.

I bow'd my head  
Opprest by heavy thoughts : all wretch-  
edness  
The present ; darkness on the future lay ;  
Fearful and gloomy both. I answer'd  
not.

Hath power seduced thy wishes ? he  
pursued, 190  
And wouldst thou seize upon thy father's  
throne ?  
Now God forbid ! quoth I. Now God  
forbid !  
Quoth he ; . . but thou art dangerous,  
Prince ! and what  
Shall shield thee from the jealous arm  
of power ?  
Think of Cynetha ! . . the unsleeping eye  
Of justice hath not closed upon his  
wrongs ;  
At length the avenging arm is gone  
abroad,  
One woe is past, . . woe after woe comes  
on, . .  
There is no safety here, . . here thou  
must be

The victim or the murderer ! Does thy  
heart 200  
Shrink from the alternative ? . . look  
round ! . . behold  
What shelter, . . whither wouldst thou  
fly for peace ?  
What if the asylum of the Church were  
safe, . .  
Were there no better purposes ordain'd  
For that young arm, that heart of noble  
hopes ?  
Son of our kings, . . of old Cassibelan,  
Great Caratach, immortal Arthur's line,  
Oh, shall the blood of that heroic race  
Stagnate in cloister-sloth ? . . Or wouldst  
thou leave  
Thy native isle, and beg in awkward  
phrase 210  
Some foreign sovereign's charitable  
grace, . .  
The Saxon or the Frank, . . and earn his  
gold,  
The hireling in a war whose cause thou  
know'st not,  
Whose end concerns not thee ?  
I sate and gazed,  
Following his eye with wonder, as he  
paced  
Before me to and fro, and listening still,  
Though now he paced in silence. But  
anon,  
The old man's voice and step awakened  
us  
Each from his thought ; I will come out,  
said he,  
That I may sit beside the brook, and  
feel 220  
The comfortable sun. As forth he  
came,  
I could not choose but look upon his face:  
Gently on him had gentle nature laid  
The weight of years ; all passions that  
disturb  
Were pass'd away ; the stronger lines of  
grief  
Softened and settled, till they told of  
grief  
By patient hope and piety subdued :  
His eyes, which had their hue and  
brightness left,  
Fix'd lifelessly, or objectless they roll'd,  
Nor moved by sense, nor animate with  
thought. 230



On a smooth stone beside the stream he  
took

His wonted seat in the sunshine. Thou  
hast lost

A brother, Prince, he said . . . or the dull  
ear

Of age deceived me. Peace be with his  
soul !

And may the curse that lies upon the  
house

Of Owen turn away ! Wilt thou come  
hither,

And let me feel thy face ? . . . I wondered  
at him .

Yet while his hand perused my lineam-  
ents

Deep awe and reverence fill'd me. O my  
God,

Bless this young man ! he cried ; a  
perilous state 240

Is his ; . . . but let not thou his father's  
sins

Be visited on him !

I raised my eyes

Enquiring, to Cadwallon ; Nay, young  
Prince,

Despise not thou the blind man's prayer !  
he cried ;

It might have given thy father's dying  
hour

A hope, that sure he needed . . . for, know  
thou,

It is the victim of thy father's crime,  
Who asks a blessing on thee !

At his feet

I fell, and clasp'd his knees : he raised  
me up ; . . .

Blind as I was, a mutilated wretch, 250  
A thing that nature owns not, I survived,

Loathing existence, and with impious  
voice

Accused the will of heaven, and groan'd  
for death.

Years pass'd away ; this universal blank  
Became familiar, and my soul reposed

On God, and I had comfort in my  
prayers.

But there were blessings for me yet in  
store.

Thy father knew not, when his bloody  
fear

All hope of an avenger had cut off,  
How there existed then an unborn babe,

Child of my lawless love. Year after  
year 261

I lived a lonely and forgotten wretch,  
Before Cadwallon knew his father's fate,

Long years and years before I knew my  
son ;

For never, till his mother's dying hour,  
Learnt he his dangerous birth. He

sought me then ;

He woke my soul once more to human  
ties ; . . .

I hope he hath not wean'd my heart  
from heaven,

Life is so precious now ! . . .  
Dear good old man !

And lives he still ? Goervyl ask'd, in  
tears ; 270

Madoc replied, I scarce can hope to find  
A father's welcome at my distant home.

I left him full of days, and ripe for death ;  
And the last prayer Cynetha breathed

upon me  
Went like a death-bed blessing to my  
heart !

When evening came, toward the  
echoing shore

I and Cadwallon walk'd together forth :  
Bright with dilated glory shone the west ;

But brighter lay the ocean-flood below,  
The burnish'd silver sea, that heaved

and flash'd 280

Its restless rays, intolerably bright.  
Prince, quoth Cadwallon, thou hast rode

the waves  
In triumph, when the invaders felt  
thine arm.

Oh what a nobler conquest might be  
won,

There, . . . upon that wide field ! . . . What  
meanest thou ?

I cried. . . That yonder waters are not  
spread

A boundless waste, a bourne impass-  
able ! . . .

That man should rule the Elements ! . . .  
that thro

Might manly courage, manly wisdom  
find

Some happy isle, some undiscovered  
shore, 290

Some resting place for peace. . . Oh that  
my soul

Could seize the wings of Morning ! soon  
would I  
Behold that other world, where yonder  
sun  
Speeds now, to dawn in glory !

As he spake,  
Conviction came upon my startled mind,  
Like lightning on the midnight traveller.  
I caught his hand ; . . Kinsman and guide  
and friend,

Yea, let us go together ! . . Down we  
sate,

Full of the vision on the echoing shore ;  
One only object fill'd ear, eye, and  
thought : 300

We gazed upon the awful world of  
waves,  
And talk'd and dreamt of years that  
were to come.

#### IV. THE VOYAGE

NOT with a heart unmoved I left thy  
shores,

Dear native isle ! oh . . not without a  
pang,

As thy fair uplands lessen'd on the view,  
Cast back the long involuntary look !  
The morning cheer'd our outset ; gentle  
airs

Curl'd the blue deep, and bright the  
summer sun

Play'd o'er the summer ocean, when our  
barks

Began their way.

And they were gallant barks,  
As ever through the raging billows rode ;  
And many a tempest's buffeting they  
bore. 10

Their sails all swelling with the eastern  
breeze,

Their tighten'd cordage clattering to  
the mast,

Steady they rode the main : the gale  
aloft

Sung in the shrouds, the sparkling  
waters hiss'd

Before, and froth'd and whiten'd far  
behind.

Day after day, with one auspicious wind,  
Right to the setting sun we held our  
course.

My hope had kindled every heart ; they  
blest

The unvarying breeze, whose unabating  
strength

Still sped us onward ; and they said  
that Heaven 20

Favour'd the bold emprise.

How many a time,  
Mounting the mast-tower-top, with  
eager ken

They gazed, and fancied in the distant  
sky

Their promised shore, beneath the  
evening cloud,

Or seen, low lying, through the haze of  
morn.

I too with eyes as anxious watch'd the  
waves,

Though patient, and prepared for long  
delay ;

For not on wild adventure had I rush'd  
With giddy speed, in some delirious fit  
Of fancy ; but in many a tranquil hour  
Weigh'd well the attempt, till hope  
matured to faith. 31

Day after day, day after day the same, . .

A weary waste of waters ! still the breeze  
Hung heavy in our sails, and we held on  
One even course : a second week was  
gone,

And now another past, and still the  
same,

Waves beyond waves, the interminable  
sea !

What marvel, if at length the mariners  
Grew sick with long expectance ? I  
beheld

Dark looks of growing restlessness, I  
heard 40

Distrust's low murmurings ; nor avail'd  
it long

To see and not perceive. Shame had  
awhile

Represt their fear, till like a smother'd  
fire

It burst, and spread with quick con-  
tagion round,

And strengthen'd as it spread. They  
spake in tones

Which might not be mistaken ; . . They  
had done

What men dared do, ventured where  
never keel

Had cut the deep before : still all was  
 sea,  
 The same unbounded ocean ! . . to pro-  
 ceed  
 Were tempting heaven.  
     I heard with feign'd surprise,  
 And, pointing then to where our fellow  
 bark, 51  
 Gay with her fluttering streamers and  
 full sails,  
 Rode, as in triumph, o'er the element,  
 I ask'd them what their comrades there  
 would deem  
 Of those so bold ashore, who, when a day,  
 Perchance an hour, might crown their  
 glorious toil,  
 Shrunk then, and coward-like return'd  
 to meet  
 Mockery and shame ? True, they had  
 ventured on  
 In seas unknown, beyond where ever  
 man  
 Had plough'd the billows yet : more  
 reason so 60  
 Why they should now, like him whose  
 happy speed  
 Well nigh hath run the race, with higher  
 hope  
 Press onward to the prize. But late  
 they said,  
 Marking the favour of the steady gale,  
 That Heaven was with us ; Heaven  
 vouchsafed us still  
 Fair seas and favouring skies : nor need  
 we pray  
 For other aid, the rest was in ourselves ;  
 Nature had given it, when she gave to  
 man  
 Courage and constancy.  
     They answer'd not,  
 Awhile obedient ; but I saw with  
 dread 70  
 The silent sullenness of cold assent.  
 Then, with what fearful eagerness I  
 gazed  
 At earliest daybreak, o'er the distant  
 deep !  
 How sick at heart with hope, when  
 evening closed,  
 Gazed through the gathering shadows !  
 . . but I saw  
 The sun still sink below the endless  
 waves,

And still at morn, beneath the farthest  
 sky,  
 Unbounded ocean heaved. Day after  
 day  
 Before the steady gale we drove along, . .  
 Day after day ! The fourth week now  
 had pass'd ; 80  
 Still all around was sea, . . the eternal  
 sea !  
 So long that we had voyaged on so fast,  
 And still at morning where we were at  
 night,  
 And where we were at morn, at nightfall  
 still,  
 The centre of that drear circumference,  
 Progressive, yet no change ! . . almost it  
 seem'd  
 That we had pass'd the mortal bounds  
 of space,  
 And speed was toiling in infinity.  
 My days were days of fear, my hours of  
 rest  
 Were like a tyrant's slumber. Sullen  
 looks, 90  
 Eyes turn'd on me, and whispers meant  
 to meet  
 My ear, and loud despondency, and talk  
 Of home, now never to be seen again, . .  
 I suffer'd these, dissembling as I could,  
 Till that avail'd no longer. Resolute  
 The men came round me : They had  
 shown enough  
 Of courage now, enough of constancy ;  
 Still to pursue the desperate enterprize  
 Were impious madness ! they had  
 deem'd, indeed,  
 That Heaven in favour gave the un-  
 changing gale ; . . 100  
 More reason now to think offended God,  
 When man's presumptuous folly strove  
 to pass  
 The fated limits of the world, had sent  
 His winds, to waft us to the death we  
 sought.  
 Their lives were dear, they bade me  
 know, and they  
 Many, and I, the obstinate, but one  
 With that, attending no reply, they  
 hail'd  
 Our fellow bark, and told their fix'd  
 resolve.  
 A shout of joy approved. Thus,  
 desperate now,

I sought my solitary cabin : there 110  
Confused with vague tumultuous feel-  
ings lay,

And to remembrance and reflection lost,  
Knew only I was wretched.

Thus entranced  
Cadwallon found me ; shame, and grief,  
and pride,

And baffled hope, and fruitless anger  
swell'd

Within me. All is over ! I exclaim'd ;  
Yet not in me, my friend, hath time  
produced

These tardy doubts and shameful fickle-  
ness ;

I have not fail'd, Cadwallon ! Nay, he  
said,

The coward fears which persecuted me  
Have shown what thou hast suffer'd.

We have yet 121

One hope . . I pray'd them to proceed a  
day, . .

But one day more ; . . this little have  
I gain'd,

And here will wait the issue ; in yon bark  
I am not needed, . . they are masters  
there.

One only day ! . . The gale blew strong,  
the bark

Sped through the waters ; but the silent  
hours,

Who make no pause, went by ; and  
center'd still,

We saw the dreary vacancy of heaven  
Close round our narrow view, when that  
brief term, 130

The last poor respite of our hopes, expi-  
red.

They shorten'd sail, and call'd with  
coward prayer

For homeward winds. Why, what poor  
slaves are we,

In bitterness I cried ; the sport of  
chance ;

Left to the mercy of the elements,  
Or the more wayward will of such as  
these,

Blind tools and victims of their destiny !  
Yea, Madoc ! he replied, the Elements  
Master indeed the feeble powers of man !  
Not to the shores of Cambria will thy  
ships 140

Win back their shameful way ! . . or HE,  
whose will

Unchains the winds, hath bade them  
minister

To aid us, when all human hope was gone,  
Or we shall soon eternally repose  
From life's long voyage.

As he spake, I saw  
The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er  
the deep,

And heavily, upon the long slow swell,  
The vessel labour'd on the labouring sea.  
The reef-points rattled on the shivering  
sail ;

At fits the sudden gust howl'd ominous,  
Anon with unremitting fury raged ; 151  
High roll'd the mighty billows, and the  
blast

Swept from their sheeted sides the  
showery foam.

Vain now were all the seamen's home-  
ward hopes,

Vain all their skill ! . . we drove before  
the storm.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth,  
to hear

Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,  
And pause at times, and feel that we are  
safe ; 158

Then listen to the perilous tale again,  
And with an eager and suspended soul,  
Woo terror to delight us. . . But to hear  
the roaring of the raging elements, . .  
To know all human skill, all human  
strength,

Avail not, . . to look round, and only see  
The mountain wave incumbent with its  
weight

Of bursting waters o'er the reeling  
bark, . .

O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !  
And he who hath endured the horror once  
Of such an hour, doth never hear the  
storm

Howl round his home, but he remembers  
it, 170

And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

Onward we drove : with unabating  
force

The tempest raged ; night added to the  
storm



New horrors, and the morn arose o'er-  
spread

With heavier clouds. The weary  
mariners

Call'd on Saint Cyric's aid; and I too  
placed

My hope on Heaven, relaxing not the  
while

Our human efforts. Ye who dwell at  
home,

Ye do not know the terrors of the main!  
When the winds blow, ye walk along  
the shore, 180

And as the curling billows leap and toss,  
Fable that Ocean's mermaid Shepherdess  
Drives her white flocks afield, and warns  
in time [warn'd

The wary fisherman. Gwenhidwy  
When we had no retreat! My secret  
heart

Almost had fail'd me. . . Were the  
Elements

Confounded in perpetual conflict here,  
Sea, Air, and Heaven? Or were we  
perishing,

Where at their source the Floods, for  
ever thus,

Beneath the nearer influence of the  
moon, 190

Labour'd in these mad workings? Did  
the Waters

Here on their outmost circle meet the  
void,

The verge and brink of Chaos? Or this  
Earth, . .

Was it indeed a living thing, . . its breath  
The ebb and flow of Ocean? and had we  
Reach'd the storm rampart of its Sanctu-  
ary,

The insuperable boundary, raised to  
guard

Its mysteries from the eye of man pro-  
fane?

Three dreadful nights and days we  
drove along;

The fourth the welcome rain came  
rattling down, 200

The wind had fallen, and through the  
broken cloud

Appeared the bright dilating blue of  
heaven.

Embolden'd now, I call'd the mariners: . .

Vain were it should we bend a homo-  
ward course.

Driven by the storm so far; they saw  
our barks,

For service of that long and perilous way  
Disabled, and our food belike to fail.

Silent they heard, reluctant in assent;  
Anon, they shouted joyfully, . . I look'd

And saw a bird slow sailing overhead,  
His long white pinions by the sunbeam

edged 211  
As though with burnish'd silver; . .  
never yet

Heard I so sweet a music as his cry!

Yet three days more, and hope more  
eager now,

Sure of the signs of land, . . weed-shoals,  
and birds

Who flock'd the main, and gentle airs  
which breathed,

Or seem'd to breathe, fresh fragrance  
from the shore,

On the last evening, a long shadowy line  
Skirted the sea; . . how fast the night

closed in!

I stood upon the deck, and watch'd till  
dawn. 220

But who can tell what feelings fill'd my  
heart,

When like a cloud the distant land arose  
Grey from the ocean, . . when we left the

ship,  
And cleft, with rapid oars, the shallow

wave,  
And stood triumphant on another world!

## V. LINCOYA

MADOC had paused awhile; but every  
eye

Still watch'd his lips, and every voice  
was hush'd.

Soon as I leapt ashore, pursues the Lord  
Of Ocean, prostrate on my face I fell,

Kiss'd the dear earth, and pray'd with  
thankful tears.

Hard by a brook was flowing; . . never  
yet,

Even from the gold-tipt horn of victory  
With harp and song amid my father's

hall,

Pledged I so sweet a draught, as lying  
 there,  
 Beside that streamlet's brink! . . . to feel  
 the ground, 10  
 To quaff the cool clear water, to inhale  
 The breeze of land, while fears and  
 dangers past  
 Recurr'd and heighten'd joy, as summer  
 storms  
 Make the fresh evening lovelier!  
 To the shore  
 The natives throng'd; astonish'd, they  
 beheld  
 Our winged barks, and gazed with  
 wonderment  
 On the strange garb, the bearded coun-  
 tenance  
 And the white skin, in all unlike them-  
 selves.  
 I see with what enquiring eyes you ask  
 What men were they? Of dark-brown  
 colour, tinged 20  
 With sunny redness; wild of eye; their  
 brows  
 So smooth, as never yet anxiety  
 Nor busy thought had made a furrow  
 there;  
 Beardless, and each to each of linea-  
 ments  
 So like, they seem'd but one great  
 family,  
 Their loins were loosely cinctured, all  
 beside  
 Bare to the sun and wind; and thus  
 their limbs  
 Unmanacled display'd the truest forms  
 Of strength and beauty. Fearless sure  
 they were,  
 And while they eyed us grasp'd their  
 spears, as if, 30  
 Like Britain's injured but unconquer'd  
 sons,  
 They too had known how perilous it was  
 To let a stranger, if he came in arms,  
 Set foot upon their land.  
 But soon the guise  
 Of men nor purporting nor fearing ill,  
 Gain'd confidence; their wild distrust-  
 ful looks  
 Assumed a milder meaning; over one  
 I cast my mantle, on another's head  
 The velvet bonnet placed, and all was  
 joy.

We now besought for food; at once  
 they read 40  
 Our gestures, but I cast a hopeless eye  
 On hills and thickets, woods, and  
 marshy plains,  
 A waste of rank luxuriance all around.  
 Thus musing to a lake I follow'd them,  
 Left when the rivers to their summer  
 course  
 Withdrew; they scatter'd on its water  
 drugs  
 Of such strange potency, that soon the  
 shoals  
 Coop'd there by Nature prodigally kind,  
 Floated inebriate. As I gazed, a deer  
 Sprung from the bordering thicket; the  
 true shaft 50  
 Scarce with the distant victim's blood  
 had stain'd  
 Its point, when instantly he dropt and  
 died,  
 Such deadly juice imbued it; yet on  
 this  
 We made our meal unharm'd; and  
 I perceived  
 The wisest leech that ever in our world  
 Cull'd herbs of hidden virtue, was to  
 these  
 A child in knowledge.  
 Sorrowing we beheld  
 The night come on; but soon did night  
 display  
 More wonders than it veil'd: innumer-  
 ous tribes  
 From the wood-cover swarm'd, and  
 darkness made 60  
 Their beauties visible; one while they  
 stream'd  
 A bright blue radiance upon flowers  
 which closed  
 Their gorgeous colours from the eye of  
 day;  
 Now motionless and dark eluded search,  
 Self-shrouded; and anon starring the  
 sky  
 Rose like a shower of fire.  
 Our friendly hosts  
 Now led us to the hut, our that night's  
 home,  
 A rude and spacious dwelling: twisted  
 boughs,  
 And canes and withies formed the walls  
 and roof;

And from the unhewn trunks which  
pillar'd it, 70

Low nets of interwoven reeds were  
hung.

With shouts of honour here they  
gather'd round me,

Ungarmented my limbs, and in a net  
With softest feathers lined, a pleasant  
couch,

They laid and left me.

To our ships return'd,

After soft sojourn here we coasted on,  
Insatiate of the wonders and the  
charms

Of earth and air and sea. Thy summer  
woods

Are lovely. O my mother isle! the birch  
Light bending on thy banks, thy elmy  
vales, 80

Thy venerable oaks! . . . But there, what  
forms

Of beauty clothed the inlands and the  
shore!

All these in stateliest growth, and mixt  
with these

Dark spreading cedar, and the cypress  
tall,

Its pointed summit waving to the wind  
Like a long beacon flame; and loveliest  
Amid a thousand strange and lovely  
shapes,

The lofty palm, that with its nuts sup-  
plied

Beverage and food; they edged the  
shore and crown'd

The far-off highland summits, their  
straight stems 90

Bare without leaf or bough, erect and  
smooth,

Their tresses nodding like a crested  
helm,

The plumage of the grove.

Will ye believe

The wonders of the ocean? how its  
shoals

Sprang from the wave, like flashing  
light, . . . took wing,

And twinkling with a silver glitterance,  
Flew through the air and sunshine? yet  
were these

To sight less wondrous than the tribe  
who swam,

Following like fowlers with uplifted eye

Their falling quarry: . . . language cannot  
paint 100

Their splendid tints; though in blue  
ocean seen,

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,  
In all its rich variety of shades,  
Suffused with glowing gold.

Heaven too had there

Its wonders: . . . from a deep, black,  
heavy cloud,

What shall I say? . . . a shoot, . . . a trunk,  
. . . an arm

Came down: . . . yea! like a Demon's  
arm, it seized

The waters, Ocean smoked beneath its  
touch,

And rose like dust before the whirlwind's  
force.

But we sail'd onward over tranquil seas,  
Wafted by airs so exquisitely mild, 111  
That even to breathe became an act of  
will

And sense and pleasure. Not a cloud  
by day

With purple islanded the dark-blue  
deep;

By night the quiet billows heaved and  
glanced

Under the moon, . . . that heavenly Moon!  
so bright,

That many a midnight have I paced the  
deck,

Forgetful of the hours of due repose

Yea till the Sun in his full majesty

Went forth, like God beholding his own  
works. 120

Once when a chief was feasting us on  
shore,

A captive served the food: I mark'd  
the youth,

For he had features of a gentler race;

And oftentimes his eye was fix'd on me,  
With looks of more than wonder. We  
return'd

At evening to our ships; at night a voice  
Came from the sea, the intelligible voice

Of earnest supplication; he had swum  
To trust our mercy; up the side he  
sprang,

And look'd among the crew, and singling  
me 130

Fell at my feet. Such friendly tokenings

As our short commerce with the native  
tribes  
Had taught, I proffer'd, and sincerity  
Gave force and meaning to the half-  
learnt forms.  
For one we needed who might speak for  
us ;  
And well I liked the youth,—the open  
lines  
Which character'd his face, the fearless  
heart,  
Which gave at once and won full con-  
fidence.  
So that night at my feet Lincoya slept.

When I display'd whate'er might  
gratify, 140  
Whate'er surprise, with most delight he  
view'd  
Our arms, the iron helm, the pliant mail,  
The buckler strong to save ; and then  
he shook  
The lance, and grasp'd the sword, and  
turn'd to me  
With vehement words and gestures,  
every limb  
Working with one strong passion ; and  
he placed  
The falchion in my hand, and gave the  
shield,  
And pointed south and west, that I  
should go  
To conquer and protect ; anon he wept  
Aloud, and clasp'd my knees, and falling  
fain 150  
He would have kiss'd my feet. Went  
we to shore ?  
Then would he labour restlessly to show  
A better place lay onward ; and in the  
sand,  
To south and west he drew the line of  
coast,  
And figured how a mighty river there  
Ran to the sea. The land bent west-  
ward soon,  
And thus confirm'd we voyaged on to  
seek  
The river inlet, following at the will  
Of our new friend : and we learnt after  
him,  
Well pleased and proud to teach, what  
this was call'd, 160  
What that, with no unprofitable pains.

Nor light the joy I felt at hearing first  
The pleasant accents of my native  
tongue,  
Albeit in broken words and tones un-  
couth,

Come from these foreign lips.  
At length we came  
Where the great river, amid shoals and  
banks  
And islands, growth of its own gathering  
spoils,  
Through many a branching channel,  
wide and full,  
Rush'd to the main. The gale was  
strong ; and safe,  
Amid the uproar of conflicting tides, 170  
Our gallant vessels rode. A stream as  
broad  
And turbid, when it leaves the Land of  
Hills,  
Old Severn rolls ; but banks so fair as  
these  
Old Severn views not in his Land of  
Hills,  
Nor even where his turbid waters swell  
And sully the salt sea.

So we sail'd on  
By shores now cover'd with impervious  
woods,  
Now stretching wide and low, a reedy  
waste,  
And now through vales where earth  
profusely pour'd  
Her treasures, gather'd from the first of  
days. 180  
Sometimes a savage tribe would wel-  
come us,  
By wonder from their lethargy of life  
Awaken'd ; then again we voyaged on  
Through tracts all desolate, for days and  
days,  
League after league, one green and  
fertile mead,  
That fed a thousand herds.

A different scene  
Rose on our view, of mount on mountain  
piled,  
Which when I see again in memory,  
Star-gazing Idris's stupendous seat  
Seems dwarf'd, and Snowdon with its  
eagle haunts 190  
Shrinks, and is dwindled like a Saxon  
hill.



Here with Cadwallon and a chosen  
band,  
I left the ships. Lincoya guided us  
A toilsome way among the heights; at  
dusk  
We reach'd the village skirts; he bade  
us halt,  
And raised his voice; the elders of the  
land  
Came forth, and led us to an ample hut,  
Which in the centre of their dwellings  
stood.  
The Stranger's House. They eyed us  
wondering,  
Yet not for wonder ceased they to  
observe <sup>200</sup>  
Their hospitable rites; from hut to hut  
The tidings ran that strangers were  
arrived,  
Fatigued and hungry and athirst; anon,  
Each from his means supplying us, came  
food  
And beverage such as cheers the weary  
man.

VI. ERILLYAB

At morning their high-priest Ayayaca  
Came with our guide: the venerable  
man  
With reverential awe accosted us,  
For we, he ween'd, were children of a  
race  
Mightier than they, and wiser, and by  
heaven  
Beloved and favour'd more: he came  
to give  
Fit welcome, and he led us to the Queen.  
The fate of war had reft her of her realm;  
Yet with affection and habitual awe,  
And old remembrances, which gave  
their love <sup>10</sup>  
A deeper and religious character,  
Fallen as she was, and humbled as they  
were,  
Her faithful people still in all they could  
Obey'd Erillyab. She too in her mind  
Those recollections cherish'd, and such  
thoughts  
As, though no hope allay'd their bitter-  
ness,  
Gave to her eye a spirit and a strength,

And pride to features which belike had  
borne,  
Had they been fashion'd by a happier  
fate, <sup>19</sup>  
Meaning more gentle and more womanly,  
Yet not more worthy of esteem and love.  
She sate upon the threshold of her hut;  
For in the palace where her sires had  
reign'd  
The conqueror dwelt. Her son was at  
her side,  
A boy now near to manhood; by the  
door,  
Bare of its bark, the head and branches  
shorn,  
Stood a young tree with many a weapon  
hung,  
Her husband's war-pole, and his monu-  
ment.  
There had his quiver moulder'd, his  
stone-axe  
Had there grown green with moss, his  
bow-string there <sup>30</sup>  
Sung as it cut the wind.  
She welcom'd us  
With a proud sorrow in her mien; fresh  
fruits  
Were spread before us, and her gestures  
said  
That when he lived whose hand was  
wont to wield  
Those weapons, . . . that in better days, . .  
that ere  
She let the tresses of her widowhood  
Grow wild, she could have given to  
guests like us  
A worthier welcome. Soon a man ap-  
proach'd,  
Hooded with sable, his half-naked limbs  
Smear'd black; the people at his sight  
drew round, <sup>40</sup>  
The women wail'd and wept, the  
children turn'd  
And hid their faces on their mothers'  
knees.  
He to the Queen address his speech, then  
look'd  
Around the children, and laid hands on  
two,  
Of different sexes but of ago alike  
Some six years each, who at his touch  
shriek'd out.  
But then Lincoya rose, and to my feet

Led them, and told me that the conquerors claim'd  
 These innocents for tribute; that the  
 Priest 49  
 Would lay them on the altar of his god,  
 Pluck out their little hearts in sacrifice,  
 And with his brotherhood in impious  
 rites  
 Feast on their flesh! . . I shudder'd,  
 and my hand  
 Instinctively unsheathed the avenging  
 sword,  
 As he with passionate and eloquent  
 signs,  
 Eye-speaking earnestness and quivering  
 lips,  
 Besought me to preserve himself, and  
 those  
 Who now fell suppliant round me, . .  
 youths and maids,  
 Grey-headed men, and mothers with  
 their babes.

I caught the little victims up, I kiss'd  
 Their innocent cheeks, I raised my eyes  
 to heaven, 61  
 I call'd upon Almighty God to hear  
 And bless the vow I made; in our own  
 tongue  
 Was that sworn promise of protection  
 pledged . .  
 Impetuous feeling made no pause for  
 thought.  
 Heaven heard the vow; the suppliant  
 multitude  
 Saw what was stirring in my heart; the  
 Priest,  
 With eye inflamed and rapid answer,  
 raised  
 His menacing hand; the tone, the  
 bitter smile,  
 Interpreting his threat.  
Meanwhile the Queen, 70  
 With watchful eye and steady coun-  
 tenance,  
 Had listen'd; now she rose and to the  
 Priest  
 Address'd her speech. Low was her  
 voice and calm,  
 As one who spake with effort to subdue  
 Sorrow that struggled still; but while  
 she spake  
 Her features kindled to more majesty,

Her eye became more animate, her voice  
 Rose to the height of feeling; on her son  
 She call'd, and from her husband's  
 monument  
 His battle-axe she took; and I could see  
 That when she gave the boy his father's  
 arms, 81  
 She call'd his father's spirit to look on  
 And bless them to his vengeance.

The tribe stood listening as Erillyab  
 spake. Silently  
 The very Priest was awed: once he  
 essayed  
 To answer; his tongue fail'd him, and  
 his lip  
 Grew pale and fell. He to his country-  
 men  
 Of rage and shame and wonder full, re-  
 turn'd,  
 Bearing no victims for their shrines  
 accurst,  
 But tidings that the Hoamen had cast  
 off 90  
 Their vassalage, roused to desperate  
 revolt  
 By men in hue and speech and garment  
 strange,  
 Who in their folly dared defy the power  
 Of Aztlan.

When the King of Aztlan heard  
 The unlook'd-for tale, ere yet he roused  
 his strength,  
 Or pitying our rash valour, or perhaps  
 Curious to see the man so bravely rash,  
 He sent to bid me to his court. Sur-  
 prised,  
 I should have given to him no credulous  
 faith,  
 But fearlessly Erillyab bade me trust 100  
 Her honourable foe. Unarm'd I went,  
 Lincoya with me to exchange our speech  
 So as he could, of safety first assured;  
 For to their devilish idols he had been  
 A victim doom'd, and from the bloody  
 rites  
 Flying been carried captive far away.

From early morning till the midnight  
 hour  
 We travell'd in the mountains; then  
 a plain  
 Open'd below, and rose upon the sight,

Like boundless ocean from a hill-top  
seen. 110  
A beautiful and populous plain it was;  
Fair woods were there and fertilizing  
streams,  
And pastures spreading wide, and  
villages  
In fruitful groves embower'd, and  
stately towns,  
And many a single dwelling specking it,  
As though for many a year the land had  
been  
The land of peace. Below us, where the  
base  
Of the great mountain to the level  
sloped,  
A broad blue lake extended far and wide  
Its waters, dark beneath the light of  
noon. 120  
There Aztlan stood upon the farther  
shore:  
Amid the shade of trees its dwellings  
rose,  
Their level roofs with turrets set around,  
And battlements all burnish'd white,  
which shone  
Like silver in the sunshine. I beheld  
The imperial city, her far-circling walls,  
Her garden groves and stately palaces,  
Her temple's mountain-size, her thou-  
sand roofs;  
And when I saw her might and majesty  
My mind misgave me then.  
We reach'd the shore:  
A floating islet waited for me there, 131  
The beautiful work of man. I set my  
feet  
Upon green-growing herbs and flowers,  
and sate  
Embower'd in odorous shrubs: four  
long light boats  
Yoked to the garden, with accordant  
song,  
And dip and dash of oar in harmony,  
Bore me across the lake.  
Then in a car  
Aloft by human bearers was I borne;  
And through the city gate, and through  
long lines  
Of marshall'd multitudes who throng'd  
the way, 140  
We reach'd the palace court. Four  
priests were there;

Each held a burning censer in his hand,  
And strew'd the precious gum as I drew  
nigh,  
And held the steaming fragrance forth  
to me,  
Honouring me like a god. They led me  
in,  
Where on his throne the royal Azteca  
Coanocotzin sate. Stranger, said he,  
Welcome; and be this coming to thy  
weal!  
A desperate warfare doth thy courage  
court;  
But thou shalt see the people and the  
power 150  
Whom thy deluded zeal would call to  
arms;  
So may the knowledge make thee timely  
wise.  
The valiant love the valiant. . . Come  
with me!  
So saying he rose; we went together  
forth  
To the Great Temple. 'Twas a huge  
square hill,  
Or rather like a rock it seem'd, hewn out  
And squared by patient labour. Never  
yet  
Did our forefathers, o'er beloved chief  
Fallen in his glory, heap a monument  
Of that prodigious bulk, though every  
shield 160  
Was laden for his grave, and every hand  
Toil'd unremitting at the willing work  
From morn till eve, all the long summer  
day.

The ascent was lengthened with pro-  
voking art,  
By steps which led but to a wearying  
path  
Round the whole structure; then  
another flight,  
Another road around, and thus a third,  
And yet a fourth, before we reach'd the  
height.  
Lo, now, Coanocotzin cried, thou seest  
The cities of this widely peopled plain;  
And wert thou on yon farthest temple-  
top, 171  
Yet as far onward wouldst thou see the  
land [men.  
Well husbanded like this, and full of

They tell me that two floating palaces  
Brought thee and all thy people; . .  
when I sound

The Tambour of the God, ten Cities hear  
Its voice, and answer to the call in arms.

In truth I felt my weakness, and the  
view

Had wakened no unreasonable fear,  
But that a nearer sight had stirr'd my  
blood; 180

For on the summit where we stood four  
Towers

Were piled with human skulls, and all  
around

Long files of human heads were strung  
to parch

And whiten in the sun. What then I  
felt

Was more than natural courage . . 'twas  
a trust

In more than mortal strength . . a faith  
in God, . .

Yea, inspiration from Him! . . I ex-  
claim'd,

Not though ten Cities ten times told  
obey'd

The King of Aztlan's bidding, should  
I fear 189

The power of man!

Art thou then more than man?

He answered; and I saw his tawny  
cheek

Lose its life-colour as the fear arose;  
Nor did I undeceive him from that fear,

For sooth I knew not how to answer him,  
And therefore let it work. So not a  
word

Spake he, till we again had reach'd the  
court,

And I too went in silent thoughtfulness:  
But then when, save Lincoya, there was  
none

To hear our speech, again did he renew  
The query . . Stranger! art thou more  
than man, 200

That thou shouldst set the power of man  
at nought?

Then I replied, Two floating palaces  
Bore me and all my people o'er the seas.  
When we departed from our mother-  
land,

The Moon was newly born; we saw her  
wax

And wane, and witnessed her new birth  
again;

And all that while, alike by day and  
night,

We travell'd through the sea, and  
caught the winds,

And made them bear us forward. We  
must meet

In battle, if the Hoamen are not freed  
From your accursed tribute, . . thou  
and I, 211

My people and thy countless multitudes.  
Your arrows shall fall from us as the  
hail

Leaps on a rock, . . and when ye smite  
with swords,

Not blood but fire shall follow from the  
stroke.

Yet think not thou that we are more  
than men!

Our knowledge is our power, and God  
our strength,

God, whose almighty will created thee,  
And me, and all that hath the breath of  
life.

He is our strength; . . for in His name  
I speak, . . 220

And when I tell thee that thou shalt not  
sbed

The life of man in bloody sacrifice,  
It is His holy bidding which I speak:

And if thou wilt not listen and obey,  
When I shall meet thee in the battle-  
field,

It is His holy cause for which I fight,  
And I shall have His power to vanquish  
thee!

And thinkest thou our Gods are  
feeble? cried

The King of Aztlan; thinkest thou they  
lack

Power to defend their altars, and to  
keep 230

The kingdom which they gave us  
strength to win?

The Gods of thirty nations have opposed  
Their irresistible might, and they lie  
now

Conquer'd and caged and fetter'd at  
their feet.



That we who serve them are no coward  
 race,  
 Let prove the ample realm we won in  
 arms : . .  
 And I their leader am not of the sons  
 Of the feeble ! As he spake, he reach'd  
 a mace,  
 The trunk and knotted root of some  
 young tree,  
 Such as old Albion and his monster-  
 brood 240  
 From the oak-forest for their weapons  
 pluck'd,  
 When father Brute and Corineus set  
 foot  
 On the White Island first. Lo this,  
 quoth he,  
 My club ! and he threw back his robe ;  
 and this  
 The arm that wields it ! . . 'Twas my  
 father's once :  
 Erillyab's husband, King Tepollomi,  
 He felt its weight. . . Did I not show  
 thee him ?  
 He lights me at my evening banquet.  
 There,  
 In very deed, the dead Tepollomi  
 Stood up against the wall, by devilish  
 art 250  
 Preserv'd ; and from his black and  
 shrivell'd hand  
 The steady lamp hung down.  
My spirit rose  
 At that abomination ; I exclaimed  
 Thou art of noble nature, and full fain  
 Would I in friendship plight my hand  
 with thine ;  
 But till that body in the grave be laid,  
 Till thy polluted altars be made pure,  
 There is no peace between us. May my  
 God,  
 Who, though thou know'st Him not, is  
 also thine,  
 And after death will be thy dreadful  
 Judge, 260  
 May it please Him to visit thee, and  
 shed  
 His mercy on thy soul. . . But if thy  
 heart  
 Be harden'd to the proof, come when  
 thou wilt !  
 I know thy power, and thou shalt then  
 know mine,

## VII. THE BATTLE

Now then to meet the war ! Erillyab's  
 call  
 Roused all her people to revenge their  
 wrongs ;  
 And at Lincoya's voice, the mountain  
 tribes  
 Arose and broke their bondage. I mean-  
 time  
 Took counsel with Cadwallon and his  
 sire,  
 And told them of the numbers we must  
 meet,  
 And what advantage from the moun-  
 tain-straits  
 I thought, as in the Saxon wars, to win.  
 Thou saw'st their weapons then, Cad-  
 wallon said ;  
 Are they like these rude works of  
 ignorance, 10  
 Bone-headed shafts, and spears of wood,  
 and shields,  
 Strong only for such strife ?  
We had to cope  
 With wiser enemies, and abler arm'd.  
 What for the sword they wielded was  
 a staff  
 Set thick with stones athwart ; you  
 would have deem'd  
 The uncouth shape was cumbrous ; but  
 a hand  
 Expert, and practised to its use, could  
 drive  
 The sharpen'd flints with deadly impulse  
 down.  
 Their mail, if mail it may be call'd, was  
 woven  
 Of vegetable down, like finest flax. 20  
 Bleach'd to the whiteness of the new-  
 fallen snow,  
 To every bend and motion flexible,  
 Light as a warrior's summer-garb in  
 peace ;  
 Yet, in that lightest, softest, liabergeon,  
 Harmless the sharp stone arrow-head  
 would hang.  
 Others, of higher office, were array'd  
 In feathery breast-plates of more gor-  
 geous hue  
 Than the gay plumage of the mountain-  
 cock,

Or pheasant's glittering pride. But  
 what were these,  
 Or what the thin gold hauberk, when  
 opposed 30  
 To arms like ours in battle? What the  
 mail  
 Of wood fire-harden'd, or the wooden  
 helm,  
 Against the iron arrows of the South,  
 Against our northern spears, or battle-  
 axe,  
 Or good sword, wielded by a British  
 hand?

Then, quoth Cadwallon, at the wooden  
 helm,  
 Of these weak arms the weakest, let the  
 sword  
 Hew, and the spear be thrust. The  
 mountaineers,  
 So long inured to crouch beneath their  
 yoke,  
 We will not trust in battle; from the  
 heights 40  
 They with their arrows may annoy the  
 foe;  
 And when our closer strife has won the  
 fray,  
 Then let them loose for havoc.

O my son,

Exclaim'd the blind old man, thou  
 counsell'est ill!  
 Blood will have blood, revenge beget  
 revenge,  
 Evil must come of evil. We shall win,  
 Certes, a cheap and easy victory  
 In the first field; their arrows from our  
 arms  
 Will fall, and on the hauberk and the  
 helm  
 The flint-edge blunt and break; while  
 through their limbs, 50  
 Naked, or vainly fenced, the griding steel  
 Shall sheer its mortal way. But what  
 are we  
 Against a nation? Other hosts will rise  
 In endless warfare, with perpetual fights  
 Dwindling our all-too-few; or multi-  
 tudes  
 Will wear and weary us, till we sink sub-  
 dued  
 By the very toil of conquest. Ye are  
 strong;

But he who puts his trust in mortal  
 strength  
 Leans on a broken reed. First prove  
 your power;  
 Be in the battle terrible, but spare 60  
 The fallen, and follow not the flying foe:  
 Then may ye win a nobler victory,  
 So dealing with the captives as to fill  
 Their hearts with wonder, gratitude,  
 and awe,  
 That love shall mingle with their fear,  
 and fear  
 'Stablish the love, else wavering. Let  
 them see,  
 That as more pure and gentle is your  
 faith,  
 Yourselves are gentler, purer. Ye shall  
 be  
 As gods among them, if ye thus obey  
 God's precepts.

Soon the mountain  
 tribes, in arms 70  
 Rose at Lincoya's call: a numerous  
 host,  
 More than in numbers, in the memory  
 Of long oppression, and revengeful hope,  
 A formidable foe. I station'd them  
 Where at the entrance of the rocky  
 straits,  
 Secure themselves, their arrows might  
 command  
 The coming army. On the plain below  
 We took our stand, between the moun-  
 tain-base  
 And the green margin of the waters.  
 Soon  
 Their long array came on. Oh what  
 a pomp 80  
 And pride and pageantry of war was  
 there!  
 Not half so gaudied, for their May-day  
 mirth,  
 All wreathed and ribanded, our youths  
 and maids,  
 As these stern Aztecas in war attire!  
 The golden glitterance, and the feather-  
 mail,  
 More gay than glittering gold; and  
 round the helm  
 A coronal of high upstanding plumes  
 Green as the spring grass in the sunny  
 shower;  
 Or scarlet bright, as in the wintry wood

The cluster'd holly ; or of purple tint, . .  
 Whereto shall that be liken'd ? to what  
 gem 91

Indiadem'd, . . what flower, . . what  
 insect's wing ?

With war songs and wild music they  
 came on,

We the while kneeling, raised with one  
 accord

The hymn of supplication.

Front to front,

And now the embattled armies stood :  
 a band

Of priests, all sable-garmented, ad-  
 vanced ;

They piled a heap of sedge before our  
 host,

And warn'd us, . . Sons of Ocean ! from  
 the land

Of Aztlan, while ye may, depart in  
 peace ! 100

Before the fire shall be extinguish'd,  
 hence !

Or, even as yon dry sedge amid the  
 flame,

So ye shall be consumed . . The arid  
 heap

They kindled, and the rapid flame ran  
 up.

And blazed, and died away. Then from  
 his bow,

With steady hand, their chosen archer  
 loosed

The Arrow of the Omen. To its mark  
 The shaft of divination fled ; it smote

Cadwallon's plated breast ; the brittle  
 point

Rebounded. He, contemptuous of their  
 faith, 110

Stoopt for the shaft, and while with  
 zealous speed

To the rescue they rushed onward,  
 snapping it

Asunder, toss'd the fragments back in  
 scorn.

Fierce was their onset ; never in the  
 field

Encounter'd I with braver enemies.  
 Nor marvel ye, nor think it to their  
 shame,

If soon they stagger'd, and gave way,  
 and fled,

So many from so few ; they saw their  
 darts

Recoil, their lances shiver, and their  
 swords

Fall ineffectual, blunted with the blow.  
 Think ye no shame of Aztlan that they  
 fled, 121

When the bowmen of Deheubarth plied  
 so well

Their shafts with fatal aim ; through  
 the thin gold

Or feather-mail, while Gwyneth's deep-  
 driven spears

Pierced to the bone and vitals ; when  
 they saw

The falchion, flashing late so lightning-  
 like,

Quench'd in their own life-blood. Our  
 mountaineers

Shower'd from the heights, meantime,  
 an arrowy storm,

Themselves secure ; and we who bore  
 the brunt

Of battle, iron men, impassable. 130  
 Stood in our strength unbroken. Marvel

not

If then the brave felt fear, already im-  
 press'd

That day by ominous thoughts, to fear  
 akin ;

For so it chanced, high Heaven ordain-  
 ing so,

The King, who should have led his  
 people forth,

At the army-head, as they began their  
 march,

Was with sore sickness stricken ; and  
 the stroke

Came like the act and arm of very God,  
 So suddenly, and in that point of time.

A gallant man was he who in his  
 stead 140

That day commanded Aztlan : his long  
 hair,

Tufted with many a cotton lock, pro-  
 claim'd

Of princely prowess many a feat  
 achieved

In many a field of fame. Oft had he  
 led

The Aztecas, with happy fortune, forth ;  
 Yet could not now Yuhidthiton inspire

His host with hope : he, not the less,  
that day,

True to his old renown, and in the hour  
Of rout and ruin with collected mind,  
Sounded his signals shrill, and in the  
voice 150

Of loud reproach and anger, and brave  
shame,

Call'd on the people . . . But when nought  
avail'd,

Seizing the standard from the timid  
hand

Which held it in dismay, alone he turn'd,  
For honourable death resolved, and  
praise

That would not die. Thereat the braver  
chiefs

Rallied, anew their signals rung around,  
And Aztlan, seeing how we spared her  
flight,

Took heart, and roll'd the tide of battle  
back.

But when Cadwallon from the chieftain's  
grasp 160

Had cut the standard-staff away, and  
stunn'd

And stretch'd him at his mercy on the  
field,

Then fled the enemy in utter rout,  
Broken and quell'd at heart. One chief  
alone

Bestrode the body of Yuhidthiton ;  
Bareheaded did young Malinal bestride  
His brother's body, wiping from his  
brow

With the shield-hand the blinding blood  
away,

And dealing frantically with broken sword  
Obstinate wrath, the last resisting foe.

Him, in his own despite, we seized and  
saved. 171

Then in the moment of our victory,  
We purified our hands from blood, and  
knelt,

And pour'd to heaven the grateful  
prayer of praise

And raised the choral psalm. Trium-  
phant thus

To the hills we went our way ; the  
mountaineers

With joy, and dissonant song, and antic  
dance ;

The captives sullenly, deeming that they  
went

To meet the certain death of sacrifice,  
Yet stern and undismay'd. We bade  
them know 180

Ours was a law of mercy and of love ;  
We heal'd their wounds, and set the  
prisoners free.

Bear ye, quoth I, my bidding to your  
King ;

Say to him, Did the stranger speak to  
thee

The words of truth, and hath he proved  
his power ?

Thus saith the Lord of Ocean, in the  
name

Of God, Almighty, Universal God,  
Thy Judge and mine, whose battles

I have fought,  
Whose bidding I obey, whose will I

speak ; 189

Shed thou no more in impious sacrifice  
The life of man ; restore unto the grave

The dead Tepollomi ; set this people  
free,

And peace shall be between us.

On the morrow  
Came messengers from Aztlan, in reply.

Coanocotzin with sore malady  
Hath, by the Gods, been stricken : will

the Lord  
Of Ocean visit his sick bed ? . . . He told

Of wrath, and as he said, the vengeance  
came ;

Let him bring healing now, and 'stablish  
peace.

## VIII. THE PEACE

AGAIN, and now with better hope, I  
sought

The city of the King ! there went with  
me

Iolo, old Iolo, he who knows  
The virtue of all herbs of mount or vale,

Or greenwood shade, or quiet brooklet's  
bed ;

Whatever lore of science, or of song,  
Sages and Bards of old have handed

down.

Aztlan that day pour'd forth her  
swarming sons,



To wait my coming. Will he ask his  
 God  
 To stay the hand of anger? was the  
 cry,  
 The general cry, . . and will he save the  
 King?  
 Coanocotzin too had nursed that thought,  
 And the strong hope upheld him; he  
 put forth  
 His hand, and raised a quick and anxious  
 eye, . .  
 Is it not peace and mercy? . . thou art  
 come  
 To pardon and to save!  
 I answer'd him,  
 That power, O King of Aztlan, is not  
 mine!  
 Such help as human cunning can bestow,  
 Such human help I bring; but health  
 and life  
 Are in the hand of God, who at his will  
 Gives or withdraws; and what he wills  
 is best.  
 Then old Iolo took his arm, and felt  
 The symptom, and he bade him have  
 good hope,  
 For life was strong within him. So it  
 proved:  
 The drugs of subtle virtue did their  
 work;  
 They quell'd the venom of the malady,  
 And from the frame expell'd it, . . that  
 a sleep  
 Fell on the King, a sweet and natural  
 sleep,  
 And from its healing he awoke refresh'd  
 Though weak, and joyful as a man who  
 felt  
 The peril pass'd away.  
 Ere long we spake  
 Of concord, and how best to knit the  
 bonds  
 Of lasting friendship. When we won  
 this land,  
 Coanocotzin said, these fertile vales  
 Were not, as now, with fruitful groves  
 embower'd,  
 Nor rich with towns and populous  
 villages,  
 Abounding, as thou seest, with life and  
 joy;  
 Our fathers found bleak heath, and  
 desert moor,

Wild woodland, and savannahs wide  
 and waste,  
 Rude country of rude dwellers. From  
 our arms  
 They to the mountain fastnesses retired,  
 And long with obstinate and harassing  
 war  
 Provoked us, hoping not for victory,  
 Yet mad for vengeance; till Tepollomi  
 Fell by my father's hand; and with  
 their King,  
 The strength and flower of all their  
 youth cut off,  
 All in one desolating day, they took  
 The yoke upon their necks. What  
 wouldest thou  
 That to these Hoamen I should now  
 concede?  
 Lord of the Ocean, speak!  
 Let them be free! 50  
 Quoth I. I come not from my native  
 isle  
 To wage the war of conquest, and cast  
 out  
 Your people from the land which time  
 and toil  
 Have rightly made their own. The  
 land is wide;  
 There is enough for all. So they be freed  
 From that accursed tribute, and ye shed  
 The life of man no more in sacrifice,  
 In the most holy name of God I say,  
 Let there be peace between us!  
 Thou hast won  
 Their liberty, the King replied: hence-  
 forth,  
 Free as they are, if they provoke the war,  
 Reluctantly will Aztlan raise her arm.  
 Be thou the peace-preserver. To what  
 else  
 Thou say'st, instructed by calamity,  
 I lend a humble ear; but to destroy  
 The worship of my fathers, or abate  
 Or change one point, lies not within the  
 reach  
 And scope of kingly power. Speak thou  
 hereon  
 With those whom we hold holy, with the  
 sons  
 Of the Temple, they who commune  
 with the Gods;  
 Awe them, for they awe me. So we  
 resolved 70

That when the bones of King Tepollomi  
Had had their funeral honours, they  
and I

Should by the green-lake side, before  
the King,

And in the presence of the people, hold  
A solemn talk.

Then to the mountain-huts,  
The bearer of good tidings, I return'd,  
Leading the honourable train who bore  
The relics of the King; not parch'd and  
black,

As I had seen the unnatural corpse stand  
up, 80

In ghastly mockery of the attitude  
And act of life, . . his bones had now been  
blanch'd

With decent reverence. Soon the moun-  
taineers

Saw the white deer-skin shroud; the  
rumour spread;

They gather'd round, and follow'd in  
our train.

Before Erillyab's hut the bearers laid  
Their burden down. She, calm of  
countenance,

And with dry eye, albeit her hand the  
while

Shook like an agueish limb, unroll'd the  
shroud.

The multitude stood gazing silently, 90  
The young and old alike all awed and  
hush'd

Under the holy feeling, . . and the  
hush

Was awful; that huge multitude so  
still,

That we could hear distinct the moun-  
tain-stream

Roll down its rocky channel far away.  
And this was all; sole ceremony this,

The sight of death and silence, . . till at  
length,

In the ready grave his bones were laid  
to rest.

'Twas in her hut and home, yea, under-  
neath

The marriage bed, the bed of widow-  
hood, 100

Her husband's grave was dug; on  
softest fur

The bones were laid, with fur were  
covered o'er,

Then heap'd with bark and boughs, and,  
last of all,

Earth was to earth trod down.

And now the day  
Appointed for our talk of peace was  
come.

On the green margin of the lake we met,  
Elders, and Priests, and Chiefs; the  
multitude

Around the Circle of the Council stood.  
Then, in the midst, Coanocotzin rose,  
And thus the King began: Pabas and  
Chiefs 110

Of Aztlan, hither ye are come to learn  
The law of peace. The Lord of Ocean  
saith,

The Tribes whom he hath gathered  
underneath

The wings of his protection, shall be  
free;

And in the name of his great God he  
saith,

That ye shall never shed in sacrifice  
The blood of man. Are ye content?  
that so

We may together here, in happy hour,  
Bury the sword.

Hereat a Paba rose,  
And answer'd for his brethren: . . He  
hath won 120

The Hoamen's freedom, that their blood  
no more

Shall on our altars flow; for this the  
Lord

Of Ocean fought, and Aztlan yielded it  
In battle. But if we forego the rites

Of our forefathers, if we wrong the Gods,  
Who give us timely sun and timely  
showers,

Their wrath will be upon us; they will  
shut

Their ears to prayer, and turn away the  
eyes

Which watch for our well-doing, and  
withhold 129

The hands dispensing our prosperity.

Cynetha then arose, between his son  
And me supported, rose the blind old  
man.

Ye wrong us, men of Aztlan, if ye deem  
We bid ye wrong the Gods; accurst  
were he

Who would obey such bidding, . . . more  
accurst  
The wretch who should enjoin impiety.  
It is the will of God which we make  
known,  
Your God and ours. Know ye not Him  
who laid  
The deep foundations of the earth, and  
built  
The arch of heaven, and kindled yonder  
sun, 140  
And breathed into the woods and waves  
and sky  
The power of life ?  
We know Him, they replied,  
The great For-Ever One, the God of  
Gods,  
Ipalnemoani, He by whom we live !  
And we too, quoth Ayayaca, we know  
And worship the Great Spirit, who in  
clouds  
And storms, in mountain caves, and by  
the fall  
Of waters, in the woodland solitude,  
And in the night and silence of the sky,  
Doth make his being felt. We also  
know, 150  
And fear, and worship the Beloved One.

Our God, replied Cynetha, is the same,  
The Universal Father. He to the first  
Made his will known ; but when men  
multiplied,  
The Evil Spirits darken'd them, and sin  
And misery came into the world, and  
men  
Forsook the way of truth, and gave to  
stocks  
And stones the incommunicable name.  
Yet with one chosen, one peculiar Race,  
The knowledge of their Father and their  
God 160  
Remain'd, from sire to son transmitted  
down.  
While the bewilder'd Nations of the  
earth  
Wander'd in fogs, and were in darkness  
lost,  
The light abode with them ; and when  
at times  
They sinn'd and went astray, the Lord  
hath put  
A voice into the mouths of holy men,

Raising up witnesses unto himself,  
That so the saving knowledge of his  
name  
Might never fail ; nor the glad promise,  
given  
To our first parent, that at length his  
sons, 170  
From error, sin, and wretchedness re-  
deem'd,  
Should form one happy family of love.  
Nor ever hath that light, howe'er be-  
dimin'd,  
Wholly been quench'd ; still in the  
heart of man  
A feeling and an instinct it exists,  
His very nature's stamp and privilege,  
Yea, of his life the life. I tell ye not,  
O Aztecas ! of things unknown before ;  
I do but waken up a living sense  
That sleeps within ye ! Do ye love the  
Gods 180  
Who call for blood ? Doth the poor  
sacrifice  
Go with a willing step, to lay his life  
Upon their altars ? . . . Good must come  
of good,  
Evil of evil ; if the fruit be death,  
The poison springeth from the sap and  
root,  
And the whole tree is deadly ; if the rites  
Be evil, they who claim them are not  
good,  
Not to be worshipp'd then ; for to obey  
The evil will is evil. Aztecas !  
From the For-Ever, the Beloved One,  
The Universal Only God I speak, 191  
Your God and mine, our Father and our  
Judge.  
Hear ye his law, . . . hear ye the perfect  
law  
Of love, ' Do ye to others, as ye would  
That they should do to you ! ' He bids  
us meet  
To praise his name, in thankfulness and  
joy ;  
He bids us, in our sorrow, pray to him,  
The Comforter. Love him, for he is  
good !  
Fear him, for he is just ! Obey his will,  
For who can bear his anger !  
While he spake,  
They stood with open mouth, and  
motionless sight, 201

Watching his countenance, as though  
the voice  
Were of a God; for sure it seem'd that  
less  
Than inspiration could not have infused  
That eloquent passion in a blind man's  
face.  
And when he ceased, all eyes at once  
were turn'd  
Upon the Pabas, waiting their reply,  
If that to that acknowledged argument  
Reply could be devised. But they  
themselves,  
Stricken by the truth, were silent; and  
they look'd 210  
Toward their chief and mouth-piece, the  
High Priest  
Tezozomoc; he too was pale and mute,  
And when he gather'd up his strength  
to speak,  
Speech fail'd him, his lip falter'd, and  
his eye  
Fell utterly abash'd, and put to shame.  
But in the Chiefs, and in the multitude,  
And in the King of Aztlan, better  
thoughts  
Were working; for the Spirit of the Lord  
That day was moving in the heart of  
man. 219  
Coanocotzin rose: Pabas, and Chiefs,  
And men of Aztlan, ye have heard a talk  
Of peace and love, and there is no reply.  
Are ye content with what the Wise Man  
saith?  
And will ye worship God in that good  
way  
Which God himself ordains? If it be so,  
Together here will we in happy hour  
Bury the sword.  
Tezozomoc replied,  
This thing is new, and in the land till  
now  
Unheard: . . . what marvel, therefore, if  
we find  
No ready answer? Let our Lord the  
King 230  
Do that which seemeth best.  
Yuhidthiton,  
Chief of the Chiefs of Aztlan, next arose.  
Of all her numerous sons, could Aztlan  
boast  
No mightier arm in battle, nor whose  
voice

To more attentive silence hush'd the  
hall  
Of council. When the Wise Man spake,  
quoth he,  
I ask'd of mine own heart if it were so,  
And, as he said, the living instinct there  
Answer'd, and own'd the truth. In  
happy hour,  
O King of Aztlan, did the Ocean Lord  
Through the great waters hither wend  
his way; 241  
For sure he is the friend of God and man.

With that an uproar of assent arose  
From the whole people, a tumultuous  
shout  
Of universal joy and glad acclaim.  
But when Coanocotzin raised his hand,  
That he might speak, the clamour and  
the buz  
Ceased, and the multitude, in tiptoe  
hope,  
Attent and still, await the final voice.  
Then said the Sovereign, Hear, O Az-  
tecas, 250  
Your own united will! From this day  
forth  
No life upon the altar shall be shed,  
No blood shall flow in sacrifice; the rites  
Shall all be pure, such as the blind Old  
Man,  
Whom God hath taught, will teach. This  
ye have will'd;  
And therefore it shall be!

The King hath said!  
Like thunder the collected voice replied:  
Let it be so!

Lord of the Ocean, then  
Pursued the King of Aztlan, we will now  
Lay the war-weapon in the grave, and  
join 260  
In right-hand friendship. By our  
custom, blood  
Should sanctify and bind the solemn act;  
But by what oath and ceremony thou  
Shalt proffer, by the same will Aztlan  
swear.  
Nor oath, nor ceremony, I replied,  
O King, is needful. To his own good  
word  
The good and honourable man will act,  
Oaths will not curb the wicked. Here  
we stand



In the broad day-light ; the For-Ever  
 One,  
 The Every-Where beholds us. In his  
 sight 270  
 We join our hands in peace : if e'er again  
 Should these right hands be raised in  
 enmity,  
 Upon the offender will his judgement fall.

The grave was dug ; Coanocotzin laid  
 His weapon in the earth ; Erillyab's son,  
 Young Amalaha, for the Hoamen, laid  
 His hatchet there ; and there I laid the  
 sword.

Here let me end. What follow'd was  
 the work  
 Of peace, no theme for story ; how we  
 fix'd  
 Our sojourn in the hills, and sow'd our  
 fields, 280  
 And, day by day, saw all things prosper-  
 ing. [nounce  
 Thence have I come, Goervyl, to an-  
 The tidings of my happy enterprize ;  
 There I return, to take thee to our home.  
 I love my native land ; with as true love  
 As ever yet did warm a British heart,  
 Love I the green fields of the beautiful  
 Isle,  
 My father's heritage ! But far away,  
 Where nature's booner hand has blest  
 the earth,  
 My lot hath been assign'd ; beyond the  
 seas 290  
 Madoc hath found his home ; beyond  
 the seas  
 A country for his children hath he  
 chosen, [peace.  
 A land wherein their portion may be

## IX. EMMA

BUT while Aberfraw echoed to the  
 sounds  
 Of merriment and music, Madoc's heart  
 Mourn'd for his brethren. Therefore,  
 when no ear  
 Was nigh, he sought the King, and said  
 to him,  
 To-morrow, for Mathraval I set forth ;  
 Longer I must not linger here, to pass

The easy hours in feast and revelry,  
 Forgetful of my people far away.  
 I go to tell the tidings of success,  
 And seek new comrades. What if it  
 should chauce 10  
 That, for this enterprize, our brethren,  
 Foregoing all their hopes and fortunes  
 here,  
 Would join my banner ? . . Let me send  
 abroad  
 Their summons, O my brother ! 80  
 secure,  
 You may forgive the past, and once again  
 Will peace and concord bless our  
 father's house.

Hereafter will be time enow for this,  
 The King replied ; thy easy nature sees  
 not,  
 How, if the traitors for thy banner send  
 Their bidding round, in open war against  
 me 20  
 Their own would soon be spread. I  
 charge thee, Madoc,  
 Neither to see nor aid these fugitives,  
 The shame of Owen's blood.  
 Sullen he spake,  
 And turn'd away ; nor farther commune  
 now  
 Did Madoc seek, nor had he more en-  
 dured ;  
 For bitter thoughts were rising in his  
 heart,  
 And anguish, kindling anger. In such  
 mood  
 He to his sister's chamber took his way.  
 She sate with Emma, with the gentle  
 Queen ;  
 For Emma had already learnt to love  
 The gentle maid. Goervyl saw what  
 thoughts 31  
 Troubled her brother's brow. Madoc,  
 she cried,  
 Thou hast been with the King, been  
 rashly pleading  
 For Ririd and for Rodri ! . . He replied,  
 I did but ask him little, . . did but say,  
 Belike our brethren would go forth with  
 me,  
 To voluntary exile ; then, methought,  
 His fear and jealousy might well have  
 ceased,  
 And all be safe.

And did the King refuse ?  
 Quoth Emma : I will plead for them,  
 quoth she, 40  
 With dutiful warmth and zeal will plead  
 for them ;  
 And surely David will not say me nay.

O sister ! cried Goeryvl, tempt him  
 not !  
 Sister, you know him not ! Alas, to  
 touch  
 That perilous theme is, even in Madoc  
 here,  
 A perilous folly. . . Sister, tempt him  
 not !  
 You do not know the King !

But then a fear  
 Fled to the cheek of Emma, and her eye,  
 Quickening with wonder, turn'd toward  
 the Prince,  
 As if expecting that his manly mind 50  
 Would mould Goeryvl's meaning to a  
 shape

Less fearful, would interpret and amend  
 The words she hoped she did not hear  
 aright.

Emma was young ; she was a sacrifice  
 To that cold king-craft, which, in mar-  
 riage-vows  
 Linking two hearts, unknowing each of  
 each,  
 Perverts the ordinance of God, and  
 makes

The holiest tie a mockery and a curse.  
 Her eye was patient, and she spake in  
 tones

So sweet and of so pensive gentleness,  
 That the heart felt them. Madoc ! she  
 exclaimed, 61

Why dost thou hate the Saxons ? O my  
 brother,  
 If I have heard aright, the hour will  
 come

When the Plantagenet shall wish herself  
 Among her nobler, happier countrymen,  
 From these unnatural enmities escaped,  
 And from the vengeance they must call  
 from Heaven !

Shame then suffused the Prince's  
 countenance,  
 Mindful how, drunk in anger, he had  
 given

His hatred loose. My sister Queen,  
 quoth he, 70  
 Marvel not you that with my mother's  
 milk

I suck'd that hatred in. Have they not  
 been  
 The scourge and the devouring sword of  
 God,

The curse and pestilence which he hath  
 sent  
 To root us from the land ? Alas, our  
 crimes

Have drawn this dolorous visitation  
 down !  
 Our sun hath long been westering ; and  
 the night

And darkness and extinction are at  
 hand.  
 We are a fallen people ! . . From our-  
 selves

The desolation and the ruin come ; 80  
 In our own vitals doth the poison  
 work . .

The House that is divided in itself,  
 How should it stand ? . . A blessing on  
 you, Lady !

But in this wretched family the strife  
 Is rooted all too deep ; it is an old  
 And cankered wound, . . an eating,  
 killing sore,

For which there is no healing. . . If the  
 King  
 Should ever speak his fears, . . and sure  
 to you

All his most inward thoughts he will  
 make known, . .  
 Counsel him then to let his brethren  
 share 90

My enterprize, to send them forth with  
 me  
 To everlasting exile. . . She hath told you  
 Too hardly of the King ; I know him  
 well ;

He hath a stormy nature ; and what  
 germs  
 Of virtue would have budded in his  
 heart,

Cold winds have check'd, and blighting  
 seasons nipt,  
 Yet in his heart they live. . . A blessing  
 on you,

That you may see their blossom and  
 their fruit !

## X. MATHRAVAL

Now for Mathraval went Prince Madoc  
forth ;

O'er Menai's ebbing tide, up mountain-  
paths,

Beside grey mountain-stream, and lonely  
lake,

And through old Snowdon's forest-  
solitude,

He held right on his solitary way.

Nor paused he in that rocky vale, where  
oft

Up the familiar path, with gladder pace,  
His steed had hastened to the well-  
known door, . .

That valley, o'er whose crags, and  
sprinkled trees,

And winding stream, so oft his eye had  
loved 10

To linger, gazing, as the eve grew dim,  
From Dolwyddelan's Tower ; . . alas !  
from thence

As from his brother's monument, he  
turn'd

A loathing eye, and through the rocky  
vale

Sped on. From morn till noon, from  
noon till eve,

He travelled on his way : and when at  
morn

Again the Ocean Chief bestrode his  
steed,

The heights of Snowdon on his back-  
ward glance

Hung like a cloud in heaven. O'er  
heath and hill

And barren height he rode ; and darker  
now, 20

In loftier majesty thy mountain-seat,  
Star-loving Idris, rose. Nor turn'd he  
now

Beside Kregennan, where his infant feet  
Had trod Ednywain's hall ; nor loitered  
he

In the green vales of Powys, till he  
came

Where Warnway rolls its waters under-  
neath

Ancient Mathraval's venerable walls,  
Cyveilioc's princely and paternal seat.

But Madoc sprung not forward now  
to greet

The chief he loved, for from Cyveilioc's  
hall 30

The voice of harp and song commingled  
came ;

It was that day the feast of victory  
there ;

Around the Chieftain's board the  
warriors sate ;

The sword and shield and helmet, on the  
wall

And round the pillars, were in peace  
hung up ;

And, as the flashes of the central fire

At fits arose, a dance of wavy light  
Play'd o'er the reddening steel. The

Chiefs, who late

So well had wielded in the work of war  
Those weapons, sate around the board,

to quaff 40

The beverage of the brave, and hear  
their fame.

Mathraval's Lord, the Poet and the  
Prince,

Cyveilioc stood before them, . . in his  
pride ;

His hands were on the harp, his eyes  
were closed,

His head, as if in reverence to receive

The inspiration, bent ; anon, he raised

His glowing countenance and brighter  
eye,

And swept with passionate hand the  
ringing harp.

Fill high the Hirlas Horn ! to Gruffydd  
bear

Its frothy beverage, . . from his crimson  
lance 50

The invader fled ; . . fill high the gold-  
tipped Horn !

Heard ye in Maelor the step of war . .

The hastening shout . . the onset ? . .

Did ye hear

The clash and clang of arms . . the battle-  
din,

Loud as the roar of Ocean, when the  
winds

At midnight are abroad ? . . the yell of  
wounds . .

The rage . . the agony ? . . Give to him  
the Horn

Whose spear was broken, and whose  
 buckler pierced  
 With many a shaft, yet not the less he  
 fought  
 And conquered; . . . therefore let Ed-  
 nyved share 60  
 The generous draught, give him the long  
 blue Horn!  
 Pour out again, and fill again the spoil  
 Of the wild bull, with silver wrought of  
 yore;  
 And bear the golden lip to Tudyr's hand,  
 Eagle of battle! For Moreiddig fill  
 The honourable Hirlas! . . . Where are  
 They?  
 Where are the noble Brethren? Wolves  
 of war,  
 They kept their border well, they did  
 their part,  
 Their fame is full, their lot is praise and  
 song. . .  
 A mournful song to me, a song of woe! . .  
 Brave Brethren! for their honour brim  
 the cup, 71  
 Which they shall quaff no more.  
 We drove away  
 The strangers from our land; profuse  
 of life,  
 Our warriors rush'd to battle, and the  
 Sun  
 Saw from his noontide fields their manly  
 strife.  
 Pour thou the flowing mead! Cup-  
 bearer, fill  
 The Hirlas! for hadst thou beheld the  
 day  
 Of Llidom, thou hadst known how well  
 the Chiefs  
 Deserve this honour now. Cyveilioc's  
 shield  
 Were they in danger, when the Invader  
 came; 80  
 Be praise and liberty their lot on earth,  
 And joy be theirs in heaven!  
 Here ceased the song;  
 Then from the threshold on the rush-  
 strewn floor  
 Madoc advanced. Cyveilioc's eye was  
 now  
 To present forms awake, but even as  
 still  
 He felt his harp-chords throb with dying  
 sounds,

The heat and stir and passion had not  
 yet  
 Subsided in his soul. Again he struck  
 The loud-toned harp. . . Pour from the  
 silver vase,  
 And brim the honourable Horn, and  
 bear 90  
 The draught of joy to Madoc, . . he who  
 first  
 Explored the desert ways of Ocean, first  
 Through the wide waste of sea and sky,  
 held on  
 Undaunted, till upon another World,  
 The Lord and Conqueror of the Elements,  
 He set his foot triumphant? Fill for  
 him  
 The Hirlas! fill the honourable Horn!  
 This for Mathraval is a happy hour,  
 When Madoc, her hereditary guest,  
 Appears within her honour'd walls  
 again, 100  
 Madoc, the British Prince, the Ocean  
 Lord,  
 Who never for injustice rear'd his arm;  
 Whose presence fills the heart of every  
 foe  
 With fear, the heart of every friend with  
 joy;  
 Give him the Hirlas Horn, fill, till the  
 draught  
 Of joy shall quiver o'er the golden brim!  
 In happy hour the hero hath return'd!  
 In happy hour the friend, the brother  
 treads  
 Cyveilioc's floor!  
 He sprung to greet his guest;  
 The cordial grasp of fellowship was  
 given; 110  
 So in Mathraval there was double joy  
 On that illustrious day; they gave their  
 guest  
 The seat of honour, and they fill'd for  
 him  
 The Hirlas Horn. Cyveilioc and his  
 Chiefs,  
 All eagerly, with wonder-waiting eyes,  
 Look to the Wanderer of the Water's  
 tale.  
 Nor mean the joy which kindled Madoc's  
 brow,  
 When as he told of daring enterprize  
 Crown'd with deserved success. Intent  
 they heard



Of all the blessings of that happier  
clime ; 120

And when the adventurer spake of soon  
return,

Each on the other gazed, as if to say,  
Methinks it were a goodly lot to dwell  
In that fair land in peace.

Then said the Prince

Of Powys, Madoc, at an happy time  
Thou hast toward Mathraval bent thy  
way ;

For on the morrow, in the eye of light,  
Our bards will hold their congress.

Seekest thou  
Comrades to share success ? proclaim  
abroad

Thine invitation there, and it will  
spread 130

Far as our fathers' ancient tongue is  
known.

Thus at Mathraval went the Hirlas  
round ;

A happy day was that ! Of other  
years

They talk'd, of common toils, and fields  
of war

Where they fought side by side ; of  
Corwen's scene

Of glory, and of comrades now no  
more : . .

Themes of delight, and grief which  
brought its joy.

Thus they beguiled the pleasant hours,  
while night

Waned fast away ; then late they laid  
them down,

Each on his bed of rushes, stretch'd  
around 140

The central fire.

The Sun was newly risen

When Madoc join'd his host, no longer  
now

Clad as the conquering chief of Maelor,  
In princely arms, but in his nobler  
robe,

The sky-blue mantle of the Bard,  
arrayed.

So for the place of meeting they set  
forth ;

And now they reach'd Melangell's lonely  
church.

Amid a grove of evergreens it stood,

A garden and a grove, where every  
grave

Was deck'd with flowers, or with un-  
fading plants 150

O'ergrown, sad rue, and funeral rose-  
mary.

Here Madoc paused. The morn is  
young, quoth he,

A little while to old remembrance given  
Will not belate us. . . Many a year hath  
fled,

Cyveilioc, since you led me here, and  
told

The legend of the Saint. Come ! . . be  
not loth !

We will not loiter long. . . So soon to  
mount

The bark, which will for ever bear me  
hence,

I would not willingly pass by one spot  
Which thus recalls the thought of other  
times, 160

Without a pilgrim's visit.

Thus he spake,

And drew Cyveilioc through the church-  
yard porch,

To the rude image of Saint Monacel.

Dost thou remember, Owen, said the  
Prince,

When first I was thy guest in early  
youth,

That once, as we had wandered here at  
eve,

You told, how here a poor and hunted  
hare

Ran to the Virgin's feet, and look'd to  
her

For life ? . . I thought, when listening to  
the tale,

She had a merciful heart, and that her  
face 170

Must with a saintly gentleness have  
beam'd,

When beasts could read its virtue. Here  
we sate

Upon the jutting root of this old  
yeugh. . .

Dear friend ! so pleasant didst thou  
make those days,

That in my heart, long as my heart shall  
beat,

Minutest recollections still will live,  
Still be the source of joy.

As Madoc spake,  
 His glancing eye fell on a monument,  
 Around whose base the rosemary  
 droop'd down,  
 As yet not rooted well. Sculptured  
 above, 180  
 A warrior lay; the shield was on his  
 arm;  
 Madoc approach'd, and saw the  
 blazonry, . .  
 A sudden chill ran through him, as he  
 read,  
 Here Yorwerth lies, . . it was his brother's grave.

Cyveilioc took him by the hand: For  
 this,  
 Madoc, was I so loth to enter here!  
 He sought the sanctuary, but close upon  
 him  
 The murderers follow'd, and by yonder  
 copse  
 The stroke of death was given. All  
 I could  
 Was done; . . I saw him here consign'd  
 to rest, 190  
 Daily due masses for his soul are sung,  
 And duly hath his grave been deck'd  
 with flowers.

So saying, from the place of death he  
 led  
 The silent Prince. But lately, he pursued,  
 Llewelyn was my guest, thy favourite  
 boy.  
 For thy sake and his own, it was my  
 hope  
 That at Mathraval he would make his  
 home:  
 He had not needed then a father's love.  
 But he, I know not on what enterprize,  
 Was brooding ever; and those secret  
 thoughts 200  
 Drew him away. God prosper the  
 brave boy!  
 It were a happy day for this poor land  
 If e'er Llewelyn mount his rightful  
 throne.

## XI. THE GORSEDD

THE place of meeting was a high hill-  
 top,  
 Nor bower'd with trees nor broken by  
 the plough,  
 Remote from human dwellings and the  
 stir  
 Of human life, and open to the breath  
 And to the eye of Heaven. In days of  
 old,  
 There had the circling stones been  
 planted; there,  
 From earliest ages, the primeval lore,  
 Through Bard to Bard with reverence  
 handed down:  
 They whom to wonder, or the love of  
 song,  
 Or reverence of their fathers' ancient  
 rites 10  
 Drew thither, stood without the ring of  
 stones.  
 Cyveilioc entered to the initiate Bards,  
 Himself, albeit his hands were stain'd  
 with war,  
 Initiate; for the Order, in the lapse  
 Of years and in their nation's long de-  
 cline  
 From the first rigour of their purity  
 Somewhat had fallen. The Masters of  
 the Song  
 Were clad in azure robes, for in that hue  
 Deduced from Heaven, which o'er a  
 sinful world  
 Spreads its eternal canopy serene, 20  
 Meet emblem did the ancient Sages see  
 Of unity and peace and spotless truth.

Within the stones of Federation there,  
 On the green turf, and under the blue  
 sky,  
 A noble band, the Bards of Britain  
 stood,  
 Their heads in reverence bare, and bare  
 of foot.  
 A deathless brotherhood! Cyveilioc  
 there,  
 Lord of the Hirlas; Llywarc there was  
 seen,  
 And old Cynddelow, to whose lofty song,  
 So many a time amid his father's court  
 Resigning up his soul, had Madoc given

The flow of feeling loose. But Madoc's  
heart 32  
Was full; old feelings and remem-  
brances,  
And thoughts from which was no escape,  
arose ;  
He was not there to whose sweet lay, so  
oft,  
With all a brother's fond delight, he  
lov'd  
To listen, . . . Hoel was not there ! . . . the  
hand  
That once so well, amid the triple chords,  
Moved in the rapid maze of harmony,  
It had no motion now ; the lips were  
dumb 40  
Which knew all tones of passion ; and  
that heart,  
That warm ebullient heart, was cold  
and still  
Upon its bed of clay. He look'd around.  
And there was no familiar countenance,  
None but Cynddelow's face, which he  
had learnt  
In childhood, and old age had set its  
mark,  
Making unsightly alteration there.  
Another generation had sprung up,  
And made him feel how fast the days of  
man  
Flow by, how soon their number is told  
out. 50  
He knew not then that Llywarc's lay  
should give  
His future fame ; his spirit on the past  
Brooding, beheld with no forefeeling joy  
The rising sons of song, who there  
essay'd  
Their eaglet flight. But there among  
the youth  
In the green vesture of their earliest  
rank,  
Or with the aspirants clad in motley  
garb,  
Young Benvras stood ; and, one whose  
favoured race  
Heaven with the hereditary power had  
blest,  
The old Gowalchmai's not degenerate  
child ; 60  
And there another Einion ; gifted  
youths,  
And heirs of immortality on earth,

Whose after-strains, through many a dis-  
tant age  
Cambria shall boast, and love the songs  
that tell  
The fame of Owen's house.  
There, in the eye  
Of light and in the face of day, the rites  
Began. Upon the stone of Covenant  
First the sheathed sword was laid ; the  
Master then  
Upraised his voice, and cried, Let them  
who seek  
The high degree and sacred privilege 70  
Of Bardic science, and of Cimbric lore,  
Here to the Bards of Britain make their  
claim !  
Thus having said, the Master bade the  
youths  
Approach the place of peace, and merit  
there  
The Bard's most honourable name.  
With that,  
Heirs and transmitters of the ancient  
light,  
The youths advanced ; they heard the  
Cimbric lore,  
From earliest days preserved ; they  
struck their harps,  
And each in due succession raised the  
song.  
Last of the aspirants, as of greener  
years, 80  
Young Caradoc advanced ; his lip as yet  
Scarce darken'd with its down, his flaxen  
locks  
Wreathed in contracting ringlets waving  
low ;  
Bright were his large blue eyes, and  
kindled now  
With that same passion that inflamed  
his cheek ;  
Yet in his cheek there was the sickliness  
Which thought and feeling leave, wear-  
ing away  
The hue of youth. Inclining on his  
harp,  
He, while his comrades in probation song  
Approved their claim, stood hearkening  
as it seem'd, 90  
And yet like unintelligible sounds  
He heard the symphony and voice  
attuned ;

Even in such feelings as, all undefined,  
 Come with the flow of waters to the  
 soul,  
 Or with the motions of the moonlight  
 sky.  
 But when his bidding came, he at the  
 call  
 Arising from that dreamy mood, ad-  
 vanced,  
 Threw back his mantle, and began the  
 lay.

Where are the sons of Gavran? where  
 his tribe  
 The faithful? following their beloved  
 chief, 100  
 They the Green Islands of the Ocean  
 sought;  
 Nor human tongue hath told, nor  
 human ear,  
 Since from the silver shores they went  
 their way,  
 Hath heard their fortunes. In his  
 crystal Ark,  
 Whither sail'd Merlin with his band of  
 Bards,  
 Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore?  
 Belike his crystal Ark, instinct with  
 life,  
 Obedient to the mighty Master, reach'd  
 The Land of the Departed; there, be-  
 like,  
 They in the clime of immortality, 110  
 Themselves immortal, drink the gales of  
 bliss,  
 Which o'er Flathinnis breathe eternal  
 spring,  
 Blending whatever odours make the gale  
 Of evening sweet, whatever melody  
 Charms the wood-traveller. In their  
 high roof'd halls  
 There, with the Chiefs of other days, feel  
 they  
 The mingled joy pervade them? . . . Or  
 beneath  
 The mid-sea waters, did that crystal  
 Ark  
 Down to the secret depths of Ocean  
 plunge  
 Its fated crew? Dwell they in coral  
 bowers 120  
 With Mermaid loves, teaching their  
 paramours

The songs that stir the sea, or make the  
 winds  
 Hush, and the waves be still? In fields  
 of joy  
 Have they their home, where central  
 fires maintain  
 Perpetual summer, and an emerald  
 light  
 Pervades the green translucent element?

Twice have the sons of Britain left  
 her shores,  
 As the fledged eaglets quit their native  
 nest;  
 Twice over ocean have her fearless sons  
 For ever sail'd away. Again they  
 launch 130  
 Their vessels to the deep. . . Who mounts  
 the bark?  
 The son of Owen, the beloved Prince,  
 Who never for injustice rear'd his arm.  
 Respect his enterprize, ye Ocean  
 Waves!  
 Ye Winds of Heaven, waft Madoc on  
 his way!  
 The Waves of Ocean, and the Winds of  
 Heaven,  
 Became his ministers, and Madoc found  
 The world he sought.

Who seeks the better land?  
 Who mounts the vessel for a world of  
 peace?  
 He who hath felt the throb of pride, to  
 hear 140  
 Our old illustrious annals; who was  
 taught  
 To lisp the fame of Arthur, to revere  
 Great Caratach's unconquer'd soul, and  
 call  
 That gallant chief his countryman, who  
 led  
 The wrath of Britain from her chalky  
 shores  
 To drive the Roman robber. He who  
 loves  
 His country, and who feels his country's  
 shame;  
 Whose bones amid a land of servitude  
 Could never rest in peace; who if he  
 saw  
 His children slaves, would feel a pang in  
 Heaven, . . . 150  
 He mounts the bark, to seek for liberty.



Who seeks the better land? The  
wretched one  
Whose joys are blasted all, whose heart  
is sick,  
Who hath no hope, to whom all change  
is gain,  
To whom remember'd pleasures strike  
a pang  
That only guilt should know, . . he  
mounts the bark,  
The Bard will mount the bark of banish-  
ment :  
The harp of Cambria shall in other  
lands  
Remind the Cambrian of his father's  
fame ; . .  
The Bard will seek the land of liberty,  
The world of peace. . . O Prince, receive  
the Bard ! 161

He ceased the song. His cheek, now  
fever-flush'd,  
Was turn'd to Madoc, and his asking  
eye  
Linger'd on him in hope : nor linger'd  
long  
The look expectant ; forward sprung  
the Prince.  
And gave to Caradoc the right-hand  
pledge,  
And for the comrade of his enterprize,  
With joyful welcome, hail'd the joyful  
Bard.

Nor needed now the Searcher of the  
Sea  
Announce his enterprize, by Caradoc  
In song announced so well ; from man  
to man 171  
The busy murmur spread, while from  
the Stone  
Of Covenant the sword was taken up,  
And from the Circle of the Ceremony  
The Bards went forth, their meeting  
now fulfill'd.  
The multitude, unheeding all beside,  
Of Madoc and his noble enterprize  
Held stirring converse on their home-  
ward way,  
And spread abroad the tidings of a  
Land,  
Where Plenty dwelt with Liberty and  
Peace. 180

## XII. DINEVAWR

So in the court of Powys pleasantly,  
With hawk and hound afield, and harp  
in hall,  
The days went by ; till Madoc, for his  
heart  
Was with Cadwallon, and in early spring  
Must he set forth to join him over-sea,  
Took his constrain'd farewell. To  
Dinevawr  
He bent his way, whence many a time  
with Rhys  
Had he gone forth to smite the Saxon  
foe.  
The son of Owen greets his father's  
friend  
With reverential joy ; nor did the Lord  
Of Dinevawr with cold or deaden'd  
heart 11  
Welcome the Prince he loved ; though  
not with joy  
Unmingled now, nor the proud con-  
sciousness  
Which in the man of tried and approved  
worth  
Could bid an equal hail. Henry had  
seen  
The Lord of Dinevawr between his knees  
Vow homage ; yea, the Lord of Dine-  
vawr  
Had knelt in homage to that Saxon king,  
Who set a price upon his father's head,  
That Saxon, on whose soul his mother's  
blood 20  
Cried out for vengeance. Madoc saw  
the shame  
Which Rhys would fain have hidden,  
and, in grief  
For the degenerate land, rejoiced at  
heart  
That now another country was his home.

Musing on thoughts like these, did  
Madoc roam  
Alone along the Towy's winding shore.  
The beavers in its bank had hollow'd  
out  
Their social place of dwelling, and had  
damm'd  
The summer-current with their perfect  
art

Of instinct, erring not in means nor end.  
 But as the floods of spring had broken  
 down 31  
 Their barrier, so its breaches unrepar'd  
 Were left; and round the piles, which,  
 deeper driven.  
 Still held their place, the eddying waters  
 whirl'd.  
 Now in those habitations desolate  
 One sole survivor dwelt: him Madoc  
 saw,  
 Labouring alone, beside his hermit  
 house;  
 And in that mood of melancholy  
 thought, . . .  
 For in his boyhood he had loved to  
 watch  
 Their social work, and for he knew that  
 man 40  
 In bloody sport had well-nigh rooted out  
 The poor community, . . . the ominous  
 sight  
 Became a grief and burthen. Eve came  
 on;  
 The dry leaves rustled to the wind, and  
 fell  
 And floated on the stream; there was  
 no voice  
 Save of the mournful rooks, who over-  
 head  
 Wing'd their long line; for fragrance of  
 sweet flowers,  
 Only the odour of the autumnal  
 leaves; . . .  
 All sights and sounds of sadness. . . And  
 the place  
 To that despondent mood was minis-  
 trant; . . . 50  
 Among the hills of Gwyneth and its  
 wilds  
 And mountain glens, perforce he  
 cherish'd still  
 The hope of mountain liberty; they  
 braced  
 And knit the heart and arm of hardi-  
 hood; . . .  
 But here, in these green meads, by these  
 low slopes  
 And hanging groves, attemper'd to the  
 scene,  
 His spirit yielded. As he loiter'd on,  
 There came toward him one in peasant  
 garb,

And call'd his name; . . . he started at the  
 sound,  
 For he had heeded not the man's ap-  
 proach; 60  
 And now that sudden and familiar voice  
 Came on him, like a vision. So he stood  
 Gazing, and knew him not in the dim  
 light,  
 Till he again cried, Madoc! . . . then he  
 woke,  
 And knew the voice of Ririd, and sprang  
 on,  
 And fell upon his neck, and wept for joy  
 And sorrow.  
 O my brother! Ririd cried,  
 Long, very long it is since I have heard  
 The voice of kindness! . . . Let me go  
 with thee!  
 I am a wanderer in my father's land, . . .  
 Hoel he kill'd, and Yorwerth hath he  
 slain; 71  
 Llewelyn hath not where to hide his  
 head  
 In his own kingdom; Rodri is in  
 chains; . . .  
 Let me go with thee, Madoc, to some  
 land  
 Where I may look upon the sun, nor  
 dread  
 The light that may betray me; where  
 at night  
 I may not, like a hunted beast, rouse up,  
 If the leaves rustle over me.  
 The Lord  
 Of Ocean struggled with his swelling  
 heart.  
 Let me go with thee? . . . but thou didst  
 not doubt 80  
 Thy brother? . . . Let thee go? . . . with  
 what a joy,  
 Ririd, would I collect the remnant left, . . .  
 The wretched remnant now of Owen's  
 house,  
 And mount the bark of willing banish-  
 ment,  
 And leave the tyrant to his Saxon  
 friends,  
 And to his Saxon yoke! . . . I urged him  
 thus,  
 Curb'd down my angry spirit, and be-  
 sought  
 Only that I might bid our brethren  
 come,

And share my exile ; . . and he spurn'd  
my prayer ! . .

Thou hast a gentle pleader at his court ;  
She may prevail ; till then abide thou  
here ; . . 91

But not in this, the garb of fear and  
guilt.

Come thou to Dinevawr, . . assume thy-  
self ; . .

The good old Rhys will bid thee wel-  
come there,

And the great Palace, like a sanctuary,  
Is safe. If then Qucen Emma's plea  
should fail,

My timely bidding hence shall summon  
thee,

When I shall spread the sail. . . Nay,  
hast thou learnt

Suspicion ? . . Rhys is noble, and no  
deed 99

Of treachery ever sullied his fair fame !

Madoc then led his brother to the hall  
Of Rhys. I bring to thee a supplicant,  
O King, he cried ; thou wert my father's  
friend !

And till our barks be ready in the  
spring,

I know that here the persecuted son  
Of Owen will be safe.

A welcome guest !

The old warrior cried ; by his good  
father's soul,

He is a welcome guest at Dinevawr !

And rising as he spake, he pledged his  
hand

In hospitality. . . How now ! quoth he,  
This raiment ill besems the princely  
son 111

Of Owen ! . . Ririd at his words was led  
Apart ; they wash'd his feet, they gave  
to him

Fine linen as bescem'd his royal race,  
The tunic of soft texture woven well,  
The broider'd girdle, the broad mantle  
edged

With fur, and flowing low, the bonnet  
last,

Form'd of some forest martin's costly  
spoils.

The Lord of Dinevawr sat at the dice  
With Madoc, when he saw him thus  
array'd, 120

Returning to the hall. Ay ! this is  
well !

The noble Chief exclaim'd : 'tis as of  
yore,

When in Aberfraw, at his father's  
board,

We sat together, after we had won  
Peace and rejoicing with our own right  
hands,

By Corwen, where, commixt with Saxon  
blood,

Along its rocky channel the dark Dee  
Roll'd darker waters. . . Would that all  
his house

Had, in their day of trouble, thought of  
me,

And honour'd me like this ! David  
respects 130

Deheubarth's strength, nor would re-  
spect it less,

When such protection leagu'd its cause  
with Heaven.

I had forgot his messenger ! quoth he,  
Arising from the dice. Go, bid him  
here !

He came this morning at an ill-starr'd  
hour,

To Madoc he pursued ; my lazy grooms  
Had let the hounds play havoc in my  
flock,

And my old blood was chafed. I'faith,  
the King

Hath chosen well his messenger : . . he  
saw

That in such mood, I might have ren-  
der'd him 140

A hot and hasty answer, and hath  
waited,

Perhaps to David's service and to  
mine,

My better leisure.

Now the Messenger

Enter'd the hall ; Goagan of Powys-  
land,

He of Caer-Einion was it, who was  
charged

From Gwyneth to Deheubarth ; a brave  
man

Of copious speech. He told the royal son  
Of Gryffidd, the descendant of the line

Of Rhys-ab-Tudyr mawr, that he  
came there 149

From David, son of Owen, of the stock  
Of kingly Cynan. I am sent, said he,  
With friendly greeting; and as I receive  
Welcome and honour, so, in David's  
name,  
Am I to thank the Lord of Dinevawr.

Tell on! quoth Rhys, the purport and  
the cause  
Of this appeal?

Of late, some fugitives  
Came from the South to Mona, whom  
the King  
Received with generous welcome. Some  
there were  
Who blamed his royal goodness; for  
they said,

These were the subjects of a rival  
Prince, 160  
Who, peradventure, would with no such  
bounty  
Cherish a northern suppliant. This they  
urged,

I know not if from memory of old feuds,  
Better forgotten, or in envy. Moved  
Hereby, King David swore he would not  
rest

Till he had put the question to the  
proof,

Whether with liberal honour the Lord  
Rhys

Would greet his messenger; but none  
was found

Of all who had instill'd that evil doubt,  
Ready to bear the embassy: I heard it,  
And did my person tender, . . . for I  
knew 171

The nature of Lord Rhys of Dinevawr.

Well! quoth the Chief, Goagan of  
Powys-land,

This honourable welcome that thou  
seekest

Wherein may it consist?

In giving me,  
Goagan of Powys-land replied, a horse  
Better than mine, to bear me home; a  
suit

Of seemly raiment, and ten marks in  
coin,

With raiment and two marks for him  
who leads

My horse's bridle.

For his sake, said Rhys,  
Who sent thee, thou shalt have the  
noblest steed 181

In all my studs, . . . I double thee the  
marks,

And give the raiment threefold. More  
than this, . . .

Say thou to David, that the guests who  
sit

At board with me, and drink of my own  
cup,

Are Madoc and Lord Ririd. Tell the  
King,

That thus it is Lord Rhys of Dinevawr  
Delighteth to do honour to the sons  
Of Owen, of his old and honour'd friend.

### XIII. LLEWELYN

FAREWELL, my brother, cried the Ocean  
Chief;

A little while farewell! as through the  
gate

Of Dinevawr he pass'd, to pass again  
That hospitable threshold never more.

And thou too, O thou good old man, true  
friend

Of Owen, and of Owen's house, farewell!  
'Twill not be told me, Rhys, when thy  
grey hairs

Are to the grave gone down; but often-  
times

In the distant world I shall remember  
thee,

And think that, come thy summons  
when it may, 10

Thou wilt not leave a braver man  
behind. . .

Now God be with thee, Rhys!

The old Chief paused  
A moment ere he answer'd, as for pain;

Then shaking his hoar head, I never yet  
Gave thee this hand unwillingly before!

When for a guest I spread the board, my  
heart

Will think on him, whom ever with  
most joy

It leapt to welcome: should I lift again  
The spear against the Saxon, . . . for old  
Rhys

Hath that within him yet, that could  
uplift 20



The Cimbric spear, . . I then shall wish  
his aid,  
Who oft has conquer'd with me : when  
I kneel  
In prayer to Heaven, an old man's  
prayer shall beg  
A blessing on thee !

Madoc answer'd not,  
But press'd his hand in silence, then  
sprang up  
And spur'd his courser on. A weary  
way,

Through forest and o'er fell, Prince  
Madoc rode ;

And now he skirts the bay whose reck-  
less waves

Roll o'er the plain of Gwaelod : fair  
fields

And busy towns and happy villages, 30  
They overwhelm'd in one disastrous  
day ;

For they by their eternal siege had  
sapp'd

The bulwark of the land, while Seithenyn  
Took of his charge no thought, till in his  
sloth

And riotous cups surprised, he saw the  
waves

Roll like an army o'er the levell'd  
mound.

A supplicant in other courts, he mourn'd  
His crime and ruin ; in another's court

The kingly harp of Garanhir was heard,  
Wailing his kingdom wreck'd ; and  
many a Prince, 40

Warn'd by the visitation, sought and  
gain'd

A saintly crown, Tyneio, Merini,  
Boda and Brenda and Aelgyvareh,  
Gwynon and Celynin and Gwynodyl.

To Bardsey was the Lord of Ocean  
bound ;

Bardsey, the holy Islet, in whose soil  
Did many a Chief and many a Saint  
repose,

His great progenitors. He mounts the  
skiff ;

Her canvass swells before the breeze, the  
sea

Sings round her sparkling keel, and soon  
the Lord 50

Of Ocean treads the venerable shore.

There was not, on that day, a speck  
to stain

The azure heaven ; the blessed Sun alone  
In unapproachable divinity

Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.  
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue

sky,  
The billows heave ! one glowing green

expanse,  
Save where along the bending line of

shore  
Such hue is thrown, as when the pea-  
cock's neck

Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,  
Em bathed in emerald glory. All the

flocks 61

Of Ocean are abroad : like floating  
foam

The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the  
waves ;

With long protruded neck the cor-  
morants

Wing their far flight aloft, and round  
and round

The plovers wheel, and give their note  
of joy.

It was a day that sent into the heart  
A summer feeling : even the insect

swarms  
From their dark nooks and coverts  
issued forth,

To sport through one day of existence  
more ; 70

The solitary primrose on the bank  
Seem'd now as though it had no cause

to mourn  
Its bleak autumnal birth ; the Rocks,  
and Shores,

The Forest and the everlasting Hills,  
Smiled in that joyful sunshine, . . they

partook

The universal blessing.

To this Isle,  
Where his forefathers were to dust con-  
sign'd,

Did Madoc come for natural piety,  
Ordering a solemn service for their souls.

Therefore for this the Church that day  
was drest : 80

For this the Abbot, in his alb arrayed,  
At the high altar stood ; for this infused,

Sweet incense from the waving thuri-  
bule

Rose like a mist, and the grey brother-  
hood  
Chaunted the solemn mass. And now  
on high  
The mighty Mystery had been elevate,  
And now around the graves the brethren  
In long array proceed : each in his hand,  
Tall as the staff of some wayfaring man,  
Bears the brown taper, with their day-  
light flames 90  
Dimming the cheerful day. Before the  
train  
The Cross is borne, where, fashion'd to  
the life  
In shape and size and ghastly colouring,  
The awful Image hangs. Next, in its  
shrine  
Of gold and crystal, by the Abbot held,  
The mighty Mystery came ; on either  
hand  
Three Monks uphold above, on silver  
wands,  
The purple pall. With holy water next  
A father went, therewith from hyssop  
branch  
Sprinkling the graves ; the while, with  
one accord, 100  
The solemn psalm of mercy all intoned.

Pure was the faith of Madoc, though  
his mind  
To all this pomp and solemn circum-  
stance  
Yielded a willing homage. But the  
place  
Was holy ; . . the dead air, which under-  
neath  
Those arches never felt the healthy sun,  
Nor the free motion of the elements,  
Chilly and damp, infused associate awe :  
The sacred odours of the incense still  
Floated ; the daylight and the taper-  
flames 110  
Commingled, dimming each, and each  
bedimm'd ;  
And as the slow procession paced along,  
Still to their hymn, as if in symphony,  
The regular foot-fall sounded : swelling  
now,  
Their voices in one chorus, loud and deep,  
Rung through the echoing aisles ; and  
when it ceased,  
The silence of that huge and sacred pile

Came on the heart. What wonder if the  
Prince  
Yielded his homage there ? the in-  
fluences  
Of that sweet autumn day made every  
sense 120  
Alive to every impulse, . . and beneath  
The stones whereon he stood, his an-  
cestors  
Were mouldering, dust to dust. Father !  
quoth he,  
When now the rites were ended, . . far  
away  
It hath been Madoc's lot to pitch his  
tent  
On other shores ; there, in a foreign  
land,  
Far from my father's burial-place, must I  
Be laid to rest ; yet would I have my  
name  
Be held with theirs in memory. I be-  
seech you,  
Have this a yearly rite for evermore, 130  
As I will leave endowment for the same,  
And let me be remember'd in the prayer.  
The day shall be a holy day with me,  
While I do live ; they who come after  
me  
Will hold it holy ; it will be a bond  
Of love and brotherhood, when all be-  
side  
Hath been dissolved ; and though wide  
ocean rolls  
Between my people and their mother  
Isle,  
This shall be their communion. They  
shall send,  
Link'd in one sacred feeling at one hour,  
In the same language, the same prayer  
to Heaven, 141  
And each remembering each in piety,  
Pray for the other's welfare.

The old man  
Partook that feeling, and some pious  
tears  
Fell down his aged cheek. Kinsman  
and son,  
It shall be so ! said he ; and thou shalt  
be  
Remember'd in the prayer : nor then  
alone ;  
But till my sinking sands be quite run  
out,

This feeble voice shall, from its solitude,  
Go up for thee to Heaven !

And now the bell  
Rung out its cheerful summons ; to the  
hall, 151

In seemly order, pass the brotherhood :  
The serving-men wait with the ready  
ewer ;

The place of honour to the Prince is  
given,

The Abbot's right-hand guest ; the  
viands smoke,

The horn of ale goes round : and now,  
the cates

Removed, for days of festival reserved,  
Comes choicer beverage, clary, hippocras,  
And mead mature, that to the goblet's  
brim

Sparkles and sings and smiles. It was  
a day 160

Of that allowable and temperate mirth  
Which leaves a joy for memory. Madoc  
told

His tale ; and thus, with question and  
reply

And cheerful intercourse, from noon till  
nones

The brethren sate ; and when the quire  
was done,

Renew'd their converse till the vesper  
bell.

But then the Porter call'd Prince  
Madoc out,

To speak with one, he said, who from  
the land

Had sought him and required his private  
ear.

Madoc in the moonlight met him : in his  
hand 170

The stripling held an oar, and on his  
back,

Like a broad shield, the coracle was  
hung.

Uncle ! he cried, and with a gush of  
tears,

Sprung to the glad embrace.

O my brave boy !  
Llewelyn ! my dear boy ! with stifled  
voice,

And interrupted utterance, Madoc cried ;  
And many times he claspt him to his  
breast,

And many times drew back and gazed  
upon him,

Wiping the tears away which dimm'd  
the sight,

And told him how his heart had yearn'd  
for him, 180

As with a father's love, and bade him  
now

Forsake his lonely haunts and come with  
him,

And sail beyond the seas and share his  
fate.

No ! by my God ! the high-hearted  
youth replied,

It never shall be said Llewelyn left  
His father's murderer on his father's  
throne !

I am the rightful king of this poor  
land. . .

Go thou, and wisely go ; but I must  
stay,

That I may save my people. Tell me,  
Uncle, 189

The story of thy fortunes ; I can hear it  
Here in this lonely Isle, and at this hour,  
Securely.

Nay, quoth Madoc, tell me first  
Where are thy haunts and coverts, and  
what hope

Thou hast to bear thee up ? Why goest  
thou not

To thy dear father's friend in Powys-  
land,

There at Mathraval would Cyveilioe give  
A kinsman's welcome ; or at Dinevawr,  
The guest of honour shouldst thou be  
with Rhys ;

And he belike from David might obtain  
Some recompence, though poor.

What recompence ?  
Exclaim'd Llewelyn ; what hath he to  
give, 201

But life for life ? and what have I to  
claim

But vengeance, and my father Yor-  
werth's throne ?

If with aught short of this my soul could  
rest,

Would I not through the wide world  
follow thee,

Dear Uncle ! and fare with thee, well  
or ill,

And show to thine old age the tender-  
ness  
My childhood found from thee ! . . What  
hopes I have  
Let time display. Have thou no fear  
for me !  
My bed is made within the ocean caves,  
Of sea-weeds, bleach'd by many a sun  
and shower ; 211  
I know the mountain dens, and every  
hold  
And fastness of the forest ; and I  
know, . .  
What troubles him by day and in his  
dreams, . .  
There's many an honest heart in  
Gwyneth yet !  
But tell me thine adventure ; that will be  
A joy to think of in long winter nights,  
When stormy billows make my lullaby.

So as they walk'd along the moonlight  
shore,  
Did Madoc tell him all ; and still he  
strove, 220  
By dwelling on that noble end and aim,  
That of his actions was the heart and  
life,  
To win him to his wish. It touch'd the  
youth ;  
And when the Prince had ceased, he  
heaved a sigh,  
Long-drawn and deep, as if regret were  
there.  
No, no ! he cried, it must not be ! lo  
yonder  
My native mountains, and how beautiful  
They rest in the moonlight ! I was nurst  
among them ;  
They saw my sports in childhood, they  
have seen  
My sorrows, they have saved me in the  
hour 230  
Of danger ; . . I have vow'd, that as they  
were  
My cradle, they shall be my monu-  
ment ! . .  
But we shall meet again, and thou wilt  
find me,  
When next thou visitest thy native Isle,  
King in Aberfraw !  
Never more, Llewelyn,  
Madoc replied, shall I behold the shores

Of Britain, nor will ever tale of me  
Reach the Green Isle again. With fear-  
ful care 238  
I chuse my little company, and leave  
No traces of our path, where Violence,  
And bloody Zeal, and bloodier Avarice  
Might find their blasting way.  
If it be so, . .  
And wise is thy resolve, the youth  
replied,  
Thou wilt not know my fate ; . . but  
this be sure,  
It shall not be inglorious. I have in me  
A hope from Heaven. . . Give me thy  
blessing, Uncle !

Llewelyn, kneeling on the sand, em-  
braced  
His knees, with lifted head and stream-  
ing eyes  
Listening. He rose, and fell on Madoc's  
neck,  
And clasp'd him, with a silent agony, . .  
Then launch'd his coracle, and took his  
way, 251  
A lonely traveller on the moonlight sea

#### XIV. LLAIAN

Now hath Prince Madoc left the holy  
Isle,  
And homeward to Aberfraw, through  
the wilds  
Of Arvon, bent his course. A little way  
He turn'd aside, by natural impulses  
Moved, to behold Cadwallon's lonely  
hut.  
That lonely dwelling stood among the  
hills,  
By a grey mountain-stream ; just ele-  
vate  
Above the winter torrents did it stand  
Upon a craggy bank ; an orchard slope  
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene  
In early summer, when those antic trees  
Shone with their blushing blossoms, and  
the flax 11  
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest  
green.  
But save the flax-field and that orchard  
slope,



All else was desolate, and now it wore  
One sober hue; the narrow vale which  
wound

Among the hills was grey with rocks,  
that peer'd

Above its shallow soil; the mountain  
side

Was loose with stones bestrewn, which  
oftentimes

Clattered adown the steep, beneath the  
foot 20

Of straggling goat dislodged; or  
tower'd with crags,

One day, when winter's work hath  
loosen'd them,

To thunder down. All things assorted  
well

With that grey mountain hue; the low  
stone lines,

Which scarcely seem'd to be the work of  
man,

The dwelling rudely rear'd with stones  
unhewn,

The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees  
Grey with their fleecy moss and missel-  
toe,

The white-bark'd birch now leafless, and  
the ash

Whose knotted roots were like the rifted  
rock, 30

Through which they forced their way.  
Adown the vale,

Broken by stones and o'er a stony bed,  
Roll'd the loud mountain-stream.

When Madoc came,  
A little child was sporting by the brook,

Floating the fallen leaves, that he might  
see them

Whirl in the eddy now, and now be  
driven

Down the descent, now on the smother  
stream

Sail onward far away. But when he  
heard

The horse's tramp, he raised his head  
and watch'd

The Prince, who now dismounted and  
drew nigh. 40

The little boy still fix'd his eyes on him,  
His bright blue eyes; the wind just  
moved the curls

That cluster'd round his brow; and so  
he stood,

His rosy cheeks still lifted up to gaze  
In innocent wonder. Madoc took his  
hand,

And now had ask'd his name, and if he  
dwelt

There in the hut, when from that  
cottage-door

A woman came, who, seeing Madoc, stopt,  
With such a fear, . . . for she had cause

for fear, . . .  
As when a bird returning to her nest, 50

Turns to a tree beside, if she behold  
Some prying boy too near the dear  
retreat.

Howbeit, advancing soon, she now ap-  
proach'd

The approaching Prince, and timidly  
enquired,

If on his wayfare he had lost the track,  
That thither he had strayed. Not so,

replied

The gentle Prince; but having known  
this place,

And its old habitants, I came once more  
To see the lonely hut among the hills.

Hath it been long your dwelling?  
Some few years

Here we have dwelt, quoth she, my  
child and I. 60

Will it please you enter, and partake  
such fare

As we can give? Still timidly she spake,  
But gathering courage from the gentle  
mien

Of him with whom she conversed.  
Madoc thank'd

Her friendly proffer, and toward the hut  
They went, and in his arms he took the  
boy.

Who is his father? said the Prince, but  
wish'd

The word unutter'd; for thereat her  
check

Was flush'd with sudden heat and  
manifest pain; 70

And she replied, He perish'd in the war.

They enter'd now her home; she  
spread the board,

And set before her guest soft curds, and  
cheese

Of curd-like whiteness, with no foreign  
die

Adulterate, and what fruits the orchard  
gave,  
And that old British beverage which  
the bees  
Had toil'd to purvey all the summer  
long.  
Three years, said Madoc, have gone by,  
since here  
I found a timely welcome, overworn  
With toil and sorrow and sickness: . .  
three long years! <sup>80</sup>  
'Twas when the battle had been waged  
hard by,  
Upon the plain of Arvon.

She grew pale,  
Suddenly pale; and seeing that he  
mark'd  
The change, she told him, with a feeble  
voice,  
That was the fatal fight which widow'd  
her.

O Christ, cried Madoc, 'tis a grief to  
think  
How many a gallant Briton died that  
day,  
In that accursed strife! I trod the field  
When all was over, . . I beheld them  
heap'd . .  
Ay, like ripe corn within the reaper's  
reach, <sup>90</sup>  
Strewn round the bloody spot where  
Hoel lay;  
Brave as he was, himself cut down at  
last,  
Oppress'd by numbers, gash'd with  
wounds, yet still  
Clenching in his dead hand the broken  
sword! . .  
But you are moved, . . you weep at what  
I tell.

Forgive me, that renewing my own grief,  
I should have waken'd yours! Did you  
then know  
Prince Hoel?

She replied, Oh no! my lot  
Was humble, and my loss a humble one;  
Yet was it all to me! They say, quoth  
she, . . <sup>100</sup>  
And, as she spake, she struggled to bring  
forth  
With painful voice the interrupted  
words, . .

They say Prince Hoel's body was not  
found;  
But you who saw him dead perchance  
can tell  
Where he was laid, and by what friendly  
hand.

Even where he fell, said Madoc, is his  
grave;  
For he who buried him was one whose  
faith  
Reck'd not of boughten prayers, nor  
passing bell.  
There is a hawthorn grows beside the  
place,  
A solitary tree, nipt by the winds, <sup>110</sup>  
That it doth seem a fitting monument  
For one untimely slain. . . But wherefore  
dwell we  
On this ungrateful theme?

He took a harp  
Which stood beside, and passing o'er its  
chords  
Made music. At the touch the child  
drew nigh,  
Pleased by the sound, and leant on  
Madoc's knee,  
And bade him play again. So Madoc  
play'd,  
For he had skill in minstrelsy, and  
raised  
His voice, and sung Prince Hoel's lay of  
love.

I have harness'd thee, my Steed of  
shining grey, <sup>120</sup>  
And thou shalt bear me to the dear  
white walls.

I love the white walls by the verdant  
bank,  
That glitter in the sun, where Bashful-  
ness  
Watches the silver sea-mew sail along.  
I love that glittering dwelling, where we  
hear

The ever-sounding billows; for there  
dwells

The shapely Maiden, fair as the sea-  
spray,

Her cheek as lovely as the apple flower,  
Or summer evening's glow. I pine for  
her;

In crowded halls my spirit is with her;

through the long sleepless night I think  
on her ; 131  
and happiness is gone, and health is lost,  
and fled the flush of youth, and I am pale  
as the pale ocean on a sunless morn.  
I pine away for her, yet pity her,  
that she should spurn so true a love as  
mine.

He ceased, and laid his hand upon the  
child, . .

And didst thou like the song ? The child  
replied, . .

Oh yes ! it is a song my mother loves,  
And so I love it too. He stoopt and  
kiss'd 140

The boy, who still was leaning on his  
knee,

Already grown familiar. I should like  
To take thee with me, quoth the Ocean  
Lord,

Over the seas.

Thou art Prince Madoc, then ! . .  
The mother cried, . . thou art indeed the  
Prince !

That song . . that look . . and at his feet  
she fell,

Crying . . Oh take him, Madoc ! save  
the child !

Thy brother Hoel's orphan !

Long it was  
Ere that in either agitated heart

The tumult could subside. One while  
the Prince 150

Gazed on the child, tracing intently  
there

His brother's lines ; and now he caught  
him up,

And kiss'd his cheek, and gazed again  
till all

Was dim and dizzy, . . then blest God,  
and vow'd

That he should never need a father's  
love.

At length when copious tears had now  
relieved

Her burthen'd heart, and many a broken  
speech

In tears had died away, O Prince, she  
cried,

Long hath it been my dearest prayer to  
heaven,

That I might see thee once, and to thy  
love 160

Commit this friendless boy ! For many  
a time,

In phrase so fond did Hoel tell thy worth  
That it hath waken'd misery in me

To think I could not as a sister claim  
Thy love ! and therefore was it that till  
now

Thou knew'st me not ; for I entreated  
him

That he would never let thy virtuous eye  
Look on my guilt, and make me feel my  
shame.

Madoc, I did not dare to see thee then,  
Thou wilt not scorn me now, . . for I  
have now 170

Forgiven myself ; and, while I here  
perform'd

A mother's duty in this solitude,  
Have felt myself forgiven.

With that she clasp'd  
His hand, and bent her face on it and  
wept.

Anon collecting she pursued, . . My name  
Is Llaian : by the chance of war I fell  
Into his power, when all my family  
Had been cutoff, all in one hour of blood.

He saved me from the rufian's hand, he  
sooth'd

With tenderest care my sorrow. . . You  
can tell 180

How gentle he could be, and how his eyes,  
So full of life and kindness, could win  
All hearts to love him. Madoc, I was  
young ;

I had no living friend ; . . and when I  
gave

This infant to his arms, when with such  
joy

He view'd it o'er and o'er again, and  
press'd

A father's kiss upon its cheek, and turn'd  
To me, and made me feel more deeply  
yet

A mother's deep delight, . . oh ! I was  
proud

To think my child in after years should  
say, 190

Prince Hoel was his father !

Thus I dwelt  
In the white dwelling by the verdant  
bank, . .

Though not without my melancholy  
 hours,  
 Happy. The joy it was when I beheld  
 His steed of shining grey come hastening  
 on,  
 Across the yellow sand! . . . Alas, ere long,  
 King Owen died. I need not tell thee,  
 Madoc,  
 With what a deadly and forefeeling fear  
 I heard how Hoel seized his father's  
 throne,  
 Nor with what ominous woe I welcomed  
 him, <sup>200</sup>  
 In that last little miserable hour  
 Ambition gave to love. I think his  
 heart,  
 Brave as it was, misgave him. When  
 I spake  
 Of David and my fears, he smiled upon  
 me;  
 But 'twas a smile that came not from  
 the heart, . . .  
 A most ill-boding smile! . . . O Madoc!  
 Madoc!  
 You know not with what misery I saw  
 His parting steps, . . . with what a dread-  
 ful hope  
 I watch'd for tidings! . . . And at length  
 it came, . . .  
 Came like a thunderbolt! . . . I sought the  
 field! <sup>210</sup>  
 O Madoc, there were many widows there,  
 But none with grief like mine! I look'd  
 around;  
 I dragg'd aside the bodies of the dead,  
 To search for him, in vain; . . . and then  
 a hope  
 Seized me, which it was agony to lose!

Night came. I did not heed the  
 storm of night;  
 But for the sake of this dear babe, I  
 sought  
 Shelter in this lone hut: 'twas desolate;  
 And when my reason had return'd, I  
 thought  
 That here the child of Hoel might be  
 safe, <sup>220</sup>  
 Till we could claim thy care. But thou,  
 meantime,  
 Didst go to roam the Ocean; so I learnt  
 To bound my wishes here. The  
 carkanet,

The embroider'd girdle, and what other  
 gauds  
 Were once my vain adornments, soon  
 were changed  
 For things of profit, goats and bees, and  
 this,  
 The tuneful solace of my solitude.  
 Madoc, the harp is as a friend to me;  
 I sing to it the songs which Hoel loved,  
 And Hoel's own sweet lays; it comforts  
 me, <sup>230</sup>  
 And gives me joy in grief.

Often I grieved,  
 To think the son of Hoel should grow up  
 In this unworthy state of poverty;  
 Till Time, who softens all regrets, had  
 worn  
 That vain regret away, and I became  
 Humbly resign'd to God's unerring will.  
 To him I look'd for healing, and he  
 pour'd  
 His balm into my wounds. I never  
 form'd  
 A prayer for more, . . . and lo! the happi-  
 ness  
 Which he hath, of his mercy, sent me  
 now! <sup>240</sup>

## XV. THE EXCOMMUNICATION

ON Madoc's docile courser Llaian sits,  
 Holding her joyful boy; the Prince  
 beside  
 Paces afoot, and like a gentle Squire  
 Leads her loose bridle; from the saddle-  
 bow  
 His shield and helmet hang, and with  
 the lance,  
 Stafflike, he stay'd his steps. Before  
 the sun  
 Had climb'd his southern eminence,  
 they left  
 The mountain feet; and hard by Bangor  
 now,  
 Travelling the plain before them they  
 espy  
 A lordly cavalcade, for so it seem'd, <sup>10</sup>  
 Of knights, with hawk in hand and  
 hounds in leash,  
 Squires, pages, serving-men, and armed  
 grooms,



and many a sumpter-beast and laden  
wain,  
far following in the rear. The bravery  
of glittering bauldricks and of high-  
plumed crests,  
Embroider'd surcoats and emblazon'd  
shields,  
and lances whose long streamers play'd  
aloft,  
made a rare pageant, as with sound of  
trump,  
Tambour and cittern, proudly they went  
on ;  
And ever, at the foot-fall of their steeds,  
The tinkling horse-bells, in rude sym-  
phony, 21  
Accorded with the joy.

What have we here ?  
Quoth Madoc then to one who stood  
beside  
The threshold of his osier-woven hut.  
'Tis the great Saxon Prelate, he return'd,  
Come hither for some end, I wist not  
what,  
Only be sure no good ! . . How stands  
the tide ?  
Said Madoc ; can we pass ? . . 'Tis even  
at the flood,  
The man made answer, and the Monas-  
tery  
Will have no hospitality to spare 30  
For one of Wales to-day. Be ye content  
To guest with us.

He took the Prince's sword :  
The daughter of the house brought  
water then,  
And wash'd the stranger's feet ; the  
board was spread,  
And o'er the bowl they communed of  
the days  
Ere ever Saxon set his hateful foot  
Upon the beautiful Isle.

As so they sate,  
The bells of the Cathedral rung abroad  
Unusual summons. What is this ? ex-  
claim'd  
Prince Madoc : let us see ! . . Forthwith  
they went, 40  
He and his host, their way. They found  
the rites  
Begun ; the mitred Baldwin, in his  
hand  
Holding a taper, at the altar stood.

Let him be cursed ! . . were the words  
which first  
Assail'd their ears, . . living and dead,  
in limb  
And life, in soul and body, be he curst  
Here and hereafter ! Let him feel the  
curse  
At every moment, and in every act,  
By night and day, in waking and in  
sleep !  
We cut him off from Christian fellow-  
ship ; 50  
Of Christian sacraments we deprive his  
soul ;  
Of Christian burial we deprive his corpse ;  
And when that carrion to the Fiends is  
left

In unprotected earth, thus let his soul  
Be quench'd in hell !  
He dash'd upon the floor  
His taper down, and all the ministring  
Priests  
Extinguish'd each his light, to consum-  
mate  
The imprecation.

Whom is it ye curse,  
Cried Madoc, with these horrors ? They  
replied,  
The contumacious Prince of Powys-  
land, 60  
Cyveilioc.

What ! quoth Madoc, and  
his eye  
Grew terrible, . . Who is he that sets his  
foot  
In Gwyneth, and with hellish forms like  
these  
Dare outrage here Mathraval's noble  
Lord ?  
We wage no war with women nor with  
Priests ;  
But if there be a knight amid your train,  
Who will stand forth, and speak before  
my face  
Dishonour of the Prince of Powys-land,  
Lo ! here stand I, Prince Madoc, who  
will make  
That slanderous wretch cry craven in  
the dust, 70  
And eat his lying words !

Be temperate !  
Quoth one of Baldwin's Priests, who,  
Briton born,

Had known Prince Madoc in his father's  
court ;

It is our charge, throughout this Chris-  
tian land,

To call upon all Christian men to join  
The armies of the Lord, and take the  
cross ;

That so, in battle with the Infidels,  
The palm of victory or of martyrdom,  
Glorious alike, may be their recompense.  
This holy badge, whether in godless  
scorn, 80

Or for the natural blindness of his heart,  
Cyveilioc hath refused ; thereby in-  
curring

The pain, which, not of our own impulse,  
we

Inflict upon his soul, but at the will  
Of our most holy Father, from whose  
word

Lies no appeal on earth.

'Tis well for thee,  
Intemperate Prince ! said Baldwin, that  
our blood

Flows with a calmer action than thine  
own !

Thy brother David hath put on the  
cross,

To our most pious warfare piously 90  
Pledging his kingly sword. Do thou  
the like,

And for this better object lay aside  
Thine other enterprize, which, lest it rob  
Judea of one single Christian arm,  
We do condemn as sinful. Follow thou  
The banner of the Church to Palestine ;  
So shalt thou expiate this rash offence,  
Against the which we else should ful-  
minate

Our ire, did we not see in charity, 99  
And therefore rather pity than resent,  
The rudeness of this barbarous land.

At that,  
Scorn tempering wrath, yet anger  
sharpening scorn,

Madoc replied, Barbarians as we are,  
Lord Prelate, we received the law of  
Christ

Many a long age before your pirate sires  
Had left their forest dens ; nor are we  
now

To learn that law from Norman or from  
Dane,

Saxon, Jute, Angle, or whatever name  
Suit best your mongrel race ! Ye think,  
perchance,

That like your own poor woman-hearted  
King, 110

We too in Gwyneth are to take the yoke  
Of Rome upon our necks ; . . but you  
may tell

Your Pope, that when I sail upon the  
seas,

I shall not strike a topsail for the breath  
Of all his maledictions !

Saying thus,  
He turn'd away, lest farther speech  
might call

Farther reply, and kindle farther wrath,  
More easy to avoid than to allay.

Therefore he left the church ; and soon  
his mind

To gentler mood was won, by social talk  
And the sweet prattle of that blue-eyed  
boy, 121

Whom in his arms he fondled.

But when now  
Evening had settled, to the door there  
came

One of the brethren of the Monastery,  
Who called Prince Madoc forth. Apart  
they went,

And in the low suspicious voice of fear,  
Though none was nigh, the Monk began.

Be calm,  
Prince Madoc, while I speak, and  
patiently

Hear to the end ! Thou know'st that, in  
his life,

Becket did excommunicate thy sire 130  
For his unlawful marriage ; but the  
King,

Feeling no sin in conscience, heeded not  
The inefficient censure. Now, when  
Baldwin

Beheld his monument to-day, impell'd,  
As we do think, by anger against thee,  
He swore that, even as Owen in his deeds  
Disown'd the Church when living, even  
so

The Church disown'd him dead, and  
that his corpse

No longer should be suffered to pollute  
The Sanctuary . . Be patient, I beseech,  
And hear me out. Gerald at this, who  
felt 141



Their ministers perform the irreverent  
work.

And now with spade and mattock have  
they broken

Into the house of death, and now have  
they

From the stone coffin wrench'd the iron  
cramps,

When sudden interruption startled them,  
And clad in complete mail from head to  
foot, 211

They saw the Prince come in. Their  
tapers gleam'd

Upon his visage, as he wore his helm  
Open; and when in that pale coun-  
tenance, . .

For the strong feeling blanch'd his  
cheek, . . they saw

His father's living lineaments, a fear  
Like ague shook them. But anon that fit  
Of scared imagination to the sense  
Of other peril yielded, when they heard  
Prince Madoc's dreadful voice. Stay!  
he exclaim'd, 220

As now they would have fled; . . stir not  
a man, . .

Or if I once put breath into this horn,  
All Wales will hear, as if dead Owen  
call'd

For vengeance from that grave. Stir  
not a man,

Or not a man shall live! The doors are  
watch'd,

And ye are at my mercy!

But at that,

Baldwin from the altar seized the  
crucifix,

And held it forth to Madoc, and cried  
out,

He who strikes me, strikes Him; for-  
bear, on pain

Of endless—

Peace! quoth Madoc, and  
profane not 230

The holy Cross, with those polluted  
hands

Of midnight sacrilege! . . Peace! I  
harm thee not, . .

Be wise, and thou art safe. . . For thee,  
thou know'st,

Prior, that if thy treason were divulged,  
David would hang thee on thy steeple  
top,

To feed the steeple daws: Obey an  
live!

Go, bring fine linen and a coffer me  
To bear these relics; and do ye, mean  
while,

Proceed upon your work.

They at his wor

Raised the stone cover, and display'  
the dead, 2

In royal grave-clothes habited, his arm  
Cross'd on the breast, with precious  
gums and spice

Fragrant, and incorruptibly preserved  
At Madoc's bidding, round the corps  
they wrap

The linen web, fold within fold involve  
They laid it in the coffer, and with clot  
At head and foot filled every interval

And prest it down compact; they close  
the lid,

And Madoc with his signet seal'd  
thrice.

Then said he to his host, Bear thou a  
dawn 25

This treasure to the ships. My father's  
bones

Shall have their resting-place, when  
mine one day

May moulder by their side. He sha  
be free

In death, who living did so well maintai  
His and his country's freedom. As fo  
ye,

For your own safety, ye I ween wi  
keep

My secret safe. So saying, he went hi  
way.

## XVI. DAVID

Now hath the Lord of Ocean once agai  
Set foot in Mona. Llaian there receive

Sisterly greeting from the royal maid,  
Who, while she tempers to the publi  
eye

Her welcome, safely to the boy indulge  
In fond endearments of instinctive love  
When the first flow of joy was overpast

How went the equipment on, the Princ  
enquired.

Nay, brother, quoth Goervyl, ask thou  
that



Of Urien ; . . it hath been his sole employ  
Daily from cock-crow until even-song,  
That he hath laid aside all other  
thoughts,

Forgetful even of me ! She said and  
smiled

Playful reproach upon the good old man,  
Who in such chiding as affection loves,  
Dallying with terms of wrong, return'd  
rebuke.

There, Madoc, pointing to the shore, he  
cried,

There are they moor'd ; six gallant  
barks, as trim

And worthy of the sea as ever yet

Gave canvass to the gale. The mariners  
Flock to thy banner, and the call hath  
roused

Many a brave spirit. Soon as Spring  
shall serve,

There need be no delay. I should depart  
Without one wish that lingers, could  
we bear

Ririd from hence, and break poor Rodri's  
chains,

Thy lion-hearted brother ; . . and that  
boy.

If he were with us, Madoc ! that dear  
boy

Llewelyn !

Sister, said the Prince at that,  
How sped the Queen ?

Oh, Madoc ! she replied,  
A hard and unrelenting heart hath he.

The gentle Emma told me she had fail'd,  
And that was all she told ; but in her  
eye

I could see sorrow struggling. She com-  
plains not,

And yet I know, in bitterness laments  
The hour which brought her as a victim  
here.

Then I will seek the Monarch, Madoc  
cried ;

And forth he went. Cold welcome  
David gave,

Such as might chill a suppliant ; but the  
Prince

Fearless began. I found at Dinevawr  
Our brother Ririd, and he made his suit  
That he might follow me, a banish'd

man.

41

He waits thine answer at the court of  
Rhys.

Now I beseech thee, David, say to him  
His father's hall is open !

Then the King  
Replied, I told thee, Madoc, thy request  
Displeas'd me heretofore ; I warn'd  
thee, too,

To shun the rebel ; yet my messenger  
Tells me, the guests at Dinevawr who  
sate

At board with Rhys and drank of his  
own cup

Were Madoc and Lord Ririd. . . Was this  
well,

This open disobedience to my will,  
And my express command ?

Madoc subdued  
His rising wrath. If I should tell thee,  
Sire,

He answer'd, by what chance it so fell  
out,

I should of disobedience stand excused,  
Even were it here a crime. Yet think  
again,

David, and let thy better mind prevail !  
I am his surety here ; he comes alone ;  
The strength of yonder armament is  
mine ;

And when did I deceive thee ? . . I did  
hope,

For natural love and public decency,  
That ye would part in friendship. . . let  
that pass !

He may remain and join me in the hour  
Of embarkation. But for thine own sake  
Cast off these vile suspicions, and the fear  
That makes its danger ! Call to mind,  
my brother,

The rampart that we were to Owen's  
throne !

Are there no moments when the thoughts  
and loves

Of other days return ? . . Let Rodri loose !  
Restore him to his birthright ! . . Why  
wouldst thou

Hold him in chains, when benefits  
would bind

His noble spirit ?

Leave me ! cried the King ;  
Thou know'st the theme is hateful to  
my ear.

I have the mastery now, and idle words.

Madoc, shall never thrust me from the throne,  
Which this right arm in battle hardly won.

There must he lie till nature set him free,  
And so deliver both. Trespass no more!

A little yet bear with me, Madoc cried.  
I leave this land for ever; let me first  
Behold my brother Rodri, lest he think  
My summer love be withered, and in  
wrath 82

Remember me hereafter.

Leave me, Madoc!

Speedily, ere indulgence grow a fault,  
Exclaim'd the Monarch. Do not tempt  
my wrath;

Thou know'st me!

Ay! the Ocean Prince replied,  
I know thee, David, and I pity thee,  
Thou poor, suspicious, miserable man!  
Friend hast thou none, except thy  
country's foe,

That hateful Saxon, he whose bloody  
hand 90

Pluck'd out thy brethren's eyes; and  
for thy kin,

Them hast thou made thy perilous  
enemies.

What if the Lion Rodri were abroad?

What if Llewelyn's banner were display'd?

The sword of England could not save  
thee then.

Frown not, and menace not! for what  
am I,

That I should fear thine anger? . . . And  
with that

He turn'd indignant from the wrathful  
King.

## XVII. THE DEPARTURE

WINTER hath pass'd away; the vernal  
storms

Have spent their rage, the ships are  
stored, and now

To-morrow they depart. That day a  
Boy,

Weary and foot-sore, to Aberfraw came,  
Who to Goervyl's chamber made his  
way,

And caught the hem of her garment, and  
exclaim'd,

A boon, . . . a boon, . . . dear Lady! Nor  
did he

Wait more reply than that encourage-  
ment,

Which her sweet eye and lovely smile  
bestow'd;

I am a poor, unhappy, orphan boy, <sup>10</sup>  
Born to fair promises and better hopes,  
But now forlorn. Take me to be your  
page! . . .

For blessed Mary's sake, refuse me not!  
I have no friend on earth, nor hope but  
this.

The boy was fair; and though his  
eyes were swoln,

And cheek defiled with tears, and  
though his voice

Came choak'd by grief, yet to that  
earnest eye

And supplicating voice so musical,  
It had not sure been easy to refuse

The boon he begg'd. I cannot grant  
thy suit, 20

Goervyl cried, but I can aid it, boy! . . .  
Go ask of Madoc! . . . And herself arose,

And led him where her brother on the  
shore

That day the last embarkment oversaw.  
Mervyn then took his mantle by the

skirt,  
And knelt and made his suit; she too  
began

To sue, but Madoc smiling on the Maid,  
Won by the virtue of the countenance

Which look'd for favour, lightly gave  
the yes.

Where wert thou, Caradoc, when that  
fair boy 30

Told his false tale? for hadst thou heard  
the voice,

The gentle voice so musically sweet,  
And seen that earnest eye, it would have

heal'd  
The wounded heart, and thou hadst  
voyaged on

The happiest man that ever yet forsook  
His native country! He, on board the

bark, [stood

Leant o'er the vessel-side, and there he

and gazed, almost unconscious that he gazed,

    toward yon distant mountains where she dwelt,

    Senena, his beloved. Caradoc, 40  
    Senena, thy beloved, is at hand!

    Her golden locks are clipt, and her blue eye

    is wandering through the throng in search of thee,

    For whose dear sake she hath forsaken all.

    You deem her false, that her frail constancy

    shrank from her father's anger, that she lives

    Another's victim bride; but she hath fled  
    From that unnatural anger; hath escaped

    The unnatural union; she is on the shore,  
    Senena, blue-eyed maid, a seemly boy,  
    To share thy fortunes, to reward thy love, 51

    And to the land of peace to follow thee,  
    Over the ocean waves.

        Now all is done.

    Stores, beeves, and flocks and water all aboard;

    The dry East blows, and not a sign of change

    Stains the clear firmament. The Sea-Lord sate

    At the last banquet in his brother's court,

    And heard the song: It told of Owen's fame,

    When with his Normen and assembled force

    Of Guienne and Gascony, and Anjou's strength, 60

    The Fleming's aid and England's chosen troops,

    Along the ascent of Berwyn, many a day  
    The Saxon vainly on his mountain foes

    Denounced his wrath; for Mona's dragon sons

    By wary patience baffled long his force,  
    Winning slow Famine to their aid, and help'd

    By the angry Elements, and Sickness sent

    From Heaven, and Fear that of its vigour robb'd

The healthy arm; . . then in quick enterprise

    Fell on his weary and dishearten'd host,  
    Till with defeat and loss and obloquy 71

    He fled with all his nations. Madoc gave

    His spirit to the song; he felt the theme  
    In every pulse; the recollection came,

    Reviv'd and heighten'd to intenser pain,  
    That in Aberfraw, in his father's hall,

    He never more should share the feast,  
    nor hear

    The echoing harp again! His heart was full;

    And, yielding to its yearnings, in that mood

    Of awful feeling, he call'd forth the King, 80

    And led him from the palace-porch, and stretch'd

    His hand toward the ocean, and exclaimed,

    To-morrow over yon wide waves I go;  
    To-morrow, never to return, I leave

    My native land! O David, O my brother,  
    Turn not impatiently a reckless ear

    To that affectionate and natural voice  
    Which thou wilt hear no more! Release

    our brethren,  
    Recall the wanderers home, and link

    them to thee  
    By cordial confidence, by benefits 90

    Which bless the benefactor. Be not thou  
    As is the black and melancholy yew

    That strikes into the grave its baleful roots,

    And prospers on the dead! . . The Saxon King, . .

    Think not I wrong him now; . . an hour like this

    Hath soften'd all my harsher feelings down;

    Nor will I hate him for his sister's sake.  
    Thy gentle Queen, . . whom, that great

    God may bless,  
    And, blessing her, bless thee and our

    dear country.  
    Shall never be forgotten in my prayers;

    But he is far away; and should there come 101

    The evil hour upon thee, . . if thy kin,  
    Wearied by suffering, and driven desperate,





He should depart in peace ; but he was gone,  
 This very night he had escaped ! . . Perchance,  
 As I do hope, . . it was thy doing,  
 Madoc ?

As he aboard the fleet ?  
 I would he were !  
 Madoc replied ; with what a lighten'd heart  
 Then should I sail away ! Ririd is there  
 Alone . . alas ! that this was done so late ! 170

Reproach me not ! half sullenly the King,  
 Answering, exclaim'd ; Madoc, reproach me not !  
 Thou know'st how hardly I attain'd the throne ;  
 And is it strange that I should guard with fear  
 The precious prize ? . . Now, . . when I would have taken  
 Thy counsel, . . be the evil on his head !  
 Blame me not now, my brother, lest sometimes  
 I call again to mind thy parting words  
 In sorrow !

God be with thee ! Madoc cried ;  
 And if at times the harshness of a heart,  
 Too prone to wrath, have wrong'd thee,  
 let these tears 181  
 Efface all faults. I leave thee, O my brother,  
 With all a brother's feelings !

So he said,  
 And grasp'd, with trembling tenderness,  
 his hand,  
 Then calm'd himself, and moved toward the boat.  
 Emma, though tears would have their way and sighs  
 Would swell, suppressing still all words of woe,  
 Follow'd Goeryl to the extremest shore  
 But then as on the plank the Maid set foot,  
 Did Emma, staying her by the hand,  
 pluck out 190  
 The crucifix, which next her heart she wore

In reverence to its relic, and she cried,  
 Yet ere we part change with me, dear Goeryl, . .

Dear sister, loved too well, or lost too soon ! . .

I shall betake me often to my prayers,  
 Never in them, Goeryl, of thy name Unmindful ; . . thou too wilt remember me

Still in thy orisons ; . . but God forefend  
 That ever misery should make thee find  
 This Cross thy only comforter !

She said,  
 And kiss'd the holy pledge, as each to each 201

Transferr'd the mutual gift. Nor could the Maid

Answer, for agony, to that farewell ;  
 She held Queen Emma to her breast, and close

She clasp'd her with a strong convulsive sob,

Silently. Madoc too in silence went,  
 But prest a kiss on Emma's lips, and left

His tears upon her cheek. With dizzy eyes

Gazing she stood, nor saw the boat push off, . .

The dashing of the oars awaken'd her ;  
 She wipes her tears away, to view once more 211

Those dear familiar faces ; . . they are dim

In the distance ; never shall her waking eye

Behold them, till the hour of happiness,  
 When death hath made her pure for perfect bliss !

Two hearts alone of all that company,  
 Of all the thousands who beheld the scene,

Partook unmingled joy. Dumb with delight,

Young Hoel views the ships and feels the boat

Rock on the heaving waves ; and Liaian felt 220

Comfort, . . though sad, yet comfort, . . that for her

No eye was left to weep, nor heart to mourn.

Hark ! 'tis the mariners with voice  
 attuned  
 Timing their toil ! and now with gentle  
 gales,  
 Slow from the holy haven they depart.

## XVIII. RODRI

Now hath the evening settled ; the  
 broad Moon  
 Rolls through the rifted clouds. With  
 gentle gales  
 Slowly they glide along, when they  
 behold  
 A boat with press of sail and stress of  
 oar  
 Speed forward to the fleet ; and now,  
 arrived  
 Beside the Chieftain's vessel, one en-  
 quires  
 If Madoc be aboard ? the answer given,  
 Swift he ascended up the lofty side.  
 With joyful wonder did the Ocean Lord  
 Again behold Llewelyn ; but he gazed  
 Doubtfully on his comrade's coun-  
 tenance, . . . 11  
 A meagre man, severe of brow, his eye  
 Stern. Thou dost view me, Madoc, he  
 exclaim'd,  
 As 'twere a stranger's face. I marvel  
 not !  
 The long afflictions of my prison house  
 Have changed me.  
 Rodri ! cried the Prince,  
 and fell  
 Upon his neck ; . . last night, subdued at  
 length  
 By my solicitations, did the King  
 Send to deliver thee, that thou shouldst  
 share  
 My happy enterprize ; . . and thou art  
 come, 20  
 Even to my wish !  
 Nay, Madoc, nay, not so !  
 He answered, with a stern and bitter  
 smile ;  
 This gallant boy hath given me liberty,  
 And I will pay him with his father's  
 throne.  
 Ay, by my father's soul ! . . Last night  
 we fled

The house of bondage, and in the sea-  
 caves  
 By day we lurk'd securely. Here I  
 come,  
 Only to see thee once before I die,  
 And say farewell, . . dear brother !  
 Would to God  
 This purpose could be changed ! the Sea  
 Lord cried ; 30  
 But thou art roused by wrongs, and who  
 shall tame  
 That lion heart ? . . This only, if your lot  
 Fall favourable, will I beseech of ye,  
 That to his Queen, the fair Plantagenet,  
 All honourable humanity ye show,  
 For her own virtue, and in gratitude,  
 As she hath pleaded for you, and hath  
 urged  
 Her husband on your part, till it hath  
 turn'd  
 His wrath upon herself. Oh ! deal ye  
 by her  
 As by your dearest sister in distress, 40  
 For even so dear is she to Madoc's heart :  
 And now I know she from Aberfraw's  
 tower  
 Watcheth these specks upon the moon-  
 light sea,  
 And weeps for my departure, and for me  
 Sends up her prayers to Heaven, nor  
 thinks that now  
 I must make mine to man in her behalf !  
 Quoth Rodri, Rest assured for her.  
 I swear,  
 By our dead mother, so to deal with  
 her  
 As thou thyself wouldst dictate, as  
 herself  
 Shall wish.  
 The tears fell fast from Madoc's eyes :  
 O Britain ! O my country ! he ex-  
 claim'd, 51  
 For ever thus by civil strife convulsed,  
 Thy children's blood flowing to satisfy  
 Thy children's rage, how wilt thou still  
 support  
 The struggle with the Saxon ?  
 Rodri cried,  
 Our strife shall not be long. Mona will  
 rise  
 With joy, to welcome me her rightful  
 Lord ;

And woe be to the King who rules by  
fear,  
When danger comes against him!  
Fear not thou  
For Britain! quoth Llewelyn; for not  
yet 60  
The country of our fathers shall resign  
Her name among the nations. Though  
her Sun  
slope from his eminence, the voice of  
man  
May yet arrest him on his downward  
way.  
My dreams by day, my visions in the  
night,  
Are of her welfare. I shall mount the  
throne, . .  
Yes, Madoc! and the Bard of years to  
come,  
Who harps of Arthur's and of Owen's  
deeds,  
Shall with the Worthies of his country  
rank  
Llewelyn's name. Dear Uncle, fare  
thee well! . . 70  
And I almost could wish I had been born  
Of humbler lot, that I might follow thee,

Companion of this noble enterprize,  
Think of Llewelyn often, who will oft  
Remember thee in love!  
For the last time  
He press'd his Uncle's hand, and Rodri  
gave  
The last farewell; then went the twain  
their way.  
So over ocean through the moonlight  
waves  
Prince Madoc sail'd with all his com-  
pany.  
No nobler crew till'd that heroic bark so  
Which bore the first adventurers of the  
deep  
To seek the Golden Fleece on barbarous  
shores:  
Nor richlier fraught did that illustrious  
fleet  
Home to the Happy Island hold its  
way,  
When Amadis with his prime chivalry,  
He of all chivalry himself the flower,  
Came from the rescue, proud of Roman  
spoils,  
And Oriana, freed from Roman thrall.

## MADOC IN AZTLAN: PART II.

### I. THE RETURN TO AZTLAN

Now go your way, ye gallant company,  
God and good Angels guard ye as ye go!  
Blow fairly, Winds of Heaven! Ye  
Ocean Waves,  
Swell not in anger to that fated fleet!  
For not of conquest greedy, nor of gold,  
Seek they the distant world. . . Blow  
fairly, Winds!  
Waft, Waves of Ocean, well your blessed  
load!  
Fair blew the Winds, and safely did  
the Waves  
Bear that beloved charge. It were a  
tale  
Would rouse adventurous courage in  
a boy, 10

Making him long to be a mariner  
That he might rove the main, if I should  
tell  
How pleasantly for many a summer-day,  
Over the sunny sea with wind at will,  
Prince Madoc sail'd; and of those happy  
Isles,  
Which had he seen ere that appointed  
storm  
Drove southward his slope course, there  
he had pitch'd  
His tent, and blest his lot that it had  
fallen  
In land so fair; and human blood had  
reek'd  
Daily on Aztlan's devilish altars still. 20  
But other doom was his, more arduous  
toil  
Yet to achieve, worse danger to endure,

Worse evil to be quell'd, and higher  
good  
Which passeth not away educed from  
ill ;

Whereof all unforeseeing, yet for all  
Prepared at heart, he over ocean sails,  
Wafted by gentle winds o'er gentle  
waves,

As if the elements combined to serve  
The perfect Prince, by God and man  
beloved.

And now how joyfully he views the land,  
Skirting like morning clouds the dusky  
sea ; 31

With what a searching eye recalls to  
mind

Foreland and creek and cape ; how  
happy now

Up the great river bends at last his way !

No watchman had been station'd on  
the height

To seek his sails, . . for with Cadwallon's  
hope

Too much of doubt was blended and of  
fear :

Yet thitherward whene'er he walked  
abroad

His face, as if instinctively, was turn'd ;  
And duly morn and eve Lincoya there,  
As though religion led his duteous feet,  
Went up to gaze. He on a staff had  
scored 42

The promised moons and days ; and  
many a time

Counting again its often-told account,  
So to beguile impatience, day by day  
Smooth'd off with more delight the  
daily notch.

But now that the appointed time was  
nigh,

Did that perpetual presence of his hope  
Haunt him, and mingle with his sleep,  
and mar

The natural rest, and trouble him by  
day, 50

That all his pleasure was at earliest light  
To take his station, and at latest eve,  
If he might see the sails where far away  
'Through wide savannahs roll'd the silver  
stream.

Oh then with what a sudden start his  
blood

Flow'd from its quicken'd spring, when  
far away

He spied the glittering topsails ! For a  
while

Distrustful of that happy sight, till now  
Slowly he sees them rise, and wind along  
Through wide savannahs up the silver  
stream. 60

Then with a breathless speed he flies to  
spread

The joy ; and with Cadwallon now  
descends,

And drives adown the tide the light  
canoe.

And mounts the vessel-side, and once  
again

Falls at the Ocean Lord's beloved feet.

First of the general weal did Madoc  
ask ;

Cadwallon answer'd, All as yet is well,  
And, by this seasonable aid secured,  
Will well remain. . . Thy father ? quoth  
the Prince. 69

Even so, replied Cadwallon, as that eye  
Of hesitation augurs, . . fallen asleep.

The good old man remember'd thee in  
death,

And bless'd thee ere he died.

By this the shores  
And heights were throug'd ; from hill  
to hill, from rock

To rock, the shouts of welcome rung  
around.

Forward they press to view the man  
beloved,

Britons and Hoamen with one common  
joy

Hailing their common friend. Happy  
that day

Was he who heard his name from  
Madoc's voice ;

Happy who met the greeting of his eye ;  
Yea happy he who shared the general  
smile, 81

Amid the unacknowledged multitude.

Caermadoc, . . by that name Cad-  
wallon's love

Call'd it in memory of the absent  
Prince, . .

Stood in a mountain vale, by rocks and  
heights,



A natural bulwark, girt. A rocky stream  
 Which from the fells came down there  
 spread itself  
 Into a quiet lake, to compass which  
 Had been a two hours' pleasurable toil;  
 And he, who from a well-strung bow  
 could send <sup>90</sup>  
 His shaft across, had needs a sinewy  
 arm,  
 And might from many an archer far and  
 near  
 Have borne away the bell. Here had  
 the Chief  
 Chosen his abiding place, for strength  
 preferr'd,  
 Where vainly might an host in equal  
 arms  
 Attempt the difficult entrance; and for  
 all  
 That could delight the eye and heart of  
 man;  
 Whate'er of beauty or of usefulness  
 Heart could desire, or eye behold, being  
 here.  
 What he had found an idle wilderness  
 Now gave rich increase to the husband-  
 men, <sup>101</sup>  
 For Heaven had blest their labour.  
 Flourishing  
 He left the happy vale; and now he  
 saw  
 More fields reclaim'd, more habitations  
 rear'd,  
 More harvests rising round. The reptile  
 race,  
 And every beast of rapine, had retired  
 From man's asserted empire; and the  
 sound  
 Of axe and dashing oar, and fisher's net,  
 And song beguiling toil, and pastoral  
 pipe, <sup>109</sup>  
 Were heard, where late the solitary hills  
 Gave only to the mountain-cataract  
 Their wild response.  
 Here, Urien, cried the Prince,  
 These craggy heights and overhanging  
 groves  
 Will make thee think of Gwyneth. And  
 this hut,  
 Rejoin'd Cadwallon, with its roof of  
 reeds,  
 Goervyl, is our palace: it was built

With lighter labour than Aberfraw's  
 towers;  
 Yet, Lady, safer are its wattled sides  
 Than Mona's kingly walls. . . Like  
 Gwyneth, said he?  
 Oh no! we neighbour nearer to the Sun,  
 And with a more benignant eye the  
 Lord <sup>121</sup>  
 Of Light beholds us here.  
 So thus did they  
 Cheerfully welcome to their new abode  
 These, who, albeit weary of their way,  
 And glad to reach at length the place of  
 rest,  
 Felt their hearts overburthen'd, and  
 their eyes  
 Ready to overflow. Yet not the less  
 The buzz of busy joy was heard around.  
 Where every dwelling had its guest, and  
 all <sup>129</sup>  
 Gave the long eve to hospitable mirth.

## II. THE TIDINGS

BUT when the Lord of Ocean from the  
 stir  
 And tumult was retired, Cadwallon then  
 Thus render'd his account.  
 When we had quell'd  
 The strength of Aztlan, we should have  
 thrown down  
 Her altars, cast her Idols to the fire,  
 And on the ruins of her fanes accurst  
 Planted the Cross triumphant. Vain it  
 is  
 To sow the seed where noxious weeds  
 and briars  
 Must choke it in the growth.  
 Yet I had hope  
 The purer influence of exampled good  
 Might to the saving knowledge of the  
 truth <sup>11</sup>  
 Lead this bedarken'd race; and when  
 thy ship  
 Fell down the stream to distant Britain  
 bound,  
 All promised well. The strangers' God  
 had proved  
 Mightier in war; and Aztlan could not  
 choose  
 But see, nor seeing could she fail to love,

The freedom of his service. Few were  
 now  
 The offerings at her altars, few the  
 youths  
 And virgins to the temple-toils devote.  
 Therefore the Priests combined to save  
 their craft; 20  
 And soon the rumour ran of evil signs  
 And tokens; in the temple had been  
 heard  
 Wailings and loud lament; the eternal  
 fire  
 Gave dismally a dim and doubtful  
 flame;  
 And from the censer, which at morn  
 should steam  
 Sweet odours to the sun, a fetid cloud  
 Black and portentous rose. And now  
 no Priest  
 Approach'd our dwelling. Even the  
 friendly Prince  
 Yuhidhithon was at Caermadoc now  
 Rarely a guest; and if that tried good-  
 will 30  
 Which once he bore us did at times  
 appear,  
 A sullen gloom and silence like remorse  
 Followed the imagined crime.  
 But I the while  
 Reck'd not the brooding of the storm;  
 for then  
 My father to the grave was hastening  
 down.  
 Patiently did the pious man endure,  
 In faith anticipating blessedness,  
 Already more than man in those sad  
 hours  
 When man is meanest. I sate by his  
 side,  
 And pray'd with him and talk'd with  
 him of death 40  
 And life to come. O Madoc! those  
 were hours  
 Which even in anguish gave my soul  
 a joy:  
 I think of them in solitude, and feel  
 The comfort of my faith.  
 But when that time  
 Of bitterness was past and I return'd  
 To daily duties, no suspicious sign  
 Betoken'd ill; the Priests among us  
 came  
 As heretofore, and I their intercourse

Encouraged as I could, suspecting  
 nought, 49  
 Nor conscious of the subtle-minded men  
 I dealt with, how inveterate in revenge,  
 How patient in deceit. Lincoya first  
 Forewarn'd me of the danger. He,  
 thou know'st,  
 Had from the death of sacrifice escaped,  
 And lived a slave among a distant tribe,  
 When seeing us he felt a hope, that we,  
 Lords as he deem'd us of the Elements,  
 Might pity his poor countrymen opprest,  
 And free them from their bondage.  
 Didst thou hear  
 How from yon bloody altars he was  
 saved? 60  
 For in the eternal chain his fate and ours  
 Were link'd together then.

The Prince replied,  
 I did but hear a broken tale. Tell on!

Among the Gods of yon unhappy race,  
 Tezcalipoca as the chief they rank,  
 Or with the chief co-equal; Maker he,  
 And Master of created things esteem'd.  
 He sits upon a throne of trophied skulls,  
 Hideous and huge; a shield is on his  
 arm,  
 And with his black right hand he lifts,  
 as though 70  
 In wrath, the menacing spear. His  
 festival,  
 Of all this wicked nation's wicked rites,  
 With most solemnity and circumstance  
 And pomp of hellish piety, is held.  
 From all whom evil fortune hath sub-  
 dued  
 To their inhuman thralldom, they select  
 Him whom they judge, for comely coun-  
 tenance  
 And shapely form and all good natural  
 gifts,  
 Worthiest to be the victim; and for  
 this  
 Was young Lincoya chosen, being in  
 truth 80  
 The flower of all his nation. For twelve  
 months,  
 Their custom is, that this appointed  
 youth  
 Be as the Idol's living image held.  
 Garb'd therefore like the Demon Deity,  
 Whene'er he goes abroad, an antic train

With music and with dance attend his way ;

The crowd before him fall and worship him ;

And those infernal Priests who guard him then,

To be their victim and their feast at last,

At morning and at evening incense him.

And mock him with knee-reverence.

Twenty days 91

Before the bloody festival arrive,

As 'twere to make the wretch in love with life,

Four maids, the loveliest of the land, are given

In spousals. With Lincoya all these rites

Duly were kept ; and at the stated time.

Four maids, the loveliest of the land, were his.

Of these was one, whom even at that hour

He learnt to love, so excellently good

Was she ; and she loved him and pitied him. 100

She is the daughter of an aged Priest ;

I oftentimes have seen her ; and in truth,

Compared with Britain's maids so beautiful,

Or with the dark-eyed daughters of the South,

She would be lovely still. Her cotton vest

Falls to the knee, and leaves her olive arms

Bare in their beauty ; loose, luxuriant, long,

Flow the black tresses of her glossy hair ;

Mild is her eye's jet lustre ; and her voice ! . .

A soul which harbour'd evil never breathed 110

Such winning tones.

Thou know'st how manfully

These tribes, as if insensible to pain,

Welcome their death in battle, or in bonds

Defy their torturers. To Lincoya's mind

Long preparation now had made his fate

Familiar ; and, he says, the thought of death

Broke not his sleep, nor mingled with his dreams,

Till Coätel was his. But then it woke ; . .

It hung, . . it prest upon him like a weight

On one who scarce can struggle with the waves ; 120

And when her soul was full of tenderness,

That thought recurring to her, she would rest

Her cheek on his and weep.

The day drew nigh ;

And now the eve of sacrifice was come. . .

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,

When strong affection stirs her spirit up ? . .

She gather'd herbs, which, like our poppy, bear

The seed of sleep, and with the temple food

Mingled their power ; herself partook the food,

So best to lull suspicion ; and the youth,

Instructed well, when all were laid asleep. 131

Fled far away.

After our conquering arms

Had freed the Hoamen from their wretched yoke,

Lincoya needed but his Coätel

To fill his sum of earthly happiness.

Her to the temple had her father's vow

Awhile devoted, and some moons were still

To pass away, ere yet she might become

A sojourner with us, Lincoya's wife, When from the Paba's wiles his watchful mind 140

Foreboded ill. He bade me take good heed,

And fear the sudden kindness of a foe.

I started at his words ; . . these artful men,

Hostile at heart, as well we knew they were,

These were lip-lavish of their friendship now,

And courted confidence, while our tried friend

Yuhidhiton, estranged, a seldom guest,

Sullen and joyless, seem'd to bear at  
 heart  
 Something that rankled there. These  
 things were strange ;  
 The omens too had ceased ; . . we heard  
 no more 150  
 Of twilight voices, nor the unholy cloud  
 Steam'd from the morning incense.  
 Why was this ?

Young Malinal had from the hour of  
 peace  
 Been our in-dweller, studious to attain  
 Our language and our arts. To him  
 I told  
 My doubts, assured of his true love and  
 truth ;  
 For he had learnt to understand and  
 feel  
 Our holy faith, and tended like a son  
 Cynetha's drooping age, and shared  
 with me  
 His dying benediction. He, thus long  
 Intent on better things, had been  
 estranged 161  
 From Aztlan and her councils ; but at  
 this  
 He judged it for her welfare and for  
 ours  
 Now to resume his rank ; . . belike his  
 voice  
 Might yet be heard, or, if the worst  
 befel,  
 His timely warning save us from the  
 snare.

But in their secret councils Malinal  
 No longer bore a part : the Chiefs and  
 King  
 Yielding blind reverence to the Pabas  
 now,  
 Deluded or dismay'd. He sent to say  
 Some treachery was design'd, and bade  
 me charge 171  
 His brother with the crime. On that  
 same day,  
 Lincoya came from Aztlan ; he had  
 found  
 Coätel labouring with a wretchedness  
 She did not seek to hide ; and when the  
 youth  
 Reveal'd his fear, he saw her tawny  
 cheek

Whiten, and round his neck she clung  
 and wept.  
 She told him something dreadful was at  
 hand,  
 She knew not what : That, in the dead  
 of night,  
 Coänocotzin at Mexitli's shrine 180  
 Had stood with all his nobles ; human  
 blood  
 Had then been offer'd up, and secret  
 vows  
 Vow'd with mysterious horror : That  
 but late,  
 When to her father of the days to come  
 She spake, and of Lincoya and her lot  
 Among the strangers, he had frown'd,  
 and strove  
 Beneath dissembled anger to conceal  
 Visible grief. She knew not what to  
 fear,  
 But something dreadful surely was at  
 hand, 189  
 And she was wretched.

When I heard these things,  
 Yuhidthiton and the Priest Helhua  
 Were in our dwellings. Them I call'd  
 apart. . .  
 There should be peace between us, I  
 began ;  
 Why is it otherwise ?

The Priest replied,  
 Is there not peace, Cadwallon ? Seek  
 we not  
 More frequent and more friendly inter-  
 course,  
 Even we, the servants of our Country-  
 Gods,  
 Whose worship ye have changed, and  
 for whose sake  
 We were and would have been your  
 enemies ?  
 But as those Gods have otherwise  
 ordain'd, 200  
 Do we obey. Why therefore is this  
 doubt ?

The Power who led us hither, I  
 replied,  
 Over the world of waters, who hath  
 saved,  
 And who will save his people, warns  
 me now.  
 Then on Yuhidthiton I fix'd my eye.



Danger is near! I cried; I know it near!  
It comes from Aztlan.

His disorder'd cheek,  
And the forced and steady boldness of  
his eye,  
Which in defiance met the look it  
fear'd.

Confess'd the crime. I saw his inward  
shame; 210

Yet with a pride like angry innocence  
Did he make answer, I am in your hands,  
And you believe me treacherous! . . Kill  
me now!

Not so, Yuhidthiton! not so!  
quoth I;

You were the Strangers' friend, and yet  
again

That wisdom may return. We are not  
changed; . .

Lovers of peace, we know, when danger  
comes,

To make the evil on the guilty head  
Fall heavily and sure! With our good  
arms,

And our good cause, and that Almighty  
One, 220

We are enough, had we no other aid,  
We of Caermadoc here, to put to shame  
Aztlan, with all her strength and all her  
wiles.

But even now is Madoc on the seas;  
He leads our brethren here; and should  
he find

That Aztlan hath been false, . . oh! hope  
not then,

By force or fraud, to baffle or elude  
Inevitable vengeance! While ye may,  
Look to your choice; for we are friends  
or foes,

Even to your own desert.

So saying, I left  
The astonish'd men, whose unprovided  
minds 231

Fail'd them; nor did they aim at answer  
more,

But homeward went their way. Nor  
knew I then, . .

For this was but a thing of yesterday. . .  
How near the help I boasted. Now, I  
trust,

Thy coming shall discomfit all their  
wiles.

### III. NEOLIN

Not yet at rest, my Sister! quoth the  
Prince,

As at her dwelling-door he saw the Maid  
Sit gazing on that lovely moonlight  
scene: . .

To bed, Goeryvl. Dearest, what hast  
thou

To keep thee wakeful here at this late  
hour,

When even I shall bid a truce to thought,  
And lay me down in peace? . . Good  
night, Goeryvl!

Dear sister mine, . . my own dear  
mother's child!

She rose, and bending on with lifted  
arms,

Met the fond kiss, obedient then with-  
drew. 20

Yet could not he so lightly as he ween'd  
Lay wakeful thoughts aside; for he  
foresaw

Long strife and hard adventure to  
achieve,

And forms of danger vague disturb'd his  
dreams.

Early at morn the colonists arose;  
Some pitch the tent-pole, and pin down  
the lines

That stretch the o'er-awning canvass;  
to the wood

Others with saw and axe and bill for  
stakes,

And undergrowth to weave the wicker  
walls;

These to the ships, with whom Cad-  
wallon sends 20

The Elk and Bison, broken to the yoke.

Ere noon Erillyab and her son arrived,  
To greet the Chief. She wore no longer  
now

The lank loose locks of careless widow-  
hood;

Her braided tresses round her brow were  
bound,

Bedeck'd with tufts of grey and silvery  
plumes

Pluck'd from the eagle's pennons. She  
 with eye  
 And countenance which spake no  
 feign'd delight,  
 Welcomed her great deliverer. But her  
 son  
 Had Nature character'd so legibly, 30  
 That when his tongue told fair his face  
 bewray'd  
 The lurking falsehood; sullen, slow of  
 speech,  
 Savage, down-looking, dark, that at his  
 words  
 Of welcome, Madoc in his heart conceiv'd  
 Instinctive enmity.

In a happy hour

Did the Great Spirit, said Erillyab,  
 Give bidding to the Winds to speed thee  
 here!  
 For this I made my prayer; and when  
 He sent  
 For the Beloved Teacher, to restore him  
 Eyesight and youth, of him I then  
 besought, 40  
 As he had been thy friend and ours on  
 earth,  
 That he would intercede. . . Brother, we  
 know  
 That the Great Spirit loves thee; He  
 hath blest  
 Thy going and thy coming, and thy  
 friends  
 Have prosper'd for thy sake; and now  
 when first  
 The Powers of Evil do begin to work,  
 Lo! thou art here! . . . Brother, we have  
 obeyed  
 Thy will, and the Beloved Teacher's  
 words  
 Have been our law; but now the Evil  
 Ones  
 Cry out for blood, and say they are  
 athirst, 50  
 And threaten vengeance. I have brought  
 the Priest  
 To whom they spake in darkness. . . Thou  
 art wise,  
 And the Great Spirit will enlighten  
 thee; . . .  
 We know not what to answer. . . Tell thy  
 tale.  
 Neolin!

Hereat did Madoc fix upon him  
 A searching eye; but he, no whit  
 abash'd,  
 Began with firm effrontery his speech.  
 The Feast of the Departed is at hand,  
 And I, in preparation, on the Field  
 Of the Spirit pass'd the night. It came  
 to me 60  
 In darkness, after midnight, when the  
 moon  
 Was gone, and all the stars were blotted  
 out;  
 It gather'd round me, with a noise of  
 storms,  
 And enter'd into me, and I could feel  
 It was the Snake-God roll'd and writhed  
 within;  
 And I too with the inward agony,  
 Roll'd like a snake and writhed. Give!  
 give! he cried:  
 I thirst! . . . His voice was in me, and it  
 burnt  
 Like fire, and all my flesh and bones  
 were shaken;  
 Till, with a throe which seem'd to rend  
 my joints 70  
 Asunder, he pass'd forth, and I was left  
 Speechless and motionless, gasping for  
 breath.

Then Madoc, turning to Ayayaca,  
 Enquired, who is the man? . . . The good  
 old Priest  
 Replied, he hath attended from his  
 youth  
 The Snake-God's temple, and received  
 for him  
 His offerings, and perform'd his sacrifice,  
 Till the Beloved Teacher made us leave  
 The wicked way.

Hear me! quoth Neolin,  
 With antic gesture and loud vehemence;  
 Before this generation, and before 81  
 These ancient forests, . . . yea, before yon  
 lake  
 Was hollow'd out, or one snow-feather  
 fell  
 On yonder mountain-top, now never  
 bare, . . .  
 Before these things I was, . . . where, or  
 from whence,  
 I know not, . . . who can tell? But then  
 I was,

And in the shadow of the Spirit stood ;  
 And I beheld the Spirit, and in him  
 Saw all things, even as they were to be ;  
 And I held commune with him, not of  
 words, 90

But thought with thought. Then was  
 it given me

That I should choose my station when  
 my hour

Of mortal birth was come, . . . hunter, or  
 chief,

Or to be mightiest in the work of war,  
 Or in the shadow of the Spirit live,

And He in me. According to my  
 choice,

For ever, overshadow'd by its power,  
 I walk among mankind. At times I feel  
 not

The burthen of his presence ; then am I  
 Like other men ; but when the season  
 comes, 100

Or if I seek the visitation, then  
 He fills me, and my soul is carried on.  
 And then do I forelive the race of men.  
 So that the things that will be, are to me  
 Past.

Amalaha lifted then his eyes  
 A moment ; . . . It is true, he cried ; we  
 know

He is a gifted man, and wise beyond  
 The reach of mortal powers. Ayayaca  
 Hath also heard the warning.

As I slept,  
 Replied the aged Priest, upon the Field  
 Of the Spirit, a loud voice awaken'd  
 me, 111

Crying, I thirst ! Give, . . . give ! or I will  
 take !

And then I heard a hiss, as if a snake  
 Were threatening at my side. . . . But saw  
 you nothing ?

Quoth Madoc. . . . Nothing : for the night  
 was dark.

And felt you nothing ? said the Ocean  
 Prince.

He answered, Nothing ; only sudden  
 fear. . . .

No inward struggle, like possession ? . . .  
 None.

I thought of the Beloved Teacher's  
 words,

And cross'd myself, and then he had no  
 power. 120

Thou hast slept heretofore upon the  
 Field,

Said Madoc ; didst thou never witness  
 voice,

Or ominous sound ? Ayayaca replied,  
 Certes the Field is holy ! it receives,

All the year long, the operative power  
 Which falleth from the sky, or from  
 below

Pervades the earth ; no harvest groweth  
 there.

Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb, is left to  
 spring ;

But there the virtue of the elements  
 Is gathered, till the circle of the months

Be full ; then, when the Priest, by  
 mystic rites, 131

Long vigils, and long abstinence pre-  
 pared,

Goeth there to pass the appointed night  
 alone,

The whole collected influence enters  
 him.

Doubt not but I have felt strange im-  
 pulses

On that mysterious Field, and in my  
 dreams

Been visited ; and have heard sounds  
 in the air,

I knew not what ; . . . but words articulate  
 Never till now. It was the Wicked  
 One ! 139

He wanted blood.

Who says the Wicked One ?  
 It was our fathers' God ! cried Neolin . . .

Sons of the Ocean, why should we for-  
 sake

The worship of our fathers ? Ye obey  
 The White-Man's Maker ; but to us was

given  
 A different skin and speech and land  
 and law.

The Snake-God understands the Red-  
 Man's prayer,

And knows his wants and loves him.  
 Shame be to us.

That since the Stranger here set foot  
 among us,

We have let his lips be dry !

Enough ! replied  
 Madoc, who at Cadwallon's look re-  
 press'd 150

His answering anger. We will hold a talk

Of this hereafter. Be ye sure, mean-  
time,  
That the Great Spirit will from Evil  
Powers  
Protect his people. This, too, be ye  
sure,  
That every deed of darkness shall be  
brought  
To light, . . . and woe be to the lying lips !

#### IV. AMALAHTA.

SOON as the coming of the fleet was  
known,  
Had Queen Erillyab sent her hunters  
forth.  
They from the forest now arrive, with  
store  
Of venison ; fires are built before the  
tents,  
Where Llaian and Goervyl for their  
guests  
Direct the feast ; and now the ready  
board  
With grateful odour steams. But while  
they sate  
At meat, did Amalahta many a time  
Lift his slow eye askance, and eagerly  
Gaze on Goervyl's beauty ; for whate'er  
In man he might have thought deformed  
or strange 11  
Seemed beautiful in her, . . . her golden  
curls,  
Bright eyes of heavenly blue, and that  
clear skin,  
Blooming with health and youth and  
happiness.  
He, lightly yielding to the impulse, bent  
His head aside, and to Erillyab spake ;  
Mother, said he, tell them to give to me  
That woman for my wife, that we may  
be  
Brethren and friends. She, in the same  
low tone,  
Rebuked him, in her heart too well  
aware 20  
How far unworthy he. Abash'd there-  
by,  
As he not yet had wholly shaken off  
Habitual reverence, he sate sullenly,  
Brooding in silence his imagined wiles,

By sight of beauty made more apt for ill ;  
For he himself being evil, good in him  
Work'd evil.

And now Madoc, pouring forth  
The ripe metheglin, to Erillyab gave  
The horn of silver brim. Taste, Queen  
and friend,  
Said he, what from our father-land we  
bring, 30  
The old beloved beverage. Sparingly  
Drink, for it hath a strength to stir the  
brain,  
And trouble reason, if intemperate lips  
Abuse its potency. She took the horn,  
And sipt with wary wisdom. . . Canst  
thou teach us  
The art of this rare beverage ? quoth the  
Queen,  
Or is the gift reserved for ye alone,  
By the Great Spirit, who hath favour'd  
ye  
In all things above us ? . . . The Chief  
replied, 39  
All that we know of useful and of good  
Ye also shall be taught, that we may be  
One people. While he spake, Erillyab  
pass'd  
The horn to Amalahta. Sparingly !  
Madoc exclaim'd ; but when the savage  
felt  
The luscious flavour, and the poignant  
life,  
He heeded nought beyond the imme-  
diate joy.  
Deep did he drink, and still with  
clenching hands  
Struggled, when from his lips, unsatis-  
fied,  
Erillyab pluck'd the horn with sharp  
reproof,  
Chiding his stubborn wilfulness. Ere  
long 50  
The generous liquor flush'd him : he  
could feel  
His blood play faster, and the joyful  
dance  
Of animal life within him. Bolder  
grown,  
He at Goervyl lifts no longer now  
The secret glance, but gloats with greedy  
eye ;  
Till, at the long and loathsome look  
abash'd,



She rose, and nearer to her brother  
drew.

On light pretence of speech, being half  
in fear.

But he, regardless of Erillyab now,  
To Madoc cried aloud, Thou art a King,  
And I a King! . . . Give me thy sister  
there, 61

To be my wife, and then we will be  
friends,

And reign together.

Let me answer him,  
Madoc! Cadwallon cried. I better  
know

Their language, and will set aside all  
hope,

Yet not incense the savage. . . A great  
thing,

Prince Amalahta, hast thou ask'd!  
said he.

Nor is it in Lord Madoc's power to give  
Or to withhold; for marriage is with us  
The holiest ordinance of God, whereon  
The bliss or bane of human life depends.  
Love must be won by love, and heart to  
heart 72

Link'd in mysterious sympathy, before  
We pledge the marriage-vow; and  
some there are

Who hold that, e'er we enter into life,  
Soul hath with soul been mated, each  
for each

Especially ordain'd. Prince Madoc's  
will

Avails not, therefore, where this secret  
bond

Hath not been framed in Heaven.

The skilful speech  
Which, with wild faith and reason, thus  
confirm'd 80

Yet temper'd the denial, for a while  
Silenced him, and he sate in moody  
dreams

Of snares and violence. Soon a drunken  
thirst,

And longing for the luscious beverage,  
Drove those dark thoughts aside. More  
drink! quoth he.

Give me the drink! . . . Madoc again  
repeats

His warning, and again with look and  
voice

Erillyab chides; but he of all restraint

Impatient, cries aloud, Am I a child?  
Give! give! or I will take! . . . Per-  
chance ye think 90

I and my God alike cry out in vain!  
But ye shall find us true!

Give him the horn!  
Cadwallon answer'd; there will come  
upon him

Folly and sleep, and then an after pain,  
Which may bring wisdom with it, if he  
learn

Therefrom to heed our warning. . . As  
thou say'st,

No child art thou! . . . the choice is in  
thy hand; . . .

Drink, if thou wilt, and suffer, and in  
pain

Remember us.

He clench'd the horn, and swill'd  
The sweet intoxication copious down.

So bad grew worse. The potent draught  
provoked 101

Fierce pride and savage insolence. Ay!  
now

It seems that I have taught ye who  
I am!

The inebriate wretch exclaim'd. This  
land is mine.

Not hers; the kingdom and the power  
are mine;

I am the master!

Hath it made thee mad?  
Erillyab cried. . . Ask thou the Snake-  
God that!

Quoth he; ask Neolin and Aztlan that!  
Hear me, thou Son of the Waters! wilt  
thou have me

For friend or foe? . . . Give me that  
woman there, 110

And store me with this blessed beverage,  
And thou shalt dwell in my domains. . .  
or else,

Blood! blood! The Snake-God calls  
for blood; the Gods

Of Aztlan and the people call for blood;  
They call on me, and I will give them  
blood,

Till they have had their fill.

Meanwhile the Queen  
In wonder and amazement heard and  
grief;

Watching the fiendish workings of his  
face.

And turning to the Prince at times, as if  
She look'd to him for comfort. Give  
him drink. 120

To be at peace! quoth Madoc. The  
good mead

Did its good office soon; his dizzy eyes  
Roll'd with a sleepy swim; the joyous  
thrill

Died away; and as every limb relax'd,  
Down sunk his heavy head and down  
he fell.

Then said the Prince, We must rejoice  
in this,

O Queen and friend, that, evil though  
it be,

Evil is brought to light; he hath  
divulged

In this mad mood, what else had been  
conceal'd

By guilty cunning. Set a watch upon  
him 130

And on Priest Neolin; they plot against  
us;

Your fall and mine do they alike con-  
spire,

Being leagued with Aztlan to destroy  
us both.

Thy son will not remember that his lips  
Have let the treason pass. Be wary  
then,

And we shall catch the crafty in the pit  
Which they have dug for us.

Erillyab cast  
A look of anger, made intense by grief,  
On Amalahta. . . Cursed be the hour

Wherein I gave thee birth! she cried;  
that pain 140

Was light to what thy base and brutal  
nature

Hath sent into my soul. . . But take  
thou heed!

I have borne many a woe and many  
a loss, . .

My father's realm, the husband of my  
youth,

My hope in thee! . . all motherly love  
is gone, . .

Sufferance well nigh worn out.

When she had ceased,  
Still the deep feeling fill'd her, and her  
eye

Dwelt on him, still in thought. Brother!  
she cried,

As Madoc would have sooth'd her, doubt  
not me! 149

Mine is no feeble heart. Abundantly  
Did the Great Spirit overpay all woes,  
And this the heaviest, when he sent thee  
here,

The friend and the deliverer. Evil  
tongues

May scatter lies; bad spirits and bad  
men

May league against thy life; but go  
thou on,

Brother! He loves thee and will be thy  
shield.

## V. WAR DENOUNCED

THIS is the day, when, in a foreign  
grave,

King Owen's relics shall be laid to rest.  
No bright emblazonries bedeck'd his  
bier,

No tapers blazed, no prelate sung the  
mass,

No choristers the funeral dirge intoned,  
No mitred abbots, and no tonsured  
train,

Lengthen'd the pomp of ceremonious  
woe.

His decent bier was with white linen  
spread

And canopied; two elks and bisons,  
yoked,

Drew on the car; foremost Cadwallon  
bore 10

The Crucifix; with single voice, dis-  
tinct,

The good priest Llorien chaunted loud  
and deep

The solemn service; Madoc next the  
bier

Follow'd his father's corpse; bareheaded  
then

Came all the people, silently and slow.

The burial-place was in a grassy plat,  
A little level glade of sunny green,

Between the river and a rocky bank,  
Which, like a buttress, from the preci-  
pice

Of naked rock sloped out. On either  
side 20

'Twas skirted by the woodlands. A  
stone cross  
Stood on Cynetha's grave, sole monu-  
ment,  
Beneath a single cocoa, whose straight  
trunk  
Rose like an obelisk, and waved on  
high  
Its palmy plumage, green and never  
sere.  
Here by Cynetha's side, with Christian  
prayers,  
All wrongs forgotten now, was Owen laid.  
Rest, King of Gwyneth, in a foreign  
grave!  
From foul indignity of Romish pride  
And bigot priesthood, from a falling  
land  
Thus timely snatch'd, and from the  
impending yoke, . . .  
Rest in the kingdom of thy noble son !

Ambassadors from Aztlan in the vale  
Awaited their return, . . . Yuhidthiton,  
Chief of the Chiefs, and Helhua the  
priest ;  
With these came Malinal. They met  
the Prince,  
And with a sullen stateliness return'd  
His salutation, then the Chief began :  
Lord of the Strangers, hear me ! by my  
voice  
The People and the Pabas and the King  
Of Aztlan speak. Our injured Gods have  
claim'd  
Their wonted worship, and made mani-  
fest  
Their wrath ; we dare not impiously  
provoke  
The Dreadful. Worship ye in your own  
way ;  
But we must keep the path our fathers  
kept.

We parted, O Yuhidthiton ! as friends  
And brethren, said the Christian Prince ;  
. . . alas,  
That this should be our meeting ! When  
we pledged,  
In the broad daylight and the eye of  
Heaven,  
Our hands in peace, ye heard the will of  
God,

And felt and understood. This calm  
assent  
Ye would belie, by midnight miracles  
Scared, and such signs of darkness as  
beseam  
The Demons whom ye dread ; or likelier  
Duped by the craft of those accursed  
men,  
Whose trade is blood. Ask thou of  
thine own heart,  
Yuhidthiton, . . .

But Helhua broke his speech ;  
Our bidding is to tell thee, quoth the  
Priest,  
That Aztlan hath restored, and will  
maintain,  
Her ancient faith. If it offendeth thee,  
Move thou thy dwelling place !  
Madoc replied,  
This day have I deposited in earth  
My father's bones, and where his bones  
are laid,  
There mine shall moulder.

Malinal at that  
Advanced ; . . . Prince Madoc, said the  
youth, I come,  
True to thy faith and thee, and to the  
weal  
Of Aztlan true, and bearing, for that  
truth,  
Reproach and shame and scorn and  
obloquy.

In sorrow come I here, a banish'd man ;  
Here take, in sorrow, my abiding place,  
Cut off from all my kin, from all old ties  
Divorced ; all dear familiar coun-  
tenances  
No longer to be present to my sight ;  
The very mother-language which I learnt,  
A lisping baby on my mother's knees,  
No more with its sweet sounds to com-  
fort me.  
So be it ! . . . To his brother then he  
turn'd ;  
Yuhidthiton, said he, when thou shalt  
find, . . .  
As find thou wilt, . . . that those accursed  
men  
Have played the juggler with thee, and  
deceived  
Thine honest heart, . . . when Aztlan  
groans in blood, . . .  
Bid her remember then, that Malinal

Is in the dwellings of her enemy ;  
 Where all his hope in banishment hath  
 been  
 To intercede for her, and heal her  
 wounds,  
 And mitigate her righteous punishment.

Sternly and sullenly his brother heard ;  
 Yet hearken'd he as one whose heart  
 perforce  
 Suppress'd its instinct, and there might  
 be seen

A sorrow in his silent stubbornness. 90  
 And now his ministers on either hand  
 A water-vessel fill, and heap dry sedge  
 And straw before his face, and fire the  
 pile.

He, looking upward, spread his arms and  
 cried,

Hear me, ye Gods of Aztlan, as we were,  
 And are, and will be yours ! Behold  
 your foes !

He stoop'd, and lifted up one ample  
 urn, . . .

Thus let their blood be shed ! . . and far  
 away

He whirl'd the scattering water. Then  
 again

Raised the full vase, . . Thus let their  
 lives be quench'd ! 100

And out he pour'd it on the flaming pile.  
 The steam-cloud, hissing from the ex-  
 tinguish'd heap,

Spread like a mist, and ere it melted off,  
 Homeward the heralds of the war had  
 turn'd.

## VI. THE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD

THE Hoamen in their Council-hall are  
 met

To hold the Feast of Souls ; seat above  
 seat,

Ranged round the circling theatre they  
 sit.

No light but from the central fire, whose  
 smoke,

Slow passing through the over aperture,  
 Excludes the day, and fills the conic  
 roof,

And hangs above them like a cloud.  
 Around,

The ghastly bodies of their chiefs are  
 hung,

Shrivell'd and parch'd by heat ; the  
 humbler dead

Lie on the floor, . . white bones, exposed  
 to view, 10

On deer, or elk-skin laid, or softer fur,  
 Or web, the work of many a mournful  
 hour ;

The loathlier forms of fresh mortality  
 Swathed, and in decent tenderness con-  
 ceal'd.

Beside each body pious gifts are laid,  
 Mantle and belt and feathery coronal,  
 The bow he used in war, his drinking  
 shell,

His arrows for the chace, the sarbacan,  
 Through whose long tube the slender  
 shaft, breath driven,

Might pierce the winged game. Hus-  
 bands and wives, 20

Parents and children, there in death  
 they lie ;

The widow'd and the parent and the  
 child

Look on in silence. Not a sound is  
 heard

But of the crackling brand, or moulder-  
 ing fire,

Or when, amid yon pendant string of  
 shells,

The slow wind wakes a shrill and feeble  
 sound, . .

A sound of sorrow to the mind attuned  
 By sights of woe.

Ayayaca at length  
 Came forward : . . Spirits, is it well with  
 ye ?

Is it well, Brethren ? said the aged  
 Priest ; 30

Have ye received your mourning, and  
 the rites

Of righteous grief ? or round your  
 dwelling-place

Still do your shadows roam dissatisfied,  
 And to the cries of wailing woe return

A voice of lamentation ? Teach us now,  
 If we in aught have fail'd, that I, your

Priest,

When I shall join ye soon, as soon I must,  
 May unimpeded pass the perilous floods,



And in the Country of the Dead, be  
hail'd  
By you, with song and dance and grate-  
ful joy. 40

So saying, to the Oracle he turn'd,  
Awaiting there the silence which implied  
Peaceful assent. Against the eastern  
wall,  
Fronting the narrow portal's winding  
way,  
An Image stood: a cloak of fur dis-  
guised  
The rude proportion of its uncouth  
limbs;  
The skull of some old seer of days of old  
Topt it, and with a visor this was  
mask'd.

Honouring the oracular Spirit, who at  
times 49  
There took his resting place. Ayayaca  
Repeated, Brethren, is it well with ye?  
And raised the visor. But he started  
back,  
Appall'd and shuddering; for a moony  
light  
Lay in its eyeless sockets, and there  
came  
From its immoveable and bony jaws  
A long deep groan, thrice utter'd, and  
thrice felt  
In every heart of all the hearers round.  
The good old Priest stood tottering, like  
a man  
Stricken with palsy; and he gazed with  
eyes 59  
Of asking horror round, as if he look'd  
For counsel in that fear. But Neolin  
Sprung boldly to the oracle, and cried,  
Speak, Spirit! tell us of our sin, and  
teach  
The atonement! A sepulchral voice  
replied,  
Ye have for other Gods forsaken us,  
And we abandon you! . . . and crash  
with that  
The Image fell.

A loud and hideous shriek,  
As of a demon, Neolin set up;  
So wild a yell, that, even in that hour,  
It brought fresh terror to the startled  
ear. 70

While yet they sate, pale and irresolute,

Hellua the Azteca came in. He bore  
A shield and arrow, . . . symbols these of  
war,

Yet now beheld with hope, so great relief  
They felt his human presence.

Hoamen, hear me!  
The messenger began; Erillyab, hear,  
Priests, Elders, People! but hear  
chiefly thou,

Prince Amalahta, as of these by birth,  
So now of years mature, the rightful  
Lord! . . .

Shall it be peace or war? . . . thus Aztlan  
saith; 80

She, in her anger, from the land will  
root

The Children of the Sea; but viewing  
you

In mercy, to your former vassalago  
Invites ye, and remits the tribute lives,  
And for rebellion claimeth no revenge.

Oh praise your Gods! cried Neolin,  
and hail

This day-spring of new hope! Aztlan  
remits

The tribute lives, . . . what more could  
Madoc give?

She claimeth no revenge, and if she  
claimed,

He could not save. O Hoamen, bless  
your Gods; 90

Appease them! Thou, Prince Amalahta,  
speak,

And seize the mercy.

Amalahta stood  
In act of speech; but then Erillyab  
rose . . .

Who gives thee, Boy, this Elder's  
privilege?

The Queen exclaim'd; . . . and thou,  
Priest Neolin,

Curb thou thy traitorous tongue! The  
reign is mine;

I hold it from my father, he from his;  
Age before age, beyond the memory  
Of man it hath been thus. My father  
fell

In battle for his people, and his sons 100  
Fell by his side; they perish'd, but  
their names

Are with the names we love, . . . their  
happy souls

Pursue in fields of bliss the shadowy  
deer ;

The spirit of that noble blood which ran  
From their death-wounds, is in the ruddy  
clouds

Which go before the Sun, when he  
comes forth

In glory. Last of that illustrious race  
Was I, Erillyab. Ye remember well,  
Elders, that day when I assembled here  
The people, and demanded at their  
choice 110

The worthiest, to perpetuate our old line  
Of Kings and Warriors. . . To the wind  
he spread

His black and blood-red banner. Even  
now

I hear his war drum's tripled sound, that  
call'd

The youth to battle ; even now behold  
The hope which lit his dark and fiery  
eye,

And kindled with a sunnier glow his  
cheek,

As he from yonder war-pole, in his pride,  
Took the death-doers down . . . Lo here  
the bones

Of King Tepollomi ! . . my husband's  
bones ! . . 120

There should be some among ye who  
beheld,

When, all with arrows quill'd, and  
clothed with blood

As with a purple garment, he sustain'd  
The unequal conflict, till the Aztecas

Took him at vantage, and their  
monarch's club

Let loose his struggling soul. Look,  
Hoamen, here,

See through how wide a wound his spirit  
fled !

Twenty long years of mournful widow-  
hood

Have pass'd away ; so long have I  
maintain'd

The little empire left us, loving well 130  
My people, and by them as well beloved.

Say, Hoamen, am I still your Queen ?  
At once

The whole assembly rose with one  
acclaim, . .

Still, O Erillyab, O Beloved, rule  
Thy own beloved people !

But the Gods !

Cried Amalahta, . . but the Oracle !  
The Oracle ! quoth she ; what hath it  
said

That forty years of suffering hath not  
taught

This wretched people ? . . They abandon  
us ? . .

So let them go ! Where were they at  
that hour, 140

When, like a blasting night-wind in the  
spring,

The multitudes of Aztlan came upon  
us ?

Where were they when my father went  
to war ?

Where were they when thy father's  
stiffen'd corpse,

Even after death a slave, held up the  
lamp

To light his conqueror's revels ? . . Think  
not, Boy,

To palter with me thus ! A fire may  
tremble

Within the sockets of a skull, and  
groans

May issue from a dead man's fleshless  
jaws,

And images may fall, and yet no God  
Be there ! . . If it had walk'd abroad with  
life, 151

That had indeed been something !  
Then she turn'd

Her voice toward the people. . . Ye have  
heard

This Priest of Aztlan, whose insidious  
tongue

Bids ye desert the Children of the Sea,  
And vow again your former vassalage.

Speaks Aztlan of the former ? O my  
people,

I too could tell ye of the former days,  
When yonder plain was ours, with all its  
woods

And waters and savannahs ! . . of those  
days, 160

When, following where her husband's  
stronger arm

Had open'd the light glebe, the willing  
wife

Dropt in the yellow maize ; ere long to  
bear

Its increase to the general store, and toss

Her flowing tresses in the dance of joy.  
And I could tell ye how those summer  
stores

Were hoarded for the invader's winter  
feasts ;

And how the widows elipt those flowing  
locks

To strew them, . . not upon their hus-  
band's grave, . .

Their husbands had no graves! . . but  
on the rocks 170

And mountains in their flight. And  
even these rocks

And mountains could not save us! Year  
by year

Our babes, like firstlings of the flock,  
were cull'd

To be the banquet of these Aztecas!  
This very wretch, who tells us of the past,  
Hath chosen them for the butchery. . .

Oh, I thank you  
For this brave anger! . . In your name  
I take

The war-gift!  
Gods of Aztlan, Helhua cried,  
As to Erillyab's ready hand he gave 179

The deadly symbol, in your name I give  
The war-gift! Ye have thirsted over  
long ;

Take now your fill of blood! . . He turn'd  
away ;

And Queen Erillyab bade the tribe fulfil  
Their customary rites.

Each family  
Bore its own dead, and to the general  
grave,

With melancholy song and sob of woe.  
The slow procession moves. The general  
grave

Was delved within a deep and shady  
dell,

Fronting a cavern in the rock, . . the  
scene

Of many a bloody rite, ere Madoc  
came, . . 190

A temple, as they deem'd, by Nature  
made,

Where the Snake-Idol stood. On fur  
and cloth

Of woven grass, they lay their burthens  
down,

Within the ample pit; their offerings  
range

Beside, and piously a portion take  
Of that cold earth, to which, for ever now  
Consign'd, they leave their fathers, dust  
to dust ;

Sad relic that, and wise remembrance,

But as with bark and resinous boughs  
they pile

The sepulchre, suddenly Neolin 200  
Sprung up aloft, and shriek'd, as one  
who treads

Upon a viper in his heedless path.  
The God! the very God! he cried, and  
howl'd

One long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry ;  
Whereat from that dark temple issued  
forth

A Serpent, huge and hideous. On he  
came,

Straight to the sound, and curl'd around  
the Priest

His mighty folds innocuous, over-  
topping

His human height, and arching down his  
head, 209

Sought in the hands of Neolin for food ;  
Then questing, rear'd and stretch'd and  
waved his neck,

And glanced his forky tongue. Who  
then had seen

The man, with what triumphant fear-  
lessness,

Arms, thighs, and neck, and body,  
wreathed and ring'd

In those tremendous folds, he stood  
secure,

Play'd with the reptile's jaws, and  
call'd for food,

Food for the present God! . . who then  
had seen

The fiendish joy which fired his coun-  
tenance,

Might well have ween'd that he had  
summoned up

The dreadful monster from its native  
Hell, 220

By devilish power, himself a Fiend in-  
flesh'd.

Blood for the God! he cried; Lincoya's  
blood!

Friend of the Serpent's foe! . . Lincoya's  
blood!

Cried Amalahta, and the people turn'd  
Their eyes to seek the victim, as if each  
Sought his own safety in that sacrifice.  
Alone Erillyab raised her voice, con-  
fused

But not confounded; she alone ex-  
claim'd,

Madoc shall answer this! Unheard her  
voice 229

By the bewilder'd people, by the Priest  
Unheeded; and Lincoya sure had fallen  
The victim of their fear, had he been  
found

In that wild hour; but when his  
watchful eye

Beheld the Serpent from his den come  
forth,

He fled to bear the tidings. . . Neolin  
Repeats the accursed call, Food for the  
God!

Ayayaca, his unbelieving Priest!

At once all eager eyes were fix'd on him,  
But he came forward calmly at the call;  
Lo! here am I! quoth he; and from  
his head 240

Plucking the thin grey hairs he dealt  
them round. . .

Countrymen, kinsmen, brethren, chil-  
dren, take

These in remembrance of me! there  
will be

No relic of your aged Priest but this.  
From manhood to old age, full three-  
score years,

Have I been your true servant: fit it is  
That I, who witness'd Aztlan's first  
assault,

Should perish her last victim! . . and  
he moved

Towards the death. But then Erillyab  
Seized him, and by the garment drew  
him back! . . 250

By the Great Spirit, but he shall not die!  
The Queen exclaim'd; nor shalt thou  
triumph thus,

Liar and traitor! Hoamen, to your  
homes!

Madoc shall answer this!

Irresolute

They heard, and inobedient; to obey  
Fearing, yet fearful to remain. Anon.  
The Queen repeats her bidding, To your  
homes,

My people! . . . But when Neolin per-  
ceived

The growing stir and motion of the  
crowd,

As from the outward ring they moved  
away, 260

He utter'd a new cry, and disentangling  
The passive reptile's folds, rush'd out  
among them,

With outstretch'd hands, like one pos-  
sess'd, to seize

His victim. Then they fled; for who  
could tell

On whom the madman, in that hellish  
fit.

Might cast the lot? An eight-years' boy  
he seized

And held him by the leg, and, whirling  
him

In ritual dance, till breath and sense  
were gone,

Set up the death-song of the sacrifice.  
Amalahta, and what others rooted love

Of evil leagued with him, accomplices  
In treason, join'd the death-song and  
the dance. 272

Some too there were, believing what they  
fear'd,

Who yielded to their old idolatry,  
And mingled in the worship. Round  
and round

The accursed minister of murder  
whirl'd

His senseless victim; they too round  
and round

In maddening motion, and with mad-  
dening cries

Revolving, whirl'd and wheel'd. At  
length, when now,

According to old rites, he should have  
dash'd 280

On the stone Idol's head the wretch's  
brains,

Neolin stopt, and once again began  
The long, shrill, piercing, modulated  
cry.

The Serpent knew the call, and, rolling  
on,

Wave above wave, his rising length,  
advanced

His open jaws: then, with the expected  
prey,

Glides to the dark recesses of his den.



## VII. THE SNAKE GOD

MEANTIME Erillyab's messenger had girt  
 His loins, and like a roebuck, o'er the  
 hills  
 He sped. He met Cadwallon and the  
 Prince  
 In arms, so quickly Madoc had obey'd  
 Lincoya's call; at noon he heard the  
 call,  
 And still the sun was riding high in  
 heaven,  
 When up the valley where the Hoamen  
 dwelt  
 He led his twenty spears. O welcome,  
 friend  
 And brother! cried the Queen. Even  
 as thou saidst  
 So hath it proved; and those accursed  
 schemes 10  
 Of treachery, which that wretched boy  
 reveal'd  
 Under the influence of thy potent drink,  
 Have ripen'd to effect. From what a  
 snare  
 The timely warning saved me! for, be  
 sure,  
 What I had seen I else should have  
 believed,  
 In utter fear confounded. The Great  
 Spirit,  
 Who taught thee to foresee the evil  
 thing,  
 Will give thee power to quell it.  
 On they went  
 Toward the dell, where now the Idolaters  
 Had built their dedicated fire, and still  
 With feast and fits of song and violent  
 dance, 21  
 Pursued their rites. When Neolin  
 perceived  
 The Prince approach, fearlessly he  
 came forth,  
 And raised his arm, and cried, Strangers,  
 away!  
 Away, profane! hence to your mother-  
 land!  
 Hence to your waters; for the God is  
 here; . . .  
 He came for blood, and he shall have his  
 fill!  
 Impious, away!

Seize him! exclaim'd the Prince;  
 Nor had he time for motion nor for flight,  
 So instantly was that command obey'd.  
 Hoamen, said Madoc, hear me! . . . I  
 came here, 31  
 Stranger alike to Aztlan and to you;  
 I found ye an opprest and wretched race,  
 Groaning beneath your chains; at your  
 request,  
 For your deliverance, I unsheathed the  
 sword,  
 Redeem'd ye from your boudage, and  
 preserved  
 Your children from the slaughter. With  
 those foes  
 Whose burthen ye for forty years en-  
 dured,  
 This traitor hath conspired, against  
 yourselves,  
 Your Queen, and me your friend; the  
 solemn faith 40  
 Which in the face of yonder sun we  
 pledged,  
 Each to the other, this perfidious man  
 Hath broken, and hath stain'd his hands  
 this day  
 With innocent blood. Life must atone  
 for life:  
 Ere I destroy the Serpent, whom his  
 wiles  
 Have train'd so well, last victim, he shall  
 glut  
 The monster's maw.  
 Strike, man! quoth Neolin.  
 This is my consummation! the reward  
 Of my true faith! the best that I could  
 ask,  
 The best the God could give: . . . to rest  
 in him, 50  
 Body with body be incorporate,  
 Soul into soul absorb'd, and I and He  
 One life, inseparable, for evermore.  
 Strike, I am weary of this mortal part;  
 Unite me to the God!  
 Triumphantly  
 He spake; the assembled people, at his  
 words,  
 With rising awe gazed on the miscreant;  
 Madoc himself, when now he would have  
 given  
 The sign for death, in admiration paused.  
 Such power hath fortitude. And he per-  
 ceived 60

The auspicious moment, and set up his cry.  
 Forth, from the dark recesses of the cave,  
 The Serpent came : the Hoamen at the sight  
 Shouted, and they who held the Priest, appall'd  
 Relax'd their hold. On came the mighty snake,  
 And twined, in many a wreath, round Neolin,  
 Darting aright, aleft, his sinuous neck,  
 With searching eye, and lifted jaw and tongue  
 Quivering, and hiss as of a heavy shower  
 Upon the summer woods. The Britons stood 70  
 Astounded at the powerful reptile's bulk  
 And that strange sight. His girth was as of man,  
 But easily could he have overtopp'd  
 Goliath's helmed head, or that huge King  
 Of Basan, hugest of the Anakim :  
 What then was human strength, if once involved  
 Within those dreadful coils ? . . The multitude  
 Fell prone, and worshipp'd ; pale Erillyab grew,  
 And turn'd upon the Prince a doubtful eye ;  
 The Britons too were pale, albeit they held 80  
 Their spears protended ; and they also look'd  
 On Madoc, who the while stood silently,  
 Contemplating how wiseliest he might cope  
 With that surpassing strength.  
But Neolin,  
 Well hoping now success, when he had awed  
 The general feeling thus, exclaim'd aloud,  
 Blood for the God ! give him the Stranger's blood !  
 Avenge him on his foes ! And then, perchance,  
 Terror had urged them to some desperate deed,  
 Had Madoc ponder'd more, or paused in act 90

One moment. From the sacrificial flames  
 He snatch'd a firebrand, and with fire and sword,  
 Rush'd at the monster : back the monster drew  
 His head upraised recoiling, and the Prince  
 Smote Neolin ; all circled as he was,  
 And clipt in his false Deity's embrace,  
 Smote he the accursed Priest ; the avenging sword  
 Fell on his neck ; through flesh and bone it drove  
 Deep in the chest : the wretched criminal  
 Totter'd, and those huge rings a moment held 100  
 His bloody corpse upright, while Madoc struck  
 The Serpent : twice he struck him, and the sword  
 Glanced from the impenetrable scales ; nor more  
 Avail'd its thrust, though driven by that strong arm ;  
 For on the unyielding skin the temper'd blade  
 Bent. He sprung upward then, and in the eyes  
 Of the huge monster flashed the fiery brand.  
 Impatient of the smoke and burning, back  
 The reptile wreathed, and from his loosening clasp  
 Dropt the dead Neolin, and turn'd, and fled 110  
 To his dark den.  
The Hoamen, at that sight  
 Raised a loud wonder-cry, with one accord,  
 Great is the Son of Ocean, and his God  
 Is mightiest ! But Erillyab silently  
 Approach'd the great Deliverer ; her whole frame  
 Trembled with strong emotion, and she took  
 His hand, and gazed a moment earnestly,  
 Having no power of speech, till with a gush  
 Of tears her utterance came, and she exclaim'd,

Blessed art thou, my brother! for the  
 power 120  
 Of God is in thee! . . . and she would have  
 kissed  
 His hand in adoration; but he cried,  
 God is indeed with us, and in his name  
 Will we complete the work! . . . then to  
 the cave  
 Advanced, and call'd for fire. Bring  
 fire! quoth he;  
 By his own element the spawn of hell  
 Shall perish! and he enter'd, to explore  
 The cavern depths. Cadwallon fol-  
 low'd him,  
 Bearing in either hand a flaming brand,  
 For sword or spear avail'd not.  
Far in the hill,  
 Cave within cave, the ample grotto  
 pierced, 131  
 Three chambers in the rock. Fit vesti-  
 bule  
 The first to that wild temple, long and  
 low,  
 Shut out the outward day. The second  
 vault  
 Had its own daylight from a central  
 chasm  
 High in the hollow; here the Image  
 stood,  
 Their rude idolatry, . . . a sculptured  
 snake, . . .  
 If term of art may such mis-shapen  
 form  
 Beseem, . . . around a human figure coil'd,  
 And all begrimed with blood. The in-  
 most cell 140  
 Dark; and far up within its blackest  
 depth  
 They saw the Serpent's still small eye  
 of fire.  
 Not if they thinn'd the forest for their  
 pile,  
 Could they, with flame or suffocating  
 smoke,  
 Destroy him there; for through the  
 open roof  
 The clouds would pass away. They  
 paused not long:  
 Drive him beneath the chasm, Cadwallon  
 cried,  
 And hem him in with fire, and from  
 above  
 We crush him.

Forth they went and climb'd  
 the hill.  
 With all their people. Their united  
 strength 150  
 Loosen'd the rocks, and ranged them  
 round the brink,  
 Impending. With Cadwallon on the  
 height  
 Ten Britons wait; ten with the Prince  
 descend,  
 And, with a firebrand each in either hand,  
 Enter the outer cave. Madoc ad-  
 vanced,  
 And at the entrance of the inner den,  
 He took his stand alone. A bow he  
 bore,  
 And arrows round whose heads dry tow  
 was twined,  
 In pine-gum dipt; he kindled these,  
 and shot 159  
 The fiery shafts. Upon the scaly skin,  
 As on a rock, the bone-tipt arrows fell;  
 But, at their bright and blazing light  
 effray'd,  
 Out rush'd the reptile. Madoc from his  
 path  
 Retired against the side, and call'd his  
 men,  
 And in they came and circled round the  
 Snake,  
 And shaking all their flames, as with  
 a wheel  
 Of fire, they ring'd him in. From side  
 to side  
 The monster turns! . . . where'er he turns,  
 the flame  
 Flares in his nostrils and his blinking  
 eyes;  
 Nor aught against the dreaded element  
 Did that brute force avail, which could  
 have crush'd 171  
 Milo's young limbs, or Theban Hercules,  
 Or old Manoh's mightier son, ere yet  
 Shorn of his strength. They press him  
 now, and now  
 Give back, here urging, and here yielding  
 way,  
 Till right beneath the chasm they centre  
 him.  
 At once the crags are loosed, and down  
 they fall  
 Thundering. They fell like thunder, but  
 the crash

Of scale and bone was heard. In agony  
 The Serpent writhed beneath the blow ;  
 in vain, 180  
 From under the incumbent load essay'd  
 To drag his mangled folds. One heavier  
 stone  
 Fasten'd and flatten'd him ; yet still,  
 with tail  
 Ten cubits long, he lash'd the air, and  
 foin'd  
 From side to side, and raised his raging  
 head  
 Above the height of man, though half his  
 length  
 Lay mutilate. Who then had felt the  
 force  
 Of that wild fury, little had to him  
 Buckler or corselet profited, or mail,  
 Or might of human arm. The Britons  
 shrunk 190  
 Beyond its arc of motion ; but the  
 Prince  
 Took a long spear, and springing on the  
 stone  
 Which fix'd the monster down, provoked  
 his rage.  
 Uplifts the Snake his head retorted,  
 high  
 He lifts it over Madoc, then darts down  
 To seize his prey. The Prince, with foot  
 advanced  
 Inclines his body back, and points the  
 spear  
 With sure and certain aim, then drives  
 it up,  
 Into his open jaws ; two cubits deep  
 It pierced, the monster forcing on the  
 wound. 200  
 He closed his teeth for anguish, and bit  
 short  
 The ashen hilt. But not the rage which  
 now  
 Clangs all his scales, can from his seat  
 dislodge  
 The barbed shaft : nor those contor-  
 tions wild,  
 Nor those convulsive shudderings, nor  
 the throes  
 Which shake his inmost entrails, as with  
 the air  
 In suffocating gulps the monster now  
 Inhales his own life-blood. The Prince  
 descends ;

He lifts another lance ; and now the  
 Snake,  
 Gasping, as if exhausted, on the ground  
 Reclines his head one moment. Madoc  
 seized 211  
 That moment, planted in his eye the  
 spear,  
 Then setting foot upon his neck, drove  
 down  
 Through bone and brain and throat, and  
 to the earth  
 Infix'd the mortal weapon. Yet once  
 more  
 The Snake essay'd to rise ; his dying  
 strength  
 Fail'd him, nor longer did those mighty  
 folds  
 Obey the moving impulse, crush'd and  
 scotch'd ;  
 In every ring, through all his mangled  
 length,  
 The shrinking muscles quiver'd, then  
 collaps'd 220  
 In death.  
 Cadwallon and his comrades now  
 Enter the den ; they roll away the  
 crag  
 Which held him down, pluck out the  
 mortal spear,  
 Then drag him forth to day ; the force  
 conjoin'd  
 Of all the Britons difficultly drag  
 His lifeless bulk. But when the  
 Hoamen saw  
 That form portentous trailing in its  
 gore,  
 The jaws which, in the morning, they  
 had seen  
 Purpled with human blood, now in their  
 own  
 Blackening, . . aknee they fell before  
 the Prince, 230  
 And in adoring admiration raised  
 Their hands with one accord, and all in  
 fear  
 Worshipped the mighty Deicide. But  
 he,  
 Recoiling from those sinful honours,  
 cried,  
 Drag out the Idol now, and heap the fire,  
 That all may be consumed !  
 Forthwith they heap'd  
 The sacrificial fire, and on the pile



The Serpent and the Image and the  
corpse  
Of Neolin were laid; with prompt  
supply  
They feed the raging flames, hour after  
hour, 240  
Till now the black and nauseous smoke  
is spent,  
And mingled with the ruins of the pile,  
The undistinguishable ashes lay.  
Go! cried Prince Madoc, cast them in  
the stream,  
And scatter them upon the winds, that  
so  
No relic of this foul idolatry  
Pollute the land. To-morrow meet me  
here,  
Hoamen, and I will purify yon den  
Of your abominations. Come ye here  
With humble hearts; for ye, too, in the  
sight 250  
Of the Great Spirit, the Beloved One,  
Must be made pure, and cleansed from  
your offence,  
And take upon yourselves his holy law.

### VIII. THE CONVERSION OF THE HOAMEN

How beautiful, O Sun, is thine uprise,  
And on how fair a scene! Before the  
Cave  
The Elders of the Hoamen wait the will  
Of their Deliverer; ranged without  
their ring  
The tribe look on, thronging the narrow  
vale,  
And what of gradual rise the shelving  
combe  
Displayed, or steeper eminence of wood,  
Broken with crags and sunny slope of  
green,  
And grassy platform. With the Elders  
sate  
The Queen and Prince, their rank's  
prerogative, 10  
Excluded else for sex unfit, and youth  
For counsel immature. Before the  
arch,  
To that rude fane, rude portal, stands  
the Cross,

By Madoc's hand victorious planted  
there.  
And lo, Prince Madoc comes! no longer  
mail'd  
In arms of mortal might; the spear  
and sword,  
The hauberk and the helmet laid aside,  
Gorget and gauntlet, grieves and shield,  
. . . he comes  
In peaceful tunic clad, and mantle long;  
His hyacinthine locks now shadowing 20  
That face, which late, with iron over-  
brow'd,  
Struck from within the aventayle such  
awe  
And terror to the heart. Bareheaded  
he,  
Following the servant of the altar, leads  
The reverential train. Before them,  
raised  
On high, the sacred images are borne;  
There, in faint semblance, holiest Mary  
bends  
In virgin beauty o'er her babe divine, . .  
A sight which almost to idolatry  
Might win the soul by love. But who  
can gaze 30  
Upon that other form, which on the  
rood  
In agony is stretch'd? . . . his hands  
transfix'd,  
And lacerate with the body's pendent  
weight;  
The black and deadly paleness of his  
face,  
Streak'd with the blood which from that  
crown of scorn  
Hath ceased to flow; the side wound  
streaming still;  
And open still those eyes, from which  
the look  
Not yet hath pass'd away, that went to  
Heaven,  
When, in that hour, the Son of Man  
exclaim'd,  
Forgive them, for they know not what  
they do! 40  
And now arrived before the cave, the  
train  
Halt: to the assembled Elders, where  
they sate  
Ranged in half circle, Madoc then  
advanced,

And raised, as if in act to speak, his hand.  
 Thereat was every human sound suppress'd ;  
 And every quicken'd ear and eager eye  
 Were center'd on his lips.  
     The Prince began, . .  
 Hoamen, friends, brethren, . . friends  
 we have been long,  
 And brethren shall be, ere the day go  
 down, . .  
 I come not here propounding doubtful  
 things 50  
 For counsel, and deliberate resolve  
 Of searching thought; but with  
 authority  
 From Heaven, to give the law, and to  
 enforce  
 Obedience. Ye shall worship God  
 alone,  
 The One Eternal. That Beloved One  
 Ye shall not serve with offer'd fruits, or  
 smoke  
 Of sacrificial fire, or blood, or life :  
 Far other sacrifice he claims, . . a soul  
 Resign'd, a will subdued, a heart made  
 clean  
 From all offence. Not for your lots on  
 earth, 60  
 Menial or mighty, slave or highly-born,  
 For cunning in the chase, or strength in  
 war,  
 Shall ye be judged hereafter ; . . as ye  
 keep  
 The law of love, as ye shall tame your  
 wrath,  
 Forego revenge, forgive your enemies,  
 Do good to them that wrong ye, ye will  
 find  
 Your bliss or bale. This law came down  
 from Heaven.  
 Lo, ye behold Him there by whom it  
 came ;  
 The Spirit was in Him, and for the sins  
 Of man He suffered thus, and by His  
 death 70  
 Must all mankind be blest. Not know-  
 ing Him,  
 Ye wander'd on in error; knowing  
 now,  
 And not obeying, what was error once  
 Is guilt and wilful wrong. If ever more  
 Ye bow to your false deities the knee ;

If ever more ye worship them with feast,  
 Or sacrifice or dance ; whoso offends  
 Shall from among the people be cut off,  
 Like a corrupted member, lest he taint  
 The whole with death. With what  
 appointed rites 80  
 Your homage must be paid, ye shall be  
 taught ;  
 Your children, in the way that they shall  
 go,  
 Be train'd from childhood up. Make ye  
 meantime,  
 Your prayer to that Beloved One, who  
 sees  
 The secrets of all hearts ; and set ye up  
 This, the memorial of his chosen Son,  
 And Her, who, blessed among women,  
 fed  
 The Appointed at Her breast, and by  
 His cross  
 Endured intenser anguish ; therefore  
 sharing  
 His glory now, with sunbeams robed,  
 the Moon 90  
 Her footstool, and a wreath of stars her  
 crown.

Hoamen, ye deem us children of a  
 race  
 Mightier than ye, and wiser, and by  
 Heaven  
 Beloved and favour'd more. From this  
 pure law  
 Hath all proceeded, . . wisdom, power,  
 whate'er  
 Here elevates the soul, and makes it ripe  
 For higher powers and more exalted  
 bliss.  
 Share then our law, and be with us, on  
 earth,  
 Partakers of these blessings, and, in  
 Heaven,  
 Co-heritors with us of endless joy. 100

Ere yet one breath or motion had  
 disturb'd  
 The reverential hush, Erillyab rose.  
 My people, said the Queen, their God is  
 best  
 And mightiest. Him to whom we  
 offered up  
 Blood of our blood and of our flesh the  
 flesh,

Gainly we deem'd divine ; no spirit he  
Of good or evil, by the conquering arm  
Of Madoc mortal proved. What then  
remains  
But that the blessing, proffer'd thus in  
love,  
In love we take ? . . Deliverer, Teacher,  
Friend, 110

First in the fellowship of faith I claim  
The initiatory rite.

I also, cried  
The venerable Priest Ayayaca,  
Old as I am, I also, like a child,  
Would learn this wisdom yet before  
I die.

The Elders rose and answer'd, We and  
all !

And from the congregated tribe burst  
forth

One universal shout, . . Great is the  
God

Of Madoc, . . worthy to be served is He !

Then to the mountain rivulet, which  
roll'd 120

Like amber over its dark bed of rock,  
Did Madoc lead Erillyab, in the name  
Of JESUS, to his Christian family  
Accepted now. On her and on her son,  
The Elders and the People, Llorien  
Sprinkled the sanctifying waters. Day  
Was scarcely two hours old when he  
began

His work, and when he ceased, the sun  
had pass'd

The heights of noon. Ye saw that  
blessed work,

Sons of the Cymry, Cadog, Deiniol, 130  
Padarn, and Teilo ! ye whose sainted  
names

Your monumental temples still record ;  
Thou, David, still revered, who in the  
vale,

Where, by old Hatterill's wintry tor-  
rents swoln

Rude Hodney rolls his raging stream,  
didst choose

Thy hermit home ; and ye who by the  
sword

Of the fierce Saxon, when the bloodier  
Monk

Urged on the work of murder, for your  
faith

And freedom fell, . . Martyrs and Saints,  
ye saw

This triumph of the Cymry and the  
Cross, 140

And struck your golden harps to hymns  
of joy.

## IX. TLALALA

As now the rites were ended, Caradoc  
Came from the ships, leading an Azteca  
Guarded and bound. Prince Madoc,  
said the Bard,

Lo ! the first captive of our arms I bring.  
Alone, beside the river I had stray'd,  
When, from his lurking place, the savage  
hurl'd

A javelin. At the rustle of the reeds,  
From whence the blow was aim'd, I  
turn'd in time,

And heard it whizz beside me. Well it  
was,

That from the ships they saw and suc-  
cour'd me ; 10

For, subtle as a serpent in my grasp,  
He seem'd all joint and flexure ; nor  
had I

Armour to ward, nor weapon to offend,  
To battle all unused and unprepared ;  
But I too here upon this barbarous land  
Like Elmur and like Aronan of old,  
Must lift the ruddy spear.

This is no day

For vengeance, answer'd Madoc, else his  
deed

Had met no mercy. Freely let him go !  
Perchance the tidings of our triumph  
here 20

May yet reclaim his country. . . Azteca,  
Go, let your Pabas know that we have  
crush'd

Their complots here ; beneath our  
righteous sword

The Priest and his false Deity have  
fallen ;

The idols are consumed, and in their  
stead

The emblems of our holy faith set up,  
Whereof the Hoamen have this day  
been made

Partakers. Say to Aztlan, when she too

Will make her temples clean, and put  
away  
Her foul abominations, and accept 30  
The Christian Cross, that Madoc then  
accords  
Forgiveness for the past, and peace to  
come.  
This better part let her, of her free will  
And wisdom, choose in time.  
Till Madoc spake,  
The captive reckless of his peril stood,  
Gazing with resolute and careless eye,  
As one in whom the lot of life or death  
Moved neither fear nor feeling; but  
that eye  
Now sparkling with defiance, . . . Seek ye  
peace ?  
He cried : O weak and woman-hearted  
man ! 40  
Already wouldst thou lay the sword to  
rest ?  
Not with the burial of the sword this  
strife  
Must end, for never doth the Tree of  
Peace  
Strike root and flourish, till the strong  
man's hand  
Upon his enemy's grave hath planted it.  
Come ye to Aztlan then in quest of  
peace ?  
Ye feeble souls, if that be what ye seek,  
Fly hence ! our Aztlan suffers on her  
soil  
No living stranger.  
Do thy bidding, Chief !  
Calmly Cadwallon answered. To her  
choice 50  
Let Aztlan look, lest what she now  
reject  
In inscience of strength, she take upon  
her,  
In sorrow and in suffering and in  
shame,  
By strong compulsion, penitent too late.  
Thou hast beheld our ships with gallant  
men  
Freighted, a numerous force, . . . and for  
our arms, . . .  
Surely thy nation hath acquired of them  
Disastrous knowledge.  
Curse upon your arms !  
Exclaim'd the savage : . . . Is there one  
among you

Dare lay that cowardly advantage by,  
And meet me, man to man, in honest  
strife ? 61  
That I might grapple with him, weapon-  
less,  
On yonder rock, breast against breast,  
fair force  
Of limb and breath and blood, . . . till one,  
or both,  
Dash'd down the shattering precipice,  
should feed  
The mountain eagle ! . . . Give me, I be-  
seech you,  
That joy !  
As wisely, said Cynetha's son,  
Thy foe might challenge thee, and bid  
thee let  
Thy strong right hand hang idle in the  
fray,  
That so his weakness with thy strength  
might cope 70  
In equal battle ! . . . Not in wrongful  
war,  
The tyrants of our weaker brethren,  
Wield we these dreadful arms, . . . but  
when assail'd  
By fraud and force, when call'd upon to  
aid  
The feeble and oppress'd, shall we not  
Then put our terrors forth, and thunder-  
strike  
The guilty ?  
Silently the Savage heard ;  
Joy brighten'd in his eyes, as they un-  
loosed  
His bonds ; he stretch'd his arms at  
length, to feel  
His liberty, and like a greyhound then  
Slipt from the leash, he bounded o'er  
the hills. 81  
What was from early morning till noon  
day  
The steady travel of a well-girt man,  
He, with fleet feet and unfatiguable,  
In three short hours hath traversed ; in  
the lake  
He plunged, now shooting forth his  
pointed arms, . . .  
Arrow-like darting on ; recumbent now,  
Forces with springing feet his easier  
way ;  
Then with new speed, as freshen'd by  
repose,



gain he breasts the water. On the  
 shore 90  
 f Aztlan now he stands, and breathes  
 at will,  
 nd wrings his dripping locks; then  
 through the gate  
 ursued his way.  
 Green garlands deck the gate;  
 ay are the temples with green boughs  
 affix'd;  
 he door-posts and the lintels hung with  
 wreaths;  
 he fire of sacrifice, with flames be-  
 dimm'd,  
 urns in the sun-light, pale; the victims  
 wait  
 round, impatient of their death  
 delay'd.  
 he Priest, before Tezcalipoca's shrine,  
 Vatches the maize-strewn threshold, to  
 announce 100  
 he footsteps of the God; for this the  
 day,  
 When to his favour'd city he vouchsafes  
 His annual presence, and, with unseen  
 feet,  
 mprints the maize-strewn threshold;  
 follow'd soon  
 y all whose altars with eternal fires  
 Aztlan illumed, and fed with human  
 blood; . .  
 Mexitli, woman-born, who from the  
 womb,  
 Child of no mortal sire, leapt terrible,  
 The arm'd avenger of his mother's  
 fame;  
 And he whose will the subject winds  
 obey, 110  
 Quetzalcoal; and Tlaloc, Water-God,  
 And all the host of Deities, whose power  
 Requisites with bounty Aztlan's pious  
 zeal,  
 Health and rich increase giving to her  
 sons,  
 And withering in the war her enemies.  
 So taught the Priests, and therefore  
 were the gates  
 Green-garlanded, the temples green  
 with boughs,  
 The door-posts and the lintels hung with  
 wreaths;  
 And yonder victims, ranged around the  
 fire, 119

Are destin'd, with the steam of sacrifice,  
 To greet their dreadful coming.  
With the train  
 Of warrior Chiefs Coanocotzin stood,  
 That when the Priest proclaim'd the  
 enter'd God,  
 His lips before the present Deity  
 Might pour effectual prayer. The  
 assembled Chiefs  
 Saw Tlalala approach, more welcome  
 now,  
 As one whose absence from the appointed  
 rites  
 Had waken'd fear and wonder. . . Think  
 not ye,  
 The youth exclaim'd, careless impiety  
 Could this day lead me wandering.  
 I went forth 130  
 To dip my javelin in the Strangers'  
 blood, . .  
 A sacrifice, methought, our Gods had  
 loved  
 To scent, and sooner hasten'd to enjoy.  
 I fail'd, and fell a prisoner; but their  
 fear  
 Released me, . . coward fear, or childish  
 hope,  
 That, like Yuhidthiton, I might become  
 Their friend, and merit chastisement  
 from Heaven,  
 Pleading the Strangers' cause. They  
 bade me go  
 And proffer peace. . . Chiefs, were it  
 possible  
 That tongue of mine could win you to  
 that shame, 140  
 Out would I pluck the member, though  
 my soul  
 Followed its bloody roots. The Stranger  
 finds  
 No peace in Aztlan, but the peace of  
 death!  
 'Tis bravely said! Yuhidthiton replied,  
 And fairly may'st thou boast, young  
 Tlalala,  
 For thou art brave in battle. Yet  
 'twere well  
 If that same fearless tongue were taught  
 to check  
 Its boyish licence now. No law forbade  
 Our friendship with the Stranger, when  
 my voice

Pleaded for proffered peace ; that fault  
 I shared 150  
 In common with the King, and with the  
 Chiefs,  
 The Pabas and the People, none fore-  
 seeing  
 Danger or guilt : but when at length  
 the Gods  
 Made evident their wrath in prodigies,  
 I yielded to their manifested will  
 My prompt obedience. . . Bravely hast  
 thou said,  
 And brave thou art, young Tiger of the  
 War !  
 But thou hast dealt with other enemies  
 Than these impenetrable men, . . with  
 foes,  
 Whose conquered Gods lie idle in their  
 chains, 160  
 And with tame weakness brook cap-  
 tivity.  
 When thou hast met the Strangers in the  
 fight,  
 And in the doings of that fight out-  
 done  
 Yuhidhithon, revile him then for one  
 Slow to defend his country and his  
 faith ;  
 Till then, with reverence, as beseems thy  
 youth,  
 Respect thou his full fame !  
I wrong it not !  
 I wrong it not ! cried the young Azteca ;  
 But truly, as I hope to equal it,  
 Honour thy well-earned glory. . . But  
 this peace ! . . 170  
 Renounce it ! . . say that it shall never  
 be ! . .  
 Never, . . as long as there are Gods in  
 Heaven,  
 Or men in Aztlan !  
That, the King replied,  
 The Gods themselves have answer'd.  
 Never yet  
 By holier ardour were our countrymen  
 Possess'd ; peace-offerings of repentance  
 fill  
 The temple courts ; from every voice  
 ascends  
 The contrite prayer ; daily the victim's  
 heart, 178  
 Sends its propitiatory steam to Heaven ;  
 And if the aid divine may be procured

By the most dread solemnities of faith,  
 And rigour of severest penitence,  
 Soon shall the present influence  
 strengthen us,  
 And Aztlan be triumphant.  
While they spake,  
 The ceaseless sound of song and instru-  
 ment  
 Rung through the air, now rising like  
 the voice  
 Of angry ocean, now subsiding soft,  
 As when the breeze of evening dies  
 away.  
 The horn, and shrill-toned pipe, and  
 drum, that gave  
 Its music to the hand, and hollow'd  
 wood, 190  
 Drum-like, whose thunders, ever and  
 anon,  
 Commingling with the sea-shell's spiral  
 roar,  
 Closed the full harmony. And now the  
 eve  
 Pass'd on, and, through the twilight  
 visible,  
 The frequent fire-flies' brightening  
 beauties shone.  
 Anxious and often now the Priest  
 inspects  
 The maize-strewn threshold ; for the  
 wonted hour  
 Was come, and yet no footstep of the  
 God !  
 More radiant now the fire of sacrifice,  
 Fed to full fury, blazed ; and its red  
 smoke 200  
 Imparted to the darker atmosphere  
 Such obscure light as, o'er Vesuvio  
 seen,  
 Or pillared upon Etna's mountain-head,  
 Makes darkness dreadful. In the cap-  
 tives' cheeks  
 Then might a livid paleness have been  
 seen,  
 And wilder terror in their ghastly eyes,  
 Expecting momentarily the pang of death.  
 Soon in the multitude a doubt arose,  
 Which none durst mention, lest his  
 neighbour's fears,  
 Divulged, should strengthen his ; . . the  
 hour was past, 210  
 And yet no foot had mark'd the  
 sprinkled maize !

## X. THE ARRIVAL OF THE GODS

Now every moment gave their doubts  
new force,

And every wondering eye disclosed the  
fear

Which on the tongue was trembling,  
when to the King,

Emaciate like some bare anatomy,  
And deadly pale, Tezozomoc was led,  
By two supporting Priests. Ten pain-  
ful months,

Immured amid the forest had he dwelt,  
In abstinence and solitary prayer  
Passing his nights and days; thus did  
the Gods

From their High Priest exact, when they  
enforced, <sup>10</sup>

By danger or distress, the penance due  
For public sins; and he had dwelt ten  
months,

Praying and fasting and in solitude,  
Till now might every bone of his lean  
limbs

Be told, and in his starved and bony face  
The living eye appeared unnatural, . .  
A ghostly sight.

In breathless eagerness  
The multitude drew round as he began, . .  
O King, the Gods of Aztlan are not  
come;

They will not come before the Strangers'  
blood, <sup>20</sup>

Smoke on their altars: but they have  
beheld

My days of prayer, and nights of watch-  
fulness,

And fasts austere, and bloody disci-  
plines,

And have reveal'd their pleasure. Who  
is here,

Who to the White King's dwelling-place  
dare go,

And execute their will?

Scarce had he said,  
When Tlalala exclaim'd, I am the man.

Hear then! Tezozomoc replied, . .  
Ye know

That self-denial and long penance purge  
The film and foulness of mortality, <sup>30</sup>

For more immediate intercourse with  
Heaven

Preparing the pure spirit; and all eyes  
May witness that with no relaxing zeal  
I have perform'd my duty. Much I  
fear'd

For Aztlan's sins, and oft in bitterness,  
Have groan'd and bled for her iniquity;  
But chiefly for this solemn day the fear  
Was strong upon me, lest her Deities,  
Estranged, should turn away, and we be  
left

A spiritless and God-abandoned race,  
A warning to the earth. Ten weary  
months <sup>41</sup>

Have the raw maize and running water  
been

My only food; but not a grain of maize  
Hath stay'd the gnawing appetite, nor  
drop

Of water cool'd my parch'd and painful  
tongue,

Since yester-morn arose. Fasting I  
pray'd,

And, praying, gash'd myself; and all  
night long,

I watch'd and wept and supplicated  
Heaven,

Till the weak flesh, its life-blood almost  
drain'd, <sup>49</sup>

Sunk with the long austerity: a dread  
Of death came over me; a deathly chill  
Ran through my veins, and loosen'd  
every limb;

Dim grew mine eyes; and I could feel  
my heart

Dying away within me, intermit  
Its slow and feeble throbs, then sud-  
denly

Start, as it seem'd exerting all its force  
In one last effort. On the ground I fell,  
I know not if entranced, or dead indeed,  
But without motion, hearing, sight, or  
sense,

Feeling, or breath, or life. From that  
strange state, <sup>60</sup>

Even in such blessed freedom from all  
pain,

That sure I thought myself in very  
Heaven,

I woke, and raised my eyelids, and beheld  
A light which seemed to penetrate my  
bones

With life and health. Before me, visible,  
Stood Coatlantona ; a wreath of flowers  
Circled her hair, and from their odorous  
leaves

Arose a lambent flame ; not fitfully,  
Nor with faint flash or spark of earthly  
flowers ;

From these, for ever flowing forth, there  
play'd 70

In one perpetual dance of pointed light,  
The azure radiance of innocuous fire.  
She spake. . . Hear, Aztlan ! and give  
ear, O King !

She said, Not yet the offended Gods  
relax

Their anger ; they require the Strangers'  
blood,

The foretaste of their banquet. Let  
their will

Be known to Aztlan, and the brave  
perform

Their bidding ; I, meantime, will seek  
to soothe,

With all a mother's power, Mexitli's  
wrath.

So let the Maidens daily with fresh  
flowers 80

Garland my temple ! . . . Daily with fresh  
flowers

Garland her temple, Aztlan ! and revere  
The gentle mother of thy guardian God !

And let the brave, exclaim'd young  
Tlalala,

Perform her bidding ! Servant of the  
Gods,

Declare their will ! . . . Is it, that I should  
seek

The Strangers, in the first who meets  
my way

To plunge the holy weapon ? Say thou  
to me

Do this ; . . . and I depart to do the deed,  
Though my life-blood should mingle  
with the foe's. 90

O brave young Chief ! Tezozomoc  
replied,

With better fortune may the grateful  
Gods

Reward thy valour ! deed so hazardous  
They ask not. Couldst thou from the  
mountain holds

Tempt one of these rash foemen to  
pursue

Thine artful flight, an ambush'd band  
might rise

Upon the unsuspecting enemy,  
And intercept his way ; then hither-  
ward

The captive should be led, and Aztlan's  
Gods

On their own altars see the sacrifice, 100  
Well pleased, and Aztlan's sons, in-  
spirited,

Behold the omen of assured success.  
Thou know'st that Tlaloc's annual  
festival

Is close at hand. A Stranger's child  
would prove

A victim, whose rare value would  
deserve

His certain favour. More I need not  
say.

Choose thou the force for ambush ; and  
thyself

Alone, or with a chosen comrade, seek  
The mountain dwellers.

Instant as he ceased,  
Ocellopan began ; I go with thee, 110

O Tlalala ! My friend ! . . . If one alone  
Could have the honour of this enter-  
prize,

My love might yield it thee ; . . . but thou  
wilt need

A comrade. . . Tlalala, I go with thee !  
Whom, the Chief answer'd, should my  
heart select,

Its tried companion else, but thee, so  
oft

My brother in the battle ? We will go,  
Shedder of blood ! together will we  
go,

Now, ere the midnight !

Nay ! the Priest replied,  
A little while delay, and ere ye go, 120

Devote yourselves to Heaven ! Feebly  
he spake

Like one exhausted ; gathering then  
new force,

As with laborious effort, he pursued, . . .  
Bedew Mexitli's altar with your blood,  
And go beneath his guidage. I have  
yet

Strength to officiate, and to bless your  
zeal.



So saying, to the Temple of the God  
He led the way. The warriors follow'd  
him ;

And with his chiefs, Coanocotzin went,  
To grace with all solemnity the rite. 130  
They pass the Wall of Serpents, and  
ascend

The massive fabric ; four times they  
surround

Its ample square, the fifth they reach  
the height.

There, on the level top, two temple-  
towers

Were rear'd ; the one Tezcalipoca's  
fane,

Supreme of Heaven, where now the  
wily Priest

Stood, watchful for his presence, and  
observed

The maize-strewn threshold. His the  
other pile,

By whose peculiar power and patronage  
Aztlan was blest, Mexitli, woman-born.  
Before the entrance, the eternal fire 141  
Was burning ; bare of foot they enter'd  
there.

On a blue throne, with four huge silver  
snakes,

As if the keepers of the sanctuary,  
Circled, with stretching neck and fangs  
display'd,

Mexitli sate : another graven snake  
Belted with scales of gold his monster  
bulk.

Around the neck a loathsome collar  
hung,

Of human hearts ; the face was mask'd  
with gold,

His specular eyes seem'd fire ; one hand  
uprear'd 150

A club, the other, as in battle, held  
The shield ; and over all suspended  
hung

The banner of the nation. They beheld  
In awe, and knelt before the Terrible  
God.

Guardian of Aztlan ! cried Tezozomoc,  
Who to thy mortal mother hast assign'd  
The kingdom o'er all trees and arborets,  
And herbs and flowers, giving her endless  
life,

A Deity among the Deities ;  
While Coatlauntona implores thy love 160  
To thine own people, they in fear ap-  
proach  
Thy awful fane, who know no fear  
beside,

And offer up the worthiest sacrifice,  
The blood of heroes !

To the ready Chiefs  
He turn'd, and said, Now stretch your  
arms, and make

The offering to the God. They their  
bare arms

Stretch'd forth, and stabb'd them with  
the aloe-point.

Then, in a golden vase, Tezozomoc  
Received the mingled streams, and held  
it up 169

Toward the giant Idol, and exclaim'd,  
Terrible God ! Protector of our realm !  
Receive thine incense ! Let the steam  
of blood

Ascend to thee, delightful ! So mayest  
thou

Still to thy chosen people lend thine aid ;  
And these blaspheming strangers from  
the earth

Be swept away ; as erst the monster  
race

Of Mammuth, Heaven's fierce ministers  
of wrath,

Who drain'd the lakes in thirst, and for  
their food

Exterminated nations. And as when,  
Their dreadful ministry of death fulfill'd,  
Ipalnemoani, by whom we live, 181

Bade thee go forth, and with thy  
lightnings fill

The vault of Heaven, and with thy  
thunders rock

The rooted earth, till of the monster  
race

Only their monumental bones re-  
main'd, . . .

So arm thy favour'd people with thy  
might,

Terrible God ! and purify the land  
From these blaspheming foes !

He said, and gave  
Ocellopan the vase. . . Chiefs, ye have  
pour'd

Your strength and courage to the  
Terrible God, 190

Devoted to his service; take ye now  
 The beverage he hath hallow'd. In  
 your youth  
 Ye have quaff'd manly blood, that  
 manly thoughts  
 Might ripen in your hearts; so now  
 with this,  
 Which mingling from such noble veins  
 hath flowed,  
 Increase of valour drink, and added  
 force.  
 Ocellopan received the bloody vase,  
 And drank, and gave in silence to his  
 friend  
 The consecrated draught; then Tlalala  
 Drain'd off the offering. Braver blood  
 than this 200  
 My lips can never taste! quoth he; but  
 soon  
 Grant me, Mexitli, a more grateful cup, ..  
 The Stranger's life!

Are all the rites perform'd?  
 Ocellopan enquired. Yea, all is done.  
 Answer'd the Priest. Go! and the  
 guardian God  
 Of Aztlan be your guide!

They left the fane.  
 Lo! as Tezozomoc was passing by  
 The eternal fire, the eternal fire shot up  
 A long blue flame. He started; he  
 exclaim'd,  
 The God! the God! Tezcalipoca's  
 Priest 210  
 Echoed the welcome cry, The God! the  
 God!  
 For lo! his footsteps mark the maize-  
 strewn floor.

A mighty shout from all the multitudes  
 Of Aztlan rose; they cast into the fire  
 The victims, whose last shrieks of agony  
 Mingled unheeded with the cries of joy.  
 Then louder from the spiral sea-shell's  
 depth  
 Swell'd the full roar, and from the  
 hollow wood  
 Peal'd deeper thunders. Round the  
 choral band,  
 The circling nobles, gay with gorgeous  
 plumes, 220  
 And gems which sparkled to the mid-  
 night fire,  
 Moved in the solemn dance; each in  
 his hand,

In measured movements lifts the fea-  
 tery shield,  
 And shakes a rattling ball to measured  
 sounds.  
 With quicker steps, the inferior chiefs  
 without,  
 Equal in number, but in just array,  
 The spreading radii of the mystic wheel,  
 Revolve; and, outermost, the youths  
 roll round,  
 In motions rapid as their quicken'd  
 blood.  
 So thus with song and harmony the  
 night 230  
 Pass'd on in Aztlan, and all hearts re-  
 joiced.

## XI. THE CAPTURE

MEANTIME from Aztlan, on their enter-  
 prize,  
 Shedder of Blood and Tiger of the War,  
 Ocellopan and Tlalala set forth.  
 With chosen followers, through the  
 silent night,  
 Silent they travell'd on. After a way  
 Circuitous and far through lonely tracks,  
 They reach'd the mountains, and amid  
 the shade  
 Of thickets covering the uncultured  
 slope.  
 Their patient ambush placed. The  
 chiefs alone  
 Held on, till winding in ascent they  
 reach'd 10  
 The heights which o'er the Briton's  
 mountain hold  
 Impended; there they stood, and by  
 the moon  
 Who yet, with undiminished lustre,  
 hung  
 High in the dark blue firmament, from  
 thence  
 Explored the steep descent. Precipitous  
 The rock beneath them lay, a sudden  
 cliff  
 Bare and unbroken; in its midway  
 holes,  
 Where never hand could reach, nor eye  
 intrude,  
 The eagle built her cyrie. Farther on,

Its interrupted crags and ancient woods  
 Offered a difficult way. From crag to  
 crag, 21  
 By rocky shelf, by trunk, or root, or  
 bough,  
 A painful toil and perilous they pass'd ;  
 And now, stretch'd out amid the matted  
 shrubs,  
 Which, at the entrance of the valley,  
 clothed  
 The rugged bank, they crouch'd.  
 By this the stars  
 Grew dim ; the glow-worm hath put  
 out her lamp ;  
 The owls have ceased their night song.  
 On the top  
 Of yon magnolia the loud turkey's voice  
 Is heralding the dawn ; from tree to  
 tree 30  
 Extends the wakening watch-note, far  
 and wide,  
 Till the whole woodlands echo with the  
 cry.  
 Now breaks the morning ; but as yet no  
 foot  
 Hath mark'd the dews, nor sound of  
 man is heard.  
 Then first Ocellopan beheld, where near,  
 Beneath the shelter of a half-roof'd hut,  
 A sleeping Stranger lay. He pointed  
 him  
 To Tlalala. The Tiger look'd around :  
 None else was nigh. . . Shall I descend,  
 he said,  
 And strike him ? here is none to see the  
 deed. 40  
 We offered to the Gods our mingled blood  
 Last night ; and now, I deem it, they  
 present  
 An offering which shall more propitiate  
 them,  
 And omen sure success. I will go down  
 And kill !  
 He said, and, gliding like a snake,  
 Where Caradoc lay sleeping made his  
 way.  
 Sweetly slept he, and pleasant were his  
 dreams  
 Of Britain, and the blue-eyed maid he  
 loved.  
 The Azteca stood over him ; he knew  
 His victim, and the power of vengeance  
 gave 50

Malignant joy. Once hast thou 'scaped  
 my arm :  
 But what shall save thee now ? the  
 Tiger thought,  
 Exulting ; and he raised his spear to  
 strike.  
 That instant, o'er the Briton's unseen  
 harp  
 The gale of morning pass'd, and swept  
 its strings  
 Into so sweet a harmony, that sure  
 It seem'd no earthly tone. The savage  
 man  
 Suspends his stroke ; he looks astonish'd  
 round ;  
 No human hand is near : . . and hark !  
 again 59  
 The aerial music swells and dies away.  
 Then first the heart of Tlalala felt fear :  
 He thought that some protecting spirit  
 watch'd  
 Beside the Stranger, and, abash'd, with-  
 drew.

A God protects him ! to Ocellopan,  
 Whispering, he said. Didst thou not  
 hear the sound  
 Which enter'd into me, and fix'd my  
 arm  
 Powerless above him ?  
 Was it not a voice  
 From thine own Gods to strengthen thee.  
 replied  
 His sterner comrade, and make evident  
 Their pleasure in the deed ?  
 Nay ! Tlalala 70  
 Rejoin'd ; they speak in darkness and  
 in storms :  
 The thunder is their voice, that peals  
 through heaven,  
 Or, rolling underneath us, makes earth  
 rock  
 In tempest, and destroys the sons of  
 men.  
 It was no sound of theirs. Ocellopan !  
 No voice to hearten, . . for I felt it pass  
 Unmanning every limb ; yea, it relax'd  
 The sinews of my soul. Shedder of  
 Blood,  
 I cannot lift my hand against the man.  
 Go, if thy heart be stronger !  
 But meantime 80  
 Young Caradoc arose, of his escape

Unconscious; and by this the stirring  
sounds  
Of day began, increasing now, as all  
Now to their toil betake them. Some  
go fell  
The stately tree; some from the trunk  
low-laid  
Hew the huge boughs; here round the  
fire they char  
The stake-points; here they level with  
a line  
The ground-plot, and infix the ready  
piles,  
Or, interknitting them with osiers,  
weave  
The wicker wall; others along the  
lake,  
From its shoal waters gather reeds and  
canes, . . .  
Light roofing, suited to the genial sky.  
The woodman's measured stroke, the  
regular saw,  
The wain slow-creaking and the voice  
of man  
Answering his fellow, or, in single toil,  
Cheering his labour with a cheerful  
song,  
Strange concert made to those fierce  
Aztecas,  
Who, beast-like, in their silent lurking  
place  
Couch'd close and still, observant for  
their prey.

All overseeing, and directing all,  
From place to place moved Madoc, and  
beheld  
The dwellings rise. Young Hoel at his  
side  
Ran on, best pleased when at his Uncle's  
side  
Courting indulgent love. And now  
they came  
Beside the half-roof'd hut of Caradoc;  
Of all the mountain-dwellings, that the  
last.  
The little boy, in boyish wantonness,  
Would quit his Uncle's hold, and haste  
away,  
With childhood's frolic speed, then  
laugh aloud,  
To tempt pursuit, now running to the  
huts,

Now toward the entrance of the valley  
straits.  
But wheresoe'er he turned, Ocellopan  
With hunter's-eye pursued his heedless  
course,  
In breath-suspending vigilance. Ah  
me!  
The little wretch toward his lurking-  
place  
Draws near, and calls on Madoc; and  
the Prince  
Thinks of no danger nigh, and follows  
not  
The childish lure! nearer the covert  
now  
Young Hoel runs, and stops, and calls  
again;  
Then, like a lion, from his couching  
place  
Ocellopan leapt forth, and seized his  
prey.

Loud shriek'd the affrighted child, as  
in his arms  
The savage grasp'd him; startled at  
the cry,  
Madoc beheld him hastening through  
the pass.  
Quick as instinctive love can urge his  
feet  
He follows, and he now almost hath  
reach'd  
The incumber'd ravisher, and hope  
inspires  
New speed, . . . yet nearer now, and nearer  
still,  
And lo! the child holds out his little  
arms!  
That instant, as the Prince almost had  
laid  
His hand upon the boy, young Tlalala  
Leapt on his neck, and soon, though  
Madoc's strength  
With frantic fury shook him from his  
hold,  
Far down the steep Ocellopan had  
fled.  
Ah! what avails it now, that they, by  
whom  
Madoc was standing to survey their  
toil,  
Have miss'd their Chief, and spread the  
quick alarm?



What now avails it, that with distant  
aid,  
His gallant men come down? Regarding  
nought  
But Hoel, but the wretched Llaian's  
grief, 140  
He rushes on; and ever as he draws  
Near to the child, the Tiger Tlalala  
Impedes his way; and now they reach  
the place  
Of ambush, and the ambush'd band  
arise,  
And Madoc is their prisoner. Caradoc,  
In vain thou ledest on the late pursuit!  
In vain, Cadwallon, hath thy love  
alarm'd  
Caught the first sound of evil! They  
pour out  
Tumultuous from the vale, a half-arm'd  
troop;  
Each with such weapons as his hasty  
hand 150  
Can seize, they rush to battle. Gallant  
men,  
Your valour boots not! It avails not  
now,  
With such fierce onset that ye charge  
the foe,  
And drive with such full force the  
weapon home!  
They, while ye slaughter them, impede  
pursuit,  
And far away, meantime, their com-  
rades bear  
The captive Prince. In vain his noble  
heart  
Swells now with wild and suffocating  
rage;  
In vain he struggles: . . . they have bound  
his limbs  
With the tough osier, and his struggles  
now 160  
But bind more close and cuttingly the  
band.  
They hasten on; and while they bear  
the prize,  
Leaving their ill-doom'd fellows in the  
fight  
To check pursuit, foremost afar of all,  
With unabating strength by joy in-  
spired  
Ocellopan to Aztlan bears the child.

## XII. HOEL

GOOD tidings travel fast. . . The chief is  
seen;  
He hastens on; he holds the child on  
high;  
He shouts aloud. Through Aztlan  
spreads the news;  
Each to his neighbour tells the happy  
tale, . . .  
Joy, . . . joy to Aztlan! the blood-shedder  
comes!  
Tlaloc has given his victim. Ah, poor child!  
They from the gate swarm out to wel-  
come thee,  
Warriors, and men grown grey, and  
youths and maids,  
Exulting, forth they crowd. The  
mothers throng  
To view thee, and, while thinking of  
thy doom, 10  
They clasp their own dear infants to the  
breast  
With deeper love, delighted think that  
thou  
Shalt suffer for them. He, poor child,  
admires  
The strange array! with wonder he  
beholds  
Their olive limbs, half bare, their plummy  
crowns,  
And gazes round and round, where all  
was new,  
Forgetful of his fears. But when the  
Priest  
Approach'd to take him from the War-  
rior's arms,  
Then Hoel scream'd, and from that  
hideous man  
Averting, to Ocellopan he turn'd, 20  
And would have clung to him, so dread-  
ful late,  
Stern as he was, and terrible of eye,  
Less dreadful than the Priest, whose  
dark aspect  
Which nature with her harshest charac-  
ters  
Had featured, art made worse. His  
cowl was white;  
His untrimm'd hair, a long and loath-  
some mass,

With cotton cords intwisted, clung with  
gum,  
And matted with the blood, which, every  
morn,  
He from his temples drew before the  
God,  
In sacrifice; bare were his arms, and  
smear'd 30  
Black. But his countenance a stronger  
dread  
Than all the horrors of that outward  
garb,  
Struck with quick instinct to young  
Hoel's heart;  
It was a face, whose settled sullenness  
No gentle feeling ever had disturb'd;  
Which, when he probed a victim's living  
breast,  
Retained its hard composure.

Such was he  
Who took the son of Llaian, heeding not  
His cries and screams, and arms, in sup-  
pliant guise,  
Stretch'd out to all around, and strug-  
glings vain. 40  
He to the temple of the Water-God  
Convey'd his victim. By the threshold,  
there  
The ministering Virgins stood, a comely  
band  
Of high-born damsels, to the temple rites  
By pious parents vow'd. Gladly to them  
The little Hoel leapt; their gentle looks  
No fear excited; and he gazed around,  
Pleased and surprised, unconscious to  
what end  
These things were tending. O'er the  
rush-strewn floor  
They to the azure Idol led the boy, 50  
Now not reluctant, and they raised the  
hymn.

God of the Waters! at whose will the  
streams  
Flow in their wonted channel, and diffuse  
Their plenty round, the blood and life  
of earth;  
At whose command they swell, and o'er  
their banks  
Burst with resistless ruin, making vain  
The toils and hopes of man, . . behold  
this child!  
O strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,

Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so mayest  
thou  
Restrain the peaceful streams within  
their banks, 60  
And bless the labours of the husband-  
man.

God of the Mountains! at whose will  
the clouds  
Cluster around the heights; who  
sendest them  
To shed their fertilizing showers, and  
raise  
The drooping herb, and o'er the thirsty  
vale  
Spread their green freshness; at whose  
voice the hills  
Grow black with storms; whose wrath  
the thunder speaks,  
Whose bow of anger shoots the lightning  
shafts,  
To blast the works of man; . . behold  
this child!  
O strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,  
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so mayest  
thou 71  
Lay by the fiery arrows of thy rage,  
And bid the genial rains and dews  
descend.

O thou, Companion of the powerful  
God,  
Companion and Beloved! . . when he  
treads  
The mountain-top, whose breath diffuses  
round  
The sweets of summer; when he rides  
the waves,  
Whose presence is the sunshine and the  
calm, . .  
Aiauh, O green-robed Goddess, see this  
child!  
Behold thy victim! so mayest thou  
appease 80  
The sterner mind of Tlaloc when he  
frowns,  
And Aztlan flourish in thy fostering  
smile.  
Young Spirits! ye whom Aztlan's piety  
Hath given to Tlaloc, to enjoy with him,  
For aye, the cool delights of Tlalocan, . .  
Young Spirits of the happy; who have  
left

Your Heaven to-day, unseen assistants  
 here, . .  
 Behold your comrade! see the chosen  
 child,  
 Who through the lonely cave of death  
 must pass,  
 Like you, to join you in eternal joy. 90

Now from the rush-strewn temple they  
 depart.  
 They place their smiling victim in a ear,  
 Upon whose sides of pearly shell there  
 play'd,  
 Shading and shifting still, the rainbow  
 light.  
 On virgin shoulders is he borne aloft,  
 With dance before, and song and music  
 round ;  
 And thus they seek, in festival array.  
 The water-side. There lies the sacred  
 bark,  
 All gay with gold, and garlanded with  
 flowers :  
 The virgins with the joyous boy embark ;  
 Ten boatmen urge them on ; the Priests  
 behind 101  
 Follow, and all the long solemnity.  
 The lake is overspread with boats ; the  
 sun  
 Shines on the gilded prows, the feathery  
 crowns,  
 The sparkling waves. Green islets float  
 along,  
 Where high-born damsels, under jasmin  
 bowers,  
 Raise the sweet voice, to which the  
 echoing oars,  
 In modulated motion, rise and fall.  
 The moving multitude along the shore  
 Flows like a stream ; bright shines the  
 unclouded sky ; 110  
 Heaven, earth, and waters wear one face  
 of joy.  
 Young Hoel with delight beholds the  
 pomp ;  
 His heart throbs joyfully ; and if he  
 thinks  
 Upon his mother now, 'tis but to think  
 How beautiful a tale for her glad ear  
 He hath when he returns. Meantime  
 the maids  
 Weave garlands for his head, and raise  
 the song.

Oh! happy thou, whom early from  
 the world  
 The Gods require! not by the wasting  
 worm  
 Of sorrow canker'd, nor condemn'd to  
 feel 120  
 The pang of sickness, nor the wound of  
 war,  
 Nor the long miseries of protracted age ;  
 But thus in childhood chosen of the  
 God,  
 To share his joys. Soon shall thy  
 rescued soul,  
 Child of the Stranger! in his blissful  
 world,  
 Mix with the blessed spirits ; for not  
 thine,  
 Amid the central darkness of the earth,  
 To endure the eternal void ; . . not thine  
 to live,  
 Dead to all objects of eye, ear, or sense,  
 In the long horrors of one endless night,  
 With endless being curst. For thee the  
 bowers 131  
 Of Tlalocan have blossom'd with new  
 sweets ;  
 For thee have its immortal trees matured  
 The fruits of Heaven ; thy comrades  
 even now  
 Wait thee, impatient, in their fields of  
 bliss ;  
 The God will welcome thee, his chosen  
 child,  
 And Aiauh love thee with a mother's  
 love.  
 Child of the Stranger, dreary is thy way !  
 Darkness and Famine through the cave  
 of Death  
 Must guide thee. Happy thou, when on  
 that night 140  
 The morning of the eternal day shall  
 dawn.

So as they sung young Hoel's song of  
 death,  
 With rapid strength the boatmen plied  
 their oars,  
 And through the water swift they glided  
 on,  
 And now to shore they drew. The  
 stately bank  
 Rose with the majesty of woods o'er-  
 hung,

And rocks, or peering through the forest shade,  
 Or rising from the lake, and with their bulk  
 Glassing its dark deep waters. Half way up,  
 A cavern pierced the rock ; no human foot 150  
 Had trod its depths, nor ever sunbeam reach'd  
 Its long recesses and mysterious gloom ;  
 To Tlaloc it was hallowed ; and the stone,  
 Which closed its entrance, never was removed,  
 Save when the yearly festival return'd,  
 And in its womb a child was sepulchred,  
 The living victim. Up the winding path,  
 That to the entrance of the cavern led,  
 With many a painful step the train ascend :  
 But many a time, upon that long ascent,  
 Young Hoel would have paused, with weariness 161  
 Exhausted now. They urge him on, . . .  
 They urge him on ! . . . Where is Cadwallon's aid ?  
 Where is the sword of Ririd ? where the arm  
 Of Madoc now ? . . . Oh ! better had he lived,  
 Unknowing and unknown, on Arvon's plain,  
 And trod upon his noble father's grave,  
 With peasant feet, unconscious ! . . . They have reach'd  
 The cavern now, and from its mouth the Priests  
 Roll the huge portal. Thitherward they force 170  
 The son of Llaian. A cold air comes out ; . . .  
 It chills him, and his feet recoil ; . . . in vain  
 His feet recoil ; . . . in vain he turns to fly,  
 Affrighted at the sudden gloom that spreads  
 Around ; . . . the den is closed, and he is left  
 In solitude and darkness, . . . left to die !

## XIII. COATEL

THAT morn from Aztlan Coatel had gone  
 In search of flowers, amid the woods and crags,  
 To deck the shrine of Coatlantona ;  
 Such flowers as in the solitary wilds  
 Hiding their modest beauty, made their worth  
 More valued for its rareness. 'Twas to her  
 A grateful task ; not only for she fled  
 Those cruel rites, to which nor reverent use,  
 Nor frequent custom could familiarize  
 Her gentle heart, and teach it to put off  
 All womanly feeling ; . . . but that from all eyes 11  
 Escaped, and all obtrusive fellowship,  
 She in that solitude might send her soul  
 To where Lincoya with the Strangers dwelt.  
 She from the summit of the woodland heights  
 Gazed on the lake below. The sound of song  
 And instrument, in soften'd harmony,  
 Had reach'd her where she stray'd ;  
 and she beheld  
 The pomp, and listen'd to the floating sounds,  
 A moment, with delight : but then a fear 20  
 Came on her, for she knew with what design  
 The Tiger and Ocellopan had sought  
 The dwellings of the Cymry. . . . Now the boats  
 Drew nearer, and she knew the Stranger's child.  
 She watch'd them land below ; she saw them wind  
 The ascent : . . . and now from that abhorred cave  
 The stone is roll'd away, . . . and now the child  
 From light and life is cavern'd. Coatel  
 Thought of his mother then, of all the ills  
 Her fear would augur, and how worse than all 30  
 Which even a mother's maddening fear  
 could feign,



His actual fate. She thought of this,  
and bow'd  
Her face upon her knees, and closed her  
eyes,  
Shuddering. Suddenly in the brake  
beside,  
A rustling started her, and from the  
shrubs  
A Vulture rose.  
She moved toward the spot,  
Led by an idle impulse, as it seem'd,  
To see from whence the carrion bird had  
fled.  
The bushes overhung a narrow chasm  
Which pierced the hill: upon its mossy  
sides  
Shade-loving herbs and flowers luxuriant  
grew,  
And jutting crags made easy the  
descent.  
A little way descending, Coatel  
Snoopt for the flowers, and heard, or  
thought she heard,  
A feeble sound below. She raised her  
head,  
And anxiously she listen'd for the sound,  
Not without fear. . . Feebly again, and  
like  
A distant cry, it came; and then she  
thought,  
Perhaps it was the voice of that poor  
child,  
By the slow pain of hunger doom'd to  
die.  
She shudder'd at the thought, and  
breathed a groan  
Of unavailing pity; . . but the sound  
Came nearer, and her trembling heart  
conceived  
A dangerous hope. The Vulture from  
that chasm  
Had fled, perchance accustomed in the  
cave  
To seek his banquet, and by living feet  
Alarm'd: . . there was an entrance then  
below;  
And were it possible that she could save  
The Stranger's child, . . Oh what a joy  
it were  
To tell Lincoya that!

It was a thought 60

Which made her heart with terror and  
delight

Throb audibly. From crag to crag she  
pass'd  
Descending, and beheld a narrow cave  
Enter the hill. A little way the light  
Fell, . . but its feeble glimmering she  
herself  
Obstructed half, as stooping in she went.  
The arch grew loftier, and the increasing  
gloom  
Fill'd her with more affright; and now  
she paused;  
For at a sudden and abrupt descent  
She stood, and fear'd its unseen depth;  
her heart  
Fail'd, and she back had hasten'd; but  
the cry  
Reach'd her again, the near and certain  
cry  
Of that most pitiable innocent.  
Again adown the dark descent she  
look'd,  
Straining her eyes; by this the strength-  
en'd sight  
Had grown adapted to the gloom around,  
And her dilated pupils now received  
Dim sense of objects near. Something  
below,  
White, in the darkness lay: it mark'd  
the depth.  
Still Coatel stood dubious; but she  
heard  
The wailing of the child, and his loud  
sobs; . .  
Then, clinging to the rock with fearful  
hands,  
Her feet explored below, and twice she  
felt  
Firm footing, ere her fearful hold relax'd.  
The sound she made, along the hollow  
rock  
Ran echoing. Hoel heard it, and he  
came  
Groping along the side. A dim, dim  
light  
Broke on the darkness of his sepulchre;  
A human form drew near him; . . he  
sprang on,  
Screaming with joy, and clung to  
Coatel,  
And cried, O take me from this dismal  
place!  
She answer'd not; she understood him  
not;

But clasp'd the little victim to her  
breast,  
And shed delightful tears.

But from that den  
Of darkness and of horror, Coatel  
Durst not convey the child, though in  
her heart

There was a female tenderness which  
yearn'd,

As with maternal love, to cherish him.  
She hush'd his clamours, fearful lest the  
sound

Might reach some other ear ; she kissed  
away 100

The tears that stream'd adown his little  
cheeks ;

She gave him food which in the morn  
she brought,

For her own wants, from Aztlan. Some  
few words

Of Britain's ancient language she had  
learnt

From her Lincoya, in those happy days  
Of peace, when Aztlan was the Stranger's  
friend :

Aptly she learnt, what willingly he  
taught,

Terms of endearment, and the parting  
words

Which promised quick return. She to  
the child

These precious words address'd ; and if  
it chanced 110

Imperfect knowledge, or some difficult  
sound

Check'd her heart's utterance, then the  
gentle tone,

The fond caress, intelligibly spake  
Affection's language.

But when she arose,  
And would have climb'd the ascent, the  
affrighted boy

Fast held her, and his tears interpreted  
The prayer to leave him not. Again  
she kiss'd

His tears away ; again of soon return  
Assured and soothed him ; till reluc-  
tantly 119

And weeping, but in silence, he unloosed  
His grasp ; and up the difficult ascent  
Coatel climb'd, and to the light of day  
Returning, with her flowers she hastened  
home.

#### XIV. THE STONE OF SACRIFICE

WHO comes to Aztlan, bounding like a  
deer

Along the plain ? . . The herald of suc-  
cess ;

For lo ! his locks are braided, and his  
loins

Cinctured with white ; and see, he lifts  
the shield,

And brandishes the sword. The popu-  
lace

Flock round, impatient for the tale of  
joy,

And follow to the palace in his path.

Joy ! joy ! the Tiger hath achieved his  
quest !

They bring a captive home ! . . Trium-  
phantly

Coanocotzin and his Chiefs go forth 10  
To greet the youth triumphant, and  
receive

The victim whom the gracious gods have  
given,

Sure omen and first fruits of victory.

A woman leads the train, young, beauti-  
ful, . .

More beautiful for that translucent joy  
Flushing her cheek, and sparkling in  
her eye ; . .

Her hair is twined with festal flowers,  
her robe

With flowing wreaths adorn'd ; she  
holds a child,

He, too, bedeck'd and garlanded with  
flowers,

And, lifting him, with agile force of  
arm, 20

In graceful action, to harmonious step  
Accordant, leads the dance. It is the

wife

Of Tlalala, who, with his child, goes forth  
To meet her hero husband.

And behold  
The Tiger comes ! and ere the shouts  
and sounds

Of gratulation cease, his followers bear  
The captive Prince. At that so wel-  
come sight

Loud rose the glad acclaim ; nor knew  
they yet

That he who there lay patient in his  
bonds,  
Expecting the inevitable lot, 30  
Was Madoc. Patient in his bonds he  
lay,  
Exhausted with vain efforts, hopeless  
now,  
And silently resign'd. But when the  
King  
Approach'd the prisoner, and beheld his  
face,  
And knew the Chief of Strangers, at  
that sound  
Electric joy shot through the multitude,  
And, like the raging of the hurricane,  
Their thundering transports peal'd.  
A deeper joy,  
A nobler triumph kindled Tlalala,  
As, limb by limb, his eye survey'd the  
Prince, 40  
With a calm fierceness. And by this  
the Priests  
Approach'd their victim, clad in vest-  
ments white  
Of sacrifice, which from the shoulders  
fell,  
As from the breast, unbending, broad  
and straight,  
Leaving their black arms bare. The  
blood-red robe,  
The turquoise pendant from his down-  
drawn lip,  
The crown of glossy plumage, whose  
green hue  
Vied with his emerald ear-drops,  
mark'd their Chief  
Tezozomoc : his thin and ghastly cheek,  
Which, . . . save the temple serpents,  
when he brought 50  
Their human banquet, . . . never living eye  
Rejoiced to see, became more ghastly  
now,  
As in Mexitli's name, upon the Prince  
He laid his murderous hand. But as  
he spake,  
Up darted Tlalala his eagle glance. . .  
Away ! away ! he shall not perish so !  
The warrior cried. . . Not tamely, by the  
knife,  
Nor on the jasper-stone, his blood shall  
flow !  
The Gods of Aztlan love a Warrior Priest !  
I am their Priest to-day !

A murmuring 60  
Ran through the train ; nor waited he  
to hear  
Denial thence ; but on the multitude  
Aloud he call'd. . . When first our fathers  
seized  
This land, there was a savage chief who  
stopt  
Their progress. He had gained the rank  
he bore,  
By long probation : stripes, which laid  
his flesh  
All bleeding bare, had forced not one  
complaint ;  
Not when the working bowels might  
be seen,  
One movement ; hand-bound, he had  
been confined  
Where myriad insects on his nakedness  
Infix'd their venomous anger, and no  
start, 71  
No shudder, shook his frame ; last, in  
a net  
Suspended, he had felt the agony  
Of fire, which to his bones and marrow  
pierced,  
And breathed the suffocating smoke  
which fill'd  
His lungs with fire, without a groan,  
a breath,  
A look betokening sense ; so gallantly  
Had he subdued his nature. This brave  
man  
Met Aztlan in the war, and put her  
Chiefs  
To shame. Our Elders have not yet  
forgot 80  
How from the slaughter'd brother of  
their King  
He stript the skin, and form'd of it a  
drum,  
Whose sound affrighted armies. With  
this man  
My father coped in battle ; here he led  
him,  
An offering to the God ; and, man to  
man,  
He slew him here in fight. I was a child  
Just old enough to lift my father's  
shield ;  
But I remember, on that glorious day,  
When from the sacred combat he  
return'd,

His red hands reeking with the hot  
 heart's blood, 90  
 How in his arms he took me, and be-  
 sought  
 The God whom he had served, to bless  
 his boy,  
 And make me like my father. Men of  
 Aztlan,  
 Mexitli heard his prayer ; . . Here I have  
 brought  
 The Stranger-Chief, the noblest sacrifice  
 That ever graced the altar of the God ;  
 Let then his death be noble ! so my boy  
 Shall, in the day of battle, think of me ;  
 And as I follow'd my brave father's  
 steps,  
 Pursue my path of glory.  
Ere the Priest 100  
 Could frame denial, had the Monarch's  
 look  
 Given his assent. . . Refuse not this, he  
 said,  
 O servant of the Gods ! He hath not here  
 His arms to save him ; and the Tiger's  
 strength  
 Yields to no mortal might. Then for  
 his sword  
 He call'd, and bade Yuhidthiton address  
 The Stranger-Chief.  
Yuhidthiton began,  
 The Gods of Aztlan triumph, and thy  
 blood  
 Must wet their altars. Prince, thou  
 shalt not die  
 The coward's death ; but, sworded, and  
 in fight, 110  
 Fall as becomes the valiant. Should  
 thine arm  
 Subdue in battle six successive foes,  
 Life, liberty, and glory, will repay  
 The noble conquest. Madoc, hope not  
 this :  
 Strong are the brave of Aztlan !  
Then they loosed  
 The Ocean Chieftain's bonds ; they  
 rent away  
 His garments ; and with songs and  
 shouts of joy,  
 They led him to the Stone of Sacrifice.  
 Round was that Stone of Blood ; the  
 half-raised arm  
 Of one of manly growth, who stood  
 below, 120

Might rest upon its height ; the circ  
 small,  
 An active boy might almost bour  
 across.  
 Nor needed for the combat, ampl  
 space ;  
 For in the centre was the prisoner's foot  
 Fast fetter'd down. Thus fetter'  
 Madoc stood.  
 He held a buckler, light and small, c  
 cane  
 O'erlaid with beaten gold ; his sword  
 the King,  
 Honouring a noble enemy, had given,  
 A weapon tried in war, . . to Madoc'  
 grasp  
 Strange and unwieldy : 'twas a broa  
 strong staff, 13  
 Set thick with transverse stones, on  
 either side  
 Keen-edged as Syrian steel. But when  
 he felt  
 The weapon, Madoc call'd to mind hi  
 deeds  
 Done on the Saxon in his fathers' land  
 And hope arose within him. No  
 though now  
 Naked he stood, did fear for that assai  
 His steady heart ; for often had he seen  
 His gallant countrymen with naked  
 breasts,  
 Rush on their iron-coated enemy,  
 And win the conquest.  
Now hath Tlalala 140  
 Array'd himself for battle. First he  
 donn'd  
 A gipion, quilted close of gossampine ;  
 O'er that a jointed mail of plates of gold,  
 Bspotted like the tiger's speckled pride,  
 To speak his rank ; it clad his arms half-  
 way,  
 Half-way his thighs ; but cuishes had  
 he none,  
 Nor gauntlets, nor feet-armour. On his  
 helm  
 There yawn'd the semblance of a tiger's  
 head,  
 The long white teeth extended, as for  
 prey ;  
 Proud crest, to blazon his proud title  
 forth. 150  
 And now toward the fatal stage,  
 equipp'd



For fight, he went ; when, from the  
press behind,  
A warrior's voice was heard, and clad in  
arms,  
And shaking in his angry grasp the  
sword,  
Ocellopan rush'd on, and cried aloud,  
And for himself the holy combat claim'd.  
The Tiger, heedless of his clamour,  
sprung  
Upon the stone, and turn'd him to the  
war.  
Fierce leaping forward came Ocellopan,  
And bounded up the ascent, and seized  
his arm : . . . 160  
Why wouldst thou rob me of a deed like  
this ?  
Equal our peril in the enterprize,  
Equal our merit ; . . thou wouldst reap  
alone  
The guerdon ! Never shall my children  
lift  
Their little hands at thee, and say, Lo !  
there  
The Chief who slew the White King ! . .  
Tlalala,  
Trust to the lot, or turn on me, and  
prove,  
By the best chance to which the brave  
appeal,  
Who best deserves this glory !  
Stung to wrath,  
The Tiger answer'd not ; he raised his  
sword, 170  
And they had rush'd to battle ; but the  
Priests  
Came hastening up, and by their com-  
mon Gods,  
And by their common country, bade  
them cease  
Their impious strife, and let the lot  
decide  
From whom Mexitli should that day  
receive  
His noble victim. Both unsatisfied,  
But both obedient, heard. Two equal  
shafts,  
As outwardly they seem'd, the Paba  
brought ;  
His mantle hid their points ; and  
Tlalala  
Drew forth the broken stave. A bitter  
smile 180

Darken'd his cheek, as angrily he cast  
To earth the hostile lot. . . Shedder of  
Blood,  
Thine is the first adventure ! he ex-  
claim'd ;  
But thou mayst perish here ! . . and in  
his heart  
The Tiger hoped Ocellopan might fall,  
As sullenly retiring from the stage,  
He mingled with the crowd.

And now opposed  
In battle, on the Stone of Sacrifice,  
Princee Madoc and the Life-Destroyer  
stood.  
This clad in arms complete, free to  
advance 190  
In quick assault, or shun the threaten'd  
blow,  
Wielding his wonted sword ; the other,  
stript,  
Save of that fragile shield, of all defence ;  
His weapon strange and cumbrous ; and  
pinn'd down,  
Disabled from all onset, all retreat.

With looks of greedy joy, Ocellopan  
Survey'd his foe, and wonder'd to  
behold  
The breast so broad, the bare and  
brawny limbs,  
Of matchless strength. The eye of  
Madoc, too,  
Dwelt on his foe ; his countenance was  
calm, 200  
Something more pale than wonted ; like  
a man  
Prepared to meet his death. The  
Azteca  
Fiercely began the fight ; now here, now  
there,  
Aright, aleft, above, below, he wheel'd  
The rapid sword : still Madoc's rapid  
eye  
Pursued the motion, and his ready  
shield,  
In prompt interposition, caught the  
blow,  
Or turn'd its edge aside. Ner did the  
Prince  
Yet aim the sword to wound, but held it  
forth,  
Another shield, to save him, t'ill his  
hand, 210

Familiar with its weight and shape  
 uncouth,  
 Might wield it well to vengeance. Thus  
 he stood,  
 Baffling the impatient enemy, who now  
 Wax'd wrathful, thus to waste in idle  
 strokes  
 Reiterate so oft, his bootless strength.  
 And now yet more exasperate he grew ;  
 For, from the eager multitude, was  
 heard,  
 Amid the din of undistinguish'd sounds,  
 The Tiger's murmur'd name, as though  
 they thought,  
 Had he been on the Stone, ere this,  
 besure, <sup>220</sup>  
 The Gods had tasted of their sacrifice,  
 Now all too long delay'd. Then  
 fiercelier,  
 And yet more rapidly, he drove the  
 sword ;  
 But still the wary Prince or met its  
 fall,  
 And broke the force, or bent him from  
 the blow ;  
 And now retiring, and advancing now,  
 As one free foot permitted, still pro-  
 voked,  
 And baffled still the savage ; and  
 sometimes,  
 With cautious strength did Madoc aim  
 attack,  
 Mastering each moment now with abler  
 sway <sup>230</sup>  
 The acquainted sword. But, though as  
 yet unharm'd  
 In life or limb, more perilous the strife  
 Grew momentarily ; for with repeated  
 strokes,  
 Battered and broken now, the shield  
 hung loose ;  
 And shouts of triumph from the multi-  
 tude  
 Arose, as piece-meal they beheld it  
 fall,  
 And saw the Prince exposed.  
 That welcome sight,  
 Those welcome sounds, inspired Ocello-  
 pan ;  
 He felt each limb new-strung. Impatient  
 now  
 Of conquest long delay'd, with wilder  
 rage <sup>240</sup>

He drives the weapon ; Madoc's lifted  
 sword  
 Received its edge, and shiver'd with the  
 blow.  
 A shriek of transport burst from all  
 around ;  
 For lo ! the White King, shieldless,  
 weaponless,  
 Naked before his foe ! That savage  
 foe,  
 Dallying with the delight of victory,  
 Drew back a moment to enjoy the  
 sight,  
 Then yell'd in triumph, and sprang on  
 to give  
 The consummating blow. Madoc be-  
 held  
 The coming death ; he darted up his  
 hand <sup>250</sup>  
 Instinctively to save, and caught the  
 wrist  
 In its mid fall, and drove with desperate  
 force  
 The splinter'd truncheon of his broken  
 sword  
 Full in the enemy's face. Beneath his  
 eye  
 It broke its way, and where the nasal  
 nerves  
 Branch in fine fibrils o'er their mazy  
 seat,  
 Burst through, and slanting upward in  
 the brain  
 Buried its jagged point.  
 Madoc himself  
 Stood at his fall astonished, at escape  
 Unhoped, and strange success. The  
 multitude <sup>260</sup>  
 Beheld, and they were silent, and they  
 stood  
 Gazing in terror. But far other thought.  
 Rose in the Tiger's heart ; it was a joy  
 To Tlalala ; and forth he sprung, and  
 up  
 The Stone of Sacrifice, and call'd aloud  
 To bring the Prince another sword and  
 shield,  
 For his last strife. Then in that inter-  
 val,  
 Upon Ocellopan he fix'd his eyes,  
 Contemplating the dead, as though  
 thereby  
 To kindle in his heart a fiercer thirst <sup>270</sup>

For vengeance. Nor to Madoc was the sting  
 Of anger wanting, when in Tlalala  
 He knew the captive whom his mercy freed,  
 The man whose ambush had that day destroy'd  
 Young Hoel and himself; . . for, sure,  
 he deem'd  
 Young Hoel was with God, and he himself  
 At his death day arrived. And now he graspt  
 A second sword, and held another shield;  
 And from the Stone of Blood Ocellopan  
 Was borne away; and, fresh in arms,  
 and fierce <sup>280</sup>  
 With all that makes a savage thirst for war,  
 Hope, vengeance, courage, superstitious hate,  
 A second foe came on. By this the Prince  
 Could wield his weapon well; and dreading now  
 Lest, in protracted combat, he might stand  
 Again defenceless, he put forth his strength,  
 As oft assailing as assail'd, and watch'd  
 So well the Tiger's motions, and received  
 The Tiger's blows so warily, and aimed  
 His own so fierce and fast, that in the crowd <sup>290</sup>  
 Doubt and alarm prevail'd. Ilanquel grew  
 Pale at her husband's danger; and she clasp'd  
 The infant to her breast, whom late she held  
 On high, to see his victory. The throng  
 Of the beholders silently look'd on;  
 And in their silence might at times be heard  
 An indrawn breath of terror; and the Priests  
 Angrily murmur'd, that in evil hour,  
 Coanocotzin had indulg'd the pride  
 Of vaunting valour, and from certain death <sup>300</sup>  
 Reprived the foe.

But now a murmur rose  
 Amid the multitude; and they who stood  
 So thickly throng'd, and with such eager eyes  
 Late watch'd the fight, hastily now broke up,  
 And, with disorder'd speed and sudden arms,  
 Ran to the city gates. More eager now,  
 Conscious of what had chanced, fought Tlalala;  
 And hope invigorated Madoc's heart;  
 For well he ween'd Cadwallon was at hand,  
 Leading his gallant friends. Aright he ween'd;  
<sup>310</sup>  
 At hand Cadwallon was! His gallant friends  
 Came from the mountains with impetuous speed,  
 To save or to revenge. Nor long endured  
 The combat now: the Priests ascend the stone,  
 And bid the Tiger hasten to defend  
 His country and his Gods; and, hand and foot,  
 Binding the captive Prince, they bear him thence  
 And lay him in the temple. Then his heart  
 Resign'd itself to death, and Madoc thought  
 Of Llaian and Goeryl: and he felt <sup>320</sup>  
 That death was dreadful. But not so the King  
 Permitted; but not so had Heaven decreed;  
 For noble was the King of Aztlan's heart,  
 And pure his tongue from falsehood: he had said,  
 That by the warrior's death should Madoc die;  
 Nor dare the Pabas violently break  
 The irrevocable word. There Madoc lay <sup>327</sup>  
 In solitude; the distant battle reach'd  
 His ear; inactive and in bonds he lay  
 Expecting the dread issue, and almost  
 Wish'd for the perils of the fight again.

## XV. THE BATTLE

NOT unprepared Cadwallon found the  
 sons  
 Of Aztlan, nor defenceless were her  
 walls ;  
 But when the Britons' distant march  
 was seen,  
 A ready army issued from her gates,  
 And dight themselves to battle: these  
 the King  
 Coanocotzin had, with timely care,  
 And provident for danger, thus array'd.  
 Forth issuing from the gates, they met  
 the foe,  
 And with the sound of sonorous instru-  
 ments,  
 And with their shouts and screams and  
 yells, drove back 10  
 The Britons' fainter war-cry, as the swell  
 Of ocean, flowing onward, up its course  
 Repels the river-stream. Their darts  
 and stones  
 Fell like the rain drops of the summer-  
 shower,  
 So fast, and on the helmet and the  
 shield,  
 On the strong corselet and the netted  
 mail,  
 So innocent they fell. But not in vain  
 The bowmen of Deheubarth sent, that  
 day,  
 Their iron bolts abroad; those volant  
 deaths  
 Descended on the naked multitude, 20  
 And through the chieftain's quilted  
 gossampine,  
 Through feathery breastplate and efful-  
 gent gold,  
 They reach'd the life.  
But soon no interval  
 For archer's art was left, nor scope for  
 flight  
 Of stone from whirling sling: both  
 hosts, alike  
 Impatient for the proof of war, press on;  
 The Aztecas, to shun the arrowy storm,  
 The Cymry, to release their Lord, or  
 heap  
 Aztlan in ruins, for his monument.  
 Spear against spear, and shield to shield,  
 and breast 30

To breast they met; equal in force o  
 limb  
 And strength of heart, in resolute resolve  
 And stubborn effort of determin'd  
 wrath:  
 The few, advantaged by their iron mail,  
 The weaklier arm'd, of near retreat  
 assured  
 And succour close at hand, in tenfold  
 troops  
 Their foemen outnumbering. And of  
 all  
 That mighty multitude, did every man  
 Of either host, alike inspired by all  
 That stings to will and strengthens to  
 perform, 40  
 Then put forth all his power; for well  
 they knew  
 Aztlan that day must triumph or must  
 fall.  
 Then sword and mace on helm and  
 buckler rang,  
 And hurtling javelins whirr'd along the  
 sky.  
 Nor when they hurled the javelin, did  
 the sons  
 Of Aztlan, prodigal of weapons, loose  
 The lance, to serve them for no second  
 stroke;  
 A line of ample measure still retain'd  
 The missile shaft; and when its blow  
 was spent,  
 Swiftly the dexterous spearman coiled  
 the string, 50  
 And sped again the artificer of death.  
 Rattling, like summer hailstones, they  
 descend,  
 But from the Britons' iron panoply,  
 Baffled and blunted, fell; nor more  
 avail'd  
 The stony falchion there, whose broken  
 edge  
 Inflicts no second wound; nor profited,  
 On the strong buckler or the crested  
 helm,  
 The knotty club; though fast, in  
 blinding showers,  
 Those javelins fly, those heavy weapons  
 fall  
 With stunning weight. Meantime with  
 wonted strength, 60  
 The men of Gwyneth through their  
 fenceless foes



Those lances thrust, whose terrors had  
 so oft  
 Affray'd the Saxons, and whose home-  
 driven points,  
 So oft had pierced the Normen's  
 knightly arms.  
 Little did then his pomp of plumes be-  
 stead  
 The Azteca, or glittering pride of gold.  
 Against the temper'd sword; little his  
 casque,  
 Gay with its feathery coronal, or drest  
 In graven terrors, when the Briton's  
 hand  
 Drove in through helm and head the  
 short-spiked mace: 70  
 Or swung its iron weights with shatter-  
 ing sway,  
 Which where they struck destroyed.  
 Beneath those arms  
 The men of Aztlan fell; and whoso  
 dropt  
 Dead or disabled, him his comrades bore  
 Away with instant caution, lest the  
 sight  
 Of those whom they had slaughter'd  
 might inspire  
 The foe with hope and courage. Fast  
 they fell,  
 And fast were resupplied, man after man  
 Succeeding to the death. Nor in the  
 town  
 Did now the sight of their slain country-  
 men, 80  
 Momentarily carried in and piled in  
 heaps,  
 Awake one thought of fear. Hark!  
 through the streets  
 Of Aztlan, how from house to house, and  
 tower  
 To tower, reiterate, Paynalton's name  
 Calls all her sons to battle! at whose  
 name  
 All must go forth, and follow to the field  
 The Leader of the Armies of the Gods,  
 Whom, in his unseen power, Mexitli now  
 Sends out to lead his people. They, in  
 crowds,  
 Throng for their weapons to the House  
 of Arms, 90  
 Beneath their guardian Deity preserved,  
 Through years of peace; and there the  
 Pabas stood

Within the temple-court, and dealt  
 around  
 The ablution of the Stone of Sacrifice,  
 Bidding them, with the holy beverage,  
 Imbibe diviner valour, strength of arm  
 Not to be wearied, hope of victory,  
 And certain faith of endless joy in  
 Heaven,  
 Their sure reward. . . Oh! happy, cried  
 the Priests,  
 Your brethren who have fallen! already  
 they 100  
 Have join'd the company of blessed  
 souls;  
 Already they, with song and harmony,  
 And in the dance of beauty, are gone  
 forth,  
 To follow down his western path of light  
 Yon Sun, the Prince of Glory, from the  
 world  
 Retiring to the Palace of his rest.  
 Oh, happy they, who for their country's  
 cause,  
 And for their Gods, shall die the brave  
 man's death!  
 Them will their country consecrate with  
 praise,  
 Them will the Gods reward! . . . They  
 heard the Priests 110  
 Intoxicate, and from the gate swarm'd  
 out,  
 Tumultuous to the fight of martyrdom.  
  
 But when Cadwallon every moment  
 saw  
 The enemies increase, and with what rage  
 Of drunken valour to the fight they  
 rush'd,  
 He, against that impetuous attack,  
 As best he could, providing, form'd the  
 troops  
 Of Britain into one collected mass:  
 Three equal sides it offered to the foe,  
 Close and compact; no multitude could  
 break 120  
 The condensed strength: its narrow  
 point prest on,  
 Entering the throng's resistance, like a  
 wedge,  
 Still from behind impell'd. So thought  
 the Chief  
 Likeliest the gates of Aztlan might be  
 gain'd,

And Hoel and the Prince preserved, if  
 yet  
 They were among mankind. Nor could  
 the force  
 Of hostile thousands break that strength  
 condensed,  
 Against whose iron sides the stream of  
 war  
 Roll'd unavailing, as the ocean waves,  
 Which idly round some insulated rock  
 Foam furious, warning with their  
 silvery smoke 131  
 The mariner far off. Nor could the point  
 Of that compacted body, though it bore  
 Right on the foe, and with united force  
 Press'd on to enter, through the multi-  
 tude  
 Win now its difficult way; as where the  
 sea  
 Pours through some strait its violent  
 waters, swoln  
 By inland fresh, vainly the oarmen there  
 With all their weight and strength essay  
 to drive  
 Their galley through the pass, the stress  
 and strain 140  
 Availing scarce to stem the impetuous  
 stream.

And hark! above the deafening din  
 of fight  
 Another shout, heard like the thunder-  
 peal,  
 Amid the war of winds! Lincoya comes,  
 Leading the mountain-dwellers. From  
 the shock  
 Aztlan recoil'd. And now a second troop  
 Of Britons to the town advanced, for  
 war  
 Impatient and revenge. Cadwallon  
 these,  
 With tidings of their gallant Prince en-  
 thrall'd,  
 Had summon'd from the ships. That  
 dreadful tale 150  
 Roused them to fury. Not a man was  
 left  
 To guard the fleet; for who could have  
 endured  
 That idle duty? who could have  
 endured  
 The long, inactive, miserable hours,  
 And hope and expectation and the rage

Of maddening anguish? Ririd led them  
 on;  
 In whom a brother's love had call'd  
 not up  
 More spirit-stirring pain, than trembled  
 now  
 In every British heart; so dear to all  
 Was Madoc. On they came; and  
 Aztlan then 160  
 Had fled appall'd; but in that dan-  
 gerous hour  
 Her faith preserved her. From the  
 gate her Priests  
 Rush'd desperate out, and to the fore-  
 most rank  
 Forced their wild way, and fought with  
 martyr zeal.  
 Through all the host contagious fury  
 spread:  
 Nor had the sight that hour enabled them  
 To mightier efforts, had Mexitli, clad  
 In all his imaged terrors, gone before  
 Their way, and driven upon his enemies  
 His giant club destroying. Then more  
 fierce 170  
 The conflict grew; the din of arms, the  
 yell  
 Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,  
 The groan of death, commingled in one  
 sound  
 Of undistinguished horrors; while the  
 Sun,  
 Retiring slow beneath the plain's far  
 verge,  
 Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light.

## XVI. THE WOMEN

SILENT and solitary is thy vale,  
 Caermadoc, and how melancholy now  
 That solitude and silence! . . . Broad  
 noon-day,  
 And not a sound of human life is there!  
 The fisher's net, abandon'd in his haste,  
 Sways idly in the waters; in the tree,  
 Where its last stroke had pierced, the  
 hatchet hangs:  
 The birds, beside the mattock and the  
 spade,  
 Hunt in the new-turn'd mould, and  
 fearlessly



<p>Whom to the forest they might bear away, To be their slaves, if so their pleasure was ; Or, yielding them to Aztlan, for such prize Receive a royal guerdon. Twelve there were, Long leagued with him in guilt, who turn'd aside : And they have reach'd Caermadoc now, and now Rush onward, where they see the women fly ; 80 When, on the threshold, clad in Cimbric arms, And with long lance protended, Malinal Rebuffs them from the entrance. At that sight Suddenly quail'd, they stood, as mid- night thieves Who find the master waking ; but ere long, Gathering a boastful courage, as they saw No other guard, press'd forward, and essay'd To turn his spear aside. Its steady point, True to the impelling strength, held on, and thrust The foremost through the breast, and breath and blood 90 Followed the re-drawn shaft. Nor seem'd the strife Unequal now, though with their num- bers, they Beleaguer'd in half-ring the door, where he, The sole defender, stood. From side to side, So well and swiftly did he veer the lance, That every enemy beheld its point Aim'd at himself direct. But chief on one Had Malinal his deadly purpose fix'd, On Amalahta ; by his death to quell The present danger, and cut off the root 100 Of many an evil, certain else to spring From that accursed stock. On him his eye</p>	<p>Turn'd with more eager wilfulness, and dwelt With keener ken ; and now, with sudden step Bending his body on, at him he drives The meditated blow : but that ill Prince, As chiefly sought, so chiefly fearing, swerved Timely aside ; and ere the Azteca Recovered from the frustrate aim, the spear Was seized, and from his hold, by stress and weight 110 Of numbers wrench'd. He, facing still the foe, And holding at arm's length the targe, put back His hand, and called Goervyl, and from her Received the sword : . . in time, for the enemy Prest on so near, that having now no scope To raise his arm, he drove the blade straight on. It entered at the mouth of one who stood With face aslant, and glanced along the teeth Through to the ear, then, slivering downward, left The cheek-flap dangling. He, in that same point 120 Of time, as if a single impulse gave Birth to the double action, dash'd his shield Against another's head, with so fierce swing And sway of strength, that this third enemy Fell at his feet. Astounded by such proof Of prowess, and by unexpected loss Dismay'd, the foe gave back, beyond the reach Of his strong arm ; and there awhile they stood, Beholding him at bay, and counselling How best to work their vengeance upon him, 130 Their sole opponent. Soon did they behold</p>
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The vantage, overlook'd by hasty hope,  
How vulnerable he stood, his arms and  
thighs

Bare for their butt. At once they bent  
their bows ;

At once ten arrows fled ; seven, shot in  
vain,

Rung on his shield ; but, with un-  
happier mark,

Two shafts hung quivering in his leg ;  
a third

Below the shoulder pierced. Then  
Malinal

Groan'd, not for anguish of his wounds,  
but grief

And agony of spirit ; yet resolved 140  
To his last gasp to guard that precious  
post,

Nor longer able to endure afoot,  
He, falling on his knees, received un-  
harm'd

Upon the shield, now ample for defence,  
Their second shower, and still defied the  
foe.

But they, now sure of conquest, hasten'd  
on

To thrust him down, and he too felt his  
strength

Ebbing away. Goervyl, in that hour  
Of horror and despair, collected still,

Caught him, and by the shoulders drew  
him in ; 150

And, calling on her comrades, with their  
help

Shut to the door in time, and with their  
weight

Secured it, not their strength ; for she  
alone,

Found worthy of her noble ancestry,  
In this emergence felt her faculties

All present, and heroic strength of heart,  
To cope with danger and contempt of  
death.

Shame on ye, British women ! shame !  
exclaim'd

The daughter of King Owen, as she saw  
The trembling hands and bloodless  
countenance 160

Pale as sepulchral marble ; silent some ;  
Others with womanish cries lamenting  
now

That ever, in unhappy hour, they left  
Their native land ; . . a pardonable fear ;

For hark, the war-whoop ! sound,  
whereto the howl

Of tigers or hyenas, heard at night  
By captive from barbarian foes escaped,  
And wandering in the pathless wilder-  
ness,

Were music. Shame on ye ! Goervyl  
cried ;

Think what your fathers were, your  
husbands what, 170

And what your sons should be ! These  
savages

Seek not to wreak on ye immediate  
death ;

So are ye safe, if safety such as this  
Be worth a thought ; and in the interval

We yet may gain, by keeping to the last  
This entrance, easily to be maintain'd

By us, though women, against foes so  
few, . .

Who knows what succour chance, or  
timely thought

Of our own friends may send, or Provi-  
dence,

Who slumbereth not ? . . While thus she  
spake, a hand 180

In at the window came, of one who  
sought

That way to win the entrance. She  
drew out

The arrow through the arm of Malinal,  
With gentle care, . . the readiest weapon  
that, . .

And held it short above the bony barb,  
And, adding deeds to words, with all her  
might

She stabbed it through the hand. The  
sudden pain

Provoked a cry, and back the savage  
fell,

Loosening his hold, and maim'd for  
further war.

Nay ! leave that entrance open ! she  
exclaim'd 190

To one who would have closed it, . . who  
comes next

Shall not go thence so cheaply ! . . for  
she now

Had taken up a spear to guard that  
way,

Easily guarded, even by female might.

O heart of proof ! what now avails thy  
worth

And excellent courage ? for the savage  
 foe,  
 With mattock and with spade, for other  
 use  
 Design'd, hew now upon the door, and  
 rend  
 The wattled sides ; and they within  
 shrink back,  
 For now it splinters through, . . and lo,  
 the way 200  
 Is open to the spoiler !

Then once more,  
 Collecting his last strength, did Malinal  
 Rise on his knees, and over him the maid  
 Stands with the ready spear, she  
 guarding him  
 Who guarded her so well. Roused to  
 new force  
 By that exampled valour, and with will  
 To achieve one service yet before he  
 died, . .

If death indeed, as sure he thought,  
 were nigh, . .

Malinal gather'd up his fainting powers,  
 And reaching forward, with a blow that  
 threw 210

His body on, upon the knee he smote  
 One Hoaman more, and brought him  
 to the ground.

The foe fell over him ; but he, prepared,  
 Threw him with sudden jerk aside, and  
 rose

Upon one hand, and with the other  
 plunged

Between his ribs the mortal blade.  
 Meantime

Amalahta, rushing in blind eagerness  
 To seize Goervyl, set at nought the  
 power

Of female hands, and stooping as he  
 came

Beneath her spear-point, thought with  
 lifted arm 220

To turn the thrust aside. But she drew  
 back,

And lowered at once the spear with aim  
 so sure,

That on the front it met him, and  
 plough'd up

The whole scalp-length. He, blinded  
 by the blood,

Stagger'd aside, escaping by that chance  
 A second push, else mortal. And by this,

The women, learning courage from  
 despair,

And by Goervyl's bold example fired,  
 Took heart, and rushing on with one  
 accord,

Drove out the foe. Then took they  
 hope ; for then 230

They saw but seven remain in plight for  
 war ;

And, knowing their own number, in the  
 pride

Of strength, caught up stones, staves,  
 or axe, or spear,

To hostile use converting whatso'er  
 The hasty hand could seize. Such  
 fierce attack

Confused the ruffian band ; nor had  
 they room

To aim the arrow, nor to speed the  
 spear,

Each now beset by many. But their  
 Prince,

Still mindful of his purport, call'd to  
 them, . .

Secure my passage while I bear away  
 The White King's Sister ; having her,  
 the law 241

Of peace is in our power. . . And on he  
 went

Toward Goervyl, and, with sudden turn,  
 While on another foe her eye was fix'd,

Ran in upon her, and stoop'd down, and  
 claspt

The Maid above the knees, and throwing  
 her

Over his shoulder, to the valley straits  
 Set off : . . ill seconded in ill attempt ;

For now his comrades are too close beset  
 To aid their Chief, and Mervyn hath

beheld 250

His lady's peril. At the sight, inspired  
 With force, as if indeed that manly garb

Had clothed a manly heart, the Page  
 ran on,

And with a bill-hook striking at his ham,  
 Cut the back sinews. Amalahta fell ;

The Maid fell with him : and she first  
 hath risen,

While, grovelling on the earth, he  
 gnash'd his teeth

For agony. Yet, even in those pangs,  
 Remembering still revenge, he turn'd  
 and seized

Goeryl's skirt, and pluck'd her to the  
ground, 260  
And roll'd himself upon her, and essay'd  
To kneel upon her breast; but she  
elench'd fast  
His bloody locks, and drew him down  
aside,  
Faint now with anguish, and with loss  
of blood;  
And Mervyn, coming to her help again,  
As once again he rose, around the neck  
Seized him, with throttling grasp, and  
held him down, . . .  
Strange strife and horrible, . . . till Malinal  
Crawl'd to the spot, and thrust into his  
groin  
The mortal sword of Madoc; he himself,  
At the same moment, fainting, now no  
more 271  
By his strong will upheld, the service  
done.  
The few surviving traitors, at the sight  
Of their fallen Prince and Leader, now  
too late  
Believed that some diviner power had  
given  
These female arms strength for their  
overthrow,  
Themselves proved weak before them,  
as, of late,  
Their God, by Madoc crush'd.  
Away they fled  
Toward the valley straits; but in the  
gorge  
Erillyab met their flight: and then her  
heart, 280  
Boding the evil, smote her, and she bade  
Her people seize, and bring them on in  
bonds,  
For judgement. She herself, with  
quicken'd pace,  
Advanced, to know the worst; and o'er  
the dead  
Casting a rapid glance, she knew her  
son.  
She knew him by his garments, by the  
work  
Of her own hands; for now his face,  
besmear'd  
And black with gore, and stiffen'd in its  
pangs,  
Bore of the life no semblance. . . God is  
good!

She cried, and closed her eyelids, and  
her lips 290  
Shook, and her countenance changed.  
But in her heart  
She quell'd the natural feeling. . . Bear  
away  
These wretches! . . . to her followers she  
exclaim'd;  
And root them from the earth. Then  
she approach'd  
Goeryl, who was pale and trembling  
now,  
Exhausted with past effort; and she took  
Gently the Maiden's tremulous hand,  
and said,  
God comfort thee, my Sister! At that  
voice  
Of consolation, from her dreamy state  
Goeryl to a sense of all her woe 300  
Awoke, and burst into a gush of tears.  
God comfort thee, my Sister! cried the  
Queen,  
Even as He strengthens me. I would  
not raise  
Deceitful hope, . . . but in His hand, even  
yet,  
The issue hangs; and He is merciful.

Yea, daughter of Aberfraw, take thou  
hope!  
For Madoc lives! . . . he lives to wield the  
sword  
Of righteous vengeance, and accomplish  
all.

## XVII. THE DELIVERANCE

MADOC, meantime, in bonds and solitude,  
Lay listening to the tumult. How his  
heart  
Panted! how then, with fruitless  
strength, he strove  
And struggled for enlargement, as the  
sound  
Of battle from without the city came;  
While all things near were still, nor foot  
of man  
Nor voice, in that deserted part, were  
heard.  
At length one light and solitary step  
Approach'd the place; a woman cross'd  
the door.

From Madoc's busy mind her image  
 pass'd, <sup>10</sup>  
 Quick as the form that caused it; but  
 not so  
 Did the remembrance fly from Coatel,  
 That Madoc lay in bonds. That thought  
 possess'd  
 Her soul, and made her, as she garlanded  
 The fane of Coatlantona with flowers,  
 Tremble in strong emotion.

It was now  
 The hour of dusk; the Pabas all were  
 gone,  
 Gone to the battle; . . . none could see  
 her steps;  
 The gate was nigh. A momentary  
 thought  
 Shot through her; she delay'd not to  
 reflect, <sup>20</sup>  
 But hasten'd to the Prince, and took  
 the knife  
 Of sacrifice, which by the altar hung,  
 And cut his bonds, and with an eager  
 eye,  
 Motioning haste and silence, to the gate  
 She led him. Fast along the forest way,  
 And fearfully, he follow'd to the chasm.  
 She beckon'd, and descended, and drew  
 out

From underneath her vest, a cage, or net  
 It rather might be called, so fine the  
 twigs  
 Which knit it, where confined two fire-  
 flies gave <sup>30</sup>  
 Their lustre. By that light did Madoc  
 first  
 Behold the features of his lovely guide;  
 And through the entrance of the cavern  
 gloom  
 He followed in full trust.

Now have they reach'd  
 The abrupt descent; there Coatel held  
 forth  
 Her living lamp, and turning, with a  
 smile  
 Sweet as good Angels wear when they  
 present  
 Their mortal charge before the throne  
 of Heaven,  
 She show'd where little Hoel slept below.  
 Poor child! he lay upon that very spot,  
 The last whereto his feet had followed  
 her; <sup>41</sup>

And, as he slept, his hand was on the  
 bones  
 Of one, who years ago had perish'd  
 there,  
 There, on the place where last his  
 wretched eyes  
 Could catch the gleam of day. But  
 when the voice,  
 The well-known voice of Madoc, wakened  
 him, . . .  
 His uncle's voice, . . . he started, with a  
 scream  
 Which echoed through the cavern's  
 winding length,  
 And stretch'd his arms to reach him.  
 Madoc hush'd  
 The dangerous transport, raised him up  
 the ascent, <sup>50</sup>  
 And followed Coatel again, whose face,  
 Though tears of pleasure still were  
 coursing down,  
 Betoken'd fear and haste. Adown the  
 wood  
 They went; and coasting now the lake,  
 her eye  
 First what they sought beheld, a light  
 canoe,  
 Moor'd to the bank. Then in her arms  
 she took  
 The child, and kiss'd him with maternal  
 love,  
 And placed him in the boat; but when  
 the Prince,  
 With looks and gestures and imperfect  
 words  
 Such as the look, the gesture, well ex-  
 plain'd, <sup>60</sup>  
 Urged her to follow, doubtfully she  
 stood:  
 A dread of danger, for the thing she had  
 done,  
 Came on her, and Lincoya rose to mind.  
 Almost she had resolved; but then the  
 thought  
 Of her dear father, whom that flight  
 would leave  
 Alone in age; how he would weep for her,  
 As one among the dead, and to the grave  
 Go sorrowing; or, if ever it were known  
 What she had dared, that on his head  
 the weight  
 Of punishment would fall. That dread-  
 ful fear <sup>70</sup>



Resolved her, and she waved her head,  
 and raised  
 Her hand, to bid the Princee depart in  
 haste,  
 With looks whose painful seriousness  
 forbade  
 All farther effort. Yet unwillingly,  
 and boding evil, Madoc from the shore  
 Push'd off his little boat. She on its  
 way  
 stood gazing for a moment, lost in  
 thought,  
 Then struck into the woods.  
 Swift through the lake  
 Madoc's strong arm impell'd the light  
 canoe.  
 Fainter and fainter to his distant ear  
 80 The sound of battle came; and now  
 the Moon  
 Arose in heaven, and poured o'er lake  
 and land  
 A soft and mellowing ray. Along the  
 shore  
 Malian was wandering with distracted  
 steps,  
 And groaning for her child. She saw  
 the boat  
 Approach; and as on Madoc's naked  
 limbs,  
 And on his countenance, the moonbeam  
 fell,  
 And as she saw the boy in that dim light,  
 It seem'd as though the Spirits of the  
 dead  
 Were moving on the waters; and she  
 stood  
 90 With open lips that breathed not, and  
 fix'd eyes,  
 Watching the unreal shapes: but when  
 the boat  
 Drew nigh, and Madoc landed, and she  
 saw  
 His step substantial, and the child came  
 near,  
 Unable then to move, or speak, or  
 breathe,  
 Down on the sand she sunk.  
 But who can tell,  
 Who comprehend, her agony of joy.  
 When, by the Princee's care restored to  
 sense,  
 She recognised her child, she heard the  
 name

Of mother from that voice, which, sure,  
 she thought  
 100 Had pour'd upon some Priest's remorse-  
 less ear  
 Its last vain prayer for life! No tear  
 relieved  
 The insupportable feeling that con-  
 vulsed  
 Her swelling breast. She look'd, and  
 look'd, and felt  
 The child, lest some delusion should have  
 mock'd  
 Her soul to madness; then the gushing  
 joy  
 Burst forth, and with caresses and with  
 tears  
 She mingled broken prayers of thanks  
 to heaven.  
 And now the Princee, when joy had  
 had its course,  
 Said to her, Knowest thou the mountain  
 path?  
 110 For I would to the battle. But at that,  
 A sudden damp of dread came over  
 her, . . .  
 O leave us not! she cried; lest haply ill  
 Should have befallen; for I remember  
 now,  
 How in the woods I spied a savage band  
 Making towards Caermadoc. God fore-  
 fend  
 The evil that I fear! . . . What! Madoc  
 cried,  
 Were ye then left defenceless? . . . She  
 replied,  
 All ran to arms: there was no time for  
 thought,  
 Nor counsel, in that sudden ill; nor  
 one  
 120 Of all thy people, who could, in that hour  
 Have brook'd home-duty, when thy life  
 or death  
 Hung on the chance.  
 Now God be merciful!  
 Said he; for of Goervyl then he thought.  
 And the cold sweat started at every pore.  
 Give me the boy! . . . he travels all too  
 slow.  
 Then in his arms he took him, and sped  
 on,  
 Suffering more painful terrors, than of  
 late

His own near death provoked. They  
 held their way  
 In silence up the heights; and, when  
 at length 130  
 They reached the entrance of the vale,  
 the Prince  
 Bade her remain, while he went on to  
 spy  
 The footsteps of the spoiler. Soon he  
 saw  
 Men, in the moonlight, stretch'd upon  
 the ground;  
 And quickening then his pace, in worse  
 alarm,  
 Along the shade, with cautious step, he  
 moved  
 Toward one, to seize his weapons: 'twas  
 a corpse;  
 Nor whether, at the sight, to hope or  
 fear  
 Yet knew he. But anon, a steady light,  
 As of a taper, seen in his own home, 140  
 Comforted him; and, drawing nearer  
 now,  
 He saw his sister on her knees, beside  
 The rushes, ministering to a wounded  
 man.  
 Safe that the dear one lived, then back  
 he sped  
 With joyful haste, and summon'd  
 Llaian on,  
 And in loud talk advanced. Erillyab  
 first  
 Came forward at the sound; for she had  
 faith  
 To trust the voice. . . They live! they  
 live! she cried:  
 God hath redeem'd them! . . Nor the  
 Maiden yet  
 Believed the actual joy; like one  
 astound, 150  
 Or as if struggling with a dream, she  
 stood,  
 Till he came close, and spread his arms,  
 and call'd  
 Goervyl! . . and she fell in his embrace.

But Madoc linger'd not, his eager soul  
 Was in the war, in haste he donn'd his  
 arms;  
 And as he felt his own good sword again,  
 Exulting play'd his heart. . . Boy, he  
 exclaim'd

To Mervyn, arm thyself, and follow me!  
 For in this battle we shall break the  
 power  
 Of our blood-thirsty foe: and, in thine  
 age, 160  
 Wouldst thou not wish, when young men  
 men crowd around,  
 To hear thee chronicle their fathers'  
 deeds,  
 Wouldst thou not wish to add, . . And  
 I, too, fought  
 In that day's conflict?

Mervyn's cheek turn'd pale  
 A moment, then, with terror all suffused,  
 Grew fever-red. Nay, nay, Goervyl  
 cried,  
 He is too young for battles! . . But the  
 Prince,

With erring judgement, in that fear-  
 flush'd cheek  
 Beheld the glow of enterprizing hope,  
 And youthful courage. I was such  
 a boy, 170  
 Sister! he cried, at Counsylvll; and that  
 day,

In my first field, with stripling arm,  
 smote down  
 Many a tall Saxon. Saidst thou not but  
 now,

How bravely in the fight of yesterday,  
 He flesh'd his sword, . . and wouldst  
 thou keep him here  
 And rob him of his glory? See his  
 cheek!

How it hath crimson'd at the unworthy  
 thought!  
 Arm! arm! and to the battle!

How her heart  
 Then panted! how, with late regret,  
 and vain, 179

Senena wished Goervyl then had heard  
 The secret, trembling on her lips so oft,  
 So oft by shame withheld. She thought  
 that now

She could have fallen upon her Lady's  
 neck,  
 And told her all; but when she saw the  
 Prince,

Imperious shame forbade her, and she  
 felt

It were an easier thing to die than  
 speak.

Avail'd not now regret or female fear!

he mail'd her delicate limbs ; beneath  
 the plate  
 ompress'd her bosom ; on her golden  
 locks  
 he helmet's overheavy load she placed ;  
 lung from her neck the shield ; and,  
 though the sword 191  
 Which swung beside her lightest she had  
 chosen,  
 hough in her hand she held the slen-  
 derest spear,  
 like unwieldy for the maiden's grasp,  
 he sword and ashen lance. But as she  
 touch'd  
 he murderous point, an icy shudder ran  
 through every fibre of her trembling  
 frame ;  
 and, overcome by womanly terror then,  
 he damsel to Goervyl turn'd, and let  
 the breastplate fall, and on her bosom  
 placed 200  
 he Lady's hand, and hid her face, and  
 cried,  
 ave me ! The warrior, who beheld the  
 act,  
 and heard not the low voice, with angry  
 eye  
 how'd on the seemly boy of feeble heart.  
 But, in Goervyl, joy had overpower'd  
 the wonder ; joy to find the boy she  
 loved  
 Was one, to whom her heart with closer  
 love  
 might cling ; and to her brother she  
 exclaim'd,  
 she must not go ! We women in the war  
 have done our parts.  
     A moment Madoc dwelt  
 On the false Mervyn, with an eye from  
 whence 211  
 Displeasure did not wholly pass away.  
 Nor loitering to resolve Love's riddle  
 now  
 To Malinal he turn'd, where, on his  
 couch,  
 The wounded youth was laid. . . True  
 friend, said he,  
 And brother mine, . . for truly by that  
 name  
 I trust to greet thee, . . if, in this near  
 fight,  
 My hour should overtake me, . . as who  
 knows

The lot of war ? . . Goervyl hath my  
 charge  
 To quite thee for thy service with her-  
 self ; 220  
 That so thou mayest raise up seed to me  
 Of mine own blood, who may inherit  
 here  
 The obedience of thy people and of  
 mine. . .  
 Malinal took his hand, and to his lips  
 Feebly he press'd it, saying, One boon  
 more,  
 Father and friend, I ask ! . . if thou  
 shouldst meet  
 Yuhidthiton in battle, think of me.

## XVIII. THE VICTORY

MERCIFUL God ! how horrible is night  
 Upon the plain of Aztlan ! there the  
 shout  
 Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray  
 Of dissonant instruments, the clang of  
 arms,  
 The shriek of agony, the groan of death,  
 In one wild uproar and continuous din,  
 Shake the still air ; while, overhead, the  
 Moon,  
 Regardless of the stir of this low world,  
 Holds on her heavenly way. Still un-  
 allay'd  
 By slaughter raged the battle, unrelax'd  
 By lengthened toil ; anger supplying  
 still 11  
 Strength undiminish'd for the desperate  
 strife.  
 And lo ! where yonder, on the temple  
 top,  
 Blazing aloft, the sacrificial fire  
 Scene more accurst and hideous than  
 the war  
 Displays to all the vale ; for whosoe'er  
 That night the Aztecas could bear away,  
 Hoaman or Briton, thither was he  
 borne ;  
 And as they stretch'd him on the stone  
 of blood,  
 Did the huge tambour of the God, with  
 voice 20  
 Loud as the thunder-peal, and heard as  
 far,

Proclaim the act of death, more visible  
Than in broad day-light, by those mid-  
night fires

Distinctlier seen. Sight that with  
horror fill'd

The Cymry, and to mightier efforts  
roused.

Howbeit, this abhorr'd idolatry  
Work'd for their safety; the deluded  
foes,

Obstinate in their faith, forbearing still  
The mortal stroke, that they might to  
the God

Present the living victim, and to him 30  
Let the life flow.

And now the orient sky  
Glow'd with the ruddy morning, when  
the Prince

Came to the field. He lifted up his  
voice,

And shouted Madoc! Madoc! They  
who heard

The cry, astonish'd turn'd; and when  
they saw

The countenance his open helm dis-  
closed,

They echoed, Madoc! Madoc! Through  
the host

Spread the miraculous joy, . . He lives!  
he lives!

He comes himself in arms! . . Lincoya  
heard,

As he had raised his arm to strike a foe,  
And stay'd the stroke, and thrust him  
off, and cried, 41

Go tell the tidings to thy countrymen,  
Madoc is in the war! Tell them his God  
Hath set the White King free! Astonish-  
ment

Seized on the Azteca; on all who heard,  
Amazement and dismay; and Madoc  
now

Stood in the foremost battle, and his  
sword, . .

His own good sword, . . flash'd like the  
sudden death

Of lightning in their eyes.

The King of Aztlan  
Heard and beheld, and in his noble  
heart 50

Heroic hope arose. Forward he moved,  
And in the shock of battle, front to  
front,

Encountered Madoc. A strong-statured  
man

Coanocotzin stood, one well who knew  
The ways of war, and never yet in fight  
Had found an equal foe. Adown his  
back

Hung the long robe of feather'd royalty;  
Gold fenced his arms and legs; upon his  
helm

A sculptured snake protends the arrowy  
tongue;

Around a coronal of plumes arose, 60  
Brighter than beam the rainbow hues  
of light,

Or than the evening glories which the  
sun

Slants o'er the moving many-colour'd  
sea,

Such their surpassing beauty; bells of  
gold

Emboss'd his glittering helmet, and  
where'er

Their sound was heard, there lay the  
press of war,

And Death was busiest there. Over  
the breast

And o'er the golden breastplate of the  
King,

A feathery cuirass, beautiful to eye,  
Light as the robe of peace, yet strong to  
save; 70

For the sharp faulchion's baffled edge  
would glide

From its smooth softness. On his arm  
he held

A buckler overlaid with beaten gold;  
And so he stood, guarding his thighs  
and legs,

His breast and shoulders also, with the  
length

Of his broad shield.

Opposed, in mail complete,  
Stood Madoc in his strength. The flexile  
chains

Gave play to his full muscles, and dis-  
play'd

How broad his shoulders, and his ample  
breast.

Small was his shield, there broadest  
where it fenced 80

The well of life, and gradual to a point  
Lessening, steel-strong, and wieldy in  
his grasp.



It bore those blazoned eaglets, at whose sight,  
 Along the Marches, or where holy Dee  
 Through Cestrian pastures rolls his  
 tamer stream,  
 So oft the yeoman had, in days of yore,  
 Cursing his perilous tenure, wound the  
 horn,  
 And warden from the castle-tower rung  
 out  
 The loud alarum-bell, heard far and  
 wide.  
 Upon his helm no sculptured dragon  
 sate, 90  
 Sate no fantastic terrors; a white plume  
 Nodded above, far-seen, floating like  
 foam  
 Upon the stream of battle, always where  
 The tide ran strongest. Man to man  
 opposed,  
 The Sea Lord and the King of Aztlan  
 stood.

Fast on the intervening buckler fell  
 The Azteca's stone faulchion. Who  
 hath watch'd  
 The midnight lightnings of the summer  
 storm,  
 That with their awful blaze irradiate  
 heaven,  
 Then leave a blacker night? so quick,  
 so fierce, 100  
 Flash'd Madoc's sword, which, like the  
 serpent's tongue,  
 Seemed double, in its rapid whirl of  
 light.  
 Unequal arms! for on the British shield  
 Avail'd not the stone faulchion's brittle  
 edge,  
 And in the golden buckler, Madoc's  
 sword  
 Bit deep. Coanocotzin saw, and dropt  
 The unprofitable weapon, and received  
 His ponderous club, . . . that club,  
 beneath whose force,  
 Driven by his father's arm, Tepollomi  
 Had fallen subdued, . . . and fast and  
 fierce he drove 110  
 The massy weight on Madoc. From his  
 shield,  
 The deadening force communicated ran  
 Up his stunn'd arm; anon upon his  
 helm,

Crashing, it came; . . . his eyes shot fire,  
 his brain  
 Swam dizzy, . . . he recoils, . . . he reels, . . .  
 again  
 The club descends.  
That danger to himself  
 Recall'd the Lord of Ocean. On he  
 sprung,  
 Within the falling weapon's curve of  
 death,  
 Shunning its frustrate aim, and breast  
 to breast  
 He grappled with the King. The pliant  
 mail 120  
 Bent to his straining limbs, while plates  
 of gold,  
 The feathery robe, the buckler's ampli-  
 tude  
 Cumbered the Azteca, and from his arm,  
 Clench'd in the Briton's mighty grasp,  
 at once  
 He dropt the impeding buckler, and let  
 fall  
 The unfasten'd club; which when the  
 Prince beheld,  
 He thrust him off, and drawing back  
 resumed  
 The sword that from his wrist suspended  
 hung,  
 And twice he smote the King; twice  
 from the quilt  
 Of plumes the iron glides: and lo! the  
 King, 130  
 So well his soldiers watch their mon-  
 arch's need,  
 Shakes in his hand a spear.  
But now a cry  
 Burst on the ear of Madoc, and he saw  
 Through opening ranks, where Urien  
 was convey'd  
 A captive to his death. Grief then and  
 shame  
 And rage inspired him. With a mighty  
 blow  
 He cleft Coanocotzin's helm; exposed  
 The monarch stood; . . . again the  
 thunder-stroke  
 Came on him, and he fell. . . The multi-  
 tude,  
 Forgetful of their country and them-  
 selves, 140  
 Crowd round their dying King. Madoc,  
 whose eye

Still follow'd Urien, call'd upon his men,  
And through the broken army of the foe,  
Press'd to his rescue.

But far off the old man  
Was borne with furious speed. Ririd  
alone

Pursued his path, and through the thick  
of war

Close on the captors, with avenging  
sword,

Follow'd right on, and through the  
multitude,

And through the gate of Aztlan, made  
his way,

And through the streets, till, from the  
temple-mound, 150

The press of Pabas and the populace  
Repell'd him, while the old man was  
hurried up.

Hark! that infernal tambour! o'er the  
lake

Its long-loud thunders roll, and through  
the hills,

Awakening all their echoes. Ye accurst,  
Ye blow the fall too soon! Ye Dogs of  
Hell,

The Hart is yet at bay! . . Thus long the  
old man,

As one exhausted or resign'd, had lain,  
Resisting not; but at that knell of  
death,

Springing with unexpected force, he  
freed 160

His feet, and shook the Pabas from their  
hold,

And, with his armed hand, between the  
eyes

Smote one so sternly, that to earth he  
fell,

Bleeding, and all astound. A man of  
proof

Was Urien in his day, thought worthiest,  
In martial thewes and manly discipline,  
To train the sons of Owen. He had  
lost

Youth's supple slight; yet still the skill  
remain'd,

And in his stiffen'd limbs a strength,  
which yet

Might put the young to shame. And  
now he set 170

His back against the altar, resolute  
Not as a victim by the knife to die,

But in the act of battle, as became  
A man grown grey in arms: and in his  
heart

There was a living hope; for now he  
knew

That Madoc lived, nor could the struggle  
long

Endure against that arm.

Soon was the way  
Laid open by the sword; for side by  
side

The brethren of Aberfraw mow'd their  
path;

And, following close, the Cymry drive  
along, 180

Till on the summit of the mound their  
cry

Of victory rings aloud. The temple  
floor,

So often which had reek'd with innocent  
blood,

Reeks now with righteous slaughter.  
Frantically,

In the wild fury of their desperate zeal,  
The Priests crowd round the God, and  
with their knives

Hack at the foe, and call on him to  
save; . .

At the altar, at the Idol's feet they fall.  
Nor with less frenzy did the multitude

Flock to defend their God. Fast as  
they fell, 190

New victims rush'd upon the British  
sword;

And sure that day had rooted from the  
earth

The Aztecas, and on their conquerors.  
drawn

Promiscuous ruin, had not Madoc now  
Beheld from whence the fearless ardour

sprang; . .

They saw Mexitli; momentarily they  
hoped

That he would rise in vengeance. Madoc  
seized

A massy club, and from his azure throne  
Shattered the giant idol.

At that sight  
The men of Aztlan pause; so was their  
pause 200

Dreadful, as when a multitude expect  
The Earthquake's second shock. But

when they saw

Earth did not open, nor the temple fall  
 To crush their impious enemies, dis-  
 may'd,  
 They felt themselves forsaken by their  
 Gods ;  
 Then from their temples and their homes  
 they fled,  
 And, leaving Aztlan to the conqueror,  
 Sought the near city, whither they had  
 sent  
 Their women, timely saved.

But Tlalala,

With growing fury as the danger grew,  
 Raged in the battle ; but Yuhidthiton  
 Still with calm courage, till no hope  
 remain'd, 212  
 Fronted the rushing foe. When all was  
 vain,  
 When back within the gate Cadwallon's  
 force  
 Resistless had compell'd them, then the  
 Chief  
 Call'd on the Tiger, . . Let us bear from  
 hence  
 The dead Ocellopan, the slaughter'd  
 King ;  
 Not to the Strangers should their bones  
 be left,  
 O Tlalala ! . . The Tiger wept with rage,  
 With generous anger. To the place of  
 death, 220  
 Where, side by side, the noble dead  
 were stretch'd,  
 They fought their way. Eight warriors  
 join'd their shields ;  
 On these, a bier which well beseem'd the  
 dead,  
 The lifeless Chiefs were laid. Yuhidthiton  
 Call'd on the people, . . Men of Aztlan !  
 yet  
 One effort more ! Bear hence Ocellopan,  
 Bear hence the body of your noble King !  
 Not to the Strangers should their bones  
 be left !  
 That whoso heard, with wailing and loud  
 cries,  
 Prest round the body-bearers ; few in-  
 deed, 230  
 For few were they who in that fearful  
 hour  
 Had ears to hear, . . but with a holy zeal,  
 Careless of death, around the bier they  
 gathered

Their bulwark breasts. So toward the  
 farther gate  
 They held their steady way, while outer-  
 most  
 In unabated valour, Tlalala  
 Faced, with Yuhidthiton, the foe's pur-  
 suit.  
 Vain valour then, and fatal piety,  
 As the fierce conquerors bore on their  
 retreat,  
 If Madoc had not seen their perilous  
 strife : 240  
 Remembering Malinal, and in his heart  
 Honouring a gallant foe, he call'd aloud,  
 And bade his people cease the hot  
 pursuit.  
 So, through the city gate, they bore away  
 The dead ; and, last of all their country-  
 men,  
 Leaving their homes and temples to the  
 foe,  
 Yuhidthiton and Tlalala retired.

## XIX. THE FUNERAL

SOUTHWARD of Aztlan stood beside the  
 Lake,  
 A city of the Aztecas, by name  
 Patamba. Thither, from the first  
 alarm,  
 The women and infirm old men were  
 sent,  
 And children : thither they who from  
 the fight,  
 And from the fall of Aztlan, had escaped,  
 In scatter'd bands repair'd. Their City  
 lost,  
 Their Monarch slain, their Idols over-  
 thrown, . .  
 These tidings spread dismay ; but to  
 dismay  
 Succeeded horror soon, and kindling  
 rage, 10  
 Horror, by each new circumstance  
 increased,  
 By numbers, rage embolden'd. Lo ! to  
 the town,  
 Lamenting loud, a numerous train ap-  
 proach,  
 Like mountain torrents, swelling as they  
 go.

Borne in the midst, upon the bier of  
shields,  
The noble dead were seen. To tenfold  
grief  
That spectacle provoked, to tenfold  
wrath  
That anguish stung them. With their  
yells and groans  
Curses are mix'd, and threats, and bitter  
vows  
Of vengeance full and speedy. From  
the wreck 20  
Of Aztlan who is saved? Tezozomoc.  
Chief servant of the Gods, their favoured  
Priest.  
The voice by whom they speak: young  
Tlalala,  
Whom even defeat with fresher glory  
crowns;  
And full of fame, their country's rock of  
strength,  
Yuhidhilton: him to their sovereign slain  
Allied in blood, mature in wisdom him,  
Of valour unsurpassable, by all  
Beloved and honour'd, him the general  
voice  
Acclaims their King; him they demand,  
to lead 30  
Their gather'd force to battle, to revenge  
Their Lord, their Gods, their kinsmen,  
to redeem  
Their altars and their country.  
But the dead  
First from the nation's gratitude require  
The rites of death. On mats of moun-  
tain palm,  
Wrought of rare texture and of richest  
hues,  
The slaughter'd warriors, side by side,  
were laid;  
Their bodies wrapt in many-colour'd  
robes  
Of gossampine, bedeck'd with gems and  
gold.  
The livid paleness of the countenance.  
A mask conceal'd, and hid their ghastly  
wounds, 41  
The Pabas stood around, and one by  
one,  
Placed in their hands the sacred aloe  
leaves,  
With mystic forms and characters  
inscribed;

And as each leaf was given, Tezozomoc  
Address'd the dead, . . . So may ye safely  
pass  
Between the mountains, which in endless  
war  
Hurtle, with horrible uproar and crush  
Of rocks that meet in battle. Arm'd with  
this,  
In safety shall ye walk along the road, 50  
Where the Great Serpent from his lurid  
eyes  
Shoots lightning, and across the guarded  
way  
Vibrates his tongue of fire. Receive the  
third,  
And cross the waters where the Crocodile  
In vain expects his prey. Your pass-  
port this  
Through the Eight Deserts; through  
the Eight Hills this;  
And this be your defence against the  
Wind,  
Whose fury sweeps like dust the up-  
rooted rocks,  
Whose keenness cuts the soul. Ye  
noble dead,  
Protected with these potent amulets, 60  
Soon shall your Spirits reach trium-  
phantly  
The Palace of the Sun!  
The funeral train  
Moved to Mexitli's temple. First on high  
The noble dead were borne; in loud  
lament  
Then follow'd all by blood allied to  
them,  
Or by affection's voluntary ties  
Attach'd more closely, brethren, kins-  
men, wives.  
The Peers of Aztlan, all who from the  
sword  
Of Britain had escaped, honouring the  
rites,  
Came clad in rich array, and bore the  
arms 70  
And ensigns of the dead. The slaves  
went last,  
And dwarfs, the pastime of the living  
chiefs,  
In life their sport and mockery, and in  
death  
Their victims. Wailing and with  
funeral hymns,



The long procession moved. Mexitli's  
 Priest,  
 With all his servants, from the temple-  
 gate  
 Advanced to meet the train. Two piles  
 were built  
 Within the sacred court, of odorous  
 wood,  
 And rich with gums; on these, with all  
 their robes,  
 Their ensigns and their arms, they laid  
 the dead, 80  
 Then lit the pile. The rapid light ran  
 up,  
 Up flamed the fire, and o'er the darken'd  
 sky  
 Sweet clouds of incense curl'd.  
 The Pabas then  
 Perform'd their bloody office. First  
 they slew  
 The women whom the slaughter'd most  
 had loved,  
 Who most had loved the dead. Silent  
 they went  
 Toward the fatal stone, resisting not,  
 Nor sorrowing, nor dismay'd, but, as it  
 seem'd,  
 Stunn'd, senseless. One alone there  
 was, whose cheek  
 Was flush'd, whose eye was animate  
 with fire, 90  
 Her most in life Coanocotzin prized,  
 By ten years' love endear'd, his coun-  
 sellor,  
 His friend, the partner of his secret  
 thoughts;  
 Such had she been, such merited to be.  
 She as she bared her bosom to the knife,  
 Call'd on Yuhidthiton. . . Take heed,  
 O King!  
 Aloud she cried, and pointed to the  
 Priests,  
 Beware these wicked men! they to the  
 war  
 Forced my dead Lord. . . Thou knowest,  
 and I know,  
 He loved the Strangers; that his noble  
 mind, 100  
 Enlighten'd by their lore, had willingly  
 Put down these cursed altars! . . As she  
 spake,  
 They dragg'd her to the stone. . . Nay!  
 nay! she cried,

There needs not force! I go to join my  
 Lord!  
 His blood and mine be on you! . . Ere  
 she ceased,  
 The knife was in her breast. Tezozomoc,  
 Trembling with rage, held up toward the  
 Sun  
 Her reeking heart.  
 The dwarfs and slaves died last.  
 That bloody office done, they gathered  
 up  
 The ashes of the dead, and coffer'd them  
 Apart; the teeth with them, which un-  
 consumed 111  
 Among the ashes lay, a single lock  
 Shorn from the corpse, and his lip-  
 emerald  
 Now held to be the Spirit's flawless heart,  
 In better worlds. The Priest then held  
 on high  
 The little ark which shrined his last  
 remains,  
 And call'd upon the people; . . Aztecas,  
 This was your King, the bountiful, the  
 brave,  
 Coanocotzin! Men of Aztlan, hold  
 His memory holy! learn from him to  
 love 120  
 Your country and your Gods; for them  
 to live  
 Like him, like him to die. So from you  
 Heaven,  
 Where in the Spring of Light his Spirit  
 bathes,  
 Often shall he descend; hover above  
 On evening clouds, or plumed with rain  
 bow wings,  
 Sip honey from the flowers, and warble  
 joy.  
 Honour his memory! emulate his worth!  
 So saying, in the temple-tower he laid  
 The relics of the King.  
 These duties done,  
 The living claim their care. His birth,  
 his deeds, 130  
 The general love, the general voice, have  
 mark'd  
 Yuhidthiton for King. Bare-headed,  
 bare  
 Of foot, of limb, scarfed only round the  
 loins,  
 The Chieftain to Mexitli's temple moved  
 And knelt before the God. Tezozomoc

King over Aztlan there anointed him,  
 And over him, from hallowed cedar-  
 branch,  
 Sprinkled the holy water. Then the  
 Priest  
 In a black garment robed him, figured  
 white  
 With skulls and bones, a garb to emblem  
 war, <sup>140</sup>  
 Slaughter, and ruin, his imperial tasks.  
 Next in his hand the Priest a censer  
 placed ;  
 And while he knelt, directing to the God  
 The steaming incense, thus address'd the  
 King :  
 Chosen by the people, by the Gods ap-  
 proved,  
 Swear to protect thy subjects, to main-  
 tain  
 The worship of thy fathers, to observe  
 Their laws, to make the Sun pursue his  
 course,  
 The clouds descend in rain, the rivers  
 hold  
 Their wonted channels, and the fruits  
 of earth <sup>150</sup>  
 To ripen in their season ; Swear, O King !  
 And prosper, as thou holdest good thine  
 oath.  
 He raised his voice, and swore. Then  
 on his brow  
 Tezozomoc the crown of Aztlan placed ;  
 And in the robe of emblem'd royalty,  
 Preceded by the golden wands of state,  
 Yuhidthiton went forth, anointed King.

## XX. THE DEATH OF COATEL

WHEN now the multitude beheld their  
 King,  
 In gratulations of reiterate joy  
 They shout his name, and bid him lead  
 them on  
 To vengeance. But to answer that  
 appeal  
 Tezozomoc advanced. . . Oh ! go not  
 forth,  
 Cried the Chief Paba, till the land be  
 purged  
 From her offence ! No God will lead ye  
 on,

While there is guilt in Aztlan. Let the  
 Priests  
 Who from the ruined city have escaped,  
 And all who in her temples have per-  
 form'd <sup>10</sup>  
 The ennobling service of her injured  
 Gods,  
 Gather together now.

He spake ; the train  
 Assembled, priests and matrons, youths  
 and maids.

Servants of Heaven ! aloud the Arch-  
 Priest began,

The Gods had favour'd Aztlan ; bound  
 for death

The White King lay : our countrymen  
 were strong

In battle, and the conquest had been  
 ours, . .

I speak not from myself, but as the  
 Powers,

Whose voice on earth I am, impel the  
 truth, . .

The conquest had been ours ; but treason  
 lurk'd <sup>20</sup>

In Aztlan, treason and foul sacrilege ;  
 And therefore were her children in the  
 hour

Of need abandon'd ; therefore were her  
 youth

Cut down, her altars therefore over-  
 thrown.

The White King, whom ye saw upon the  
 Stone

Of Sacrifice, and whom ye held in bonds,  
 Stood in the foremost fight and slew  
 your Lord.

Not by a God, O Aztecas, enlarged  
 Broke he his bondage ! by a mortal hand,  
 An impious, sacrilegious, traitorous  
 hand, <sup>30</sup>

Your city was betray'd, your King was  
 slain,

Your shrines polluted. The insulted  
 Power,

He who is terrible, beheld the deed,  
 And now he calls for vengeance.

Stern he spake,  
 And from Mexitli's altar bade the Priest  
 Bring forth the sacred water. In his  
 hand

He took the vase, and held it up, and  
 cried,

Accurst be he who did this deed ! Ac-  
 curst  
 The father who begat him, and the  
 breast  
 At which he fed ! Death be his portion  
 now, 40  
 Eternal infamy his lot on earth,  
 His doom eternal horrors ! Let his name  
 From sire to son, be in the people's  
 mouth,  
 Through every generation ! Let a curse  
 Of deep and pious and effectual hate  
 For ever follow the detested name ;  
 And every curse inflict upon his soul  
 A stab of mortal anguish.

Then he gave

The vase . . . Drink one by one ! the  
 innocent  
 Boldly ; on them the water hath no  
 power ; 50  
 But let the guilty tremble ! it shall  
 flow  
 A draught of agony and death to him,  
 A stream of fiery poison.

Coatel !

What were thy horrors when the fatal  
 vase  
 Pass'd to thy trial, . . . when Tezozomoc  
 Fix'd his keen eye on thee ! A deathiness  
 Came over her, . . . her blood ran back, . .  
 her joints  
 Shook like the palsy, and the dreadful  
 cup  
 Dropt from her conscious hold. The  
 Priest exclaim'd,  
 The hand of God ! the avenger manifest !  
 Drag her to the altar ! . . . At that sound  
 of death 61  
 The life forsook her limbs, and down she  
 fell,  
 Senseless. They dragg'd her to the  
 Stone of Blood.  
 All senseless as she lay ; . . . in that dread  
 hour  
 Nature was kind.

Tezozomoc then cried,

Bring forth the kindred of this wretch  
 accurst,  
 That none pollute the earth ! An aged  
 Priest  
 Came forth and answered, There is none  
 but I,  
 The father of the dead.

To death with him !

Exclaim'd Tezozomoc ; to death with  
 him ; 70  
 And purify the nation ! . . . But the King  
 Permitted not that crime. . . Chief of the  
 Priests,  
 If he be guilty, let the guilty bleed,  
 Said he ; but never, while I live and  
 reign,  
 The innocent shall suffer. Hoar him  
 speak !

Hear me ! the old man replied. That  
 fatal day

I never saw my child. At morn she left  
 The city, seeking flowers to dress the  
 shrine  
 Of Coatlantona ; and that at eve  
 I stood among the Pabas in the gate, 80  
 Blessing our soldiers, as they issued out,  
 Let them who saw bear witness. . . Two  
 came forth,  
 And testified Aculhua spake the words  
 Of truth.

Full well I know, the old  
 man pursued,

My daughter loved the Strangers, . .  
 that her heart  
 Was not with Aztlan ; but not I the  
 cause !  
 Ye all remember how the Maid was  
 given, . .  
 She being, in truth, of all our Maids the  
 flower, . .  
 In spousals to Lincoya, him who fled  
 From sacrifice. It was a misery 90  
 For me to see my only child condemn'd  
 In early widowhood to waste her youth,  
 My only and my beautifullest girl !  
 Chief of the Priests, you order'd ; I  
 obeyed.  
 Not mine the fault, if when Lincoya fled,  
 And fought among the enemies, her heart  
 Was with her husband.

He is innocent !

He shall not die ! Yuhidthiton ex-  
 claim'd.  
 Nay, King Yuhidthiton ! Aculhua cried,  
 I merit death. My country over-  
 thrown, 100  
 My daughter slain, alike demand on me  
 That justice. When her years of  
 ministry

Vow'd to the temple had expired, my  
love,  
My selfish love, still suffer'd her to give  
Her youth to me, by filial piety  
In widowhood detain'd. That selfish  
crime

Heavily, . . heavily, . . do I expiate !  
But I am old ; and she was all to me.  
O King Yuhidthiton, I ask for death ;  
In mercy, let me die ! cruel it were 110  
To bid me waste away alone in age,  
By the slow pain of grief. . . Give me the  
knife

Which pierced my daughter's bosom !  
The old man  
Moved to the altar ; none opposed his  
way ;

With a firm hand he buried in his heart  
The reeking flint, and fell upon his child.

## XXI. THE SPORTS

A TRANSITORY gloom that sight of death  
Impress'd upon the assembled multi-  
tude ;

But soon the brute and unreflecting crew  
Turn'd to their sports. Some bare  
their olive limbs,

And in the race contend ; with hopes  
and fears

Which rouse to rage, some urge the  
mimic war.

Here one upon his ample shoulders bears  
A comrade's weight, upon whose head  
a third

Stands poised, like Mercury in act to fly.  
Two others balance here on their  
shoulders 10

A bifork'd beam, while on its height a  
third

To nimble cadence shifts his glancing  
feet,

And shakes a plume aloft, and wheels  
around

A wreath of bells with modulating sway.  
Here round a lofty mast the dancers  
move

Quick, to quick music ; from its top  
affix'd,

Each holds a coloured cord, and as they  
weave

The complex crossings of the mazy  
dance,

The chequer'd network twists around  
the tree

Its intertexture of harmonious hues. 20

But now a shout went forth, the  
Flyers mount,

And from all meaner sports the multi-  
tude

Flock to their favourite pastime. In  
the ground,

Branchless and bark'd, the trunk of  
some tall pine

Is planted : near its summit a square  
frame ;

Four cords pass through the perforated  
square,

And fifty times and twice around the  
tree,

A mystic number, are entwined above.  
Four Aztecas, equipp'd with wings,  
ascend,

And round them bind the ropes ; anon  
they wave 30

Their pinions, and upborn on spreading  
plumes

Launch on the air, and wheel in circling  
flight,

The lengthening cords untwisting as  
they fly.

A fifth above, upon the perilous point  
Dances, and shakes a flag ; and on the  
frame,

Others the while maintain their giddy  
stand,

Till now, with many a round, the  
wheeling cords

Draw near their utmost length, and  
toward the ground

The aërial circles speed ; then down the  
ropes

They spring, and on their way from line  
to line 40

Pass, while the shouting multitude  
endure

A shuddering admiration.

On such sports,  
Their feelings center'd in the joy of sight,

The multitude stood gazing, when a  
man,

Breathless, and with broad eyes, came  
running on,



His pale lips trembling, and his bloodless  
cheek

Like one who meets a lion in his path.  
The fire! the fire! the temple! he  
exclaim'd;

Mexitli! . . . They, astonish'd at his words,  
Hasten toward the wonder, . . . and  
behold! 50

The inner fane is sheeted white with fire.  
Dumb with affright they stood; the  
enquiring King

Look'd to Tezozomoc; the Priest replied,  
I go! the Gods protect me; . . . and  
therewith

He entered boldly in the house of flame.  
But instant bounding with inebriate joy  
He issues forth. . . The God! the God!  
he cries,

Joy! . . . joy! . . . the God! . . . the visible  
hand of Heaven!

Repressing then his transport, . . . Ye all  
know

How that in Aztlan Madoc's impious  
hand 60

Destroyed Mexitli's image; . . . it is here,  
Unbroken, and the same! . . . Toward the  
gate

They press; they see the Giant Idol  
there,

The serpent girding him, his neck with  
hearts

Beaded, and in his hand the club, . . . even  
such

As oft in Aztlan, on his azure throne,  
They had adored the God, they see him  
now,

Unbroken and the same! . . . Again the  
Priest

Enter'd; again a second joy inspired  
To frenzy all around; . . . for forth he  
came, 70

Shouting with new delight, . . . for in his  
hand

The banner of the nation he upheld,  
That banner to their fathers sent from  
Heaven,

By them abandon'd to the conqueror.

He motion'd silence, and the crowd  
were still.

People of Aztlan! he began, when first  
Your fathers from their native land  
went forth,

In search of better seats, this banner came

From Heaven. The Famine and the  
Pestilence

Had been among them; in their hearts  
the spring 80

Of courage was dried up: with mid-  
night fires

Radiate, by midnight thunders heralded,  
This banner came from Heaven; and  
with it came

Health, valour, victory. Aztecas! again  
The God restores the blessing. To the  
God

Move now in solemn dance of grateful  
joy;

Exalt for him the song.

They form'd the dance,  
They rais'd the hymn, and sung Mexitli's  
praise.

Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,  
Mexitli, guardian God! . . . From whence  
art thou, 90

O Son of Mystery? From whence art  
thou,

Whose sire thy Mother knew not? She  
at eve

Walk'd in the temple court, and saw  
from Heaven

A plume descend, as bright and beauti-  
ful,

As if some spirit had embodied there  
The rainbow hues, or dipt it in the light  
Of setting suns. To her it floated down;

She placed it in her bosom, to bedeck  
The altar of the God; she sought it  
there;

Amazed she found it not, amazed she  
felt 100

Another life infused. . . From whence art  
thou,

O son of Mystery? From whence art  
thou,

Whose sire thy Mother knew not?

Grief was hers,  
Wonder and grief, for life was in her  
womb,

And her stern children with revengeful  
eyes

Beheld their Mother's shame. She saw  
their frowns.

She knew their plots of blood. Where  
shall she look

For succour, when her sons conspire her  
death ?

Where hope for comfort, when her  
daughter whets

The impious knife of murder ? . . From  
her womb 110

The voice of comfort came, the timely  
aid :

Already at her breast the blow was  
aim'd,

When forth Mexitli leapt, and in his hand  
The angry spear, to punish and to save.  
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,  
Mexitli, guardian God !

Arise and save,

Mexitli, save thy people ! Dreadful one,  
Arise, redeem thy city, and revenge !

An impious, an impenetrable foe,  
Hath blacken'd thine own altars, with

the blood 120  
Of thine own priests ; hath dash'd thine  
Image down.

In vain did valour's naked breast op-  
pose

Their mighty arms ; in vain the feeble  
sword

On their impenetrable mail was driven.  
Not against thee, Avenger, shall those

arms  
Avail, nor that impenetrable mail  
Resist the fiery arrows of thy wrath.

Arise, go forth in anger, and destroy !

## XXII. THE DEATH OF LINCOYA

AZTLAN, meantime, presents a hideous  
scene

Of slaughter. The hot sunbeam, in her  
streets,

Parch'd the blood pools ; the slain were  
heap'd in hills ;

The victors, stretch'd in every little  
shade,

With unhelm'd heads, reclining on their  
shields,

Slept the deep sleep of weariness. Ere  
long,

To needful labour rising, from the gates  
They drag the dead ; and with united  
toil,

They dig upon the plain the general  
grave,

The grave of thousands, deep and wide  
and long. 10

Ten such they delved, and o'er the multi-  
tudes

Who level'd with the plain the deep-dug  
pits,

Ten monumental hills they heap'd on  
high.

Next horror heightening joy, they over-  
threw

The skull-built towers, the files of human  
heads,

And earth to earth consign'd them. To  
the flames

They cast the idols, and upon the wind  
Scatter'd their ashes ; then the temples

fell,  
Whose black and putrid walls were  
scaled with blood,

And not one stone of those accursed  
piles 20

Was on another left.

Victorious thus

In Aztlan, it behoved the Cymry now  
There to collect their strength, and there

await,  
Or thence with centered numbers urge,  
the war.

For this was Ririd missioned to the ships,  
For this Lincoya from the hills invites

Erillyab and her tribe. There did not  
breathe,

On this wide world, a happier man that  
day

Than young Lincoya, when from their  
retreat

He bade his countrymen come repossess  
The land of their forefathers ; proud at

heart 31

To think how great a part himself had  
borne

In their revenge, and that beloved one,  
The gentle saviour of the Prince, whom

well  
He knew his own dear love, and for the  
deed

Still dearer loved the dearest. Round  
the youth,

Women and children, the infirm and old,  
Gather to hear his tale ; and as they

stood

With eyes of steady wonder, out-  
stretch'd necks,  
And open lips of listening eagerness, 40  
Fast play'd the tide of triumph in his  
veins,  
Flush'd his brown cheek, and kindled  
his dark eye.

And now, reposing from his toil  
awhile,

Lincoya, on a crag above the straits,  
Sate underneath a tree, whose twinkling  
leaves

Sung to the gale at noon. Ayayaca  
Sate by him in the shade: the old man  
had loved

The youth beside him from his boyhood  
up,

And still would call him boy. They sate  
and watch'd 49

The laden bisons winding down the way,  
The multitude who now with joy forsook  
Their desolated dwellings; and their talk  
Was of the days of sorrow, when they  
groan'd

Beneath the intolerable yoke, till, sent  
By the Great Spirit o'er the pathless  
deep,

Prince Madoc the Deliverer came to  
save.

As thus they communed, came a woman  
up,

Seeking Lincoya; 'twas Aculhua's  
slave,

The nurse of Coatel. Her wretched eye,  
Her pale and livid countenance foretold  
Some tale of misery, and his life-blood  
ebb'd 61

In ominous fear. But when he heard  
her words

Of death, he seized the lance, and  
raised his arm

To strike the blow of comfort.

The old man  
Caught his uplifted hand. . . O'er-hasty  
boy,

Quoth he, regain her yet, if she was  
dear!

Seek thy beloved in the Land of Souls,  
And beg her from the Gods. The Gods  
will hear,

And in just recompense of love so true  
Restore their charge.

The miserable youth 70  
Turn'd at his words a hesitating eye.  
I knew a prisoner, . . . so the old man  
pursued,

Or hoping to beguile the youth's despair  
With tales that suited the despair of  
youth,

Or credulous himself of what he told, . . .  
I knew a prisoner once who welcomed  
death

With merriment and songs and joy of  
heart,

Because, he said, the friends whom he  
loved best

Were gone before him to the Land of  
Souls;

Nor would they to resume their mortal  
state, 80

Even when the Keeper of the Land  
allow'd,

Forsake its pleasures; therefore he  
rejoiced

To die and join them there. I question'd  
him,

How of these hidden things unknowable  
So certainly he spake. The man replied,  
One of our nation lost the maid he loved,  
Nor would he bear his sorrow, . . . being  
one

Into whose heart fear never found a  
way, . . . 88

But to the Country of the Dead pursued  
Her spirit. Many toils he underwent,

And many dangers gallantly surpass'd.  
Till to the Country of the Dead he came.

Gently the Guardian of the Land  
received

The living suppliant; listen'd to his  
prayer,

And gave him back the Spirit of the  
Maid.

But from that happy country, from the  
songs

Of joyance, from the splendour-spark-  
ling dance,

Unwillingly compell'd, the Maiden's Soul  
Loathed to return; and he was warn'd

to guard

The subtle captive well and warily, 100  
Till in her mortal tenement relodged,

Earthly delights might win her to re-  
main

A sojourner on earth. Such lessoning

The Ruler of the Souls departed gave ;  
And mindful of his charge the adventurer brought

His subtle captive home. There underneath

The shelter of a hut, his friends had watch'd

The Maiden's corpse, secured it from the sun,

And fann'd away the insect swarms of heaven. <sup>109</sup>

A busy hand marr'd all the enterprize !  
Curious to see the Spirit, he unloosed

The knotted bag which held her, and she fled.

Lincoya, thou art brave ; where man has gone

Thou wouldst not fear to follow ; Silently

Lincoya listen'd, and with unmoved eyes ;

At length he answer'd, Is the journey long ?

The old man replied, A way of many moons.

I know a shorter path ! exclaim'd the youth ;

And up he sprung, and from the precipice

Darted : a moment, . . and Ayayaca heard <sup>120</sup>

His body fall upon the rocks below.

### XXIII. CARADOC AND SENENA

MAID of the golden locks, far other lot  
May gentle Heaven assign thy happier love,

Blue-eyed Senena ! . . She, though not as yet

Had she put off her boy-habiliments,  
Had told Goervyl all the history

Of her sad flight, and easy pardon gain'd  
From that sweet heart, for guile which meant no ill,

And secrecy, in shame too long maintain'd.

With her dear Lady now, at this still hour

Of evening is the seeming page gone forth, <sup>10</sup>

Beside Caermadoc mere. They loiter'd on,

Along the windings of its grassy shore,  
In such free interchange of inward thought

As the calm hour invited ; or at times,  
Willingly silent, listening to the bird

Whose one repeated melancholy note,  
By oft repeating melancholy made,

Solicited the ear ; or gladder now  
Hearkening that cheerful one, who knoweth all

The songs of all the winged choristers, <sup>20</sup>  
And in one sequence of melodious sounds

Pours all their music. But a wilder strain

At fits came o'er the water ; rising now,

Now with a dying fall, in sink and swell

More exquisitely sweet than ever art  
Of man evoked from instrument of touch,

Or beat, or breath. It was the evening gale,

Which passing o'er the harp of Caradoc,  
Swept all its chords at once, and blended all

Their music into one continuous flow. <sup>30</sup>  
The solitary Bard beside his harp

Leant underneath a tree, whose spreading boughs,

With broken shade that shifted to the breeze,

Play'd on the waving waters. Overhead

There was the leafy murmur, at his foot

The lake's perpetual ripple ; and from far,

Borne on the modulating gale, was heard

The roaring of the mountain cataract. . .

A blind man would have loved the lovely spot.

Here was Senena by her Lady led, <sup>40</sup>  
Trembling, but not reluctant. They drew nigh,

Their steps unheard upon the elastic moss,

Till playfully Goervyl, with quick touch,



Ran o'er the harp-strings. At the sudden sound  
 He rose. . . Hath then thy hand, quoth she, O Bard,  
 Forgot its cunning, that the wind should be  
 Thine harper ? . . Come ! one strain for Britain's sake ;  
 And let the theme be Woman ! . . He replied,  
 But if the strain offend, O Lady fair,  
 Blame thou the theme, not me ! . . Then to the harp  
 He sung, . . Three things a wise man will not trust,  
 The Wind, the Sunshine of an April day,  
 And Woman's plighted faith. I have beheld  
 The Weathercock upon the steeple-point  
 Steady from morn till eve ; and I have seen  
 The bees go forth upon an April morn,  
 Secure the sunshine will not end in showers ;  
 But when was Woman true ?  
 With smile of playful anger, she exclaimed,  
 False Bard ! and slanderous song !  
 Were such thy thoughts  
 Of woman, when thy youthful lays were heard  
 In Heilyn's hall ? . . But at that name his heart  
 Leapt, and his cheek with sudden flush was fired ;  
 In Heilyn's hall, quoth he, I learn'd the song.  
 There was a Maid, who dwelt among the hills  
 Of Arvon, and to one of humbler birth  
 Had pledged her troth ; . . nor rashly, nor beguiled, . .  
 They had been playmates in their infancy,  
 And she in all his thoughts had borne a part.  
 And all his joys. The Moon and all the Stars  
 Witness'd their mutual vows ; and for her sake

The song was framed ; for in the face of day  
 She broke them. . . But her name ? Goervyl ask'd ;  
 Quoth he, The poet loved her still too well,  
 To couple it with shame.  
 O fate unjust  
 Of womankind ! she cried ; our virtues bloom,  
 Like violets, in shade and solitude,  
 While evil eyes hunt all our failings out,  
 For evil tongues to bruit abroad in jest,  
 And song of obloquy ! . . I knew a Maid,  
 And she too dwelt in Arvon, and she too  
 Loved one of lowly birth, who ill repaid  
 Her spotless faith ; for he to ill reports,  
 And tales of falsehood cunningly devised,  
 Lent a light ear, and to his rival left  
 The loathing Maid. The wedding-day arrived,  
 The harpers and the gleemen, far and near,  
 Came to the wedding-feast ; the wedding-guests  
 Were come, the altar drest, the bride-maids met ;  
 The father, and the bridegroom, and the priest  
 Wait for the bride. But she the while did off  
 Her bridal robes, and clipt her golden locks,  
 And put on boy's attire, through wood and wild  
 To seek her own true love ; and over sea,  
 Forsaking all for him, she followed him, . .  
 Nor hoping nor deserving fate so fair ;  
 And at his side she stood, and heard him wrong  
 Her faith with slanderous tales ; and his dull eye,  
 As it had learnt his heart's forgetfulness,  
 Knows not the trembling one, who even now  
 Yearns to forgive him all !  
 He turn'd, he knew  
 The blue-eyed Maid, who fell upon his breast.

## XXIV. THE EMBASSY

HARK! from the towers of Aztlan how  
 the shouts  
 Of clamorous joy re-ring! the rocks and  
 hills  
 Take up the joyful sound, and o'er the  
 lake  
 Roll their slow echoes. . . Thou art  
 beautiful!  
 Queen of the Valley! thou art beautiful,  
 Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the  
 sun;  
 Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden-  
 sweets  
 Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake  
 Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and  
 high  
 In heaven thy temple-pyramids arise, 10  
 Upon whose summit now, far visible  
 Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of  
 Christ  
 Proclaims unto the nations round the  
 news  
 Of thy redemption. Thou art beautiful,  
 Aztlan! O City of the Cymbric Prince!  
 Long mayest thou flourish in thy beauty,  
 long  
 Prosper beneath the righteous con-  
 queror,  
 Who conquers to redeem! Long years  
 of peace  
 And happiness await thy Lord and thee,  
 Queen of the Valley!

Hither joyfully 20

The Hoamen came to repossess the land  
 Of their forefathers. Joyfully the youth  
 Came shouting, with acclaim of grateful  
 praise,  
 Their great Deliverer's name; the old,  
 in talk  
 Of other days, which mingled with their  
 joy  
 Memory of many a hard calamity,  
 And thoughts of time and change, and  
 human life  
 How changeful and how brief. Prince  
 Madoc met  
 Erillyab at the gate. . . Sister and Queen,  
 Said he, here let us hold united reign, 30  
 O'er our united people; by one faith,

One interest bound, and closer to be  
 link'd  
 By laws and language and domestic ties,  
 Till both become one race, for ever more  
 Indissolubly knit.

O friend, she cried,

The last of all my family am I;  
 Yet sure, though last, the happiest, and  
 by Heaven  
 Favour'd abundantly above them all.  
 Dear Friend, and brother dear! enough  
 for me  
 Beneath the shadow of thy shield to  
 dwell, 40  
 And see my people, by thy fostering  
 care,  
 Made worthy of their fortune. Graciously  
 Hath the Beloved One appointed all,  
 Educing good from ill, himself being  
 good.

Then to the royal palace of the Kings  
 Of Aztlan, Madoc led Erillyab,  
 There where her sires had held their  
 ruder reign,  
 To pass the happy remnant of her years,  
 Honour'd and loved by all.

Now had the Prince

Provided for defence, disposing all 50  
 As though a ready enemy approach'd.  
 But from Patamba yet no army moved;  
 Four Heralds only, by the King dis-  
 patch'd,  
 Drew nigh the town. The Hoamen as  
 they came,  
 Knew the green mantle of their privilege,  
 The symbols which they bore, an arrow-  
 point  
 Depress'd, a shield, a net, which, from  
 the arm  
 Suspended, held their food. They  
 through the gate  
 Pass with permitted entrance, and  
 demand  
 To see the Ocean Prince. The Con-  
 queror 60  
 Received them, and the elder thus  
 began:  
 Thus to the White King, King Yuhid-  
 thiton  
 His bidding sends; such greeting as  
 from foe  
 Foe may receive, where individual hate  
 Is none, but honour and assured esteem,

And what were friendship did the Gods permit,  
 The King of Aztlan sends. Oh dream not thou  
 That Aztlan is subdued; nor in the pride  
 Of conquest tempt thy fortune! Unprepared  
 For battle, at an hour of festival, 70  
 Her children were surprised; and thou canst tell  
 How perilously they maintain'd the long  
 And doubtful strife. From yonder temple-mount  
 Look round the plain, and count her towns, and mark  
 Her countless villages, whose habitants  
 All are in arms against thee! Thinkest thou  
 To root them from the land? Or wouldst thou live,  
 Harass'd by night and day with endless war,  
 War at thy gates; and to thy children leave  
 That curse for their inheritance? . . . The land 80  
 Is all before thee: Go in peace, and choose  
 Thy dwelling-place, North, South, or East, or West;  
 Or mount again thy houses of the sea  
 And search the waters. Whatso'er thy wants  
 Demand, will Aztlan willingly supply,  
 Prepared with friendly succour, to assist  
 Thy soon departure. Thus Yuhidthiton,  
 Remembering his old friendship, counsels thee; 88  
 Thus, as the King of Aztlan, for himself  
 And people, he commands. If obstinate,  
 If blind to your own welfare, ye persist,  
 Woe to ye, wretches! to the armed man,  
 Who in the fight must perish; to the wife,  
 Who vainly on her husband's aid will call;  
 Woe to the babe that hangs upon the breast,  
 For Aztlan comes in anger, and her Gods  
 Spare none.

The Conqueror calmly answer'd him, . . .  
 By force we won your city, Azteca;  
 By force we will maintain it: . . . to the King  
 Repeat my saying. . . To this goodly land 100  
 Your fathers came for an abiding place,  
 Strangers like us, but not like us, in peace.  
 They conquer'd and destroyed. A tyrant race,  
 Bloody and faithless, to the hills they drove  
 The unoffending children of the vale.  
 And, day by day, in cruel sacrifice  
 Consumed them. God hath sent the Avengers here!  
 Powerful to save we come, and to destroy.  
 When Mercy on Destruction calls for aid.  
 Go tell your nation that we know their force, 110  
 That they know ours! that their Patamba soon  
 Shall fall like Aztlan; and what other towns  
 They seek in flight, shall like Patamba fall:  
 Till broken in their strength and spirit-crush'd  
 They bow the knee, or leave the land to us,  
 Its worthier Lords.  
 If this be thy reply,  
 Son of the Ocean! said the messenger,  
 I bid thee, in the King of Aztlan's name  
 Mortal defiance. In the field of blood,  
 Before our multitudes shall trample down 120  
 Thy mad and miserable countrymen,  
 Yuhidthiton invites thee to the strife  
 Of equal danger. So may he avenge  
 Coanocotzin, or like him in death  
 Discharge his duty.  
 Tell Yuhidthiton,  
 Madoc replied, that in the field of blood  
 I never shunn'd a foe. But say thou to him,  
 I will not seek him there, against his life

To raise the hand which hath been  
 joined with his  
 In peace. . . With that the Heralds went  
 their way ; 130  
 Nor to the right nor to the left they turn,  
 But to Patamba straight they journey  
 back.

## XXV. THE LAKE FIGHT

THE mariners, meantime, at Ririd's will,  
 Unreeve the rigging, and the masts they  
 strike ;  
 And now ashore they haul the lighten'd  
 hulks,  
 Tear up the deck, the severed planks  
 bear off,  
 Disjoin the well-scarfed timbers, and  
 the keel  
 Loosen asunder : then to the lake-side  
 Bear the materials, where the Ocean  
 Lord  
 Himself directs their work. Twelve  
 vessels there,  
 Fitted alike to catch the wind, or sweep  
 With oars the moveless surface, they  
 prepare ; 10  
 Lay down the keel, the stern-post rear,  
 and fix  
 The strong-curved timbers. Others  
 from the wood  
 Bring the tall pines, and from their his-  
 sing trunks  
 Force, by the aid of fire, the needful  
 gum ;  
 Beneath the close-caulk'd planks its  
 odorous stream  
 They pour ; then, last, the round-pro-  
 jecting prows  
 With iron arm, and launch, in uproar  
 loud  
 Of joy, anticipating victory.  
 The galleys long and sharp. The masts  
 are rear'd,  
 The sails are bent, and lo ! the ready  
 barks 20  
 Lie on the lake.

It chanced, the Hoamen found  
 A spy of Aztlan, and before the Prince  
 They led him. But when Madoc bade  
 him tell,

As his life-ransom, what his nation's  
 force,  
 And what their plans ; the savage  
 answer'd him,  
 With dark and sullen eye and smile of  
 wrath,  
 If aught the knowledge of my country's  
 force  
 Could profit thee, be sure, ere I would let  
 My tongue play traitor, thou shouldst  
 limb from limb  
 Hew me, and make each separate  
 member feel 30  
 A separate agony of death. O Prince !  
 But I will tell ye of my nation's force,  
 That ye may know and tremble at your  
 doom ;  
 That fear may half subdue ye to the  
 sword  
 Of vengeance. . . Can ye count the stars  
 of Heaven ?  
 The waves which ruffle o'er the lake ?  
 the leaves  
 Swept from the autumnal forest ? Can  
 ye look  
 Upon the eternal snows of yonder height  
 And number each particular flake that  
 form'd  
 The mountain-mass ? . . so numberless  
 they come, 40  
 Whoe'er can wield the sword, or hurl the  
 lance,  
 Or aim the arrow ; from the growing boy,  
 Ambitious of the battle, to the old man,  
 Who to revenge his country and his  
 Gods  
 Hastens, and then to die. By land they  
 come ;  
 And years must pass away ere on their  
 path  
 The grass again will grow : they come  
 by lake ;  
 And ye shall see the shoals of their canoes  
 Darken the waters. Strangers ! when  
 our Gods  
 Have conquer'd, when ye lie upon the  
 Stone 50  
 Of Sacrifice extended one by one,  
 Half of our armies cannot taste your  
 flesh,  
 Though given in equal shares, and every  
 share  
 Minced like a nestling's food !



Azteca, we are few; but through the  
 woods  
 The Lion walks alone. The lesser fowls  
 Flock multitudinous in heaven, and fly  
 Before the eagle's coming. We are few;  
 And yet thy nation hath experienced us  
 Enough for conquest. Tell thy country-  
 men, 60  
 We can maintain the city which we  
 won.

So saying he turn'd away, rejoiced at  
 heart  
 To know himself alike by lake or land  
 Prepared to meet their power.

The fateful day  
 Draws on; by night the Aztecas em-  
 bark.  
 At day-break from Patamba they set  
 forth.

From every creek and inlet of the lake.  
 All moving towards Aztlan; safely thus  
 Weening to reach the plain before her  
 walls,

And fresh for battle. Shine thou forth,  
 O Sun! 70

Shine fairly forth upon a scene so fair!  
 Their thousand boats, and the ten  
 thousand oars

From whose broad bowls the waters fall  
 and flash,

And twice ten thousand feather'd helms,  
 and shields,

Glittering with gold and scarlet plumery.  
 Onward they come with song and swel-  
 ling horn;

While, louder than all voice and instru-  
 ment,

The dash of their ten thousand oars,  
 from shore

To shore and hill to hill, re-echoing rolls,  
 In undistinguishable peals of sound 80

And endless echo. On the other side  
 Advance the British barks; the fresh-  
 ening breeze

Fills the broad sail, around the rushing  
 keel

The waters sing, while proudly they sail  
 on

Lords of the water. Shine thou forth,  
 O Sun!

Shine forth upon their hour of victory!

Onward the Cymry speed. The Az-  
 tecas,

Though wondering at that unexpected  
 sight,

Bravely made on to meet them, seized  
 their bows,

And shower'd, like rain, upon the  
 pavaised barks, 90

The rattling shafts. Strong blows the  
 auspicious gale;

Madoc, the Lord of Ocean, leads the  
 way;

He holds the helm; the galley where  
 he guides

Flies on, and full upon the first canoe  
 Drives shattering; midway its long

length it struck.  
 And o'er the wreck with unimpeded

force  
 Dashes among the fleet. The astonish'd

men  
 Gaze in inactive terror. They behold

Their splinter'd vessels floating all  
 around.

Their warriors struggling in the lake,  
 with arms 100

Experienced in the battle vainly now.  
 Dismay'd they drop their bows, and

cast away  
 Their unavailing spears, and take to

flight,  
 Before the Masters of the Elements,

Who rode the waters, and who made the  
 winds

Wing them to vengeance! Forward  
 now they bend,

And backward then, with strenuous  
 strain of arm,

Press the broad paddle. . . Hope of  
 victory

Was none, nor of defence, nor of revenge,  
 To sweeten death. Toward the shore

they speed, 110  
 Toward the shore they lift their longing

eyes: . .  
 O fools, to meet on their own element

The Sons of Ocean! . . Could they but  
 aland

Set foot, the strife were equal, or to die  
 Less dreadful. But, as if with wings of

wind,  
 On fly the British barks! . . the favour-  
 ing breeze

Blows strong ; . . far, far behind their  
 roaring keels  
 Lies the long line of foam ; the helm  
 directs  
 Their force ; they move as with the  
 limbs of life,  
 Obedient to the will that governs them.  
 Where'er they pass, the crashing shock  
 is heard, 121  
 The dash of broken waters, and the cry  
 Of sinking multitudes. Here one plies  
 fast  
 The practised limbs of youth, but o'er  
 his head  
 The galley drives ; one follows a canoe  
 With skill availing only to prolong  
 Suffering ; another, as with wiser aim  
 He swims across, to meet his coming  
 friends,  
 Stunn'd by the hasty and unheeding oar.  
 Sinks senseless to the depths. Lo !  
 yonder boat 130  
 Graspt by the thronging strugglers ; its  
 light length  
 Yields to the overbearing weight, and all  
 Share the same ruin. Here another  
 shows  
 Crueller contest, where the crew hack off  
 The hands that hang for life upon its  
 side,  
 Lest all together perish ; then in vain  
 The voice of friend or kinsman prays for  
 mercy,  
 Imperious self controuls all other  
 thoughts ;  
 And still they deal around unnatural  
 wounds,  
 When the strong bark of Britain over all  
 Sails in the path of death. . . God of the  
 Lake, 141  
 Tlaloc ! and thou, O Aiauh, green-robed  
 Queen !  
 How many a wretch, in dying agonies,  
 Invoked ye in the misery of that day !  
 Long after, on the tainted lake, the dead  
 Welter'd ; there, perch'd upon his  
 floating prey,  
 The vulture fed in daylight ; and the  
 wolves,  
 Assembled at their banquet round its  
 banks,  
 Disturb'd the midnight with their howl  
 of joy.

## XXVI. THE CLOSE OF THE CENTURY

THERE was mourning in Patamba ; the  
 north wind  
 Blew o'er the lake, and drifted to the  
 shore  
 The floating wreck and bodies of the  
 dead.  
 Then on the shore the mother might be  
 seen,  
 Seeking her child ; the father to the  
 tomb,  
 With limbs too weak for that unhappy  
 weight,  
 Bearing the bloated body of his son ;  
 The wife, who, in expectant agony,  
 Watch'd the black carcass on the coming  
 wave.

On every brow terror was legible, 10  
 Anguish in every eye. There was not  
 one  
 Who in the general ruin did not share  
 Peculiar grief, and in his country's loss  
 Lament some dear one dead. Along the  
 lake  
 The frequent funeral-piles, for many a  
 day,  
 With the noon-light their melancholy  
 flames  
 Dimly commingled ; while the mourners  
 stood,  
 Watching the pile, to feed the lingering  
 fire,  
 As slowly it consumed the watery corpse.

Thou didst not fear, young Tlalala !  
 thy soul, 20  
 Unconquer'd and unconquerable, rose  
 Superior to its fortune. When the  
 Chiefs  
 Hung their dejected heads, as men sub-  
 dued  
 In spirit, then didst thou, Yuhidthiton,  
 Calm in the hour of evil, still maintain  
 Thy even courage. They from man to  
 man  
 Go, with the mourners mourning, and  
 by grief  
 Exciting rage, till, at the promised fight,

The hope of vengeance, a ferocious joy  
Flash'd in the eyes which glisten'd still  
with tears 30

Of tender memory. To the brave they  
spake

Of Aztlan's strength, . . . for Aztlan still  
was strong : . . .

The late defeat, . . . not there by manly  
might,

By honourable valour, by the force  
Of arms subdued, shame aggravated  
loss ;

The White Men from the waters came,  
perchance

Sons of the Ocean, by their parent Gods  
Aided, and conquerors not by human  
skill.

When man met man, when in the field  
of fight

The soldier on firm earth should plant  
his foot, 40

Then would the trial be, the struggle  
then,

The glory, the revenge.

Tezozomoc,

Alike unbroken by defeat, endured  
The evil day ; but in his sullen mind

Work'd thoughts of other vengeance.  
He the King

Summon'd apart from all, with Tlalala,  
And thus advised them : We have vainly  
tried

The war ; these mighty Strangers will  
not yield

To mortal strength ; yet shall they be  
cut off

So ye will heed my counsel, and to force  
Add wisdom's aid. Put on a friendly  
front ; 51

Send to their Prince the messenger of  
peace ;

He will believe our words : he will for-  
give

The past ; . . . the offender may. So days  
and months,

Yea, years, if needful, will we wear a face  
Of friendliness, till some fit hour arrive,  
When we may fire their dwellings in the  
night,

Or mingle poison in their cups of mirth.  
The warrior, from whose force the Lion  
flies,

Falls by the Serpent's tooth.

Thou speakest well, 60  
Tlalala answer'd ; but my spirit ill  
Can brook revenge delay'd.

The Priest then turn'd  
His small and glittering eye toward the  
King ;

But on the Monarch's mild and manly  
brow

A meaning sate, which made that  
crafty eye

Bend, quickly abash'd. While yet I  
was a child,

Replied the King of Aztlan, on my heart  
My father laid two precepts. Boy, be  
brave !

So, in the midnight battle, shalt thou  
meet,

Fearless, the sudden foe. Boy, let thy  
lips 70

Be clean from falsehood ! in the mid-  
day sun,

So never shalt thou need from mortal  
man

To turn thy guilty face. Tezozomoc,  
Holy I keep the lessons of my sire.

But if the enemy, with their dreadful  
arms,

Again, said Tlalala, . . . If again the Gods  
Will our defeat, Yuhidhiton replied,  
Vain is it for the feeble power of man  
To strive against their will. I augur  
not

Of ill, young Tiger ! but if ill betide, so  
The land is all before us. Let me hear  
Of perfidy and serpent-wiles no more !

In the noon-day war, and in the face of  
Heaven,

I meet my foes. Let Aztlan follow me ;  
And if one man of all her multitudes  
Shall better play the warrior in that  
hour,

Be his the sceptre ! But if the people  
fear

The perilous strife, and own themselves  
subdued,

Let us depart ! The universal Sun  
Confines not to one land his partial  
beams ; 90

Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed  
The winds on some ungenial soil have  
cast.

There where he cannot prosper.

The dark Priest  
 Conceal'd revengeful anger, and replied,  
 Let the King's will be done! An awful  
 day  
 Draws on; the Circle of the Years is  
 full;  
 We tremble for the event. The times  
 are strange;  
 There are portentous changes in the  
 world;  
 Perchance its end is come.

Be it thy care,  
 Priest of the Gods, to see the needful  
 rites 100  
 Duly perform'd, Yuhidthiton replied.  
 On the third day, if yonder Lord of Light  
 Begin the Circle of the Years anew,  
 Again we march to war.

One day is past;  
 Another day comes on. At earliest dawn  
 Then was there heard through all  
 Patamba's streets  
 The warning voice . . . Woe! woe! the  
 Sun hath reach'd  
 The limits of his course; he hath ful-  
 fill'd  
 The appointed cycle! . . . Fast, and weep,  
 and pray, . . .

Four Suns have perish'd, . . . fast, and  
 weep, and pray, 110  
 Lest the fifth perish also. On the first  
 The floods arose; the waters of the  
 heavens,  
 Bursting their everlasting boundaries,  
 Whelm'd in one deluge earth and sea  
 and sky,

And quench'd its orb of fire. The  
 second Sun  
 Then had its birth, and ran its round of  
 years;  
 Till having reach'd its date, it fell from  
 heaven,

And crush'd the race of men. Another  
 life  
 The Gods assign'd to Nature; the third  
 Sun  
 Form'd the celestial circle; then its  
 flames 120

Burst forth, and overspread earth, sea,  
 and sky,  
 Deluging the wide universe with fire,  
 Till all things were consumed, and its  
 own flames

Fed on itself, and spent themselves, and  
 all  
 Was vacancy and darkness. Yet again  
 The World had being, and another Sun  
 Roll'd round the path of Heaven. That  
 perish'd too:  
 The mighty Whirlwinds rose, and far  
 away  
 Scatter'd its dying flames. The fifth  
 was born;  
 The fifth to-day completes its destined  
 course, 130  
 Perchance to rise no more. O Aztlan,  
 fast  
 And pray! the Cycle of the Years is  
 full!

Thus through Patamba did the  
 ominous voice  
 Exhort the people. Fervent vows all  
 day  
 Were made, with loud lament; in every  
 fane,  
 In every dwelling-place of man, were  
 prayers,  
 The supplications of the affrighted heart,  
 Earnestly offered up with tears and  
 groans.

So pass'd the forenoon; and when now  
 the Sun  
 Sloped from his southern height the  
 downward way 140  
 Of Heaven, again the ominous warner  
 cried,  
 Woe! woe! the Cycle of the Years is  
 full!

Quench every fire! Extinguish every  
 light!  
 And every fire was quench'd, and every  
 light  
 Extinguish'd at the voice.

Meantime the Priests  
 Began the rites. They gash'd them-  
 selves, and plunged  
 Into the sacred pond of Ezapan,  
 Till the clear water, on whose bed of  
 sand  
 The sunbeams sparkled late, opaque  
 with blood,  
 On its black surface mirror'd all things  
 round. 150  
 The children of the temple, in long  
 search,



Had gather'd for the service of this day  
 All venomous things that fly, or wind  
 their path  
 With sinuous trail, or crawl on reptile  
 feet.  
 These in one cauldron, o'er the sacred  
 fire  
 They scorch, till of the loathsome living  
 tribes,  
 Who, writhing in their burning agonies,  
 Fix on each other ill-directed wounds,  
 Ashes alone are left. In infants' blood  
 They mix the infernal unction, and the  
 Priests 160  
 Anoint themselves therewith.  
 Lo! from the South  
 The Orb of Glory his regardless way  
 Holds on. Again Patamba's streets  
 receive  
 The ominous voice, . . . Woe! woe! the  
 Sun pursues  
 His journey to the limits of his course!  
 Let every man in darkness veil his  
 wife;  
 Veil every maiden's face; let every  
 child  
 Be hid in darkness, there to weep and  
 pray,  
 That they may see again the birth of  
 light!  
 They heard, and every husband veil'd  
 his wife 170  
 In darkness; every maiden's face was  
 veil'd;  
 The children were in darkness led to  
 pray,  
 That they might see the birth of light  
 once more.

Westward the Sun proceeds; the  
 tall tree casts  
 A longer shade; the night-eyed insect  
 tribes  
 Wake to their portion of the circling  
 hours;  
 The water-fowl, retiring to the shore,  
 Sweep in long files the surface of the  
 lake.  
 Then from Patamba to the sacred  
 mount  
 The Priests go forth; but not with  
 songs of joy, 180

Nor cheerful instruments they go, nor  
 train  
 Of festive followers; silent and alone,  
 Leading one victim to his dreadful  
 death,  
 They to the mountain-summit wend  
 their way.

On the south shore, and level with the  
 lake,  
 Patamba stood; westward were seen  
 the walls  
 Of Aztlan rising on a gentle slope;  
 Southward the plain extended far and  
 wide;  
 To the east the mountain-boundary  
 began,  
 And there the sacred mountain rear'd its  
 head; 190  
 Above the neighbouring heights, its  
 lofty peak  
 Was visible far off. In the vale below,  
 Along the level borders of the lake,  
 The assembled Aztecas, with wistful  
 eye,  
 Gaze on the sacred summit, hoping  
 there  
 Soon to behold the fire of sacrifice  
 Arise, sure omen of continued light.  
 The Pabas to the sacred peak begin  
 Their way, and as they go, with ancient  
 songs  
 Hymn the departed Sun.

O Light of Life 200  
 Yet once again arise! yet once again  
 Commence thy course of glory! Time  
 hath seen  
 Four generations of mankind destroy'd,  
 When the four Suns expired; oh, let not  
 thou,  
 Human thyself of yore, the human race  
 Languish and die in darkness!

The fourth Sun  
 Had perish'd; for the mighty Whirl-  
 winds rose,  
 And swept it, with the dust of the shat-  
 ter'd world,  
 Into the great abyss. The eternal Gods  
 Built a new World, and to a Hero race  
 Assign'd it for their goodly dwelling-  
 place; 211  
 And shedding on the bones of the  
 destroy'd

A quickening dew, from them, as from  
 a seed,  
 Made a new race of human-kind spring  
 up,  
 The menials of the Heroes born of  
 Heaven.  
 But in the firmament no orb of day  
 Perform'd its course; Nature was  
 blind; the fount  
 Of light had ceased to flow; the eye of  
 Heaven  
 Was quench'd in darkness. In the sad  
 obscure,  
 The earth-possessors to their parent  
 Gods <sup>220</sup>  
 Pray'd for another Sun, their bidding  
 heard,  
 And in obedience raised a flaming pile.  
 Hopeful they circled it, when from above  
 The voice of the Invisible proclaim'd,  
 That he who bravely plunged amid the  
 fire  
 Should live again in heaven, and there  
 shine forth  
 The Sun of the young World. The  
 Hero race  
 Grew pale, and from the fiery trial  
 shrunk.  
 Thou, Nahuaztin, thou, O mortal born,  
 Heardest! thy heart was strong, the  
 flames received <sup>230</sup>  
 Their victim, and the humbled Heroes  
 saw  
 The orient sky, with smiles of rosy joy,  
 Welcome the coming of the new-born  
 God.  
 O human once, now let not human-kind  
 Languish, and die in darkness!  
 In the East  
 Then didst thou pause to see the Hero  
 race  
 Perish. In vain, with impious arms,  
 they strove  
 Against thy will; in vain against thine  
 orb  
 They shot their shafts; the arrows of  
 their pride  
 Fell on themselves; they perish'd, to  
 thy praise. <sup>240</sup>  
 So perish still thine impious enemies,  
 O Lord of Day! But to the race  
 devout,  
 Who offer up their morning sacrifice,

Honouring thy godhead, and with  
 morning hymns,  
 And with the joy of music and of dance,  
 Welcome thy glad uprise, . . . to them,  
 O Sun,  
 Still let the fountain-streams of splendour  
 flow,  
 Still smile on them propitious, thou  
 whose smile  
 Is light and life and joyance! Once  
 again, <sup>249</sup>  
 Parent of Being, Prince of Glory, rise,  
 Begin thy course of beauty once again!

Such was their ancient song, as up the  
 height  
 Slowly they wound their way. The  
 multitude  
 Beneath repeat the strain; with fearful  
 eyes  
 They watch the spreading glories of the  
 west!  
 And when at length the hastening orb  
 hath sunk  
 Below the plain, such sinking at the  
 heart  
 They feel, as he who hopeless of return  
 From his dear home departs. Still on  
 the light,  
 The last green light that lingers in the  
 west, <sup>260</sup>  
 Their looks are fasten'd, till the clouds  
 of night  
 Roll on, and close in darkness the whole  
 heaven.  
 Then ceased their songs; then o'er the  
 crowded vale  
 No voice of man was heard. Silent and  
 still  
 They stood, all turn'd toward the east,  
 in hope  
 There on the holy mountain to behold  
 The sacred fire, and know that once  
 again  
 The Sun begins his stated round of  
 years.

The Moon arose; she shone upon the  
 lake,  
 Which lay one smooth expanse of silver  
 light! <sup>270</sup>  
 She shone upon the hills and rocks, and  
 cast

Upon their hollows and their hidden  
glens

A blacker depth of shade. Who then  
look'd round,

Beholding all that mighty multitude,  
Felt yet severer awe, . . . so solemnly still  
The thronging thousands stood. The  
breeze was heard

That rustled in the reeds; the little  
wave,

That rippled to the shore and left no  
foam,

Sent its low murmurs far.

Meantime the Priests

Have stretch'd their victim on the  
mountain-top; 280

A miserable man, his breast is bare,  
Bare for the death that waits him; but  
no hand

May there inflict the blow of merey.  
Piled

On his bare breast, the cedar boughs are  
laid;

On his bare breast, dry sedge and  
odorous gums

Laid ready to receive the sacred spark,  
And blaze, to herald the ascending  
Sun,

Upon his living altar. Round the  
wretch

The inhuman ministers of rites accurst  
Stand, and expect the signal when to  
strike 290

The seed of fire. Their Chief, Tezozo-  
moc,

Apart from all, upon the pinnacle  
Of that high mountain, eastward turns  
his eyes;

For now the hour draws nigh, and  
speedily

He looks to see the first faint dawn of  
day

Break through the orient sky.

Impatiently

The multitude await the happy sign.

Long hath the midnight pass'd, and  
every hour,

Yea, every moment, to their torturing  
fears

Seem'd lengthen'd out, insufferably  
long 300

Silent they stood, and breathless in  
suspense.

The breeze had fallen: no stirring  
breath of wind

Rustled the reeds. Oppressive, mo-  
tionless,

It was a labour and a pain to breathe  
The close, hot, heavy air. . . Hark! from  
the woods

The howl of their wild tenants! and  
the birds, . . .

The day-birds, in blind darkness flut-  
tering,

Fearful to rest, uttering portentous  
cries!

Anon, the sound of distant thunders  
came:

They peal beneath their feet. Earth  
shakes and yawns, . . . 310

And lo! upon the sacred mountain's  
top,

The light . . . the mighty flame! A  
cataract

Of fire bursts upward from the moun-  
tain head, . . .

High, . . . high, . . . it shoots! the liquid  
fire boils out;

It streams in torrents down! Tezozo-  
moc

Beholds the judgement: wretched, . . .  
wretched man,

On the upmost pinnacle he stands, and  
sees

The lava floods beneath him: and his  
hour

Is come. The fiery shower, descending,  
heaps

Red ashes round; they fall like drifted  
snows, 320

And bury and consume the accursed  
Priest.

The Tempest is abroad. Fierce from  
the North

A wind upstairs the lake, whose lowest  
depths

Rock, while convulsions shake the solid  
earth.

Where is Patamba? where the multi-  
tudes

Who throng'd her level shores? The  
mighty lake

Hath burst its bounds, and you wide  
valley roars,

A troubled sea, before the rolling storm.

XXVII. THE MIGRATION OF  
THE AZTECAS

THE storm hath ceased ; but still the  
lava-tides  
Roll down the mountain-side in streams  
of fire ;  
Down to the lake they roll, and yet roll  
on,  
All burning, through the waters. Heaven  
above  
Glow round the burning mount, and  
fiery clouds  
Scour through the black and starless  
firmament.

Far off, the Eagle, in her mountain-nest,  
Lies watching in alarm, with steady eye,  
The midnight radiance.

But the storm hath ceased ;  
The earth is still ; . . and lo ! while yet  
the dawn  
Is struggling through the eastern cloud,  
the barks  
Of Madoc on the lake !

What man is he  
On yonder crag, all dripping from the  
flood  
Who hath escaped its force ? He lies  
along,  
Now near exhaust with self-preserving  
toil,  
And still his eye dwells on the spreading  
waves,  
Where late the multitudes of Aztlan  
stood,  
Collected in their strength. It is the  
King  
Of Aztlan, who, extended on the rock,  
Looks vainly for his people. He be-  
holds  
The barks of Madoc plying to preserve  
The strugglers ; . . but how few ! upon  
the crags  
Which verge the northern shore, upon  
the heights  
Eastward, how few have refuged ! Then  
the King  
Almost repented him of life preserved,  
And wished the waves had whelmed  
him, or the sword  
Fallen on him, ere this ill, this wretched-  
ness,

This desolation. Spirit-troubled thus,  
He call'd to mind how, from the first, his  
heart

Inclined to peace, and how reluctantly,  
Obedient to the Pabas and their Gods,  
Had he to this unhappy war been  
driven.

All now was ended : it remain'd to yield,  
To obey the inevitable will of Heaven,  
From Aztlan to depart. As thus he  
mused,

A Bird, upon a bough which overhung  
The rock, as though in echo to his  
thought,

Cried out, . . Depart ! depart ! for so  
the note,

Articulate in his native tongue,  
Spake to the Azteca. The King look'd  
up ;

The hour, the horrors round him, had  
impress'd

Feelings and fears well fitted to receive  
All superstition ; and the voice which  
cried,

Depart ! depart ! seem'd like the voice  
of fate,

He thought, perhaps Coanocotzin's soul,  
Descending from his blissful halls in the  
hour

Of evil thus to comfort and advise,  
Hover'd above him.

Lo ! toward the rock,  
O'ring with feeble arms his difficult way,  
A warrior struggles ; he hath reach'd  
the rock,

Hath graspt it, but his strength, ex-  
hausted, fails

To lift him from the depth. The King  
descends

Timely in aid ; he holds the feeble one  
By his long locks, and on the safety-place  
Lands him. He, panting, from his  
clotted hair

Shook the thick waters, from his fore-  
head wiped

The blinding drops ; on his preserver's  
face

Then look'd, and knew the King. Then  
Tlalala

Fell on his neck, and groan'd. They laid  
them down

In silence, for their hearts were full of  
woe.



The sun came forth, it shone upon the  
 rock ;  
 They felt the kindly beams ; their  
 strengthen'd blood  
 Flow'd with a freer action. They arose,  
 And look'd around, if aught of hope  
 might meet  
 Their prospect. On the lake the galleys  
 plied  
 Their toil successfully, ever to the shore  
 Bearing their rescued charge : the  
 eastern heights,  
 Rightward and leftward of the fiery  
 mount,  
 Were throng'd with fugitives, whose  
 growing crowds  
 Speckled the ascent. Then Tlalala took  
 hope, 70  
 And his young heart, reviving, re-as-  
 sumed  
 Its wonted vigour. Let us to the  
 heights,  
 He cried ; . . all is not lost, Yuhidthiton !  
 When they behold thy countenance, the  
 sight  
 Will cheer them in their woe, and they  
 will bless  
 The Gods of Aztlan.  
To the heights they went ;  
 And when the remnant of the people saw  
 Yuhidthiton preserved, such comfort  
 then  
 They felt, as utter wretchedness can  
 feel,  
 That only gives grief utterance, only  
 speaks 80  
 In groans and recollections of the past.  
 He look'd around ; a multitude was  
 there, . .  
 But where the strength of Aztlan ?  
 where her hosts ?  
 Her marshall'd myriads where, whom  
 yester Sun  
 Had seen in arms array'd, in spirit  
 high,  
 Mighty in youth and courage ? . . What  
 were these,  
 This remnant of the people ? Women  
 most,  
 Who from Patamba when the shock  
 began  
 Ran with their infants ; widow'd now,  
 yet each

Among the few who from the lake  
 escaped, 90  
 Wandering with eager eyes and wretched  
 hope.  
 The King beheld and groan'd ; against  
 a tree  
 He leant, and bow'd his head, subdued  
 of soul.  
Meantime, amid the crowd, doth  
 Tlalala  
 Seek for his wife and boy. In vain he  
 seeks  
 Ilanquel there ; in vain for her he  
 asks ;  
 A troubled look, a melancholy eye,  
 A silent motion of the hopeless head,  
 These answer him. But Tlalala repress  
 His anguish, and he call'd upon the  
 King ; . . 100  
 Yuhidthiton ! thou seest thy people  
 left ;  
 Their fate must be determined ; they  
 are here  
 Houseless and wanting food.  
The King look'd up, . .  
 It is determined, Tlalala ! the Gods  
 Have crush'd us. Who can stand  
 against their wrath ?  
Have we not life and strength ? the  
 Tiger cried.  
 Disperse these women to the towns  
 which stand  
 Beyond the ruinous waters ; against  
 them  
 The White Men will not war. Ourselves  
 are few,  
 Too few to root the invaders from our  
 land, 110  
 Or meet them with the hope of equal  
 fight ;  
 Yet may we shelter in the woods, and  
 share  
 The Lion's liberty ; and man by man  
 Destroy them, till they shall not dare to  
 walk  
 Beyond their city walls, to sow their  
 fields,  
 Or bring the harvest in. We may steal  
 forth  
 In the dark midnight, go and burn and  
 kill,

Till all their dreams shall be of fire and death,

Their sleep be fear and misery.

Then the King

Stretch'd forth his hand, and pointed  
to the lake 120

Where Madoc's galleys still to those who  
clung

To the tree-tops for life, or faintly still  
Were floating on the waters, gave their  
aid. . .

O think not, Tlalala, that ever more

Will I against those noble enemies

Raise my right hand in war, lest  
righteous Heaven

Should blast the impious hand and  
thankless heart !

The Gods are leagued with them ; the  
Elements

Banded against us ! For our over-  
throw

Were yonder mountain-springs of fire  
ordain'd ; 130

For our destruction the earth-thunders  
loosed,

And the everlasting boundaries of the  
lake

Gave way, that these destroying floods  
might roll

Over the brave of Aztlan ! . . We must  
leave

The country which our fathers won in  
arms :

We must depart.

The word yet vibrated

Fresh on their hearing, when the Bird  
above,

Flapping his heavy wings, repeats the  
sound,

Depart ! depart ! . . Ye hear ! the King  
exclaim'd ;

It is an omen sent to me from Heaven ;  
I heard it late in solitude, the voice 141

Of fate. . . It is Coanocotzin's soul,  
Who counsels our departure. . . And the  
Bird

Still flew around, and in his wheeling  
flight

Pronounced the articulate note. The  
people heard

In faith, and Tlalala made no reply ;  
But dark his brow, and gloomy was his  
frown.

Then spake the King, and called a  
messenger,

And bade him speed to Aztlan. . . Seek  
the Lord

Of Ocean ; tell him that Yuhidthiton  
Yields to the will of Heaven, and leaves  
the land 151

His fathers won in war. Only one boon,  
In memory of our former friendship,  
ask,

The Ashes of my Fathers, . . if indeed  
The conqueror have not cast them to  
the winds.

The herald went his way circuitous,  
Along the mountains, . . for the flooded  
vale

Barr'd the near passage : but before his  
his feet

Could traverse half their track, the  
fugitives 159

Beheld canoes from Aztlan, to the foot  
Of that protecting eminence, whereon

They had their stand, draw nigh. The  
doubtful sight

Disturb'd them, lest perchance with  
hostile strength

They came upon their weakness. Wrong-  
ful fear, . .

For now Cadwallon, from his bark un-  
arm'd,

Set foot ashore, and for Yuhidthiton  
Enquired, if yet he lived ? The King  
receives

His former friend. . . From Madoc come  
I here,

The Briton said : Raiment and food he  
sends,

And peace ; so shall this visitation  
prove 170

A blessing, if it knit the bonds of peace,  
And make us as one people.

Tlalala !

Hearest thou him ? Yuhidthiton ex-  
claim'd.

Do thou thy pleasure, King ! the Tiger  
cried :

Mypath is plain. . . Thereat Yuhidthiton,  
Answering, replied, Thus humbled as  
thou seest,

Beneath the visitation of the Gods,  
We bow before their will ! To them we  
yield ;

To you, their favourites, we resign the  
land  
Our fathers conquer'd. Never more  
may Fate 180  
In your days or your children's to the  
end

Of time afflict it thus !  
He said, and call'd

The Heralds of his pleasure. . . Go ye  
forth

Throughout the land : North, South,  
and East, and West,

Proclaim the ruin. Say to all who bear  
The name of Azteca, Heaven hath  
destroy'd

Our nation : Say, the voice of Heaven  
was heard, . .

Heard ye it not ? . . bidding us leave the  
land,

Who shakes us from her bosom. Ye  
will find,

Women, old men, and babes ; the many,  
weak 190

Of body and of spirit ill prepared,  
With painful toil, through long and  
dangerous ways

To seek another country. Say to them,  
The White Men will not lift the arm of  
power

Against the feeble ; here they may  
remain

In peace, and to the grave in peace go  
down.

But they who would not have their  
children lose

The name their fathers bore, will join  
our march.

Ere ye set forth, behold the destined  
way. 199

He bade a pile be raised upon the top  
Of that high eminence, to all the winds  
Exposed. They raised the pile, and  
left it free

To all the winds of Heaven ; Yuhidthiton  
Alone approach'd it, and applied the  
torch.

The day was calm, and o'er the flaming  
pile

The wavy smoke hung lingering, like  
a mist

That in the morning tracks the valley-  
stream.

Swell over swell it rose, erect above,  
On all sides spreading like a stately  
palm.

So moveless were the winds. Upward  
it roll'd. 210

Still upward, when a stream of upper air  
Cross'd it, and bent its top, and drove it  
on,

Straight over Aztlan. An acclaiming  
shout

Welcomed the will of Heaven ; for lo,  
the smoke

Fast travelling on, while not a breath  
of air

Is felt below. Ye see the appointed  
course ;

Exclaim'd the King. Proclaim it where  
ye go !

On the third morning we begin our  
march.

Soon o'er the lake a winged galley  
sped,

Wafting the Ocean Prince. He bore,  
preserved 220

When Aztlan's bloody temples were cast  
down,

The Ashes of the Dead. The King  
received

The relics, and his heart was full ; his  
eye

Dwelt on his father's urn. At length  
he said,

One more request, O Madoc ! . . If the  
lake

Should ever to its ancient bounds return,  
Shrined in the highest of Patamba's

towers  
Coanocotzin rests. . . But wherefore  
this ?

Thou wilt respect the Ashes of the King.

Then Madoc said, Abide not here,  
O King. 230

Thus open to the changeful elements ;  
But till the day of your departure come,

Sojourn with me. . . Madoc, that must  
not be !

Yuhidthiton replied. Shall I behold  
A stranger dwelling in my father's

house ?

Shall I become a guest, where I was  
wont

To give the guest his welcome? . . . He pursued,  
 After short pause of speech, . . . For our old men,  
 And helpless babes and women; for all those  
 Whom wisely fear and feebleness deter  
 To tempt strange paths, through swamp and wilderness 241  
 And hostile tribes, for these Yuhidthiton  
 Intreats thy favour. Underneath thy sway,  
 They may remember me without regret,  
 Yet not without affection. . . They shall be  
 My people, Madoc answer'd. . . And the rites  
 Of holiness transmitted from their sires, . . .  
 Pursued the King, . . . will these be suffer'd them? . . .  
 Blood must not flow, the Christian Prince replied;  
 No Priest must dwell among us; that hath been 250  
 The cause of all this misery! . . . Enough, Yuhidthiton replied; I ask no more.  
 It is not for the conquer'd to impose  
 Their law upon the conqueror.  
 Then he turn'd,  
 And lifted up his voice, and call'd upon  
 The people: . . . All whom fear or feebleness  
 Withhold from following my adventurous path,  
 Prince Madoc will receive. No blood  
 must flow,  
 No Paba dwell among them. Take  
 upon ye,  
 Ye who are weak of body or of heart,  
 The Strangers' easy yoke: beneath their  
 sway 261  
 Ye may remember me without regret.  
 Soon take your choice, and speedily  
 depart,  
 Lest ye impede the adventurers. . . As  
 he spake,  
 Tears flow'd, and groans were heard.  
 The line was drawn,  
 Which whoso would accept the  
 Strangers' yoke  
 Should pass. A multitude o'erpast the  
 line;

But all the youth of Aztlan crowde  
 round  
 Yuhidthiton, their own beloved King.

So two days long, with unremitting  
 toil, 27  
 The barks of Britain to the adventurer  
 Bore due supply; and to new habitant  
 The city of the Cymry spread he  
 gates;  
 And in the vale around, and on the  
 heights,  
 Their numerous tents were pitch'd  
 Meantime the tale  
 Of ruin went abroad, and how the God  
 Had driven her sons from Aztlan. To  
 the King,  
 Companions of his venturesome enterprise  
 The bold repair'd; the timid and the  
 weak,  
 All whom, averse from perilous wan-  
 derings, 280  
 A gentler nature had disposed to peace  
 Beneath the Strangers' easy rule re-  
 main'd.  
 Now the third morning came. At  
 break of day  
 The mountain echoes to the busy sound  
 Of multitudes. Before the moving  
 tribe  
 The Pabas bear, enclosed from public  
 sight,  
 Mexitli; and the Ashes of the Kings  
 Follow the Chair of God. Yuhidthiton  
 Then leads the marshalled ranks, and by  
 his side, 289  
 Silent and thoughtfully, went Tlalala.  
 At the north gate of Aztlan, Malinal,  
 Borne in a litter, waited their approach;  
 And now alighting, as the train drew  
 nigh,  
 Propt by a friendly arm, with feeble step  
 Advanced to meet the King. Yuhid-  
 thiton,  
 With eye severe and darkening coun-  
 tenance,  
 Met his advance. I did not think, quoth  
 he,  
 Thou wouldst have ventured this! and  
 liefer far  
 Should I have borne away with me the  
 thought



That Malinal had shunn'd his brother's  
sight, <sup>300</sup>  
Because their common blood yet raised  
in him  
A sense of his own shame! . . . Comest  
thou to show  
Those wounds, the marks of thine un-  
natural war  
Against thy country? Or to boast the  
meed  
Of thy dishonour, that thou tarriest  
here,  
Sharing the bounty of the Conqueror,  
While, with the remnant of his country-  
men,  
Saving the Gods of Aztlan and the  
name,  
Thy brother and thy King goes forth to  
seek <sup>309</sup>  
His fortune!  
Calm and low the youth replied,  
Ill dost thou judge of me, Yuhidthiton!  
And rashly doth my brother wrong the  
heart  
He better should have known! Howbeit,  
I come  
Prepared for grief. These honourable  
wounds  
Were gain'd when, singly, at Caer-  
madoc, I  
Opposed the ruffian Hoamen: and even  
now,  
Thus feeble as thou seest me, come I  
thence,  
For this farewell. Brother, . . . Yuhid-  
thiton, . . .  
By the true love which thou didst bear  
my youth,  
Which ever, with a love as true, my  
heart <sup>320</sup>  
Hath answer'd, . . . by the memory of  
that hour  
When at our mother's funeral pile we  
stood,  
Go not away in wrath, but eall to  
mind  
What thou hast ever known me! Side  
by side  
We fought against the Strangers, side by  
side  
We fell; together in the council-hall  
We counsel'd peace, together in the  
field

Of the assembly pledged the word of  
peace.  
When plots of secret slaughter were  
devised, <sup>329</sup>  
I raised my voice alone, alone I kept  
My plighted faith, alone I prophesied  
The judgement of just Heaven; for this  
I bore  
Reproach and shame and wrongful  
banishment,  
In the action self-approved, and justi-  
fied  
By this unhappy issue.  
As he spake,  
Did natural feeling strive within the  
King,  
And thoughts of other days, and bro-  
therly love,  
And inward consciousness that had he  
too  
Stood forth, obedient to his better  
mind,  
Nor weakly yielded to the wily priests,  
Wilfully blind, perchance even now in  
peace <sup>341</sup>  
The kingdom of his fathers had pre-  
served  
Her name and empire. . . Malinal, he  
cried,  
Thy brother's heart is sore: in better  
times  
I may with kindlier thoughts remember  
thee  
And honour thy true virtue. Now,  
farewell!  
So saying, to his heart he held the  
youth,  
Then turn'd away. But then cried  
Tlalala,  
Farewell, Yuhidthiton! the Tiger cried;  
For I too will not leave my native  
land, . . . <sup>350</sup>  
Thou who wert King of Aztlan! Go thy  
way;  
And be it prosperous. Through the  
gate thou seest  
Yon tree that overhangs my father's  
house;  
My father lies beneath it. Call to  
mind  
Sometimes that tree; for at its foot in  
peace

Shall Tlalala be laid, who will not live  
Survivor of his country.

Thus he said,  
And through the gate, regardless of the  
King,

Turn'd to his native door. Yuhidthiton  
Follow'd, and Madoc; but in vain their  
words 360

Essay'd to move the Tiger's steady  
heart;

When from the door a tottering boy  
came forth

And clung around his knees with joyful  
cries,

And called him father. At the joyful  
sound

Out ran Ilanquel; and the astonish'd  
man

Beheld his wife and boy, whom sure he  
deem'd

Whelm'd in the flood; but them the  
British barks,

Returning homeward from their merci-  
ful quest,

Found floating on the waters. . . For a  
while,

Abandon'd by all desperate thoughts, he  
stood: 370

Soon he collected, and to Madoc turn'd,  
And said, O Prince, this woman and  
her boy

I leave to thee. As thou hast ever  
found

In me a fearless unrelenting foe,  
Fighting with ceaseless zeal his coun-  
try's cause,

Respect them! . . Nay, Ilanquel! hast  
thou yet

To learn with what unshakeable resolve  
My soul maintains its purposes? I leave  
thee

To a brave foe's protection. . . Lay me,  
Madoc,

Here, in my father's grave.  
With that he took

His mantle off, and veil'd Ilanquel's  
face; . . 381

Woman, thou may'st not look upon the  
Sun,

Who sets to rise no more! . . That done,  
he placed

His javelin hilt against the ground; the  
point

He fitted to his heart; and, holding  
firm

The shaft, fell forward, still with steady  
hand

Guiding the death-blow on.

So in the land  
Madoc was left sole Lord; and far  
away

Yuhidthiton led forth the Aztecas,  
To spread in other lands Mexitli's  
name, 390

And rear a mightier empire, and set  
up

Again their foul idolatry; till Heaven,  
Making blind Zeal and bloody Avarice

Its ministers of vengeance, sent among  
them

The heroic Spaniard's unrelenting  
sword.

# BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES.

## MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN

[First published in *The Oracle*, afterwards in *Poems*, 1797.]

The circumstances related in the following Ballad were told me when a school-boy, as having happened in the north of England. Either Furnes or Kirkstall Abbey (I forget which) was named as the scene. The original story, however, is in Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 291.

The metre is Mr. Lewis's invention; and metre is one of the few things concerning which popularity may be admitted as a proof of merit. The ballad has become popular owing to the metre and the story; and it has been made the subject of a fine picture by Mr. Barker.

1

WHO is yonder poor Maniac, whose  
wildly-fix'd eyes

Seem a heart overcharged to express?  
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she  
sighs;

She never complains, but her silence  
implies

The composure of settled distress.

2

No pity she looks for, no alms doth she  
seek;

Nor for raiment nor food doth she  
care:

Through her tatters the winds of the  
winter blow bleak

On that wither'd breast, and her  
weather-worn cheek

Hath the hue of a mortal despair. 10

3

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the  
day,

Poor Mary the Maniac hath been;  
The Traveller remembers who journey'd  
this way

No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,  
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

4

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests  
with delight

As she welcomed them in with a  
smile;

Her heart was a stranger to childish  
affright,

And Mary would walk by the Abbey at  
night

When the wind whistled down the  
dark aisle. 20

5

She loved, and young Richard had  
settled the day,

And she hoped to be happy for  
life:

But Richard was idle and worthless, and  
they

Who knew him would pity poor Mary,  
and say

That she was too good for his wife.

6

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark  
was the night,

And fast were the windows and  
door;

Two guests sat enjoying the fire that  
burnt bright,

And smoking in silence with tranquil  
delight

They listen'd to hear the wind roar. 30

7

'Tis pleasant,' cried one, 'seated by the  
fire-side,

To hear the wind whistle without.'

'What a night for the Abbey!' his  
comrade replied,

'Methinks a man's courage would now  
be well tried

Who should wander the ruins about.

8

'I myself, like a school-boy, should  
tremble to hear  
The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;  
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded  
by fear,  
Some ugly old Abbot's grim spirit ap-  
pear,  
For this wind might awaken the  
dead !'

40

9

'I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cried,  
'That Mary would venture there now.'  
'Then wager and lose !' with a sneer  
he replied,  
'I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her  
side,  
And faint if she saw a white cow.'

10

'Will Mary this charge on her courage  
allow ?'  
His companion exclaim'd with a  
smile ;  
'I shall win, . . for I know she will ven-  
ture there now,  
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a  
bough  
From the elder that grows in the  
aisle.'

50

11

With fearless good-humour did Mary  
comply,  
And her way to the Abbey she bent ;  
The night was dark, and the wind was  
high,  
And as hollowly howling it swept through  
the sky,  
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

12

O'er the path so well known still pro-  
ceeded the Maid  
Where the Abbey rose dim on the  
sight ;  
Through the gateway she enter'd, she  
felt not afraid,  
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and  
their shade  
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the  
night.

60

13

All around her was silent, save when the  
rude blast  
Howl'd dismally round the old pile ;  
Over weed-cover'd fragments she fear-  
lessly pass'd,  
And arrived at the innermost ruin at  
last  
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

14

Well pleased did she reach it, and  
quickly drew near,  
And hastily gather'd the bough ;  
When the sound of a voice seem'd to  
rise on her ear,  
She paused, and she listen'd intently, in  
fear,  
And her heart panted painfully now.

15

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook  
over her head,  
She listen'd . . nought else could she  
hear ;  
The wind fell ; her heart sunk in her  
bosom with dread,  
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the  
tread  
Of footsteps approaching her near.

16

Behind a wide column half breathless  
with fear  
She crept to conceal herself there :  
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud  
shone clear,  
And she saw in the moonlight two  
ruffians appear,  
And between them a corpse did they  
bear.

80

17

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood  
curdle cold ;  
Again the rough wind hurried by, . .  
It blew off the hat of the one, and  
behold  
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it  
roll'd, . .  
She felt, and expected to die.



18

Curse the hat !' he exclaims : ' Nay,  
 come on till we hide  
 The dead body,' his comrade replies.  
 he beholds them in safety pass on by  
 her side, [supplied,  
 he seizes the hat, fear her courage  
 And fast through the Abbey she flies.

19

he ran with wild speed, she rush'd in  
 at the door, 91  
 She gazed in her terror around,  
 When her limbs could support their faint  
 burthen no more,  
 and exhausted and breathless she sank  
 on the floor,  
 Unable to utter a sound.

20

ere yet her pale lips could the story  
 impart,  
 For a moment the hat met her view ; . .  
 her eyes from that object convulsively  
 start,  
 For . . what a cold horror then thrilled  
 through her heart  
 When the name of her Richard she  
 knew ! 100

21

Where the old Abbey stands, on the  
 common hard by,  
 His gibbet is now to be seen ;  
 His irons you still from the road may  
 espy ;  
 The traveller beholds them, and thinks  
 with a sigh  
 Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.  
*Bristol, 1796.*

DONICA

[Published in *Poems*, 1797. The Ballad  
 is founded on stories 'to be found in the  
 notes to *The Hierarchies of the Blessed  
 Angels*, a poem by Thomas Heywood, . .  
 1635.]

HIGH on a rock whose castle shade  
 Darken'd the lake below,  
 In ancient strength majestic stood  
 The towers of Arlinkow.

The fisher in the lake below  
 Durst never cast his net,  
 Nor ever swallow in its waves  
 Her passing wing would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks  
 In wild alarm would run, 10  
 Though parch'd with thirst, and faint  
 beneath

The summer's scorching sun.

For sometimes when no passing breeze  
 The long lank sedges waved,  
 All white with foam and heaving high  
 Its deafening billows raved.

And when the tempest from its base  
 The rooted pine would shake,  
 The powerless storm unruffling swept  
 Across the calm dead lake. 20

And ever then when death drew near  
 The house of Arlinkow,  
 Its dark unfathom'd waters sent  
 Strange music from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old,  
 One only child had he,  
 Donica was the Maiden's name,  
 As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn  
 Suffused her clear white cheek ; 30  
 The music of her voice was mild,  
 Her full dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for none  
 So fair could Finland boast ;  
 Her parents loved the Maiden much,  
 Young Eberhard loved her most.

Together did they hope to tread  
 The pleasant path of life,  
 For now the day drew near to make  
 Donica Eberhard's wife. 40

The eve was fair and mild the air,  
 Along the lake they stray ;  
 The eastern hill reflected bright  
 The tints of fading day.

And brightly o'er the water stream'd  
 The liquid radiance wide ;  
 Donica's little dog ran on  
 And gambol'd at her side.

Youth, health, and love bloom'd on her  
cheek,  
Her full dark eyes express 50  
In many a glance to Eberhard  
Her soul's meek tenderness.

Nor sound was heard, nor passing gale  
Sigh'd through the long lank sedge ;  
The air was hush'd, no little wave  
Dimpled the water's edge :

When suddenly the lake sent forth  
Its music from beneath,  
And slowly o'er the waters sail'd 60  
The solemn sounds of death.

As those deep sounds of death arose,  
Donica's cheek grew pale,  
And in the arms of Eberhard  
The lifeless Maiden fell.

Loudly the Youth in terror shriek'd,  
And loud he call'd for aid,  
And with a wild and eager look  
Gazed on the lifeless Maid.

But soon again did better thoughts  
In Eberhard arise, 70  
And he with trembling hope beheld  
The Maiden raise her eyes.

And on his arm reclined she moved  
With feeble pace and slow,  
And soon with strength recover'd  
reach'd  
The towers of Arlinkow.

Yet never to Donica's cheeks  
Return'd their lively hue ;  
Her cheeks were deathly white and wan,  
Her lips a livid blue ; 80

Her eyes so bright and black of yore  
Were now more black and bright,  
And beam'd strange lustre in her face  
So deadly wan and white.

The dog that gambol'd by her side,  
And loved with her to stray,  
Now at his alter'd mistress howl'd,  
And fled in fear away.

Yet did the faithful Eberhard  
Not love the Maid the less ; 90  
He gazed with sorrow, but he gazed  
With deeper tenderness.

And when he found her health unharm'd  
He would not brook delay,  
But press'd the not unwilling Maid  
To fix the bridal day.

And when at length it came, with joy  
He hail'd the bridal day,  
And onward to the house of God  
They went their willing way. 100

But when they at the altar stood,  
And heard the sacred rite,  
The hallow'd tapers dimly stream'd  
A pale sulphureous light.

And when the Youth with holy warmth  
Her hand in his did hold,  
Sudden he felt Donica's hand  
Grow deadly damp and cold.

But loudly then he shriek'd, for lo ! 110  
A Spirit met his view,  
And Eberhard in the angel form  
His own Donica knew.

That instant from her earthly frame  
A Daemon howling fled,  
And at the side of Eberhard  
The livid corpse fell dead.  
*Bristol, 1796.*

### RUDIGER

[Published in *Poems*, 1797. The story  
has been adapted from Thomas Heywood.]

BRIGHT on the mountain's heathy slope  
The day's last splendours shine,  
And rich with many a radiant hue  
Gleam gaily on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls  
Along the river stroll'd,  
As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream  
The evening gales came cold.

So as they stray'd a swan they saw 120  
Sail stately up and strong,  
And by a silver chain he drew  
A little boat along.

Whose streamer to the gentle breeze  
Long floating flutter'd light ;  
Beneath whose crimson canopy  
There lay reclined a knight.

With arching crest and swelling breast  
On sail'd the stately swan,  
And lightly up the parting tide  
The little boat came on. 20

And onward to the shore they drew,  
Where having left the knight,  
The little boat adown the stream  
Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls  
Could with this stranger vie,  
Was never a youth at aught esteem'd  
When Rudiger was by.

Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls  
Might match with Margaret; 30  
Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,  
Her silken locks like jet.

And many a rich and noble youth  
Had sought to win the fair,  
But never a rich and noble youth  
Could rival Rudiger.

At every tilt and tourney he  
Still bore away the prize;  
For knightly feats superior still,  
And knightly courtesies. 40

His gallant feats, his looks, his love,  
Soon won the willing fair;  
And soon did Margaret become  
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness  
Fast roll'd the months away;  
For he was kind and she was kind,  
And who so blest as they?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit  
Absorb'd in silent thought, 50  
And his dark downward eye would seem  
With anxious meaning fraught:

But soon he raised his looks again,  
And smiled his cares away,  
And mid the hall of gaiety  
Was none like him so gay.

And onward roll'd the waning months,  
The hour appointed came,  
And Margaret her Rudiger  
Hail'd with a father's name. 60

But silently did Rudiger  
The little infant see;  
And darkly on the babe he gazed,—  
A gloomy man was he.

And when to bless the little babe  
The holy Father came,  
To cleanse the stains of sin away  
In Christ's redeeming name,

Then did the cheek of Rudiger  
Assume a death-pale hue, 70  
And on his clammy forehead stood  
The cold convulsive dew;

And faltering in his speech he bade  
The Priest the rites delay,  
Till he could, to right health restored,  
Enjoy the festive day.

When o'er the many-tinted sky  
He saw the day decline,  
He called upon his Margaret  
To walk beside the Rhine; 80

'And we will take the little babe,  
For soft the breeze that blows,  
And the mild murmurs of the stream  
Will lull him to repose.'

And so together forth they went,  
The evening breeze was mild,  
And Rudiger upon his arm  
Pillow'd the little child.

Many gay companies that eve  
Along the river roam, 90  
But when the mist began to rise,  
They all betook them home.

Yet Rudiger continued still  
Along the banks to roam,  
Nor aught could Margaret prevail  
To turn his footsteps home.

'Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!  
The rising mists behold,  
The evening wind is damp and chill,  
The little babe is cold!' 100

'Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,  
The mists will do no harm,  
And from the wind the little babe  
Is shelter'd on my arm.'

' Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger !  
 Why onward wilt thou roam ?  
 The moon is up, the night is cold,  
 And we are far from home.'

He answer'd not ; for now he saw  
 A Swan come sailing strong, 110  
 And by a silver chain he drew  
 A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat  
 Fast leapt he with the child,  
 And in leapt Margaret . . . breathless now,  
 And pale with fear, and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast  
 On sail'd the stately Swan,  
 And lightly down the rapid tide  
 The little boat went on. 120

The full orb'd moon, that beam'd around  
 Pale splendour through the night,  
 Cast through the crimson canopy  
 A dim discolour'd light.

And swiftly down the hurrying stream  
 In silence still they sail,  
 And the long streamer fluttering fast  
 Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought,  
 And she was mute with fear, 130  
 Nor sound but of the parting tide  
 Broke on the listening ear.

The little babe began to cry ;  
 Then Margaret raised her head,  
 And with a quick and hollow voice,  
 ' Give me the child ! ' she said.

' Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,  
 Nor my poor heart distress !  
 I do but pay perforce the price  
 Of former happiness. 140

' And hush thee too, my little babe !  
 Thy cries so feeble cease ;  
 Lie still, lie still ; . . . a little while  
 And thou shalt be at peace.'

So as he spake to land they drew,  
 And swift he stept on shore,  
 And him behind did Margaret  
 Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate,  
 Nor house nor tree was there ; 150  
 But there a rocky mountain rose,  
 Barren, and bleak, and bare.

And at its base a cavern yawn'd,  
 No eye its depth might view,  
 For in the moon-beam shining round  
 That darkness darker grew.

Cold horror crept through Margaret's  
 blood,  
 Her heart it paused with fear,  
 When Rudiger approach'd the cave,  
 And cried, ' Lo, I am here ! ' 160

A deep sepulchral sound the cave  
 Return'd, ' Lo, I am here !'  
 And black from out the cavern gloom  
 Two giant arms appear.

And Rudiger approach'd, and held  
 The little infant nigh ; [then  
 Then Margaret shriek'd, and gather'd  
 New powers from agony.

And round the baby fast and close  
 Her trembling arms she folds, 170  
 And with a strong convulsive grasp  
 The little infant holds.

' Now help me, Jesus ! ' loud she cries,  
 And loud on God she calls ;  
 Then from the grasp of Rudiger  
 The little infant falls.

The mother holds her precious babe ;  
 But the black arms clasp'd him round,  
 And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger  
 Adown the dark profound. 180

*Bristol, 1796.*

## JASPAR

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 May 3, 1798 ; afterwards in *Pocms*, vol. ii,  
 1799.]

JASPAR was poor, and vice and want  
 Had made his heart like stone ;  
 And Jaspar look'd with envious eyes  
 On riches not his own.

On plunder bent abroad he went  
 Toward the close of day,  
 And loiter'd on the lonely road  
 Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came . . . he loiter'd long,  
 And often look'd around, 190  
 And paused and listen'd eagerly  
 To catch some coming sound.



He sate him down beside the stream  
That crost the lonely way,  
So fair a scene might well have charm'd  
All evil thoughts away :

He sate beneath a willow tree  
Which cast a trembling shade ;  
The gentle river full in front  
A little island made ;

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone  
Upon the poplar trees,  
Whose shadow on the stream below  
Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd . . and he heard the wind  
That waved the willow tree ;  
He heard the waters flow along,  
And murmur quietly.

He listen'd for the traveller's tread,  
The nightingale sung sweet ; . .  
He started up, for now he heard  
The sound of coming feet ;

He started up and graspt a stake,  
And waited for his prey ;  
There came a lonely traveller,  
And Jaspas crost his way.

But Jaspas's threats and curses fail'd  
The traveller to appal,  
He would not lightly yield the purse  
Which held his little all.

Awhile he struggled, but he strove  
With Jaspas's strength in vain ;  
Beneath his blows he fell and groan'd,  
And never spake again.

Jaspas raised up the murder'd man,  
And plung'd him in the flood,  
And in the running water then  
He cleans'd his hands from blood.

The waters clos'd around the corpse,  
And cleans'd his hands from gore,  
The willow wav'd, the stream flow'd on,  
And murmur'd as before.

There was no human eye had seen  
The blood the murderer spilt,  
And Jaspas's conscience never felt  
The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consumed  
The gold he gain'd so ill,  
And years of secret guilt pass'd on,  
And he was needy still.

One eve beside the alehouse fire  
He sate as it befell,  
When in there came a labouring man  
Whom Jaspas knew full well.

He sate him down by Jaspas's side,  
A melancholy man,  
For spite of honest toil, the world  
Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earn'd, and he  
With little was content ;  
But sickness on his wife had fallen,  
And all was well-nigh spent.

Long with his wife and little ones  
He shared the scanty meal,  
And saw their looks of wretchedness,  
And felt what wretches feel.

Their Landlord, a hard man, that day,  
Had seiz'd the little left,  
And now the sufferer found himself  
Of every thing bereft.

He leant his head upon his hand,  
His elbow on his knee,  
And so by Jaspas's side he sate,  
And not a word said he.

' Nay, . . why so downcast ? ' Jaspas  
cried,  
' Come . . cheer up, Jonathan !  
Drink, neighbour, drink ! 'twill warm  
thy heart . .  
Come ! come ! take courage, man ! '

He took the cup that Jaspas gave,  
And down he drain'd it quick ;  
' I have a wife,' said Jonathan,  
' And she is deadly sick.

' She has no bed to lie upon,  
I saw them take her bed . .  
And I have children . . would to God  
That they and I were dead !

' Our Landlord he goes home to-night,  
And he will sleep in peace . .  
I would that I were in my grave,  
For there all troubles cease.

' In vain I pray'd him to forbear,  
Though wealth enough has he !  
God be to him as merciless  
As he has been to me ! '

When Jaspas saw the poor man's soul  
On all his ills intent,  
He plied him with the heartening cup,  
And with him forth he went.

'This Landlord on his homeward road  
'Twere easy now to meet. 110  
The road is lonesome, Jonathan!  
And vengeance, man! is sweet.'

He listen'd to the tempter's voice,  
The thought it made him start; . .  
His head was hot, and wretchedness  
Had harden'd now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went  
And waited for their prey,  
They sate them down beside the stream  
That crost the lonely way. 120

They sate them down beside the stream  
And never a word they said,  
They sate and listen'd silently  
To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark,  
No star was in the sky,  
The wind it waved the willow boughs,  
The stream flow'd quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,  
Sweet sung the nightingale; 130  
The soul of Jonathan was soothed,  
His heart began to fail.

''Tis weary waiting here,' he cried,  
'And now the hour is late, . .  
Methinks he will not come to-night,  
No longer let us wait.'

'Have patience, man!' the ruffian said,  
'A little we may wait;  
But longer shall his wife expect  
Her husband at the gate.' 140

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart;  
'My conscience yet is clear!  
Jaspas . . it is not yet too late . .  
I will not linger here.'

'How now!' cried Jaspas, 'why, I  
thought  
Thy conscience was asleep;  
No more such qualms, the night is dark,  
The river here is deep.'

'What matters that,' said Jonathan,  
Whose blood began to freeze, 150  
'When there is One above whose eye  
The deeds of darkness sees?'

'We are safe enough,' said Jaspas then,  
'If that be all thy fear!  
Nor eye above, nor eye below,  
Can pierce the darkness here.'

That instant as the murderer spake  
There came a sudden light;  
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,  
Though all around was night; 160

It hung upon the willow tree,  
It hung upon the flood,  
It gave to view the poplar isle,  
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journeys there,  
He surely hath espied  
A madman who has made his home  
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild,  
His look bespeaks despair; 170  
For Jaspas since that hour has made  
His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,  
And dread to him the day;  
He thinks upon his untold crime,  
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,  
O'er him unheeded roll,  
For heavy is the weight of blood  
Upon the maniac's soul. 180

*Bath, 1798.*

### ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY

[The last twenty-four stanzas were published in *The Morning Post*, May 8, 1798.]

This Ballad was published (1801) in the *Tales of Wonder*, by Mr. Lewis, who found it among the wefts and strays of the Press. He never knew that it was mine; but after his death I bestowed some pains in recomposing it, because he had thought it worth preserving.

It is founded upon the abridged extract which M. le Grand has given in his *Fabliaux* of a Metrical legend, by Marie de France.

1

'ENTER, Sir Knight,' the warden cried,  
'And trust in Heaven whate'er betide,  
Since you have reach'd this bourn;  
But first receive refreshment due,  
'Twill then be time to welcome you  
If ever you return.'

2

Three sops were brought of bread and  
 wine ;  
 Vell might Sir Owen then divine  
 The mystic warning given,  
 That he against our ghostly Foe 10  
 Just soon to mortal combat go,  
 And put his trust in Heaven.

3

Sir Owen pass'd the convent gate,  
 The Warden him conducted straight  
 To where a coffin lay ;  
 The Monks around in silence stand,  
 Each with a funeral torch in hand  
 Whose light bedimm'd the day.

4

Few Pilgrims ever reach this bourn,  
 They said, ' but fewer still return ; 20  
 Yet, let what will ensue,  
 Our duties are prescribed and clear ;  
 Put off all mortal weakness here,  
 This coffin is for you.

5

Lie there, while we with pious breath  
 Raise over you the dirge of death,  
 This comfort we can give ;  
 Belike no living hands may pay  
 This office to your lifeless clay,  
 Receive it while you live !' 30

6

Sir Owen in a shroud was drest,  
 They placed a cross upon his breast,  
 And down he laid his head ;  
 Around him stood the funeral train,  
 And sung with slow and solemn strain  
 The Service of the Dead.

7

Then to the entrance of the Cave  
 They led the Christian warrior brave ;  
 Some fear he well might feel,  
 For none of all the Monks could tell 40  
 The terrors of that mystic cell,  
 Its secrets none reveal.

8

' Now enter here,' the Warden cried,  
 ' And God, Sir Owen, be your guide !  
 Your name shall live in story :  
 For of the few who reach this shore,  
 Still fewer venture to explore  
 St. Patrick's Purgatory.'

9

Adown the Cavern's long descent,  
 Feeling his way, Sir Owen went, 50  
 With cautious feet and slow ;  
 Unarm'd, for neither sword nor spear,  
 Nor shield of proof avail'd him here  
 Against our ghostly Foe.

10

The ground was moist beneath his tread,  
 Large drops fell heavy on his head,  
 The air was damp and chill,  
 And sudden shudderings o'er him came,  
 And he could feel through all his frame  
 An icy sharpness thrill. 60

11

Now steeper grew the dark descent ;  
 In fervent prayer the Pilgrim went,  
 'Twas silence all around,  
 Save his own echo from the cell,  
 And the large drops that frequent fell  
 With dull and heavy sound.

12

But colder now he felt the cell,  
 Those heavy drops no longer fell,  
 Thin grew the piercing air ;  
 And now upon his aching sight, 70  
 There dawn'd far off a feeble light,  
 In hope he hasten'd there.

13

Emerging now once more to day  
 A frozen waste before him lay,  
 A desert wild and wide,  
 Where ice-rocks in a sunless sky,  
 On ice-rocks piled, and mountains high,  
 Were heap'd on every side.

14

Impending as about to fall  
 They seem'd, and had that sight been 80  
 all,  
 Enough that sight had been  
 To make the stoutest courage quail ;  
 For what could courage there avail  
 Against what then was seen ?

15

He saw, as on in faith he past,  
 Where many a frozen wretch was fast  
 Within the ice-clefts pent.  
 Yet living still, and doom'd to bear  
 In absolute and dumb despair  
 Their endless punishment. 90

16

A Voice then spake within his ear,  
 And fill'd his inmost soul with fear,  
 'O mortal Man,' it said,  
 'Adventurers like thyself were these !'  
 He seem'd to feel his life-blood freeze,  
 And yet subdued his dread.

17

'O mortal Man,' the Voice pursued,  
 'Be wise in time ! for thine own good  
 Alone I counsel thee ;  
 Take pity on thyself, retrace 100  
 Thy steps, and fly this dolorous place  
 While yet thy feet are free.

18

'I warn thee once ! I warn thee twice !  
 Behold ! that mass of mountain-ice  
 Is trembling o'er thy head !  
 One warning is allow'd thee more ;  
 O mortal Man, that warning o'er,  
 And thou art worse than dead !'

19

Not without fear, Sir Owen still  
 Held on with strength of righteous will,  
 In faith and fervent prayer ; 111  
 When at the word, 'I warn thee thrice !'  
 Down came the mass of mountain ice,  
 And overwhelm'd him there.

20

Crush'd though, it seem'd, in every bone,  
 And sense for suffering left alone,  
 A living hope remain'd ;  
 In whom he had believed, he knew,  
 And thence the holy courage grew  
 That still his soul sustain'd. 120

21

For he, as he beheld it fall,  
 Fail'd not in faith on Christ to call,  
 'Lord, Thou canst save !' he cried ;  
 O heavenly help vouchsafed in need,  
 When perfect faith is found indeed ;  
 The rocks of ice divide.

22

Like dust before the storm-wind's sway  
 The shiver'd fragments roll'd away,  
 And left the passage free ;  
 New strength he feels, all pain is gone,  
 New life Sir Owen breathes, and on 131  
 He goes rejoicingly.

23

Yet other trials he must meet,  
 For soon a close and piercing heat  
 Relax'd each loosen'd limb ;  
 The sweat stream'd out from every part,  
 In short quick beatings toil'd his heart,  
 His throbbing eyes grew dim.

24

Along the wide and wasted land  
 A stream of fire through banks of sand  
 Its molten billows spread ; 41  
 Thin vapours tremulously light  
 Hung quivering o'er the glowing white,  
 The air he breathed was red.

25

A Paradise beyond was seen,  
 Of shady groves and gardens green,  
 Fair flowers and fruitful trees,  
 And flowing fountains cool and clear,  
 Whose gurgling music reach'd his ear  
 Borne on the burning breeze. 150

26

How should he pass that molten flood ?  
 While gazing wistfully he stood,  
 A Fiend, as in a dream,  
 'Thus !' answer'd the unutter'd thought,  
 Stretch'd forth a mighty arm, and  
 caught  
 And cast him in the stream.

27

Sir Owen groan'd, for then he felt  
 His eyeballs burn, his marrow melt,  
 His brain like liquid lead,  
 And from his heart the boiling blood 160  
 Its agonizing course pursued  
 Through limbs like iron red.

28

Yet, giving way to no despair,  
 But mindful of the aid of prayer,  
 'Lord, Thou canst save !' he said ;  
 And then a breath from Eden came,  
 With life and healing through his frame  
 The blissful influence spread.

29

No Fiends may now his way oppose,  
 The gates of Paradise unclose, 170  
 Free entrance there is given ;  
 And songs of triumph meet his ear,  
 Enrapt, Sir Owen seems to hear  
 The harmonies of Heaven.



30

Come, Pilgrim! take thy foretaste  
meet,  
Thou who hast trod with fearless feet  
St. Patrick's Purgatory,  
Or after death these seats divine,  
Eternal, shall be thine,  
And thine eternal glory.' 180

31

Recreate with the deep delight,  
Thou grew the Pilgrim's swimming sight,  
His senses died away;  
And when to life he woke, before  
The Cavern-mouth he saw onco more  
The light of earthly day.  
*Westbury, 1798.*

## THE CROSS ROADS

[Published in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799.]

The tragedy related in this Ballad happened about the year 1760, in the parish of Edminster, near Bristol. One who was present at the funeral told me the story and the circumstances of the interment, as I have versified them.

1

There was an old man breaking stones  
To mend the turnpike way;  
He sate him down beside a brook,  
And out his bread and cheese he took,  
For now it was mid-day.

2

He leant his back against a post,  
His foot the brook ran by;  
And there were water-cresses growing,  
And pleasant was the water's flowing,  
For he was hot and dry. 10

3

A soldier with his knapsack on  
Came travelling o'er the down;  
The sun was strong and he was tired;  
And he of the old man enquired,  
'How far to Bristol town?'

4

Half an hour's walk for a young man,  
By lanes and fields and stiles;  
But you the foot-path do not know,  
And if along the road you go  
Why then 'tis three good miles.' 20

5

The soldier took his knapsack off,  
For he was hot and dry;  
And out his bread and cheese he took,  
And he sat down beside the brook  
To dine in company.

6

'Old friend! in faith,' the soldier says,  
'I envy you almost;  
My shoulders have been sorely prest,  
And I should like to sit, and rest  
My back against that post. 30

7

'In such a sweltering day as this  
A knapsack is the devil  
And if on t'other side I sat,  
It would not only spoil our chat,  
But make me seem uncivil.'

8

The old man laugh'd and moved . . . 'I  
wish  
It were a great-arm'd chair!  
But this may help a man at need; . . .  
And yet it was a cursed deed  
That ever brought it there. 40

9

'There's a poor girl lies buried here,  
Beneath this very place.  
The earth upon her corpse is prest,  
This post was driven into her breast,  
And a stone is on her face.'

10

The soldier had but just leant back,  
And now he half rose up.  
'There's sure no harm in dining here,  
My friend? and yet, to be sincere,  
I should not like to sup.' 50

11

'God rest her! she is still enough  
Who sleeps beneath my feet!  
The old man cried. 'No harm I trow  
She ever did herself, though now  
She lies where four roads meet.

12

'I have pass'd by about that hour  
When men are not most brave;  
It did not make my courage fail,  
And I have heard the nightingale  
Sing sweetly on her gravo. 60

13

' I have pass'd by about that hour  
When ghosts their freedom have ;  
But here I saw no ghastly sight,  
And quietly the glow-worm's light  
Was shining on her grave.

14

' There 's one who like a Christian lies  
Beneath the church-tree's shade ;  
I'd rather go a long mile round  
Than pass at evening through the ground  
Wherein that man is laid. 70

15

' A decent burial that man had,  
The bell was heard to toll,  
When he was laid in holy ground,  
But for all the wealth in Bristol town  
I would not be with his soul !

16

' Did'st see a house below the hill  
Which the winds and the rains de-  
stroy ?  
In that farm-house did that man dwell,  
And I remember it full well  
When I was a growing boy. 80

17

' But she was a poor parish girl  
Who came up from the west :  
From service hard she ran away,  
And at that house in evil day  
Was taken in to rest.

18

' A man of a bad name was he,  
An evil life he led ;  
Passion made his dark face turn white,  
And his grey eyes were large and light,  
And in anger they grew red. 90

19

' The man was bad, the mother worse,  
Bad fruit of evil stem ;  
'Twould make your hair to stand on end  
If I should tell to you, my friend,  
The things that were told of them !

20

' Did'st see an out-house standing by ?  
The walls alone remain ;  
It was a stable then, but now  
Its mossy roof has fallen through  
All rotted by the rain. 100

21

' This poor girl she had served with  
them  
Some half-a-year or more,  
When she was found hung up one day,  
Stiff as a corpse and cold as clay,  
Behind that stable door.

22

' It is a wild and lonesome place,  
No hut or house is near ;  
Should one meet a murderer there alone,  
'Twere vain to scream, and the dying  
groan  
Would never reach mortal ear. 110

23

' And there were strange reports about ;  
But still the coroner found  
That she by her own hand had died,  
And should buried be by the way-side,  
And not in Christian ground.

24

' This was the very place he chose,  
Just where these four roads meet ;  
And I was one among the throng  
That hither follow'd them along,  
I shall never the sight forget ! 120

25

' They carried her upon a board  
In the clothes in which she died ;  
I saw the cap blown off her head,  
Her face was of a dark dark red,  
Her eyes were starting wide :

26

' I think they could not have been  
closed,  
So widely did they strain.  
O Lord, it was a ghastly sight,  
And it often made me wake at night,  
When I saw it in dreams again. 130

27

' They laid her where these four roads  
meet  
Here in this very place.  
The earth upon her corpse was prest,  
This post was driven into her breast,  
And a stone is on her face.'

*Westbury, 1798.*

## THE PIOUS PAINTER

[First published in *The Morning Post*, November 2, 1798; afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

The legend of the Pious Painter is related in the *Pia Hilaria* of Gazaeus; but the Pious Poet has omitted the second part of the story, though it rests upon quite as good authority as the first. It is to be found in the *Fabliaux* of Le Grand.

## THE FIRST PART

## 1

THERE once was a painter in Catholic days,

Like JOB who eschewed all evil;  
Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze

With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his praise

And delight was in painting the Devil.

## 2

They were Angels, compared to the Devils he drew,

Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell;

Such burning hot eyes, such a furnace-like hue!

And round them a sulphurous colouring he threw

That their breath seem'd of brimstone to smell. 10

## 3

And now had the artist a picture begun,  
'Twas over the Virgin's church-door;

She stood on the Dragon embracing her Son;

Many Devils already the artist had done,  
But this must out-do all before.

## 4

The Old Dragon's imps as they fled through the air,

At seeing it paused on the wing;

For he had the likeness so just to a hair,  
That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,

To pay their respects to their King. 20

## 5

Every child at beholding it trembled with dread,

And scream'd as he turn'd away quick.

Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,

Dropt a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,

Lord keep me from ugly Old Nick!

## 6

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,

He sometimes would dream of by night;

But once he was startled as sleeping he lay;

'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey

That the Devil himself was in sight. 30

## 7

'You rascally dauber!' old Beelzebub cries,

'Take heed how you wrong me again!

Though your caricatures for myself I despise,

Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,

Or see if I threaten in vain!' 35

## 8

Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside,

And on faith he had certain reliance;

So carefully he the grim countenance eyed,

And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,

And sturdily bade him defiance. 40

## 9

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,

He is ready as soon as 'tis light.

Every look, every line, every feature he knows,

'Tis fresh in his eye, to his labour he goes,

And he has the old Wicked One quite.

## 10

Happy man ! he is sure the resemblance  
can't fail ;

The tip of the nose is like fire,  
There 's his grin and his fangs, and his  
dragon-like mail.

And the very identical curl of his  
tail, . .

So that nothing is left to desire. 50

## 11

He looks and retouches again with  
delight ;

'Tis a portrait complete to his mind ;  
And exulting again and again at the  
sight,

He looks round for applause, and he sees  
with affright

The Original standing behind.

## 12

' Fool ! Idiot ! ' old Beelzebub grinn'd  
as he spoke,

And stamp't on the scaffold in ire ;  
The Painter grew pale, for he knew it  
no joke ;

'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffold-  
ing broke,

The Devil could wish it no higher. 60

## 13

' Help . . help ! Blessed Mary ! ' he  
cried in alarm,

As the scaffold sunk under his feet.  
From the canvas the Virgin extended  
her arm,

She caught the good Painter, she saved  
him from harm ;

There were hundreds who saw in the  
street.

## 14

The Old Dragon fled when the wonder  
he spied,

And cursed his own fruitless en-  
deavour ;

While the Painter call'd after his rage  
to deride,

Shook his pallett and brushes in triumph  
and cried, 69

' I'll paint thee more ugly than ever ! '

## THE PIOUS PAINTER

## THE SECOND PART

[First published in *The Morning Post*  
July 26, 1799.]

## 1

THE Painter so pious all praise had  
acquired

For defying the malice of Hell ;  
The Monks the unerring resemblance  
admired ;

Not a Lady lived near but her portrait  
desired

From a hand that succeeded so well.

## 2

One there was to be painted the number  
among

Of features most fair to behold ;  
The country around of fair Marguerite  
rung,

Marguerite she was lovely and lively  
and young,

Her husband was ugly and old. 10

## 3

O Painter, avoid her ! O Painter, take  
care,

For Satan is watchful for you !

Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked  
One's snare,

The net is made ready, O Painter, beware  
Of Satan and Marguerite too.

## 4

She seats herself now, now she lifts up  
her head,

On the artist she fixes her eyes ;

The colours are ready, the canvas is  
spread,

He lays on the white, and he lays on  
the red,

And the features of beauty arise. 20

## 5

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright  
and so blue !

There's a look which he cannot  
express ; . .

His colours are dull to their quick-  
sparkling hue ; [view,

More and more on the lady he fixes his  
On the canvas he looks less and less.



6

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle  
 more,  
 And that look which fair Marguerite  
 gave!  
 Many Devils the artist had painted of  
 yore,  
 But he never had tried a live Angel  
 before, . .  
 St. Anthony, help him and save! 30

7

He yielded, alas! for the truth must be  
 told,  
 To the Woman, the Tempter, and  
 Fate.  
 It was settled the Lady so fair to  
 behold  
 Should elope from her Husband so ugly  
 and old,  
 With the Painter so pious of late.

8

Now Satan exults in his vengeance  
 complete,  
 To the Husband he makes the scheme  
 known;  
 Night comes and the lovers impatiently  
 meet;  
 Together they fly, they are seized in the  
 street, 39  
 And in prison the Painter is thrown.

9

With Repentance, his only companion,  
 he lies,  
 And a dismal companion is she!  
 On a sudden he saw the Old Enemy  
 rise,  
 'Now, you villainous dauber!' Sir  
 Beelzebub cries,  
 'You are paid for your insults to me!

10

'But my tender heart you may easily  
 move,  
 If to what I propose you agree;  
 That picture, . . be just! the resem-  
 blance improve;  
 Make a handsomer portrait, your chains  
 I'll remove,  
 And you shall this instant be free.' 50

11

Overjoy'd, the conditions so easy he  
 hears, (said.  
 'I'll make you quite handsome!' he  
 He said, and his chain on the Devil  
 appears;  
 Released from his prison, released from  
 his fears,  
 The Painter is snug in his bed.

12

At morn he arises, composes his look,  
 And proceeds to his work as before;  
 The people beheld him, the culprit they  
 took;  
 They thought that the Painter his  
 prison had broke, 59  
 And to prison they led him once more.

13

They open the dungeon; . . behold in  
 his place  
 In the corner old Beelzebub lay;  
 He smirks and he smiles and he leers  
 with a grace,  
 That the Painter might catch all the  
 charms of his face,  
 Then vanish'd in lightning away.

14

Quoth the Painter, 'I trust you'll sus-  
 pect me no more,  
 Since you find my assertions were true.  
 But I'll alter the picture above the  
 Church-door, [before,  
 For he never vouchsafed me a sitting  
 And I must give the Devil his due.' 70  
*Westbury, 1798.*

## ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 April 27, 1799; afterwards in *The Annual  
 Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.  
 Southey quotes as his authority for the  
 story *Whitaker's Supplement to the First  
 and Second Book of Polwhele's History of  
 Cornwall*, pp. 6, 7.]

MERRILY, merrily rung the bells,  
 The bells of St. Michael's tower,  
 When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his  
 wife  
 Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,  
Cheerful and frank and free,  
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his  
wife,  
For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,  
Till patience avail'd no longer, 10  
Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick  
would take,  
And show her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca his wife had often wish'd  
To sit in St. Michael's chair ;  
For she should be the mistress then  
If she had once sat there.

It chanced that Richard Penlake fell  
sick,  
They thought he would have died ;  
Rebecca his wife made a vow for his  
life,  
As she knelt by his bed-side. 20

' Now hear my prayer, St. Michael ! and  
spare  
My husband's life,' quoth she ;  
' And to thine altar we will go,  
Six marks to give to thee.'

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,  
For woundily sick was he ;  
' Save me, St. Michael, and we will go  
Six marks to give to thee.'

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his  
wife  
Teazed him by night and by day : 30  
' O mine own dear ! for you I fear,  
If we the vow delay.'

Merrily, merrily rung the bells,  
The bells of St. Michael's tower,  
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca  
his wife  
Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,  
And Richard knelt in prayer :  
She left him to pray, and stole away  
To sit in St. Michael's chair. 40

Up the tower Rebecca ran,  
Round and round and round ;  
' Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top,  
And look upon the ground.

' A curse on the ringers for rocking  
The tower !' Rebecca cried,  
As over the church battlements  
She strode with a long stride.

' A blessing on St. Michael's chair !'  
She said as she sat down : 50  
Merrily, merrily rung the bells,  
And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought  
That his good wife was dead :

' Now shall we toll for her poor soul  
The great church bell ?' they said.

' Toll at her burying,' quoth Richard  
Penlake,  
' Toll at her burying,' quoth he ;  
' But don't disturb the ringers now  
In compliment to me.' 60

*Westbury, 1798.*

#### KING HENRY V AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
September 24, 1798 ; afterwards in *The  
Annual Anthology*, 1799.]

' While Henry V lay at the siege of Dreux,  
an honest Hermit, unknown to him, came  
and told him the great evils he brought on  
Christendom by his unjust ambition, who  
usurped the kingdom of France, against all  
manner of right, and contrary to the will of  
God ; wherefore in his holy name he  
threatened him with a severe and sudden  
punishment if he desisted not from his  
enterprise. Henry took this exhortation  
either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion  
of the dauphin's, and was but the more  
confirmed in his design. But the blow soon  
followed the threatening ; for within some  
few months after he was smitten with a  
strange and incurable disease.'—*Mezeray*.

HE pass'd unquestion'd through the  
camp,

Their heads the soldiers bent  
In silent reverence, or begg'd  
A blessing as he went ;  
And so the Hermit pass'd along  
And reach'd the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone,  
The Map before him lay,  
Fresh conquests he was planning there  
To grace the future day. 10

King Henry lifted up his eyes  
 The intruder to behold ;  
 With reverence he the hermit saw,  
 For the holy man was old,  
 His look was gentle as a Saint's,  
 And yet his eye was bold.

' Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs  
 Which thou hast done this land !  
 O King, repent in time, for know  
 The judgement is at hand.

20

' I have pass'd forty years of peace  
 Beside the river Blaise,  
 But what a weight of woe hast thou  
 Laid on my latter days !

' I used to see along the stream  
 The white sail gliding down,  
 That wafted food in better times  
 To yonder peaceful town.

' Henry ! I never now behold  
 The white sail gliding down ;  
 Famine, Disease, and Death, and Thou  
 Destroy that wretched town.

30

' I used to hear the traveller's voice  
 As here he pass'd along,  
 Or maiden as she loiter'd home  
 Singing her even-song.

' No traveller's voice may now be heard,  
 In fear he hastens by ;  
 But I have heard the village maid  
 In vain for succour cry.

40

' I used to see the youths row down  
 And watch the dripping oar,  
 As pleasantly their viol's tones  
 Came soften'd to the shore.

' King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse  
 I now see floating down !  
 Thou man of blood ! repent in time,  
 And leave this leaguer'd town.'

' I shall go on,' King Henry cried,  
 ' And conquer this good land ;  
 Seest thou not, Hermit, that the Lord  
 Hath given it to my hand ?'

50

The Hermit heard King Henry speak,  
 And angrily look'd down ; . .  
 His face was gentle, and for that  
 More solemn was his frown.

' What if no miracle from Heaven  
 The murderer's arm controul,  
 Think you for that the weight of blood  
 Lies lighter on his soul ?

6c

' Thou conqueror King, repent in time  
 Or dread the coming woe !  
 For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat  
 And soon shalt feel the blow !'

King Henry forced a careless smile,  
 As the Hermit went his way ;  
 But Henry soon remember'd him  
 Upon his dying day.

*Westbury, 1798.*

### CORNELIUS AGRIPPA

A BALLAD OF A YOUNG MAN THAT  
 WOULD READ UNLAWFUL BOOKS,  
 AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED.

VERY PITHY AND PROFITABLE.

[First published in *The Morning Post* ;  
 afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799,  
 and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA went out one day,  
 His Study he lock'd ere he went away,  
 And he gave the key of the door to his  
 wife,  
 And charged her to keep it lock'd on  
 her life.

' And if any one ask my Study to see,  
 I charge you to trust them not with the  
 key ;  
 Whoever may beg, and entreat, and  
 implore,  
 On your life let nobody enter that door.'

There lived a young man in the house,  
 who in vain  
 Access to that Study had sought to  
 obtain ;  
 And he begg'd and pray'd the books  
 to see.

10

Till the foolish woman gave him the key,  
 On the Study-table a book there lay,  
 Which Agrippa himself had been read-  
 ing that day ;  
 The letters were written with blood  
 therein,  
 And the leaves were made of dead men's

[skin ;

And these horrible leaves of magic  
 between  
 Were the ugliest pictures that ever  
 were seen,  
 The likeness of things so foul to behold,  
 That what they were is not fit to be  
 told. 20

The young man, he began to read  
 He knew not what, but he would pro-  
 ceed,  
 When there was heard a sound at the  
 door,  
 Which as he read on grew more and  
 more.

And more and more the knocking  
 grew,  
 The young man knew not what to do :  
 But trembling in fear he sat within,  
 Till the door was broke, and the Devil  
 came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had  
 got,  
 Like iron heated nine times red-hot ; 30  
 The breath of his nostrils was brimstone  
 blue  
 And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

'What wouldst thou with me?' the  
 Wicked One cried,  
 But not a word the young man replied ;  
 Every hair on his head was standing  
 upright,  
 And his limbs like a palsy shook with  
 affright.

'What wouldst thou with me?' cried  
 the Author of ill ;  
 But the wretched young man was silent  
 still ;  
 Not a word had his lips the power to  
 say,  
 And his marrow seem'd to be melting  
 away. 40

'What wouldst thou with me?' the  
 third time he cries,  
 And a flash of lightning came from his  
 eyes,  
 And he lifted his griffin claw in the  
 air,  
 And the young man had not strength  
 for a prayer.

His eyes red fire and fury dart  
 As out he tore the young man's heart ;  
 He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,  
 And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away.

#### THE MORAL

Henceforth let all young men take heed  
 How in a Conjuror's books they read. 50

*Westbury, 1798.*

#### ST. ROMUALD

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
 February 5, 1799; afterwards in *The*  
*Annual Anthology*, 1800, and in *Metrical*  
*Tales*, 1805.]

'Les Catalans ayant appris que S.  
 Romuald vouloit quitter leurs pays, en  
 furent très-affligés; ils délibérèrent sur les  
 moyens de l'en empêcher, et le seul qu'ils  
 imaginèrent comme le plus sûr, fut de le  
 tuer, afin de profiter du moins de ses  
 reliques et des guérisons et autres miracles  
 qu'elles opéreroient après sa mort. La  
 dévotion que les Catalans avoient pour lui,  
 ne plut point de tout à S. Romuald; il usa  
 de stratagème et leur échappa.'—*St. Foix*,  
*Essais Historiques sur Paris*, t. v, p. 163.

ONE day, it matters not to know  
 How many hundred years ago,  
 A Frenchman stopt at an inn door :  
 The Landlord came to welcome him,  
 and chat  
 Of this and that,  
 For he had seen the Traveller there  
 before.

'Doth holy Romuald dwell  
 Still in his cell ?'  
 The Traveller ask'd, 'or is the old man  
 dead ?'  
 'No; he has left his loving flock,  
 and we 10  
 So great a Christian never more shall  
 see,'  
 The Landlord answer'd, and he shook  
 his head.  
 'Ah, Sir! we knew his worth !  
 If ever there did live a saint on earth !..



Why, Sir, he always used to wear a shirt  
For thirty days, all seasons, day and  
night ;

Good man, he knew it was not right  
For Dust and Ashes to fall out with  
Dirt !

And then he only hung it out in the rain,  
And put it on again. 20

' There has been perilous work  
With him and the Devil there in yonder  
cell ;

For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.  
There they would sometimes fight  
All through a winter's night,

From sun-set until morn,  
He with a cross, the Devil with his horn ;  
The Devil spitting fire with might and  
main

Enough to make St. Michael half afraid :  
He splashing holy water till he made 30  
His red hide hiss again,

And the hot vapour fill'd the smoking  
cell.

This was so common that his face became  
All black and yellow with the brim-  
stone flame,

And then he smelt, . . O Lord ! how  
he did smell !

Then, Sir ! to see how he would  
mortify

The flesh ! If any one had dainty fare,  
Good man, he would come there,  
And look at all the delicate things, and  
cry,

" O Belly, Belly, 40

You would begormandizing now, I know ;  
But it shall not be so ! . .  
Home to your bread and water . . home,  
I tell ye ! "

' But,' quoth the Traveller, ' wherefore  
did he leave

A flock that knew his saintly worth so  
well ? '

' Why,' said the Landlord, ' Sir, it so  
befell

He heard unluckily of our intent  
To do him a great honour : and you  
know,

He was not covetous of fame below,  
And so by stealth one night away he  
went.' 50

' What might this honour be ? ' the  
Traveller cried ;

' Why, Sir,' the Host replied,  
' We thought perhaps that he might  
one day leave us ;

And then should strangers have  
The good man's grave,

A loss like that would naturally grieve  
us,

For he'll be made a Saint of to be sure.  
Therefore we thought it prudent to  
secure

His relics while we might ;  
And so we meant to strangle him one  
night.' 60

Westbury, 1798.

## THE ROSE

[Published in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799. The  
story on which this poem is based is to be  
found in *The Voyage and Travaile of Sir  
John Maundeville.*]

NAY, Edith ! spare the Rose ; . . per-  
haps it lives,

And feels the noontide sun, and drinks  
refresh'd

The dews of night ; let not thy gentle  
hand

Tear its life-strings asunder, and destroy  
The sense of being ! . . Why that infidel  
smile ?

Come, I will bribe thee to be merciful ;  
And thou shalt have a tale of other days,  
For I am skill'd in legendary lore,  
So thou wilt let it live. There was  
a time

Ere this, the freshest, sweetest flower  
that blooms, 10

Bedeck'd the bowers of earth. Thou  
hast not heard

How first by miracle its fragrant leaves  
Spread to the sun their blushing love-  
liness.

There dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish  
maid,  
And Zillah was her name, so passing  
fair

That all Judea spake the virgin's praise.  
 He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance  
 How it reveal'd her soul, and what  
 a soul  
 Beam'd in the mild effulgence, woe to  
 him!  
 For not in solitude, for not in crowds, so  
 Might he escape remembrance, nor  
 avoid  
 Her imaged form which followed every  
 where,  
 And fill'd the heart, and fix'd the absent  
 eye.  
 Alas for him! her bosom own'd no  
 love  
 Save the strong ardour of religious  
 zeal,  
 For Zillah on her God had center'd all  
 Her spirit's deep affections. So for her  
 Her tribes-men sigh'd in vain, yet  
 revered  
 The obdurate virtue that destroy'd  
 their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and  
 wretched man, 30  
 Who saw, desired, despaired, and hated  
 her.  
 His sensual eye had gloated on her  
 cheek  
 Even till the flush of angry modesty  
 Gave it new charms, and made him  
 gloat the more.  
 She loathed the man, for Hamuel's eye  
 was bold,  
 And the strong workings of brute  
 selfishness  
 Had moulded his broad features; and  
 she feared  
 The bitterness of wounded vanity  
 That with a fiendish hue would over-  
 cast  
 His faint and lying smile. Nor vain  
 her fear, 40  
 For Hamuel vow'd revenge, and laid  
 a plot  
 Against her virgin fame. He spread  
 abroad  
 Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports  
 That soon obtain belief; how Zillah's  
 eye,  
 When in the temple heaven-ward it was  
 raised,

Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there  
 were those  
 Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting  
 glance  
 With other feelings fill'd: . . . that 'twas  
 a task  
 Of easy sort to play the saint by day  
 Before the public eye, but that all  
 eyes 50  
 Were closed at night; . . . that Zillah's  
 life was foul,  
 Yea, forfeit to the law.  
 Shame . . . shame to man,  
 That he should trust so easily the  
 tongue  
 Which stabs another's fame! The ill  
 report  
 Was heard, repeated, and believed, . . .  
 and soon,  
 For Hamuel by his well-schemed  
 villainy  
 Produced such semblances of guilt, . . .  
 the Maid  
 Was to the fire condemn'd.  
 Without the walls,  
 There was a barren field; a place  
 abhorr'd,  
 For it was there where wretched  
 criminals 60  
 Receiv'd their death! and there they  
 fix'd the stake,  
 And piled the fuel round which should  
 consume  
 The injured Maid, abandon'd, as it  
 seem'd,  
 By God and Man. The assembled  
 Bethlemites  
 Beheld the scene, and when they saw  
 the Maid  
 Bound to the stake, with what calm  
 holiness  
 She lifted up her patient looks to  
 Heaven,  
 They doubted of her guilt. With other  
 thoughts  
 Stood Hamuel near the pile; him  
 savage joy  
 Led thitherward, but now within his  
 heart 70  
 Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first  
 pangs  
 Of wakening guilt, anticipant of Hell.  
 The eye of Zillah as it glanced around

Fell on the slanderer once, and rested  
there

A moment : like a dagger did it pierce,  
And struck into his soul a cureless  
wound.

Conscience ! thou God within us ! not  
in the hour

Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty  
wretch,

Not in the hour of infamy and death  
Forsake the virtuous ! They draw near  
the stake, . . . 80

They bring the torch ! . . . hold, hold  
your erring hands !

Yet quench the rising flames ! . . . they  
rise ! they spread !

They reach the suffering Maid ! oh God  
protect

The innocent one !

They rose, they spread, they raged ; . .  
The breath of God went forth ; the  
ascending fire

Beneath its influence bent, and all its  
flames,

In one long lightning-flash concen-  
trating,

Darted and blasted Hamuel, . . . him  
alone.

Hark ! . . . what a fearful scream the  
multitude

Pour forth ! . . . and yet more miracles !  
the stake 90

Branches and buds, and, spreading its  
green leaves,

Embowers and canopies the innocent  
Maid

Who there stands glorified ; and Roses,  
then

First seen on earth since Paradise was  
lost,

Profusely blossom round her, white and  
red

In all their rich variety of hues ;  
And fragrance such as our first parents  
breathed

In Eden she inhales, vouchsafed to her  
A presage sure of Paradise regain'd.

Westbury, 1798.

## THE LOVER'S ROCK

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
April 18, 1798 ; afterwards in *The Annual  
Anthology*, 1799. Southey quotes *Maryana*  
as his authority for the story.]

THE Maiden through the favouring night  
From Granada took her flight,  
She bade her father's house farewell,  
And fled away with Manuel.

No Moorish maid might hope to vie  
With Laila's cheek or Laila's eye,  
No maiden loved with purer truth,  
Or ever loved a lovelier youth.

In fear they fled across the plain,  
The father's wrath, the captive's chain ;  
In hope to Seville on they flee, 11  
To peace, and love, and liberty.

Chiuma they have left, and now,  
Beneath a precipice's brow,  
Where Guadalhorce winds its way,  
There in the shade awhile they lay ;

For now the sun was near its height,  
And she was weary with her flight ;  
She laid her head on Manuel's breast,  
And pleasant was the maiden's rest. 20

While thus the lovely Laila slept,  
A fearful watch young Manuel kept,  
Alas ! her Father and his train  
He sees come speeding o'er the plain.

The Maiden started from her sleep,  
They sought for refuge up the steep,  
To scale the precipice's brow  
Their only hope of safety now.

But them the angry Father sees,  
With voice and arm he menaces, 30  
And now the Moors approach the steep,  
Loud are his curses, loud and deep.

Then Manuel's heart grew wild with woe,  
He loosen'd stones and roll'd below,  
He loosen'd crags, for Manuel strove  
For life, and liberty, and love.

The ascent was perilous and high,  
The Moors they durst not venture nigh,  
The fugitives stood safely there,  
They stood in safety and despair. 40

The Moorish chief unmoved could see  
His daughter bend her suppliant knee;  
He heard his child for pardon plead,  
And swore the offenders both should bleed.

He bade the archers bend the bow,  
And make the Christian fall below;  
He bade the archers aim the dart,  
And pierce the Maid's apostate heart.

The archers aim'd their arrows there,  
She clasp'd young Manuel in despair, 50  
'Death, Manuel, shall set us free!  
Then leap below and die with me.'

He clasp'd her close and cried farewell,  
In one another's arms they fell;  
And falling o'er the rock's steep side,  
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,  
The Christian youth and Moorish maid;  
But never Cross was plant'd there, 60  
Because they perish'd for despair.

Yet every Moorish maid can tell  
Where Laila lies who loved so well,  
And every youth who passes there,  
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

Westbury, 1798.

### GARCI FERRANDEZ

[Published in *The Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1809. The story is to be found in the *Coronica General de España*.]

#### PART I

##### 1

In an evil day and an hour of woe  
Did Garci Ferrandez wed!  
He wedded the Lady Argentine,  
As ancient stories tell,  
He loved the Lady Argentine,  
Alas! for what befell!

The Lady Argentine hath fled;  
In an evil day and an hour of woe  
She hath left the husband who loved  
her well,  
To go to Count Aymerique's bed. 10

##### 2

Garci Ferrandez was brave and young,  
The comeliest of the land;  
There was never a knight of Leon in fight  
Who could meet the force of his  
matchless might;  
There was never a foe in the infidel band  
Who against his dreadful sword could  
stand;  
And yet Count Garci's strong right hand  
Was shapely, and soft, and white;  
As white and as soft as a lady's hand  
Was the hand of the beautiful Knight.

##### 3

In an evil day and an hour of woe 21  
To Garci's Hall did Count Aymerique  
go;  
In an evil hour and a luckless night  
From Garci's Hall did he take his flight,  
And bear with him that lady bright,  
That lady false, his bale and bane.  
There was feasting and joy in Count  
Aymerique's bower,  
When he with triumph, and pomp,  
and pride,  
Brought home the adult'ress like a  
bride:  
His daughter only sate in her tower,  
She sate in her lonely tower alone, 31  
And for her dead mother she made her  
moan;  
'Methinks,' said she, 'my father for me  
Might have brought a bridegroom home.  
A stepmother he brings hither instead,  
Count Aymerique will not his daughter  
should wed,  
But he brings home a leman for his  
own bed.'  
So thoughts of good and thoughts of ill  
Were working thus in Abba's will;  
And Argentine with evil intent 40  
Ever to work her woe was bent;  
That still she sate in her tower alone,  
And in that melancholy gloom,  
When for her mother she made her moan,  
She wish'd her father too in the tomb.



4

She watches the pilgrims and poor who  
wait

For daily food at her father's gate,  
'I would some Knight were there,'  
thought she,

'Disguised in pilgrim-weeds for me!  
For Aymerique's blessing I would not  
stay,

50

Nor he nor his leman should say me nay,  
But I with him would wend away.'

5

She watches her handmaid the pittance  
deal,

They took their dolo and went away ;

But yonder is one who lingers still  
As though he had something in his will,  
Some secret which he fain would say ;  
And close to the portal she sees him go,

He talks with her handmaid in  
accents low ;

Oh then she thought that time went  
slow,

60

And long were the minutes that she  
must wait

Till her handmaid came from the  
castle-gate.

6

From the castle-gate her handmaid came,  
And told her that a knight was there,  
Whoso ought to speak with Abba the fair,  
Count Aymerique's beautiful daughter  
and heir.

She bade the stranger to her bower ;  
His stature was tall, his features bold,

A goodlier form might never maid  
At tilt or tourney hope to see ;

70

And though in pilgrim-weeds array'd,

Yet noble in his weeds was he,  
And did his arms in them enfold

As they were robes of royalty.

7

He told his name to the high-born fair,  
He said that vengeance led him there.

'Now aid me, lady dear,' quoth he,

'To smite the adult'ress in her pride ;  
Your wrongs and mine avenged shall be,

And I will take you for my bride.' 80

He pledged the word of a true Knight,  
From out the weeds his hand he drew ;

She took the hand that Garcí gave,

And then she knew his tale was true,  
For she saw the warrior's hand so white,  
And she knew the fame of the beautiful  
Knight.

## PART II

1

'Tis the hour of noon,

The bell of the convent hath done,

And the Sexts are begun ;

The Count and his leman are gone to  
their meat.

They look to their pages, and lo they see

Where Abba, a stranger so long before,

The ewer, and bason, and napkin bore ;

She came and knelt on her bended  
knee,

And first to her father minister'd she ;

Count Aymerique look'd on his

daughter down,

He look'd on her then without a frown.

2

And next to the Lady Argentine

Humbly she went and knelt ;

The Lady Argentine the while

A haughty wonder felt ;

Her face put on an evil smile ;

'I little thought that I should see

The Lady Abba kneel to me

In service of love and courtesy !

Count Aymerique,' the leman cried,

'Is she weary of her solitude,

Or hath she quell'd her pride ?'

Abba no angry word replied,

She only raised her eyes and cried,

'Let not the Lady Argentine

Be wroth at ministry of mine !'

She look'd at Aymerique and sigh'd ;

'My father will not frown, I ween,

That Abba again at his board should

be seen !'

Then Aymerique raised her from her

knee,

And kiss'd her eyes, and bade her be

The daughter she was wont to be.

3

The wine hath warm'd Count Aymerique.  
That mood his crafty daughter knew ;  
She came and kiss'd her father's cheek,  
And stroked his beard with gentle  
hand,

And winning eye and action bland,  
As she in childhood used to do.

' A boon ! Count Aymerique,' quoth  
she ;

' If I have found favour in thy sight,  
Let me sleep at my father's feet to-  
night.

Grant this,' quoth she, ' so I shall see <sup>41</sup>

That you will let your Abba be  
The daughter she was wont to be.'

With asking eye did Abba speak,  
Her voice was soft and sweet ;

The wine had warm'd Count Aymerique,  
And when the hour of rest was come,  
She lay at her father's feet.

4

In Aymerique's arms the adult'ress  
lay, <sup>50</sup>

Their talk was of the distant day,  
How they from Garci fled away

In the silent hour of night ;  
And then amid their wanton play  
They mock'd the beautiful Knight.

Far, far away his castle lay,

The weary road of many a day ;  
' And travel long,' they said, ' to him,

It seem'd, was small delight ;

And he belike was loth with blood <sup>60</sup>  
' To stain his hands so white.'

They little thought that Garci then  
Heard every scornful word !

They little thought the avenging hand  
Was on the avenging sword !

Fearless, unpenitent, unblest,

Without a prayer they sunk to rest,  
The adulterer on the leman's breast.

5

Then Abba, listening still in fear,  
To hear the breathing long and slow, <sup>70</sup>

At length the appointed signal gave,  
And Garci rose and struck the blow.

One blow sufficed for Aymerique, . .  
He made no moan, he utter'd no groan ;  
But his death-start waken'd Argentine,

And by the chamber-lamp she saw  
The bloody falchion shine !  
She raised for help her in-drawn breath,  
But her shriek of fear was her shriek  
of death.

6

In an evil day and an hour of woe <sup>80</sup>  
Did Garci Ferrandez wed !

One wicked wife he has sent to her  
grave,

He hath taken a worse to his bed.

*Bristol, 1801.*

### BISHOP BRUNO

[First published in *The Morning Post*,  
November 17, 1798; afterwards in *The  
Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*,  
1805. Southey quotes as his authority for  
the story here versified a passage in Hey-  
wood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*.]

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead mid-  
night,

And he heard his heart beat loud with  
affright :

He dreamt he had rung the Palace bell,  
And the sound it gave was his passing  
knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,  
He turn'd to sleep and he dreamt again ;  
He rang at the Palace gate once more,  
And Death was the Porter that open'd  
the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,  
And he heard at his window the screech-  
owl scream ; <sup>10</sup>

Bishop Bruno slept no more that  
night, . .

Oh ! glad was he when he saw the day-  
light !

Now he goes forth in proud array,  
For he with the Emperor dines to-day ;  
There was not a Baron in Germany  
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,  
The people throng'd to see their pride;  
They bow'd the head, and the knee they  
bent,  
But nobody blest him as he went. 20

So he went on stately and proud,  
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,  
Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel  
with glee, . . .  
But I would have you know, you travel  
to me!'

Behind and before and on either side,  
He look'd, but nobody he espied;  
And the Bishop at that grew cold with  
fear,  
For he heard the words distinct and  
clear.

And when he rang at the Palace bell,  
He almost expected to hear his knell; 30  
And when the Porter turn'd the key,  
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,  
For the Emperor welcomed him royally;  
And now the tables were spread, and  
there  
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had blest the meat,  
When a voice was heard as he sat in his  
seat, . . .  
'With the Emperor now you are dining  
with glee,  
But know, Bishop Bruno! you sup  
with me!'

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,  
And suddenly lost his appetite;  
All the wine and dainty cheer  
Could not comfort his heart that was  
sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,  
For the wine went flowing merrily,  
Till at length he forgot his former dread,  
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare  
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man  
there; 50  
But when the masquers enter'd the hall,  
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers' crowd  
There went a voice hollow and loud, . . .  
'You have pass'd the day, Bishop  
Bruno, in glee;  
But you must pass the night with me!'

His cheek grows pale, and his eye-balls  
glare,  
And stiff round his tonsure bristled his  
hair;  
With that there came one from the  
masquers' band,  
And took the Bishop by the hand. 60

The bony hand suspended his breath,  
His marrow grew cold at the touch of  
Death;  
On saints in vain he attempted to call,  
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the Palace  
hall.

*Westbury, 1798.*

#### A TRUE BALLAD OF ST. ANTIDIUS, THE POPE, AND THE DEVIL

[Published in *The Morning Post*, 1802, or  
early in 1803. Southey took the subject of  
this Ballad from the *Coronica de España*.]

It is Antidius the Bishop  
Who now at even tide,  
Taking the air and saying a prayer,  
Walks by the river side.

The Devil had business that evening,  
And he upon earth would go;  
For it was in the month of August,  
And the weather was close below.

He had his books to settle,  
And up to earth he hied, 10  
To do it there in the evening air,  
All by the river side.

His imps came flying around him,  
Of his affairs to tell;  
From the north, and the south, and  
the east, and the west;  
They brought him the news that he  
liked best,  
Of the things they had done,  
And the souls they had won,  
And how they sped well  
In the service of Hell. 20

There came a devil posting in  
Return'd from his employ,  
Seven years had he been gone from  
Hell,  
And now he came grinning for joy.

'Seven years,' quoth he, 'of trouble  
and toil  
Have I labour'd the Pope to win ;  
And I to-day have caught him,  
He hath done a deadly sin !'  
And then he took the Devil's book,  
And wrote the deed therein. 30

Oh, then King Beelzebub for joy,  
He drew his mouth so wide,  
You might have seen his iron teeth,  
Four and forty from side to side.

He wagg'd his ears, he twisted his tail,  
He knew not for joy what to do,  
In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels  
and his corns,  
It tickled him all through.

The Bishop who beheld all this, 39  
Straight how to act bethought him ;  
He leapt upon the Devil's back,  
And by the horns he caught him.

And he said a Pater-noster  
As fast as he could say,  
And made a cross on the Devil's head,  
And bade him to Rome away.

Away, away, the Devil flew,  
All through the clear moonlight ;  
I warrant who saw them on their way  
He did not sleep that night. 50

Without bridle, or saddle, or whip, or  
spur,  
Away they go like the wind ;  
The beads of the Bishop are hanging  
before,  
And the tail of the Devil behind.

They met a Witch and she hail'd them,  
As soon as she came within call ;  
'Ave Maria !' the Bishop exclaim'd,  
It frightened her broomstick and she  
got a fall.

He ran against a shooting star,  
So fast for fear did he sail, 6  
And he singed the beard of the Bishop  
Against a Comet's tail ;  
And he pass'd between the horns of  
the Moon,

With Antidius on his back ;  
And there was an eclipse that night,  
Which was not in the Almanack.

The Bishop just as they set out,  
To tell his beads begun ;  
And he was by the bed of the Pope  
Before the string was done. 70

The Pope fell down upon his knees,  
In terror and confusion,  
And he confess'd the deadly sin,  
And he had absolution.

And all the Popes in bliss that be,  
Sung, O be joyful ! then ;  
And all the Popes in bale that be,  
They howl'd for envy then ;  
For they before kept jubilee,  
Expecting his good company, 80  
Down in the Devil's den.

But what was this the Pope had done  
To bind his soul to Hell ?  
Ah ! that is the mystery of this  
wonderful history,  
And I wish that I could tell !

But would you know, there you must  
go,  
You can easily find the way ;  
It is a broad and a well-known road  
That is travell'd by night and by day. 89

And you must look in the Devil's book ;  
You will find one debt that was never  
paid yet  
If you search the leaves throughout ;  
And that is the mystery of this  
wonderful history,  
And the way to find it out.

Bristol, 1802.



## HENRY THE HERMIT

[First published in *The Morning Post*, November 1, 1798; afterwards in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799. The story is related in the *English Martyrology*, 1608.]

It was a little island where he dwelt,  
A solitary islet, bleak and bare,  
Short scanty herbage spotting with dark spots

Its grey stone surface. Never mariner  
Approach'd that rude and uninviting coast,

Nor ever fisherman his lonely bark  
Anchor'd beside its shore. It was a place

Befitting well a rigid anchoret,  
Dead to the hopes and vanities and joys,

And purposes of life: and he had dwelt  
Many long years upon that lonely isle;  
For in ripe manhood he abandon'd arms,  
Honours and friends and country and the world,

And had grown old in solitude. That isle

Some solitary man in other times  
Had made his dwelling-place; and Henry found

The little chapel which his toil had built  
Now by the storms unroof'd, his bed of leaves

Wind-scatter'd; and his grave o'er-grown with grass,

And thistles, whose white seeds there wing'd in vain

Wither'd on rocks, or in the waves were lost.

So he repair'd the chapel's ruin'd roof,  
Clear'd the grey lichens from the altar-stone,

And underneath a rock that shelter'd him

From the sea-blast, he built his hermitage.

The peasants from the shore would bring him food,  
And beg his prayers; but human converse else

He knew not in that utter solitude;

Nor ever visited the haunts of men,  
Save when some sinful wretch on a sick bed  
Implored his blessing and his aid in death.

That summons he delay'd not to obey,  
Though the night tempest or autumnal wind

Madden'd the waves; and though the mariner,

Albeit relying on his saintly load,  
Grew pale to see the peril. Thus he lived

A most austere and self-denying man,  
Till abstinence and age and watchfulness  
Had worn him down, and it was pain at last

To rise at midnight from his bed of leaves

And bend his knees in prayer. Yet not the less,

Though with reluctance of infirmity,  
Rose he at midnight from his bed of leaves

And bent his knees in prayer; but with more zeal,

More self-condemning fervour, raised his voice

Imploring pardon for the natural sin  
Of that reluctance, till the atoning prayer

Had satisfied his heart, and given it peace,

And the repented fault became a joy.

One night upon the shore his chapel-bell

Was heard; the air was calm, and its far sounds

Over the water came, distinct and loud.  
Alarm'd at that unusual hour to hear

Its toll irregular, a monk arose,  
And crost to the island-chapel. On a stone

Henry was sitting there, dead, cold, and stiff,

The bell-rope in his hand, and at his feet  
The lamp that stream'd a long unsteady light.

Westbury, 1799.

## ST. GUALBERTO

ADDRESSED TO GEORGE BURNETT.

[Published in *The Annual Anthology*, 1800, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805. Southey quotes Villegas, *Flos Sanctorum*, and other writers, as narrating the stories which he has versified in this ballad.]

## 1

THE work is done, the fabric is complete ;  
 Distinct the Traveller sees its distant tower,  
 Yet ere his steps attain the sacred seat,  
 Must toil for many a league and many an hour.  
 Elate the Abbot sees the pile and knows,  
 Stateliest of convents now, his new Moscera rose.

## 2

Long were the tale that told Moscera's pride,  
 Its columns cluster'd strength and lofty state,  
 How many a saint bedeck'd its sculptured side,  
 What intersecting arches graced its gate ;  
 Its towers how high, its massy walls how strong,  
 These fairly to describe were sure a tedious song.

## 3

Yet while the fane rose slowly from the ground,  
 But little store of charity, I ween,  
 The passing pilgrim at Moscera found ;  
 And often there the mendicant was seen  
 Hopeless to turn him from the convent-door,  
 Because this costly work still kept the brethren poor.

## 4

Now all is finish'd, and from every side  
 They flock to view the fabric, young and old.  
 Who now can tell Rodulfo's secret pride,  
 When on the Sabbath-day his eyes behold  
 The multitudes that crowd his church's floor,  
 Some sure to serve their God, to see Moscera more ?

## 5

So chanced it that Gualberto pass'd that way,  
 Since sainted for a life of saintly deeds.  
 He paused the new-rear'd convent to survey,  
 And o'er the structure whilst his eye proceeds,  
 Sorrow'd, as one whose holier feelings deem  
 That ill so proud a pile did humble monks beseem.

## 6

Him, musing as he stood, Rodulfo saw,  
 And forth he came to greet the holy guest :  
 For him he knew as one who held the law  
 Of Benedict, and each severe behest  
 So duly kept with such religious care,  
 That Heaven had oft vouchsafed its wonders to his prayer.

## 7

'Good brother, welcome !' thus Rodulfo cries,  
 'In sooth it glads me to behold you here ;  
 It is Gualberto ! and mine aged eyes  
 Did not deceive me : yet full many a year  
 Hath slipt away, since last you bade farewell  
 To me your host and my uncomfortable cell.

8

'Twas but a sorry welcome then you found,  
 And such as suited ill a guest so dear.  
 The pile was ruinous, the base unsound ;  
 It glads me more to bid you welcome here,  
 For you can call to mind our former state ;  
 Come, brother, pass with me the new  
 Moscera's gate.'

9

So spake the cheerful Abbot, but no smile  
 Of answering joy relax'd Gualberto's brow ;  
 He raised his hand and pointed to the pile,  
 'Moscera better pleased me then, than now ;  
 A palace this, befitting kingly pride !  
 Will holiness, my friend, in palace pomp abide ?'

10

'Ay,' cries Rodulfo, 'tis a stately place !  
 And pomp becomes the House of Worship well.  
 Nay, scowl not round with so severe a face !  
 When earthly kings in seats of grandeur dwell,  
 Where art exhausted decks the sumptuous hall,  
 Can poor and sordid huts beseem the Lord of all ?'

11

'And ye have rear'd these stately towers on high  
 To serve your God ?' the Monk severe replied.  
 'It rose from zeal and earnest piety,  
 And prompted by no worldly thoughts beside.'  
 'Abbot, to him who prays with soul sincere  
 However poor the cell, God will incline his ear.

12

'Rodulfo ! while this haughty building rose,  
 Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door ?  
 Did charity relieve the orphan's woes ?  
 Clothed ye the naked ? did ye feed the poor ?  
 He who with alms most succours the distrest,  
 Proud Abbot ! know he serves his heavenly Father best.

13

'Did they in sumptuous palaces go dwell  
 Who first abandon'd all to serve the Lord ?  
 Their place of worship was the desert cell,  
 Wild fruits and berries spread their frugal board,  
 And if a brook, like this, ran murmuring by,  
 They blest their gracious God, and "thought it luxury".'

14

Then anger darken'd in Rodulfo's face ;  
 'Enough of preaching,' sharply he replied ;  
 'Thou art grown envious ; . . 'tis a common case,  
 Humility is made the cloak of pride.  
 Proud of our home's magnificence are we,  
 But thou art far more proud in rags and beggary.'

15

With that Gualberto cried in fervent tone,  
 'O, Father, hear me ! If this costly pile  
 Was for thine honour rear'd, and thine alone,  
 Bless it, O Father, with thy fostering smile !  
 Still may it stand, and never evil know,  
 Long as beside its walls the endless stream shall flow.

16

'But, Lord, if vain and worldly-minded men  
Have wasted here the wealth which thou hast lent,  
To pamper worldly pride; frown on it then!  
Soon be thy vengeance manifestly sent!  
Let yonder brook, that gently flows beside,  
Now from its base sweep down the unholy house of pride!'

17

He said, . . . and lo, the brook no longer flows!  
The waters pause, and now they swell on high;  
Erect in one collected heap they rose;  
The affrighted brethren from Moscera fly, 100  
And upon all the Saints in Heaven they call,  
To save them in their flight from that impending fall.

18

Down the heapt waters came, and, with a sound  
Like thunder, overthrown the fabric falls;  
Swept far and wide its fragments strew the ground,  
Prone lie its columns now, its high-arch'd walls,  
Earth shakes beneath the onward-rolling tide,  
That from its base swept down the unholy house of pride.

19

Were old Gualberto's reasons built on truth,  
Dear George, or like Moscera's base unsound? 110  
This sure I know, that glad am I, in sooth, [ground;  
He only play'd his pranks on foreign  
For had he turn'd the stream on England too,  
The Vandal monk had spoilt full many a goodly view.

20

Then Malmesbury's arch had never met my sight,  
Nor Battle's vast and venerable pile;  
I had not traversed then with such delight  
The hallowed ruins of our Alfred's isle,  
Where many a pilgrim's curse is well bestow'd  
On those who rob its walls to mend the turnpike road. 120

21

Wells would have fallen, dear George, our country's pride;  
And Canning's stately church been rear'd in vain;  
Nor had the traveller Ely's tower desiered,  
Which when thou seest far o'er the fenny plain,  
Dear George, I counsel thee to turn that way,  
Its ancient beauties sure will well reward delay.

22

And we should never then have heard, I think,  
At evening hour, great Tom's tremendous knell.  
The fountain streams that now in Christ-church stink  
Had niagara'd o'er the quadrangle:  
But, as 'twas beauty that deserved the flood, 131  
I ween, dear George, thy own old Pompey might have stood.

23

Then had not Westminster, the house of God,  
Served for a concert room, or signal-post;  
Old Thames, obedient to the father's nod,  
Had swept down Greenwich, England's noblest boast;  
And, eager to destroy the unholy walls,  
Fleet-ditch had roll'd up hill to overwhelm St. Paul's.



24

George, dost thou deem the legendary  
deeds

Of saints like this but rubbish, a  
mere store 140

Of trash, that he flings time away who  
reads ?

And would'st thou rather bid me  
puzzle o'er

Matter and Mind and all the eternal  
round,

Plunged headlong down the dark and  
fathomless profound ?

25

Now do I bless the man who under-  
took

These Monks and Martyrs to bio-  
graphize ;

And love to ponder o'er his ponderous  
book,

The mingle-mangle mass of truth  
and lies,

Where waking fancies mixt with  
dreams appear,

And blind and honest zeal, and holy  
faith sincere. 150

26

All is not truth ; and yet, methinks,  
'twere hard

Of wilful fraud such fablers to  
accuse ;

What if a Monk, from better themes  
debarr'd,

Should for an edifying story chuse,  
How some great Saint the Flesh and

Fiend o'ercame,

His taste I trow, and not his conscience,  
were to blame.

27

No fault of his, if what he thus de-  
sign'd,

Like pious novels for the use of  
youth,

Obtain'd such hold upon the simple  
mind

That 'twas received at length for  
gospel-truth. 160

A fair account ! and should'st thou  
like the plea,

Thank thou our valued friend, dear  
George, who taught it me.

28

All is not false which seems at first  
a lie.

Fernan Antolinez, a Spanish knight,  
Knelt at the mass, when lo ! the  
troops hard by

Before the expected hour began the  
fight.

Though courage, duty, honour, sum-  
mon'd there,

He chose to forfeit all, not leave the un-  
finish'd prayer.

29

But while devoutly thus the unarm'd  
knight

Waits till the holy service should  
be o'er, 170

Even then the foremost in the furious  
fight

Was he beheld to bathe his sword  
in gore ;

First in the van his plumes were seen  
to play,

And all to him decreed the glory of the  
day.

30

The truth is told, and men at once  
exclaim,

Heaven had his Guardian Angel  
deign'd to send ;

And thus the tale is handed down to  
fame.

Now if our good Sir Fernan had a  
friend

Who in this critical season served him  
well,

Dear George, the tale is true, and yet no  
miracle. 180

31

I am not one who scan with scornful  
eyes

The dreams which make the en-  
thusiast's best delight ;

Nor thou the legendary lore despise

If of Gualberto yet again I write,

How first impell'd he sought the  
convent-cell ;

A simple tale it is, but one that pleased  
me well.

. . . . .

32

Fortune had smiled upon Gualberto's  
 birth,  
 The heir of Valdespesa's rich  
 domains ;  
 An only child, he grew in years and  
 worth,  
 And well repaid a father's anxious  
 pains. 190  
 In many a field that father had been  
 tried,  
 Well for his valour known, and not less  
 known for pride.

33

It chanced that one in kindred near  
 allied  
 Was slain by his hereditary foe ;  
 Much by his sorrow moved and more  
 by pride,  
 The father vow'd that blood for  
 blood should flow,  
 And from his youth Gualberto had  
 been taught  
 That with unceasing hate should just  
 revenge be sought.

34

Long did they wait ; at length the  
 tidings came  
 That through a lone and unfre-  
 quented way 200  
 Soon would Anselmo, such the mur-  
 derer's name,  
 Pass on his journey home, an easy  
 prey.  
 'Go,' said the father, 'meet him in  
 the wood !'  
 And young Gualberto went, and laid in  
 wait for blood.

35

When now the youth was at the  
 forest shade  
 Arrived, it drew toward the close of  
 day ;  
 Anselmo haply might be long delay'd,  
 And he, already wearied with his  
 way,  
 Beneath an ancient oak his limbs  
 reclined,  
 And thoughts of near revenge alone  
 possess'd his mind. 210

36

Slow sunk the glorious sun ; a rosea  
 light  
 Spread o'er the forest from h  
 lingering rays ; [sig'  
 The glowing clouds upon Gualberto  
 Soften'd in shade, . . he could n  
 chuse but gaze ;  
 And now a placid greyness clad th  
 heaven,  
 Save where the west retain'd the la  
 green light of even.

37

Cool breathed the grateful air, an  
 fresher now  
 The fragrance of the autumn  
 leaves arose ;  
 The passing gale scarce moved th  
 o'erhanging bough,  
 And not a sound disturb'd the dee  
 repose, 22  
 Save when a falling leaf came flut  
 tering by,  
 Save the near brooklet's stream tha  
 murmur'd quietly.

38

Is there who has not felt the dee  
 delight,  
 The hush of soul, that scenes lik  
 these impart ?  
 The heart they will not soften is no  
 right,  
 And young Gualberto was not har  
 of heart.  
 Yet sure he thinks revenge become  
 him well,  
 When from a neighbouring church he  
 heard the vesper-bell.

39

The Romanist who hears that vesper  
 bell,  
 Howe'er employ'd, must send  
 prayer to Heaven. 230  
 In foreign lands I liked the custom  
 well,  
 For with the calm and sober  
 thoughts of even  
 It well accords ; and wert thou  
 journeying there,  
 It would not hurt thee, George, to join  
 that vesper-prayer.

40

Gualberto had been duly taught to hold

All pious customs with religious care ;

And, . . for the young man's feelings were not cold,

He never yet had miss'd his vesper-prayer.

But strange misgivings now his heart invade,

And when the vesper-bell had ceased he had not pray'd. 240

41

And wherefore was it that he had not pray'd ?

The sudden doubt arose within his mind,

And many a former precept then he weigh'd,

The words of Him who died to save mankind ;

How 'twas the meek who should inherit Heaven,

And man must man forgive, if he would be forgiven.

42

Troubled at heart, almost he felt a hope,

That yet some chance his victim might delay.

So as he mused, adown the neighbouring slope

He saw a lonely traveller on his way ; 250

And now he knows the man so much abhorr'd, . .

His holier thoughts are gone, he bares the murderous sword.

43

'The house of Valdespesa gives the blow !

Go, and our vengeance to our kinsman tell !' . . [foe,

Despair and terror seized the unarm'd And prostrate at the young man's knees he fell,

And stopt his hand and cried, 'Oh, do not take

A wretched sinner's life ! mercy, for Jesus' sake !'

44

At that most blessed name, as at a spell,

Conscience, the power within him, smote his heart. 260

His hand, for murder raised, un-harming fell ;

He felt cold sweat-drops on his forehead start ;

A moment mute in holy horror stood, Then cried, 'Joy, joy, my God ! I have not shed his blood !'

45

He raised Anselmo up, and bade him live,

And bless, for both preserved, that holy name :

And pray'd the astonish'd foeman to forgive

The bloody purpose led by which he came.

Then to the neighbouring church he sped away,

His over-burden'd soul before his God to lay. 270

46

He ran with breathless speed, . . he reach'd the door,

With rapid throbs his feverish pulses swell ; . .

He came to crave for pardon, to adore For grace vouchsafed ; before the cross he fell,

And raised his swimming eyes, and thought that there

He saw the imaged Christ smile favouring on his prayer.

47

A blest illusion ! from that very night The Monk's austerest life devout he led ;

And still he felt the enthusiast's deep delight,

Seraphic visions floated round his head, 280

The joys of heaven foretasted fill'd his soul,

And still the good man's name adorns the sainted roll.

Westbury, 1799.

## QUEEN MARY'S CHRISTENING

[Southey quotes as his authorities for the story here versified, *Zurita*, l. ii, c. 59, and *La Historia del muy alto é invencible Rey Don Jayme de Aragon, Primero deste Nombre, llamado El Conquistador*. . .—Valencia, 1584.]

THE first wish of Queen Mary's heart  
Is, that she may bear a son,  
Who shall inherit in his time  
The kingdom of Aragon.

She hath put up prayers to all the Saints  
This blessing to accord,  
But chiefly she hath call'd upon  
The Apostles of our Lord.

The second wish of Queen Mary's heart  
Is to have that son call'd James,   10  
Because she thought for a Spanish King  
'Twas the best of all good names.

To give him this name of her own will  
Is what may not be done,  
For having applied to all the Twelve  
She may not prefer the one.

By one of their names she hath vow'd  
to call

Her son, if son it should be ;  
But which, is a point whereon she must  
let

The Apostles themselves agree.   20

Already Queen Mary hath to them  
Contracted a grateful debt,  
And from their patronage she hoped  
For these farther blessings yet.

Alas ! it was not her hap to be  
As handsome as she was good ;  
And that her husband King Pedro  
thought so  
She very well understood.

She had lost him from her lawful bed  
For lack of personal graces,   30  
And by prayers to them, and a pious  
deceit,

She had compass'd his embraces.

But if this hope of a son should fail,  
All hope must fail with it then,  
For she could not expect by a second  
device  
To compass the King again.

Queen Mary hath had her first heart  
wish—

She hath brought forth a beautiful  
boy ;

And the bells have rung, and mass  
been sung,

And bonfires have blazed for joy.

And many's the cask of the good red  
wine,

And many the cask of the white,  
Which was broach'd for joy that morn-  
ing,

And emptied before it was night.

But now for Queen Mary's second  
heart's wish,

It must be determined now,  
And Bishop Boyl, her Confessor,  
Is the person who taught her how.

Twelve waxen tapers he hath had made  
In size and weight the same ;  
And to each of these twelve tapers  
He hath given an Apostle's name.

One holy Nun had bleach'd the wax,  
Another the wicks had spun ;  
And the golden candlesticks were bless'd  
Which they were set upon.

From that which should burn the  
longest,

The infant his name must take ;  
And the Saint who own'd it was to be  
His Patron for his name's sake.   40

A godlier or a goodlier sight  
Was nowhere to be seen,  
Methinks, that day, in Christendom,  
Than in the chamber of that good  
Queen

Twelve little altars have been there  
Erected, for the nonce ;  
And the twelve tapers are set thereon,  
Which are all to be lit at once.

Altars more gorgeously drest  
You nowhere could desire ;   70  
At each there stood a minist'ring Priest  
In his most rich attire.

A high altar hath there been raised,  
Where the crucifix you see ;  
And the sacred Pix that shines with gold  
And sparkles with jewelry.



Bishop Boyl, with his precious mitre on,  
 Hath taken there his stand,  
 In robes which were embroidered  
 By the Queen's own royal hand. 80

In one part of the ante-room  
 The Ladies of the Queen,  
 All with their rosaries in hand,  
 Upon their knees are seen.

In the other part of the ante-room  
 The Chiefs of the realm you behold,  
 Ricos Omes, and Bishops and Abbots,  
 And Knights and Barons bold.

Queen Mary could behold all this  
 As she lay in her state bed ; 90  
 And from the pillow needed not  
 To lift her languid head.

One fear she had, though still her heart  
 The unwelcome thought eschew'd,  
 That haply the unlucky lot  
 Might fall upon St. Jude.

But the Saints, she trusted, that ill  
 chance  
 Would certainly forefend ;  
 And moreover there was a double hope  
 Of seeing the wish'd-for end : 100

Because there was a double chance  
 For the best of all good names ;  
 If it should not be Santiago himself,  
 It might be the lesser St. James.

And now Bishop Boyl hath said the  
 mass ;  
 And as soon as the mass was done,  
 The priests who by the twelve tapers  
 stood  
 Each instantly lighted one.

The tapers were short and slender too,  
 Yet to the expectant throng, 110  
 Before they to the socket burnt,  
 The time, I trow, seem'd long.

The first that went out was St. Peter,  
 The second was St. John ;  
 And now St. Matthias is going,  
 And now St. Matthew is gone.

Next there went St. Andrew,  
 There goes St. Philip too ;  
 And see ! there is an end  
 Of St. Bartholomew. 120

St. Simon is in the snuff ;  
 But it was a matter of doubt  
 Whether he or St. Thomas could be said  
 Soonest to have gone out.

There are only three remaining,  
 St. Jude, and the two Sts. James :  
 And great was then Queen Mary's hope  
 For the best of all good names.

Great was then Queen Mary's hope,  
 But greater her fear, I guess, 130  
 When one of the three went out,  
 And that one was St. James the Less.

They are now within less than quarter-  
 inch,  
 The only remaining two !  
 When there came a thief in St. James,  
 And it made a gutter too !

Up started Queen Mary,  
 Up she sate in her bed :  
 ' I never can call him Judas !'  
 She claspt her hands and said. 140

' I never can call him Judas !'  
 Again did she exclaim ;  
 ' Holy mother preserve us !  
 It is not a Christian name !'

She spread her hands and claspt them  
 again,  
 And the Infant in the cradle  
 Set up a cry, an angry cry,  
 As loud as he was able.

' Holy Mother preserve us !'  
 The Queen her prayer renew'd ; 150  
 When in came a moth at the window  
 And flutter'd about St. Jude.

St. James hath fallen in the socket,  
 But as yet the flame is not out,  
 And St. Jude hath singed the silly moth  
 That flutters so blindly about.

And before the flame and the molten  
 wax  
 That silly moth could kill,  
 It hath beat out St. Jude with its wings,  
 And St. James is burning still ! 160

Oh, that was a joy for Queen Mary's  
 heart ;  
 The babe is christened James ;  
 The Prince of Aragon hath got  
 The best of all good names !

Glory to Santiago,

The mighty one in war !  
James he is call'd, and he shall be  
King James the Conqueror !

Now shall the Crescent wane,  
The Cross be set on high 170  
In triumph upon many a Mosque ;  
Woe, woe to Mawmetry !

Valencia shall be subdued ;  
Majorca shall be won ;  
The Moors be routed every where ;  
Joy, joy, for Aragon !

Shine brighter now, ye stars, that crown  
Our Lady del Pilar,  
And rejoice in thy grave, Cid Campeador  
Ruy Diez de Bivar ! 180

*Keswick, 1829.*

### ROPRECHT THE ROBBER

The story here versified is told by Taylor the Water Poet, in his ' Three Weeks, Three Days, and Three Hours' Observations from London to Hamburgh in Germany; amongst Jews and Gentiles, with Descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses and natural Hangmen; and dedicated for the present to the absent Odcombean Knight Errant, Sir Thomas Coryat.' It is in the volume of his collected works, p. 82, of the third paging.

Collein, which is the scene of this story, is more probably Kollen on the Elbe, in Bohemia, or a town of the same name in Prussia, than Cologne, to which great city the reader will perceive I had good reasons for transferring it.

#### PART I

ROPRECHT the Robber is taken at last,  
In Cologne they have him fast ;  
Trial is over, and sentence past ;  
And hopes of escape were vain he knew,  
For the gallows now must have its due.

But though pardon cannot here be  
bought,  
It may for the other world, he thought ;  
And so to his comfort, with one consent,  
The Friars assured their penitent.

Money, they teach him, when rightly  
given,  
Is put out to account with Heaven ;  
For suffrages therefore his plunder went  
Sinfully gotten, but piously spent.

All Saints, whose shrines are in that city  
They tell him, will on him have pity,  
Seeing he hath liberally paid,  
In this time of need, for their good aid.

In the Three Kings they bid him confide  
Who there in Cologne lie side by side ;  
And from the Eleven Thousand Virgins  
eke, 20  
Intercession for him will they bespeak.

And also a sharer he shall be  
In the merits of their community ;  
All which they promise, he need not fear,  
Through Purgatory will carry him clear.

Though the furnace of Babylon could  
not compare  
With the terrible fire that rages there,  
Yet they their part will so zealously do,  
He shall only but frizzle as he flies  
through.

And they will help him to die well, 30  
And he shall be hang'd with book and  
bell ;  
And moreover with holy water they  
Will sprinkle him, ere they turn away.

For buried Roprecht must not be,  
He is to be left on the triple tree :  
That they who pass along may spy  
Where the famous Robber is hanging  
on high.

Seen is that gibbet far and wide  
From the Rhine and from the Dussel-  
dorff side ;  
And from all roads which cross the sand,  
North, south, and west, in that level  
land. 41

It will be a comfortable sight  
To see him there by day and by night ;  
For Roprecht the Robber many a year  
Had kept the country round in fear.

So the Friars assisted, by special grace,  
With book and bell to the fatal place ;  
And he was hang'd on the triple tree,  
With as much honour as man could be.

In his suit of irons he was hung, 50  
 They sprinkled him then, and their  
 psalm they sung;  
 And turning away when this duty was  
 paid.  
 They said what a goodly end he had  
 made.

The crowd broke up and went their way;  
 All were gone by the close of day;  
 And Roprecht the Robber was left there  
 Hanging alone in the moonlight air.

The last who look'd back for a parting  
 sight,  
 Beheld him there in the clear moonlight;  
 But the first who look'd when the  
 morning shone, 60  
 Saw in dismay that Roprecht was gone.

PART II

THE stir in Cologne is greater to-day  
 Than all the bustle of yesterday;  
 Hundreds and thousands went out to  
 see;  
 The irons and chains, as well as he,  
 Were gone, but the rope was left on the  
 tree.

A wonderful thing! for every one said  
 He had hung till he was dead, dead,  
 dead;  
 And on the gallows was seen, from noon  
 Till ten o'clock, in the light of the moon.

Moreover the Hangman was ready to  
 swear 10  
 He had done his part with all due care;  
 And that certainly better hang'd than he  
 No one ever was, or ever could be.

Neither kith nor kin, to bear him  
 away  
 And funeral rites in secret pay,  
 Had he, and none that pains would take,  
 With risk of the law, for a stranger's  
 sake.

So 'twas thought, because he had died  
 so well,  
 He was taken away by miracle.  
 But would he again alive be found? 20  
 Or had he been laid in holy ground?

If in holy ground his relics were laid,  
 Some marvellous sign would show, they  
 said;  
 If restored to life, a Friar he would be,  
 Or a holy Hermit certainly,  
 And die in the odour of sanctity.

That thus it would prove they could not  
 doubt,  
 Of a man whose end had been so devout;  
 And to disputing then they fell 29  
 About who had wrought this miracle.

Had the Three Kings this mercy shown,  
 Who were the pride and honour of  
 Cologne?  
 Or was it an act of proper grace,  
 From the Army of Virgins of British  
 race,  
 Who were also the glory of that place?

Pardon, some said, they might presume,  
 Being a kingly act, from the Kings  
 must come;  
 But others maintain'd that St. Ursula's  
 heart  
 Would sooner be moved to the merciful  
 part.

There was one who thought this aid  
 divine 40  
 Came from the other bank of the  
 Rhine;  
 For Roprecht there too had for favour  
 applied,  
 Because his birth-place was on that side.

To Dusseldorff then the praise might  
 belong,  
 And its Army of Martyrs, ten thousand  
 strong;  
 But he for a Dusseldorff man was  
 known,  
 And no one would listen to him in  
 Cologne,  
 Where the people would have the whole  
 wonder their own.

The Friars, who help'd him to die so  
 well,  
 Put in their claim to the miracle; 50  
 Greater things than this, as their Annals  
 could tell,  
 The stock of their merits for sinful men  
 Had done before, and would do again.

'Twas a whole week's wonder in that  
great town,  
And in all places, up the river and  
down:  
But a greater wonder took place of it  
then,  
For Roprecht was found on the gallows  
again!

## PART III

WITH that the whole city flocked out  
to see;  
There Roprecht was on the triple tree,  
Dead, past all doubt, as dead could be;  
But fresh he was as if spells had charm'd  
him,  
And neither wind nor weather had  
harm'd him.

While the multitude stood in a muse,  
One said, I am sure he was hang'd in  
shoes!  
In this the Hangman and all concurr'd;  
But now, behold, he was booted and  
spur'd!

Plainly therefore it was to be seen, <sup>10</sup>  
That somewhere on horseback he had  
been;  
And at this the people marvelled  
more  
Than at any thing which had happen'd  
before.

For not in riding trim was he  
When he disappear'd from the triple  
tree;  
And his suit of irons he still was in,  
With the collar that clipp'd him under  
the chin.

With that this second thought befell,  
That perhaps he had not died so well,  
Nor had Saints perform'd the miracle;  
But rather there was cause to fear, <sup>21</sup>  
That the foul Fiend had been busy  
here!

Roprecht the Robber had long been  
their curse,  
And hanging had only made him worse;  
For bad as he was when living, they said  
They had rather meet him alive than  
dead.

What a horse must it be which he had  
ridden,  
No earthly beast could be so bestridden;  
And when by a hell-horse a dead rider  
was carried,  
The whole land would be fearfully  
harried! <sup>30</sup>

So some were for digging a pit in the  
place,  
And burying him there with a stone on  
his face;  
And that hard on his body the earth  
should be press'd,  
And exorcists be sent for to lay him  
at rest.

But others, whose knowledge was  
greater, opined  
That this corpse was too strong to be  
confined;  
No weight of earth which they could lay  
Would hold him down a single day,  
If he chose to get up and ride away.

There was no keeping Vampires under  
ground; <sup>40</sup>  
And bad as a Vampire he might be found,  
Pests against whom it was understood  
Exorcism never had done any good.

But fire, they said, had been proved to be  
The only infallible remedy;  
So they were for burning the body  
outright,  
Which would put a stop to his riding  
by night.

Others were for searching the mystery  
out,  
And setting a guard the gallows about,  
Who should keep a careful watch, and  
see <sup>50</sup>  
Whether Witch or Devil it might be  
That helped him down from the triple  
tree.

For that there were Witches in the land,  
Was what all by this might understand;  
And they must not let the occasion slip  
For detecting that cursed fellowship.

Some were for this, and some for that,  
And some they could not tell for what:  
And never was such commotion known  
In that great city of Colognc. <sup>60</sup>



PART IV

PIETER SNOYE was a boor of good  
renown,  
Who dwelt about an hour and a half  
from the town :

And he, while the people were all in  
debate,  
Went quietly in at the city gate.

For Father Kijf he sought about,  
His confessor, till he found him out ;  
But the Father Confessor wonder'd to see  
The old man, and what his errand  
might be.

The good Priest did not wonder less,  
When Pieter said he was come to  
confess ;

' Why, Pieter, how can this be so ?  
I confessed thee some ten days ago !

' Thy conscience, methinks, may be  
well at rest,  
An honest man among the best ;  
I would that all my flock, like thee,  
Kept clear accounts with Heaven and  
me !'

Always before, without confusion,  
Being sure of easy absolution,  
Pieter his little slips had summ'd ;  
But he hesitated now, and he haw'd,  
and humm'd.

And something so strange the Father  
saw

In Pieter's looks, and his hum and his  
haw.

That he began to doubt it was something  
more

Than a trifle omitted in last week's score.

At length it came out, that in the affair  
Of Roprecht the Robber he had some  
share ;

The Confessor then gave a start in fear—  
' God grant there have been no witch-  
craft here !'

Pieter Snoye, who was looking down,  
With something between a smile and  
a frown,

Felt that suspicion move his bile,  
And look'd up with more of a frown  
than a smile.

' Fifty years I, Pieter Snoye,  
Have lived in this country, man and boy,  
And have always paid the Church her  
due,  
And kept short scores with Heaven and  
you.

' The Devil himself, though Devil he be,  
Would not dare impute that sin to me ;  
He might charge me as well with heresy ;  
And if he did, here, in this place,  
I'd call him liar, and spit in his face !'

The Father, he saw, cast a gracious eye,  
When he heard him thus the Devil defy ;  
The wrath, of which he had eased his  
mind,

Left a comfortable sort of warmth  
behind,

Like what a cheerful cup will impart,  
In a social hour, to an honest man's  
heart :

And he added, ' For all the witchcraft  
here,

I shall presently make that matter clear.

' Though I am, as you very well know,  
Father Kijf,

A peaceable man, and keep clear of  
strife,

It's a queerish business that now I've  
been in ;

But I can't say that it's much of a sin.

' However, it needs must be confess'd,  
And as it will set this people at rest,

To come with it at once was best :  
Moreover, if I delayed, I thought

That some might perhaps into trouble  
be brought.

' Under the seal I tell it you,  
And you will judge what is best to do,

That no hurt to me and my son may  
ensue.

No earthly harm have we intended,  
And what was ill done, has been well  
mended.

' I and my son Piet Pieterszoon,  
Were returning home by the light of  
the moon,

From this good city of Cologne.  
On the night of the execution day ;  
And hard by the gibbet was our way.

' About midnight it was we were passing  
by,

My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I, 70  
When we heard a moaning as we came  
near,  
Which made us quake at first for fear.

' But the moaning was presently heard  
again,  
And we knew it was nothing ghostly  
then ;

" Lord help us, father ! " Piet Pieters-  
zoon said,

" Roprecht, for certain, is not dead ! "

' So under the gallows our cart we  
drive,  
And, sure enough, the man was alive ;  
Because of the irons that he was in,  
He was hanging, not by the neck, but  
the chin. 80

' The reason why things had got thus  
wrong,  
Was, that the rope had been left too  
long ;  
The Hangman's fault—a clumsy rogue,  
He is not fit to hang a dog.

' Now Roprecht, as long as the people  
were there,  
Never stirr'd hand or foot in the air ;  
But when at last he was left alone,  
By that time so much of his strength  
was gone,  
That he could do little more than groan.

' Piet and I had been sitting it out, 90  
Till a latish hour, at a christening  
bout ;

And perhaps we were rash, as you may  
think,

And a little soft or so, for drink.

' Father Kijf, we could not bear  
To leave him hanging in misery there ;  
And 'twas an act of mercy, I cannot but  
say,

To get him down, and take him away.

' And as you know, all people said  
What a goodly end that day he had  
made ;

So we thought for certain, Father Kijf,  
That if he were saved he would mend  
his life. 101

' My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I,  
We took him down, seeing none was  
nigh ;

And we took off his suit of irons with  
care,

When we got him home, and we hid  
him there.

' The secret, as you may guess, was known  
To Alit, my wife, but to her alone ;  
And never sick man, I dare aver,  
Was better tended than he was by her.

' Good advice, moreover, as good could  
be, 110

He had from Alit my wife, and me ;  
And no one could promise fairer than he ;  
So that we and Piet Pieterszoon our son,  
Thought that we a very good deed had  
done.

' You may well think we laughed in our  
sleeve,

At what the people then seem'd to  
believe ;

Queer enough it was to hear them say,  
That the Three Kings took Roprecht  
away :

' Or that St. Ursula, who is in bliss,  
With her Army of Virgins had done  
this : 120

The Three Kings and St. Ursula, too,  
I warrant, had something better to do.

' Piet Pieterszoon my son, and I,  
We heard them talk as we stood by,  
And Piet look'd at me with a comical  
eye.

We thought them fools, but, as you  
shall see,

Not over-wise ourselves were we.

' For I must tell you, Father Kijf,  
That when we told this to Alit my wife,  
She at the notion perk'd up with  
delight, 130

And said she believed the people were  
right.

' Had not Roprecht put in the Saints  
his hope,  
And who but they should have loosen'd  
the rope,

When they saw that no one could intend  
To make at the gallows a better end ?

Yes, she said, it was perfectly clear  
 that there must have been a miracle  
 here ;  
 and we had the happiness to be in it,  
 having been brought there just at the  
 minute.

And therefore it would become us to  
 make 140  
 an offering for this favour's sake  
 to the Three Kings and the Virgins too,  
 since we could not tell to which it was  
 due.

For greater honour there could be none  
 than what in this business the Saints  
 had done  
 to us and Piet Pieterszoon our son ;  
 he talk'd me over, Father Kijf,  
 with that tongue of hers, did Alit my  
 wife.

Lord, forgive us ! as if the Saints  
 would deign  
 to come and help such a rogue in grain ;  
 when the only mercy the case could  
 admit 151  
 would have been to make his halter fit !

That would have made one hanging do  
 a happy season for him too,  
 when he was in a proper cue ;  
 and have saved some work, as you  
 will see,  
 to my son Piet Pieterszoon, and me.

Well, Father, we kept him at bed and  
 board,  
 till his neck was cured and his strength  
 restored ;  
 and we should have sent him off this  
 day 160  
 with something to help him on his way.

But this wicked Roprecht, what did he ?  
 though he had been saved thus merci-  
 fully,  
 hanging had done him so little good,  
 that he took to his old ways as soon as  
 he could.

Last night, when we were all asleep,  
 out of his bed did this gallows-bird creep,  
 Piet Pieterszoon's boots and spurs he  
 put on,  
 and stole my best horse, and away he  
 was gone

' Now Alit, my wife, did not sleep so  
 hard, 170  
 But she heard the horse's feet in the  
 yard ;  
 And when she jogg'd me, and bade me  
 awake,  
 My mind misgave me as soon as she  
 spake.

' To the window my good woman went,  
 And watch'd which way his course he  
 bent ;  
 And in such time as a pipe can be lit,  
 Our horses were ready with bridle and  
 bit.

' Away, as fast as we could hie,  
 We went, Piet Pieterszoon and I ;  
 And still on the plain we had him in  
 sight ; 180  
 The moon did not shine for nothing  
 that night.

' Knowing the ground, and riding fast,  
 We came up with him at last,  
 And—would you believe it ? Father  
 Kijf,  
 The ungrateful wretch would have  
 taken my life,  
 If he had not miss'd his stroke, with  
 a knife !

' The struggle in no long time was done,  
 Because, you know, we were two to one ;  
 But yet all our strength we were fain  
 to try,  
 Piet Pieterszoon my son, and I. 190

' When we had got him on the ground,  
 We fastened his hands, and his legs we  
 bound ;  
 And across the horse we laid him then,  
 And brought him back to the house again.

“ We have robbed the gallows and  
 that was ill done ! ”  
 Said I, to Piet Pieterszoon my son ;  
 “ And restitution we must make  
 To that same gallows, for justice' sake.”

' In his suit of irons the rogue we array'd,  
 And once again in the cart he was laid !  
 Night not yet so far was spent, 201  
 But there was time enough for our  
 intent ;  
 And back to the triple tree we went.

'His own rope was ready there ;  
To measure the length we took good  
care ;  
And the job which the bungling Hang-  
man begun,  
This time, I think, was properly  
done,  
By me and Piet Pieterszoon my son.'

### THE YOUNG DRAGON

[Parts I and II were published in *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1830 ; Parts III and IV in the issues of the same Magazine for June and July 1830, respectively.]

The legend on which this poem is founded is related in the 'Vida y Hazañas del Gran Tamorlan, con la Descripción de las Tierras de su Imperio y Señorío, escrita por Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo, Camarero del muy alto y Poderoso Señor Don Enrique, Tercero deste Nombre, Rey de Castilla y de Leon ; con un Itinerario de lo Sucedido en la Embajada, que por dicho Señor el Rey hizo al dicho Príncipe, llamado por otro Nombre Tamurbec, Año del Nacimiento de 1403.'

#### PART I

PITHYRIAN was a Pagan,  
An easy-hearted man,  
And Pagan sure he thought to end  
As Pagan he began ;  
Thought he, the one must needs be  
true,  
The old Religion, or the new,  
And therefore nothing care I ;  
I call Diana the Divine ;  
My daughter worships at the shrine  
Of the Christian Goddess, Mary. 10

In this uncertain matter  
If I the wrong course take,  
Mary to me will mercy show  
For my Marana's sake.  
If I am right, and Dian bend  
Her dreadful bow, or Phoebus send  
His shafts abroad for slaughter,  
Safe from their arrows shall I be,  
And the twin Deities for me  
Will spare my dear-loved daughter. 20

If every one in Antioch  
Had reasoned in this strain,  
It never would have raised alarm  
In Satan's dark domain.  
But Mary's Image every day  
Looks down on crowds who come to pray  
Her votaries never falter :  
While Dian's temple is so bare,  
That unless her Priestess take good care  
She will have a grass-green altar. 3

Perceiving this, the old Dragon  
Inflamed with anger grew ; [ill-  
Earthquakes and Plagues were commo  
There needed something new ;  
Some vengeance so severe and strange  
That forepast times in all their range  
With no portent could match it :  
So for himself a nest he made,  
And in that nest an egg he laid,  
And down he sate to hatch it. 4

He built it by the fountain  
Of Phlegethon's red flood,  
In the innermost abyss, the place  
Of central solitude ;  
Of adamantine blocks unhewn,  
With lava scoria interstrewn,  
The sole material fitting ;  
With amianth he lined the nest,  
And incombustible asbest,  
To bear the fiery sitting. 5

There with malignant patience  
He sate in fell despite,  
Till this dracontine cockatrice  
Should break its way to light.  
Meantime his angry heart to cheer,  
He thought that all this while no fear  
The Antiocheans stood in,  
Of what on deadliest vengeance bent  
With imperturbable intent  
He there for them was brooding. 6

The months of incubation  
At length were duly past,  
And now the infernal Dragon-chick  
Hath burst its shell at last ;  
At which long-look'd-for sight enrapt,  
For joy the father Dragon clapt  
His brazen wings like thunder,  
So loudly that the mighty sound  
Was like an earthquake felt around  
And all above and under. 70



The diabolic youngling  
 Came out no eallow birth,  
 Puling, defenceless, blind and weak,  
 Like bird or beast of earth ;  
 Or man, most helpless thing of all  
 That fly, or swim, or creep, or crawl ;  
 But in his perfect figure ;  
 His horns, his dreadful tail, his sting,  
 Scales, teeth, and claws, and every thing  
 Complete and in their vigour. 80

The Old Dragon was delighted,  
 And proud withal to see  
 In what perfection he had hatch'd  
 His hellish progeny ;  
 And round and round, with fold on fold,  
 His tail about the imp he roll'd  
 In fond and close enlacement ;  
 And neck round neck with many a turn  
 He coil'd, which was, you may discern,  
 Their manner of embracement. 90

## PART II

A VOICE was heard in Antioch,  
 Whence utter'd none could know,  
 But from their sleep it waken'd all,  
 Proclaiming Woe, woe, woe !  
 It sounded here, it sounded there,  
 Within, without, and every where,  
 A terror and a warning ;  
 Repeated thrice the dreadful word  
 By every living soul was heard  
 Before the hour of morning. 10

And in the air a rushing  
 Pass'd over, in the night ;  
 And as it pass'd, there pass'd with it  
 A meteoric light ;  
 The blind that piercing light intense  
 Felt in their long seal'd visual sense,  
 With sudden short sensation :  
 The deaf that rushing in the sky  
 Could hear, and that portentous cry  
 Reach'd them with consternation. 20

The astonished Antiocheans  
 Impatiently await  
 The break of day, not knowing when  
 Or what might be their fate.  
 Alas ! what then the people hear,  
 Only with certitude of fear  
 Their sinking hearts affrighted ;  
 For in the fertile vale below,  
 Came news that, in that night of woe.  
 A Dragon had alighted. 30

It was no earthly monster  
 In Libyan deserts nurst ;  
 Nor had the Lerna lake sent forth  
 This winged worm accurst ;  
 The Old Dragon's own laid egg was this,  
 The fierce Young Dragon of the abyss,  
 Who from the fiery fountain,  
 Through earth's concavities that night  
 Had made his way, and taken flight  
 Out of a burning mountain. 40

A voice that went before him  
 The cry of woe preferr'd ;  
 The motion of his brazen wings  
 Was what the deaf had heard ;  
 The flashing of his eyes, that light  
 The which upon their inward sight  
 The blind had felt astounded ;  
 What wonder then, when from the wall  
 They saw him in the vale, if all  
 With terror were confounded. 50

Compared to that strong armour  
 Of scales which he was in,  
 The hide of a rhinoceros  
 Was like a lady's skin.  
 A battering ram might play in vain  
 Upon his head, with might and main,  
 Though fifty men had work'd it ;  
 And from his tail they saw him fling  
 Out, like a rocket, a long sting,  
 When he for pastime jerk'd it. 60

To whom of Gods or Heroes  
 Should they for aid apply ?  
 Where should they look for succour now,  
 Or whither should they fly ?  
 For now no Demigods were found  
 Like those whose deathless deeds  
 abound  
 In ancient song and story ;  
 No Hercules was then on earth.  
 Nor yet of her St. George's birth  
 Could Cappadocia glory. 70

And even these against him  
 Had found their strength but small ;  
 He could have swallowed Hercules,  
 Club, lion-skin, and all.  
 Yea, had St. George himself been there  
 Upon the fiercest steed that e'er  
 To battle bore bestrider,  
 This dreadful Dragon in his might,  
 One mouthful only, and one bite,  
 Had made of horse and rider. 80

They see how unavailing  
 All human force must prove ;  
 Oh might their earnest prayers obtain  
 Protection from above !  
 The Christians sought our Lady's shrine  
 To invoke her aid divine ;  
 And, with a like emotion,  
 The Pagans on that fearful day  
 Took to Diana's fane their way,  
 And offer'd their devotion. 90

But there the offended Goddess  
 Beheld them with a frown ;  
 The indignant altar heaved itself  
 And shook their offerings down ;  
 The Priestess with a deathlike hue  
 Pale as the marble Image grew,  
 The marble Image reddened ;  
 And these poor suppliants at the sight  
 Felt in fresh access of affright  
 Their hearts within them deaden'd.

Behold the marble eyeballs 101  
 With life and motion shine !  
 And from the moving marble lips  
 There comes a voice divine.  
 A demon voice, by all the crowd  
 Distinctly heard, nor low, nor loud,  
 But deep and clear and thrilling ;  
 And carrying to the soul such dread  
 That they perforce must what it said  
 Obey, however unwilling. 110

Hear ! hear ! it said, ye people !  
 The ancient Gods have sent  
 In anger for your long neglect  
 This signal punishment.  
 To mortal Mary vows were paid,  
 And prayers prefer'd, and offerings  
 made ;  
 Our temples were deserted ;  
 Now, when our vengeance makes ye wise,  
 Unto your proper Deities  
 In fear ye have reverted ! 120

Hear now the dreadful judgement  
 For this which ye have done ;  
 The infernal Dragon will devour  
 Your daughters, one by one ;  
 A Christian Virgin every day  
 Ye must present him for his prey,  
 With garlands deck'd, as meet is :  
 That with the Christians he begins  
 Is what, in mercy to your sins,  
 Ye owe to my entreaties. 130

Whether, if to my worship  
 Ye now continue true,  
 I may, when these are all consumed,  
 Avert the ill from you :  
 That on the Ancient Gods depends,  
 If they be made once more your friends  
 By your sincere repentance :  
 But for the present, no delay ;  
 Cast lots among ye, and obey  
 The inexorable sentence. 140

## PART III

THOUGH to the Pagan priesthood  
 A triumph this might seem,  
 Few families there were who thus  
 Could in their grief misdeem ;  
 For oft in those distracted days,  
 Parent and child went different ways,  
 The sister and the brother ;  
 And when, in spirit moved, the wife  
 Chose one religious course of life,  
 The husband took the other. 10

Therefore in every household  
 Was seen the face of fear ;  
 They who were safe themselves, exposed  
 In those whom they held dear.  
 The lists are made, and in the urn  
 The names are placed to wait their turn  
 For this far worse than slaughter ;  
 And from that fatal urn, the first  
 Drawn for this dreadful death accurst  
 Was of Pithyrian's daughter. 20

With Christian-like composure  
 Marana heard her lot,  
 And though her countenance at first  
 Grew pale, she trembled not.  
 Not for herself the Virgin grieved ;  
 She knew in whom she had believed,  
 Knew that a crown of glory  
 In Heaven would recompense her worth,  
 And her good name remain on earth  
 The theme of sacred story. 30

Her fears were for her father,  
 How he should bear this grief,  
 Poor wretched heathen, if he still  
 Remain'd in misbelief ;  
 Her looks amid the multitude,  
 Who struck with deep compassion stood,  
 Are seeking for Pithyrian :  
 He cannot bear to meet her eye. [fly,  
 Where goest thou ? whither wouldst thou  
 Thou miserable Syrian ? 40

Hath sudden hope inspired him,  
Or is it in despair  
That through the throng he made his  
way

And sped he knew not where ?  
For how could he the sight sustain,  
When now the sacrificial train  
Inhumanly surround her !  
How bear to see her, when with flowers  
From rosiers and from jasmine bowers  
They like a vietim crown'd her ! 50

He knew not why nor whither  
So fast he hurried thence,  
But felt like one possess'd by some  
Controlling influence,  
Nor turn'd he to Diana's fane,  
Inly assured that prayers were vain  
If made for such protection ;  
His pagan faith he now forgot,  
And the wild way he took was not  
His own, but Heaven's direction. 60

He who had never enter'd  
A Christian church till then,  
Except in idle mood profane  
To view the ways of men,  
Now to a Christian church made straight,  
And hastened through its open gate,  
By his good Angel guided,  
And thinking, though he knew not why,  
That there some blessed Power on high  
Had help for him provided. 70

Wildly he look'd about him  
On many a form divine,  
Whose Image o'er its altar stood,  
And many a sculptured shrine,  
In which believers might behold  
Relics more precious than the gold  
And jewels which encased them,  
With painful search from far and near  
Brought to be venerated here  
Where piety had placed them. 80

There stood the Virgin Mother  
Crown'd with a starry wreath,  
And there the awful Crucifix  
Appear'd to bleed and breathe ;  
Martyrs to whom their palm is given,  
And sainted Maids who now in Heaven  
With glory are invested :  
Glancing o'er these his rapid eye  
Toward one image that stood nigh  
Was drawn, and there it rested. 90

The countenance that fix'd him  
Was of a sun-burnt mien,  
The face was like a Prophet's face  
Inspired, but yet serene ;  
His arms and legs and feet were bare ;  
The raiment was of camel's hair,  
That, loosely hanging round him,  
Fell from the shoulders to the knee ;  
And round the loins, though elsewhere  
free,  
A leathern girdle bound him. 100

With his right arm uplifted  
The great Precursor stood,  
Thus represented to the life  
In carved and painted wood.  
Below the real arm was laid  
Within a crystal shrine display'd  
For public veneration ;  
Not now of flesh and blood . . . but bone,  
Sinews, and shrivell'd skin alone,  
In ghastly preservation. 110

Moved by a secret impulse  
Which he could not withstand,  
Let me, Pithyrian cried, adore  
That blessed arm and hand !  
This day, this miserable day,  
My pagan faith I put away,  
Abjure it and abhor it ;  
And in the Saints I put my trust,  
And in the Cross ; and, if I must,  
Will die a Martyr for it. 120

This is the arm whose succour  
Heaven brings me here to seek !  
Oh let me press it to my lips,  
And so its aid bespeak !  
A strong faith makes me now presume  
That, when to this unhappy doom  
A hellish power hath brought her,  
The heavenly hand whose mortal mould  
I humbly worship, will unfold  
Its strength, and save my daughter.

The Sacristan with wonder 131  
And pity heard his prayer,  
And placed the relie in his hand,  
As he knelt humbly there.  
Right thankfully the kneeling man  
To that confiding Sacristan  
Return'd it, after kissing ;  
And he within its crystal shrine  
Replaced the precious arm divine,  
Nor saw that aught was missing. 140



## PART IV

OH piety audacious !  
 Oh boldness of belief !  
 Oh sacrilegious force of faith,  
 That then inspired the thief !  
 Oh wonderful extent of love,  
 That Saints enthroned in bliss above  
 Should bear such profanation,  
 And not by some immediate act,  
 Striking the offender in the fact,  
 Prevent the perpetration ! 10

But sure the Saint that impulse  
 Himself from Heaven had sent,  
 In mercy predetermining  
 The marvellous event ;  
 So inconceivable a thought,  
 Seeming with such irreverence fraught,  
 Could else have no beginning ;  
 Nor else might such a deed be done,  
 As then Pithyrian ventured on,  
 Yet had no fear of sinning. 20

Not as that Church he enter'd  
 Did he from it depart,  
 Like one bewilder'd by his grief,  
 But confident at heart ;  
 Triumphantly he went his way  
 And bore the Holy Thumb away,  
 Elated with his plunder ;  
 That Holy Thumb which well he knew  
 Could pierce the Dragon through and  
 through,  
 Like Jupiter's own thunder. 30

Meantime was meek Marana  
 For sacrifice array'd,  
 And now in sad procession forth  
 They led the flower-crown'd Maid.  
 Of this infernal triumph vain,  
 The Pagan Priests precede the train,  
 Oh hearts devoid of pity !  
 And to behold the abhorr'd event,  
 At far or nearer distance, went  
 The whole of that great city. 40

The Christians go to succour  
 The sufferer with their prayers,  
 The Pagans to a spectacle  
 Which dreadfully declares,  
 In this their over-ruling hour,  
 Their Gods' abominable power ;

Yet not without emotion  
 Of grief, and horror, and remorse,  
 And natural piety, whose force  
 Prevail'd o'er false devotion. 50

The walls and towers are cluster'd,  
 And every hill and height  
 That overlooks the vale, is throng'd  
 For this accursed sight.  
 Why art thou joyful, thou green Earth ?  
 Wherefore, ye happy Birds, your mirth  
 Are ye in carols voicing ?  
 And thou, O Sun, in yon blue sky  
 How canst thou hold thy course on high  
 This day, as if rejoicing ? 60

Already the procession  
 Hath pass'd the city gate,  
 And now along the vale it moves  
 With solemn pace sedate.  
 And now the spot before them lies,  
 Where waiting for his promised prize  
 The Dragon's chosen haunt is ;  
 Blacken'd beneath his blasting feet,  
 Though yesterday a green retreat  
 Beside the clear Orontes. 70

There the procession halted ;  
 The Priests on either hand  
 Dividing then, a long array,  
 In order took their stand.  
 Midway between, the Maid is left  
 Alone, of human aid bereft :  
 The Dragon now hath spied her ;  
 But in that moment of most need,  
 Arriving breathless with his speed,  
 Her Father stood beside her. 80

On came the Dragon rampant,  
 Half running, half on wing,  
 His tail uplifted o'er his back  
 In many a spiral ring ;  
 His scales he ruffled in his pride,  
 His brazen pennons waving wide  
 Were gloriously distended ;  
 His nostrils smoked, his eyes flash'd fire,  
 His lips were drawn, and in his ire  
 His mighty jaws extended. 90

On came the Dragon rampant,  
 Expecting there no check,  
 And open-mouth'd to swallow both  
 He stretch'd his burnish'd neck.  
 Pithyrian put his daughter by,  
 Waiting for this with watchful eye



And ready to prevent it ;  
 Within arm's length he let him come,  
 Then in he threw the Holy Thumb,  
 And down his throat he sent it. 100

The hugest brazen mortar  
 That ever yet fired bomb,  
 Could not have check'd this fiendish beast  
 As did that Holy Thumb.  
 He stagger'd as he wheel'd short round,  
 His loose feet scraped along the ground,  
 To lift themselves unable :  
 His pennons in their weakness flagg'd,  
 His tail erected late, now dragg'd,  
 Just like a long wet cable. 110

A rumbling and a tumbling  
 Was heard in his inside,  
 He gasp'd, he panted, he lay down,  
 He rolled from side to side :  
 He moan'd, he groan'd, he snuff'd, he  
 snored,  
 He growl'd, he howl'd, he raved, he  
 roar'd ;  
 But loud as were his clamours,  
 Far louder was the inward din,  
 Like a hundred braziers working in  
 A caldron with their hammers. 120

The hammering came faster,  
 More faint the moaning sound,  
 And now his body swells, and now  
 It rises from the ground.  
 Not upward with his own consent,  
 Nor borne by his own wings he went,  
 Their vigour was abated ;  
 But lifted no one could tell how  
 By power unseen, with which he now  
 Was visibly inflated. 130

Abominable Dragon,  
 Now art thou overmatch'd,  
 And better had it been for thee  
 That thou hadst ne'er been hatch'd ;  
 For now, distended like a ball  
 To its full stretch, in sight of all,  
 The body mounts ascendant ;  
 The head before, the tail behind,  
 The wings, like sails that want a wind,  
 On either side are pendant. 140

Not without special mercy  
 Was he thus borne on high,  
 Till he appear'd no bigger than  
 An Eagle in the sky.

For when about some three miles height,  
 Yet still in perfect reach of sight,  
 Oh, wonder of all wonders !  
 He burst in pieces, with a sound  
 Heard for a hundred leagues around,  
 And like a thousand thunders. 150

But had that great explosion  
 Been in the lower sky,  
 All Antioch would have been laid  
 In ruins, certainly.  
 And in that vast assembled rout  
 Who crowded joyfully about  
 Pithyrian and his daughter,  
 The splinters of the monster's hide  
 Must needs have made on every side  
 A very dreadful slaughter. 160

So far the broken pieces  
 Were now dispersed around,  
 And shiver'd so to dust, that not  
 A fragment e'er was found.  
 The Holy Thumb (so it is thought)  
 When it this miracle had wrought  
 At once to Heaven ascended :  
 As if, when it had thus display'd  
 Its power, and saved the Christian Maid,  
 Its work on earth was ended. 170

But at Constantinople  
 The arm and hand were shown,  
 Until the mighty Ottoman  
 O'erthrew the Grecian throne.  
 And when the Monks this tale who told  
 To pious visitors would hold  
 The holy hand for kissing,  
 They never fail'd, with faith devout,  
 In confirmation to point out, 179  
 That there the Thumb was missing.  
*Keswick, 1829.*

#### EPILOGUE TO THE YOUNG DRAGON

I TOLD my tale of the Holy Thumb  
 That split the Dragon asunder,  
 And my daughters made great eyes at  
 they heard,  
 Which were full of delight and wonder.  
 With listening lips and looks intent,  
 There sat an eager boy, [hands,  
 Who shouted sometimes and clapt his  
 And could not sit still for joy.

But when I look'd at my Mistress's face,  
 It was all too grave the while ; 10  
 And when I ceased, methought there  
 was more  
 Of reproof than of praise in her smile.

That smile I read aright, for thus  
 Reprovingly said she,  
 ' Such tales are meet for youthful ears  
 But give little content to me.

' From thee far rather would I hear  
 Some sober, sadder lay,  
 Such as I oft have heard, well pleased  
 Before those locks were grey.' 20

' Nay, Mistress mine,' I made reply,  
 ' The autumn hath its flowers,  
 Nor ever is the sky more gay  
 Than in its evening hours.

' Our good old Cat, Earl Tomlemagne,  
 Upon a warm spring day,  
 Even like a kitten at its sport,  
 Is sometimes seen to play.

' That sense which held me back in youth  
 From all intemperate gladness, 30  
 That same good instinct bids me shun  
 Unprofitable sadness.

' Nor marvel you if I prefer  
 Of playful themes to sing ;  
 The October grove hath brighter tints  
 Than Summer or than Spring :

' For o'er the leaves before they fall  
 Such hues hath Nature thrown,  
 That the woods wear in sunless days  
 A sunshine of their own. 40

' Why should I seek to call forth tears ?  
 The source from whence we weep  
 Too near the surface lies in youth,  
 In age it lies too deep.

' Enough of foresight sad, too much  
 Of retrospect have I ;  
 And well for me that I sometimes  
 Can put those feelings by :

' From public ills, and thoughts that  
 else  
 Might weigh me down to earth, 50  
 That I can gain some intervals  
 For healthful, hopeful mirth ;

' That I can sport in tales which suit  
 Young auditors like these,  
 Yet, if I err not, may content  
 The few I seek to please.

' I know in what responsive minds  
 My lightest lay will wake  
 A sense of pleasure, for its own,  
 And for its author's sake. 60

' I know the eyes in which the light  
 Of memory will appear ;  
 I know the lips which while they read  
 Will wear a smile sincere :

' The hearts to which my sportive song  
 The thought of days will bring,  
 When they and I, whose Winter now  
 Comes on, were in our Spring.

' And I their well known voices too,  
 Though far away, can hear, 70  
 Distinctly, even as when in dreams  
 They reach the inward ear.

" "There speaks the man we knew of  
 yore,"  
 Well pleased I hear them say,  
 " Such was he in his lighter moods  
 Before our heads were grey.

" "Buoyant he was in spirit, quick  
 Of fancy, blithe of heart,  
 And Care and Time and Change have  
 left  
 Untouch'd his better part." 80

' Thus say my morning friends who  
 now  
 Are in the vale of years,  
 And I, save such as thus may rise,  
 Would draw no other tears.'

*Keswick, 1829.*

# A TALE OF PARAGUAY

## PREFACE

ONE of my friends observed to me in a letter, that many stories which are said to be *founded* on fact, have in reality been *founded* on it. This is the case if there be any gross violation committed or ignorance betrayed of historical manners in the prominent parts of a narrative wherein the writer affects to observe them: or when the ground-work is taken from some part of history so popular and well known that any mixture of fiction disturbs the sense of truth. Still more so, if the subject be in itself so momentous that any alloy of invention must of necessity debase it: but most of all in themes drawn from Scripture, whether from the more familiar or the more awful portions; for when what is true is sacred, whatever may be added to it is so surely felt to be false, that it appears profane.

Founded on fact the Poem is, which is here committed to the world: but whatever may be its defects, it is liable to none of these objections. The story is so singular, so simple, and withal so complete, that it must have been injured by any alteration. How faithfully it has been followed, the reader may perceive if he chooses to consult the abridged translation of Dobrizhoffer's History of the Abipones. . .

[In the original Preface Southey here subjoined a long extract from Dobrizhoffer de Abiponibus, Lib. *Prodromus*, pp. 97-106, which it has not been thought necessary to reprint in the present edition.—ED.]

## TO EDITH MAY SOUTHEY

1

EDITH! ten years are number'd, since  
the day,  
Which ushers in the cheerful month of  
May,  
To us by thy dear birth, my daughter  
dear,

Was blest. Thou therefore didst the  
name partake  
Of that sweet month, the sweetest of  
the year:  
But fittler was it given thee for the  
sake  
Of a good man, thy father's friend  
sincere,  
Who at the font made answer in thy  
name.  
Thy love and reverence rightly may he  
claim,  
For closely hath he been with me allied  
In friendship's holy bonds, from that  
first hour  
When in our youth we met on Tejo's side;  
Bonds which, defying now all Fortune's  
power.  
Time hath not loosen'd, nor will Death  
divide.

2

A child more welcome, by indulgent  
Heaven  
Never to parents' tears and prayers was  
given:  
For scarcely eight months at thy happy  
birth  
Had pass'd, since of thy sister we were  
left, . . .  
Our first-born, and our only babe, bereft.  
Too fair a flower was she for this rude  
earth!  
The features of her beauteous infancy  
Have faded from me, like a passing  
cloud,  
Or like the glories of an evening sky:  
And seldom hath my tongue pro-  
nounced her name.  
Since she was summon'd to a happier  
sphere.  
But that dear love, so deeply wounded  
then,  
I in my soul with silent faith sincere  
Devoutly cherish till we meet again.

3

I saw thee first with trembling  
thankfulness,

O daughter of my hopes and of my  
fears! 30

Press'd on thy senseless cheek a  
troubled kiss,

And breathed my blessing over thee  
with tears. [alloy ;

But memory did not long our bliss  
For gentleness, who had given relief,  
Wean'd with new love the chaste'n'd  
heart from grief ;

And the sweet season minister'd to joy.

4

It was a season when their leaves and  
flowers [spread ;

The trees as to an Arctic summer  
When chilling wintry winds and  
snowy showers,

Which had too long usurp'd the  
vernal hours, 40

Like spectres from the sight of  
morning, fled [May ;

Before the presence of that joyous  
And groves and gardens all the live-  
long day

Rung with the birds' loud love-songs.  
Over all,

One thrush was heard from morn till  
even-fall ; [lay

Thy Mother well remembers, when she  
The happy prisoner of the genial bed,  
How from yon lofty poplar's topmost  
spray

At earliest dawn his thrilling pipe  
was heard ;

And, when the light of evening died  
away, 50

That blithe and indefatigable bird  
Still his redundant song of joy and love  
prefer'd.

5

How I have doted on thine infant  
smiles

At morning, when thine eyes unclosed  
on mine ;

How, as the months in swift succes-  
sion roll'd,

I mark'd thy human faculties unfold.  
And watch'd the dawning of the  
light divine ;

And with what artifice of playful guiles  
Won from thy lips with still-repeated  
wiles

Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often  
told. . . 60

Something I ween thou know'st ; for  
thou hast seen

Thy sisters in their turn such fondness  
prove, [years

And felt how childhood in its winning  
The attemper'd soul to tenderness  
can move.

This thou canst tell ; but not the  
hopes and fears

With which a parent's heart doth  
overflow, . .

The thoughts and cares inwoven with  
that love, . .

Its nature and its depth, thou dost not,  
canst not know.

6

The years which since thy birth have  
pass'd away

May well to thy young retrospect  
appear 70

A measureless extent : . . like yester-  
day [career.

To me, so soon they filled their short  
To thee discourse of reason have they  
brought,

With sense of time and change ; and  
something too

Of this precarious state of things have  
taught,

Where Man abideth never in one stay ;  
And of mortality a mournful thought.

And I have seen thine eyes suffused  
in grief, [grey

When I have said that with autumnal  
The touch of eld hath mark'd thy

father's head ; 80

That even the longest day of life is  
brief, [leaf.

And mine is falling fast into the yellow

7

Thy happy nature from the painful  
thought

With instinct turns, and scarcely  
canst thou bear

To hear me name the Grave : Thou  
knowest not [there!

How large a portion of my heart is



The faces which I loved in infancy  
 Are gone; and bosom-friends of  
 riper age,  
 With whom I fondly talk'd of years  
 to come,  
 Summon'd before me to their heri-  
 tage, 90  
 Are in the better world, beyond the  
 tomb.  
 And I have brethren there, and  
 sisters dear,  
 And dearer babes. I therefore needs  
 must dwell  
 often in thought with those whom still  
 I love so well.

## S

Thus wilt thou feel in thy maturer  
 mind;  
 When grief shall be thy portion, thou  
 wilt find  
 Safe consolation in such thoughts as  
 these, . . .  
 A present refuge in affliction's hour.  
 And, if indulgent Heaven thy lot  
 should bless  
 With all imaginable happiness, 100  
 Here shalt thou have, my child,  
 beyond all power  
 Of chance, thy holiest, surest, best  
 delight.  
 Take therefore now thy Father's  
 latest lay, . . .  
 Perhaps his last; . . . and treasure in  
 thine heart  
 The feelings that its musing strains  
 convey.  
 A song it is of life's declining day,  
 Yet meet for youth. Vain passions  
 to excite,  
 No strains of morbid sentiment I sing,  
 Nor tell of idle loves with ill-spent  
 breath;  
 A reverent offering to the Grave I  
 bring, 110  
 And twine a garland for the brow of  
 Death.

Keswick, 1814.

## PROEM

THAT was a memorable day for Spain,  
 When on Pamplona's towers, so basely  
 won, [the plain  
 The Frenchmen stood, and saw upon  
 Their long-expected succours hasten-  
 ing on: [array,  
 Exultingly they mark'd the brave  
 And deem'd their leader should his  
 purpose gain,  
 Though Wellington and England  
 barr'd the way.  
 Anon the bayonets glitter'd in the sun,  
 And frequent cannon flash'd, whose  
 lurid light  
 Redden'd through sulphurous smoke;  
 fast volleying round 10  
 Roll'd the war-thunders, and with  
 long rebound  
 Backward from many a rock and  
 cloud-capt height  
 In answering peals Pyrene sent th  
 sound.  
 Impatient for relief, toward the fight  
 The hungry garrison their eye-balls  
 strain:  
 Vain was the Frenchman's skill, his  
 valour vain;  
 And even then, when eager hope  
 almost [prayer,  
 Had moved their irreligious lips to  
 Averting from the fatal scene their  
 sight, [despair,  
 They breathed the execrations of  
 For Wellesley's star hath risen  
 ascendant there; 21  
 Once more he drove the host of  
 France to flight,  
 And triumph'd once again for God and  
 for the right.

That was a day, whose influence far  
 and wide [a joy  
 The struggling nations felt; it was  
 Wherewith all Europe rung from  
 side to side. [time  
 Yet hath Pamplona seen in former  
 A moment big with mightier conse-  
 quence, [clime,  
 Affecting many an age and distant  
 That day it was which saw in her  
 defence, 30

Contending with the French before  
 her wall,  
 A noble soldier of Guipuzcoa fall,  
 Sore hurt, but not to death. For  
 when long care  
 Restored his shatter'd leg and set  
 him free, [formity,  
 He would not brook a slight de-  
 As one who, being gay and debonnair,  
 In courts conspicuous as in camps  
 must be :  
 So he forsooth a shapely boot must  
 wear ; [life,  
 And the vain man, with peril of his  
 Laid the recover'd limb again beneath  
 the knife. 40

Long time upon the bed of pain he lay  
 Whiling with books the weary hours  
 away ;  
 And from that circumstance and this  
 vain man [began,  
 A train of long events their course  
 Whose term it is not given us yet to  
 see. [name,  
 Who hath not heard Loyola's sainted  
 Before whom Kings and Nations  
 bow'd the knee ?  
 Thy annals, Ethiopia, might proclaim  
 What deeds arose from that prolific  
 day ;  
 And of dark plots might shuddering  
 Europe tell. 50

But Science too her trophies wou  
 display ;  
 Faith give the martyrs of Japan the  
 fame ; [dwe  
 And Charity on works of love wou  
 In California's dolorous regions drea  
 And where, amid a pathless world  
 wood, [way  
 Gathering a thousand rivers on h  
 Huge Orellana rolls his affluent flood  
 And where the happier sons c  
 Paraguay,  
 By gentleness and pious art subduc  
 Bow'd their meek heads beneath th  
 Jesuits' sway, 6  
 And lived and died in filial servitude

I love thus uncontroll'd, as in a dream  
 To muse upon the course of human  
 things ;  
 Exploring sometimes the remotes  
 springs, [gleam  
 Far as tradition lends one guiding  
 Or following, upon Thought's auda-  
 cious wings,  
 Into Futurity, the endless stream.  
 But now, in quest of no ambitious  
 height, [way,  
 I go where Truth and Nature lead my  
 And, ceasing here from desultory  
 flight, 70  
 In measured strains I tell a Tale of  
 Paraguay.

## A TALE OF PARAGUAY

## CANTO I

1

JENNER ! for ever shall thy honour'd  
 name [blest,  
 Among the children of mankind be  
 Who by thy skill hast taught us how  
 to tame [pest  
 One dire disease, . . the lamentable  
 Which Africa sent forth to scourge  
 the West,  
 As if in vengeance for her sable brood  
 So many an age remorselessly opprest.  
 For that most fearful malady subdued  
 Receive a poet's praise, a father's  
 gratitude.

2

Fair promise be this triumph of an  
 age, 10  
 When Man, with vain desires no  
 longer blind,  
 And wise though late, his only war  
 shall wage [mankind,  
 Against the miseries which afflict  
 Striving with virtuous heart and  
 strenuous mind [away.  
 Till evil from the earth shall pass  
 Lo, this his glorious destiny assign'd !  
 For that blest consummation let us  
 pray,  
 And trust in fervent faith, and labour  
 as we may.

## 3

The hideous malady which lost its power

When Jenner's art the dire contagion stay'd, <sup>20</sup>

Among Columbia's sons, in fatal hour  
Across the wide Atlantic wave convey'd, [play'd :

Its fiercest form of pestilence dis-  
Where'er its deadly course the plague began

Vainly the wretched sufferer look'd for aid ;

Parent from child, and child from parent ran,

For tyrannous fear dissolved all natural bonds of man.

## 4

A feeble nation of Guarani race,  
Thinn'd by perpetual wars, but unsubdued,

Had taken up at length a resting-place  
Among those tracts of lake and swamp and wood, <sup>31</sup>

Where Mondai issuing from its solitude

Flows with slow stream to Empalado's bed.

It was a region desolate and rude ;  
But thither had the horde for safety fled,

And being there conceal'd in peace their lives they led.

## 5

There had the tribe a safe asylum found

Amid those marshes wide and woodlands dense,

With pathless wilds and waters spread around,

And labyrinthine swamps, a sure defence <sup>40</sup>

From human foes, . . but not from pestilence.

The spotted plague appear'd, that direst ill, . .

How brought among them none could tell, or whence ; [still,

The mortal seed had lain among them  
And quicken'd now to work the Lord's mysterious will.

## 6

Alas, it was no medicable grief

Which herbs might reach ! Nor could the juggler's power

With all his antic mummeries bring relief. [hour,

Faith might not aid him in that ruling  
Himself a victim now. The dread-

ful stour <sup>50</sup>

None could escape, nor aught its force assuage.

The marriageable maiden had her dower

From death ; the strong man sunk beneath its rage,

And death cut short the thread of childhood and of age.

## 7

No time for customary mourning now ;

With hand close-clench'd to pluck the rooted hair,

To beat the bosom, on the swelling brow [tear

Inflict redoubled blows, and blindly  
The cheeks, indenting bloody furrows there,

The deep-traced signs indelible of woe ; <sup>60</sup>

Then to some crag, or bank abrupt, repair, [throw

And, giving grief its scope, infuriate  
The impatient body thence upon the earth below.

## 8

Devices these by poor weak nature taught,

Which thus a change of suffering would obtain ;

And, flying from intolerable thought  
And piercing recollections, would full fain

Distract itself by sense of fleshly pain  
From anguish that the soul must else endure.

Easier all outward torments to sustain, <sup>70</sup>

Than those heart-wounds which only time can cure,

And He in whom alone the hopes of man are sure.

9

None sorrow'd here ; the sense of woe  
 was sear'd, [ill.  
 When every one endured his own sore  
 The prostrate sufferers neither hoped  
 nor fear'd ;  
 The body labour'd, but the heart  
 was still : . .  
 So let the conquering malady fulfil  
 Its fatal course, rest cometh at the  
 end ! [will  
 Passive they lay with neither wish nor  
 For aught but this ; nor did they long  
 attend 80  
 That welcome boon from death, the  
 never-failing friend.

10

Who is there to make ready now the  
 pit,  
 The house that will content from this  
 day forth  
 Its easy tenant ? Who in vestments fit  
 Shall swathe the sleeper for his bed of  
 earth,  
 Now tractable as when a babe at  
 birth ?  
 Who now the ample funeral urn shall  
 knead,  
 And burying it beneath his proper  
 hearth  
 Deposit there with careful hands the  
 dead,  
 And lightly then relay the floor above  
 his head ? 90

11

Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepul-  
 chred,  
 The hammock where they hang for  
 winding sheet  
 And grave suffices the deserted dead :  
 There from the armadillo's searching  
 feet  
 Safer than if within the tomb's re-  
 treat.  
 The carrion birds obscene in vain essay  
 To find that quarry : round and  
 round they beat  
 The air, but fear to enter for their  
 prey,  
 And from the silent door the jaguar  
 turns away.

12

But nature for her universal law 10  
 Hath other surer instruments in store  
 Whom from the haunts of men ne-  
 wanted awe  
 Withholds as with a spell. In  
 swarms they pour  
 From wood and swamp : and when  
 their work is o'er,  
 On the white bones the mouldering  
 roof will fall ;  
 Seeds will take root, and spring in sun  
 and shower ;  
 And Mother Earth ere long with her  
 green pall,  
 Resuming to herself the wreck, will  
 cover all.

13

Oh ! better thus with earth to have  
 their part, 109  
 Than in Egyptian catacombs to lie,  
 Age after age preserved by horrid art,  
 In ghastly image of humanity !  
 Strange pride that with corruption  
 thus would vie !  
 And strange delusion that would thus  
 maintain  
 The fleshly form, till cycles shall pass  
 by,  
 And in the series of the eternal chain,  
 The spirit come to seek its old abode  
 again.

14

One pair alone survived the general  
 fate ;  
 Left in such drear and mournful  
 solitude,  
 That death might seem a preferable  
 state. 120  
 Not more deprest the Arkite patriarch  
 stood,  
 When landing first on Ararat he  
 view'd,  
 Where all around the mountain  
 summits lay,  
 Like islands seen amid the boundless  
 flood :  
 Nor our first parents more forlorn  
 than they,  
 Through Eden when they took their  
 solitary way.



15

Alike to them, it seem'd in their despair,  
Whither they wander'd from the  
infected spot.

Chance might direct their steps : they  
took no care ;

Come well or ill to them, it matter'd  
not ! 130

Left as they were in that unhappy lot,  
The sole survivors they of all their  
race,

They reck'd not when their fate, nor  
where, nor what, [case,

In this resignation to their hopeless  
indifferent to all choice or circumstance  
of place.

16

That palsyng stupor pass'd away ere  
long,

And, as the spring of health resum'd  
its power,

They felt that life was dear, and hope  
was strong.

What marvel ? 'Twas with them the  
morning hour,

When bliss appears to be the natural  
dower 140

Of all the creatures of this joyous  
earth ;

And sorrow fleeting like a vernal  
shower [mirth :

Scarce interrupts the current of our  
Such is the happy heart we bring with  
us at birth.

17

Though of his nature and his bound-  
less love [sense,

Erring, yet tutor'd by instinctive  
They rightly deem'd the Power who  
rules above [pestilence.

Had saved them from the wasting  
That favouring Power would still be  
their defence :

Thus were they by their late deliver-  
ance taught 150

To place a child-like trust in Provi-  
dence,

And in their state forlorn they found  
this thought

Of natural faith with hope and consol-  
ation fraught.

18

And now they built themselves a leafy  
bower, [beside,

Amid a glade, slow Moudai's stream  
Screen'd from the southern blast of  
piercing power :

Not like their native dwelling, long  
and wide,

By skilful toil of numbers edified,  
The common home of all, their human  
nest,

Where threescore hammocks pendant  
side by side 160

Were ranged, and on the ground the  
fires were drest ;

Alas, that populous hive hath now no  
living guest !

19

A few firm stakes they planted in the  
ground,

Circling a narrow space, yet large  
enow ;

These strongly interknit they closed  
around

With basket-work of many a pliant  
bough.

The roof was like the sides ; the doo-  
was low,

And rude the hut, and trimm'd with  
little care, [now ;

For little heart had they to dress it  
Yet was the humble structure fresh  
and fair, 170

And soon its inmates found that love  
might sojourn there.

20

Quiara could recall to mind the course  
Of twenty summers ; perfectly he  
knew

Whate'er his fathers taught of skill  
or force.

Right to the mark his whizzing lance  
he threw,

And from his bow the unerring arrow  
flew [beo

With fatal aim : and when the laden  
Buzz'd by him in its flight, he could  
pursue [free

Its path with certain ken, and follow  
Until he traced the hive in hidden bank  
or tree. 180

21

Of answering years was Monnema,  
 nor less [ways.  
 Expert in all her sex's household  
 The Indian weed she skilfully could  
 dress ;  
 And in what depth to drop the yellow  
 maize  
 She knew, and when around its stem  
 to raise  
 The lighten'd soil ; and well could she  
 prepare  
 Its ripen'd seed for food, her proper  
 praise ; [care  
 Or in the embers turn with frequent  
 Its succulent head yet green, sometimes  
 for daintier fare.

22

And how to macerate the bark she  
 knew, 190  
 And draw apart its beaten fibres fine,  
 And, bleaching them in sun, and air,  
 and dew,  
 From dry and glossy filaments en-  
 twine  
 With rapid twirl of hand the length-  
 ening line ;  
 Next, interknitting well the twisted  
 thread, [combine,  
 In many an even mesh its knots  
 And shape in tapering length the  
 pensile bed,  
 Light hammock there to hang beneath  
 the leafy shed.

23

Time had been when, expert in works  
 of clay,  
 She lent her hands the swelling urn  
 to mould, 200  
 And fill'd it for the appointed festal  
 day [bold  
 With the beloved beverage which the  
 Quaff'd in their triumph and their joy  
 of old ; [rude,  
 The fruitful cause of many an uproar  
 When, in their drunken bravery un-  
 controll'd,  
 Some bitter jest awoke the dormant  
 feud,  
 And wrath and rage and strife and  
 wounds and death ensued.

24

These occupations were gone by : the  
 skill  
 Was useless now, which once had  
 been her pride.  
 Content were they, when thirst im-  
 pell'd, to fill 210  
 The dry and hollow gourd from  
 Mondai's side ;  
 The river from its sluggish bed sup-  
 plied  
 A draught for repetition all unmeet ;  
 Howbeit the bodily want was satisfied,  
 No feverish pulse ensued, nor ireful  
 heat,  
 Their days were undisturb'd, their  
 natural sleep was sweet.

25

She too had learnt in youth how best  
 to trim [day,  
 The honour'd Chief for his triumphal  
 And covering with soft gums the  
 obedient limb  
 And body, then with feathers over-  
 lay, 220  
 In regular hues disposed, a rich dis-  
 play.  
 Well-pleas'd the glorious savage stood  
 and eyed  
 The growing work ; then vain of his  
 array  
 Look'd with complacent frown from  
 side to side,  
 Stalk'd with elater step, and swell'd  
 with statelier pride.

26

Feasts and carousals, vanity and  
 strife,  
 Could have no place with them in  
 solitude  
 To break the tenor of their even life.  
 Quiara day by day his game pursued,  
 Searching the air, the water, and the  
 wood, 230  
 With hawk-like eye, and arrow sure  
 as fate ; [food :  
 And Monnema prepared the hunter's  
 Cast with him here in this forlorn  
 estate,  
 In all things for the man was she a  
 fitting mate.

27

The Moon had gather'd oft her  
 monthly store  
 Of light, and oft in darkness left the  
 sky, [born  
 Since Monnema a growing burthen  
 Of life and hope. The appointed  
 weeks go by ;  
 And now her hour is come, and none  
 is nigh  
 To help : but human help she needed  
 none. <sup>240</sup>  
 A few short throes endured with  
 scarce a cry, [son,  
 Upon the bank she laid her new-born  
 Then slid into the stream, and bathed,  
 and all was done.

28

Might old observances have there  
 been kept,  
 Then should the husband to that  
 pensile bed,  
 Like one exhausted with the birth  
 have crept, [head,  
 And, laying down in feeble guise his  
 For many a day been nursed and  
 dieted [due.  
 With tender care, to childing mothers  
 Certes a custom strange, and yet far  
 spread <sup>250</sup>  
 Through many a savage tribe, how'er  
 it grew,  
 And once in the old world known as  
 widely as the new.

29

This could not then be done ; he  
 might not lay  
 The bow and those unerring shafts  
 aside ;  
 Nor through the appointed weeks  
 forego the prey, [wide,  
 Still to be sought amid those regions  
 None being there who should the  
 while provide  
 That lonely household with their  
 needful food :  
 So still Quiara through the forest plied  
 His daily task, and in the thickest  
 wood <sup>260</sup>  
 Still laid his snares for birds, and still  
 the chase pursued.

30

But seldom may such thoughts of  
 mingled joy  
 A father's agitated breast dilate,  
 As when he first beheld that infant  
 boy.  
 Who hath not proved it, ill can  
 estimate  
 The feeling of that stirring hour, . .  
 the weight  
 Of that new sense, the thoughtful,  
 pensive bliss.  
 In all the changes of our changeful  
 state,  
 Even from the cradle to the grave,  
 I wis,  
 The heart doth undergo no change so  
 great as this. <sup>270</sup>

31

A deeper and unwonted feeling fill'd  
 These parents, gazing on their new-  
 born son.  
 Already in their busy hopes they build  
 On this frail sand. Now let the seasons  
 run, [done  
 And let the natural work of time be  
 With them, . . for unto them a child is  
 born :  
 And when the hand of Death may  
 reach the one,  
 The other will not now be left to  
 mourn  
 A solitary wretch, all utterly forlorn.

32

Thus Monnema and thus Quiara  
 thought, <sup>280</sup>  
 Though each the melancholy thought  
 repress ;  
 They could not choose but feel, yet  
 utter'd not  
 The human feeling, which in hours of  
 rest  
 Often would rise, and fill the boding  
 breast  
 With a dread foretaste of that mourn-  
 ful day,  
 When, at the inexorable Power's  
 behest, [away,  
 The unwilling spirit, called perforce  
 Must leave, for ever leave, its dear con-  
 natural clay.

33

Link'd as they were, where each to  
each was all,  
How might the poor survivor hope to  
bear 290  
That heaviest loss which one day  
must befall,  
Nor sink beneath the weight of his  
despair?  
Scarce could the heart even for a  
moment dare  
That miserable time to contemplate,  
When the dread Messenger should  
find them there,  
From whom is no escape, . . . and  
reckless Fate,  
Whom it had bound so close, for ever  
separate.

34

Lighter that burthen lay upon the  
heart  
When this dear babe was born to  
share their lot;  
They could endure to think that they  
must part. 300  
Then too a glad consolatory thought  
Arose, while gazing on the child they  
sought  
With hope their dreary prospect to  
delude, [taught,  
Till they almost believed, as fancy  
How that from them a tribe should  
spring renew'd,  
To people and possess that ample  
solitude.

35

Such hope they felt, but felt that  
whatsoever [prove,  
The undiscoverable to come might  
Unwise it were to let that bootless care  
Disturb the present hours of peace  
and love. 310  
For they had gain'd a happiness above  
The state which in their native horde  
was known:  
No outward causes were there here to  
move  
Discord and alien thoughts; being  
thus alone  
From all mankind, their hearts and their  
desires were one.

36

Different their love in kind and in  
degree  
From what their poor depraved fore-  
fathers knew,  
With whom degenerate instincts wer-  
left free [pursue  
To take their course, and blindly to  
Unheeding they the ills that must  
ensue, 32  
The bent of brute desire. No mora-  
tie [crev  
Bound the hard husband to his servil-  
Of wives; and they the chance of  
change might try,  
All love destroy'd by such preposterous  
liberty.

37

Far other tie this solitary pair  
Indissolubly bound; true helpmates  
they,  
In joy or grief, in weal or woe to  
share,  
In sickness or in health, through life's  
long day;  
And reassuring in their hearts her  
sway  
Benignant Nature made the burthen  
light. 330  
It was the Woman's pleasure to obey,  
The Man's to ease her toil in all he  
might,  
So each in serving each obtain'd the  
best delight.

38

And as connubial, so parental love  
Obey'd unerring Nature's order here,  
For now no force of impious custom  
strove  
Against her law; . . . such as was wont  
to sear  
The unhappy heart with usages  
severe,  
Till harden'd mothers in the grave  
could lay  
Their living babes with no compunc-  
tious tear; 340  
So monstrous men become, when  
from the way  
Of primal light they turn thro' heathen  
paths astray.



39

Deliver'd from this yoke, in them  
henceforth  
The springs of natural love may freely  
flow :  
New joys, new virtues with that  
happy birth  
Are born, and with the growing  
infant grow.  
Source of our purest happiness below  
Is that benignant law which hath  
entwined  
Dearest delight with strongest duty so,  
That in the healthy heart and  
righteous mind <sup>350</sup>  
Ever they co-exist, inseparably com-  
bined.

40

Oh! bliss for them when in that  
infant face  
They now the unfolding faculties  
desery,  
And fondly gazing, trace . . . or think  
they trace  
The first faint speculation in that eye,  
Which hitherto hath roll'd in vacancy!  
Oh! bliss in that soft countenance  
to seek  
Some mark of recognition, and espy  
The quiet smile which in the innocent  
cheek  
Of kindness and of kind its conscio-  
ness doth speak ! <sup>360</sup>

41

For him, if born among their native  
tribe,  
Some haughty name his parents had  
thought good,  
As weening that therewith they should  
ascribe  
The strength of some fierce tenant of  
the wood,  
The water, or the aerial solitude,  
Jaguar or vulture, water-wolf or  
snake,  
The beast that prowls abroad in  
search of blood,  
Or reptile that within the treacherous  
brake  
Waits for the prey, uncoil'd, its hunger  
to aslake.

42

Now soften'd as their spirits were by  
love, <sup>370</sup>  
Abhorrent from such thoughts they  
turn'd away ; [dove,  
And, with a happier feeling, from the  
They named the Child Yeruti. On  
a day  
When smiling at his mother's breast  
in play,  
They in his tones of murmuring  
pleasure heard  
A sweet resemblance of the stock-  
dove's lay,  
Fondly they named him from that  
gentle bird,  
And soon such happy use endear'd the  
fitting word.

43

Days pass, and moons have wax'd  
and waned, and still  
This dovelet nestled in their leafy  
bower <sup>380</sup>  
Obtains increase of sense, and strength  
and will,  
As in due order many a latent power  
Expands. . . humanity's exalted  
dower : [fled,  
And they, while thus the days serenely  
Beheld him flourish like a vigorous  
flower, [head,  
Which, lifting from a genial soil its  
By seasonable suns and kindly showers  
is fed.

44

Ere long the cares of helpless baby-  
hood [place,  
To the next stage of infancy give  
That age with sense of conscio-  
growth endued, <sup>390</sup>  
When every gesture hath its proper  
grace :  
Then come the unsteady step, the  
tottering pace ;  
And watchful hopes and emulous  
thoughts appear ;  
The imitative lips essay to trace  
Their words, observant both with eye  
and ear,  
In mutilated sounds which parents love  
to hear.

45

Serenely thus the seasons pass away ;  
 And, oh ! how rapidly they seem to  
 fly [to-day  
 With those for whom to-morrow like  
 Glides on in peaceful uniformity ! 400  
 Five years have since Yeruti's birth  
 gone by,  
 Five happy years ! .. and, ere the Moon  
 which then  
 Hung like a Sylphid's light canoe on  
 high  
 Should fill its circle, Monnema again  
 Laying her burthen down must bear  
 a mother's pain.

46

Alas, a keener pang before that day :  
 Must by the wretched Monnema be  
 borne !  
 In quest of game Quiara went his way  
 To roam the wilds as he was wont, one  
 morn ;  
 She look'd in vain at eve for his  
 return. 410  
 By moonlight through the midnight  
 solitude  
 She sought him ; and she found his  
 garment torn,  
 His bow and useless arrows in the  
 wood,  
 Marks of a jaguar's feet, a broken spear,  
 and blood.

## CANTO II

1

O THOU who listening to the Poet's  
 song  
 Dost yield thy willing spirit to his  
 sway,  
 Look not that I should painfully  
 prolong  
 The sad narration of that fatal day  
 With tragic details : all too true the  
 lay !  
 Nor is my purpose e'er to entertain  
 The heart with useless grief ; but, as  
 I may,  
 Blend in my calm and meditative  
 strain [pain.  
 Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real

2

O Youth or Maiden, whosoe'er the  
 art,  
 Safe in my guidance may thy spire  
 be ;  
 I wound not wantonly the tend  
 heart :  
 And if sometimes a tear of sympathy  
 Should rise, it will from bitterness  
 free . .  
 Yea, with a healing virtue be endue  
 As thou in this true tale shalt he  
 from me  
 Of evils overcome, and grief subdue  
 And virtues springing up like flowers  
 solitude.

3

The unhappy Monnema, when thu  
 bereft,  
 Sunk not beneath the desolatin  
 blow.  
 Widow'd she was : but still her chil  
 was left ;  
 For him must she sustain the weight  
 of woe,  
 Which else would in that hour hav  
 have laid her low.  
 Nor wish'd she now the work of deat  
 complete :  
 Then only doth the soul of woma  
 know  
 Its proper strength, when love an  
 duty meet ;  
 Invincible the heart wherein they hav  
 their seat.

4

The seamen, who upon some coral ree  
 Are cast amid the interminable main  
 Still cling to life, and, hoping for relief  
 Drag on their days of wretchednes  
 and pain. 3  
 In turtle shells they hoard the scant  
 rain,  
 And eat its flesh, sun-dried for lack o  
 fire,  
 Till the weak body can no more sus  
 tain  
 Its wants, but sinks beneath its  
 sufferings dire ;  
 Most miserable man who sees the rest  
 expire !

5

He lingers there while months and  
 years go by :  
 And holds his hope though months  
 and years have past ;  
 And still at morning round the  
 farthest sky,  
 And still at eve his eagle glance is  
 cast, <sup>40</sup>  
 If there he may behold the far-off  
 mast  
 Arise, for which he hath not ceased  
 to pray.  
 And if perchance a ship should come  
 at last,  
 And bear him from that dismal bank  
 away,  
 He blesses God that he hath lived to see  
 that day.

6

So strong a hold hath life upon the  
 soul,  
 Which sees no dawning of eternal  
 light,  
 But subject to this mortal frame's  
 controul,  
 Forgetful of its origin and right,  
 Content in bondage dwells and utter  
 night. <sup>50</sup>  
 By worthier ties was this poor mother  
 bound  
 To life ; even while her grief was at  
 the height,  
 Then in maternal love support she  
 found,  
 And in maternal cares a healing for her  
 wound.

7

For now her hour is come : a girl is  
 born,  
 Poor infant, all unconscious of its fate,  
 How passing strange, how utterly  
 forlorn !  
 The genial season served to mitigate  
 In all it might their sorrowful estate,  
 Supplying to the mother at her door  
 From neighbouring trees, which bent  
 beneath their weight, <sup>61</sup>  
 A full supply of fruitage now mature,  
 So in that time of need their sustenance  
 was sure,

8

Nor then alone, but always did the  
 Eye  
 Of Mercy look upon that lonely  
 bower.  
 Days pass'd, and weeks and months  
 and years went by ;  
 And never evil thing the while had  
 power  
 To enter there. The boy in sun and  
 shower  
 Rejoicing in his strength to youthhood  
 grew ;  
 And Mooma, that beloved girl, a  
 dower <sup>70</sup>  
 Of gentleness from bounteous nature  
 drew,  
 With all that should the heart of woman-  
 kind imbue.

9

The tears, which o'er her infancy were  
 shed  
 Profuse, resented not of grief alone :  
 Maternal love their bitterness allay'd,  
 And with a strength and virtue all its  
 own  
 Sustain'd the breaking heart. A look,  
 a tone,  
 A gesture of that innocent babe, in  
 eyes  
 With saddest recollections overflown  
 Would sometimes make a tender smile  
 arise, <sup>80</sup>  
 Like sunshine opening thro' a shower in  
 vernal skies.

10

No looks but those of tenderness were  
 found  
 To turn upon that helpless infant  
 dear ;  
 And, as her sense unfolded, never  
 sound  
 Of wrath or discord brake upon her  
 ear.  
 Her soul its native purity sincere  
 Possess'd, by no example here defiled ;  
 From envious passions free, exempt  
 from fear.  
 Unknowing of all ill, amid the wild  
 Beloving and beloved she grew, a happy  
 child. <sup>90</sup>

## 11

Yea, where that solitary bower was  
placed,  
Though all unlike to Paradise the  
scene,  
(A wide circumference of woodland's  
waste :)  
Something of what in Eden might  
have been  
Was shadow'd there imperfectly, I  
ween,  
In this fair creature: safe from all  
offence,  
Expanding like a shelter'd plant  
serene,  
Evils that fret and stain being far  
from thence,  
Her heart in peace and joy retain'd its  
innocence. 99

## 12

At first the infant to Yeruti proved  
A cause of wonder and disturbing joy.  
A stronger tie than that of kindred  
moved  
His inmost being, as the happy boy  
Felt in his heart of hearts without alloy  
The sense of kind: a fellow creature  
she,  
In whom, when now she ceased to be  
a toy  
For tender sport, his soul rejoiced to  
see  
Connatural powers expand, and growing  
sympathy.

## 13

For her he cull'd the fairest flowers,  
and sought  
Throughout the woods the earliest  
fruits for her. 110  
The cayman's eggs, the honeycomb  
he brought  
To this beloved sister, . . . whatsoe'er,  
To his poor thought, of delicate or  
rare  
The wilds might yield, solicitous to  
find.  
They who affirm all natural acts de-  
clare  
Self-love to be the ruler of the mind,  
Judge from their own mean hearts, and  
foully wrong mankind.

## 14

Three souls in whom no selfishness had  
place  
Were here: three happy souls, which  
undefiled,  
Albeit in darkness, still retain'd  
trace  
Of their celestial origin. The wild  
Was as a sanctuary where Nature  
smiled  
Upon these simple children of her  
own,  
And, cherishing whate'er was meet  
and mild,  
Call'd forth the gentle virtues, such  
alone,  
The evils which evoke the stronger being  
unknown.

## 15

What though at birth we bring with  
us the seed  
Of sin, a mortal taint, . . . in heart and  
will  
Too surely felt, too plainly shown in  
deed, . . .  
Our fatal heritage; yet are we still  
The children of the All Merciful; and an  
ill  
They teach, who tell us that from  
hence must flow  
God's wrath, and then his justice tri-  
fulful,  
Death everlasting, never-ending woe  
O miserable lot of man if it were so!

## 16

Falsely and impiously teach they who  
thus  
Our heavenly Father's holy will mis-  
read!  
In bounty hath the Lord created us,  
In love redeem'd. From this authen-  
tic creed  
Let no bewildering sophistry impede  
The heart's entire assent, for God is  
good. 14  
Hold firm this faith, and, in whatever  
need,  
Doubt not but thou wilt find thy soul  
endued  
With all-sufficing strength of heavenly  
fortitude!



17

By nature peccable and frail are we,  
Easily beguiled; to vice, to error  
prone;

But apt for virtue too. Humanity  
Is not a field where tares and thorns  
alone

Are left to spring; good seed hath  
there been sown

With no unsparing hand. Sometimes  
the shoot 150

Is choked with weeds, or withers on  
a stone;

But in a kindly soil it strikes its  
root,

and flourisheth, and bringeth forth  
abundant fruit.

18

Love, duty, generous feeling, tender-  
ness,

Spring in the uncontaminated mind;  
And these were Mooma's natural  
dower. Nor less

Had liberal Nature to the boy assign'd,  
Happier herein than if among man-  
kind

Their lot had fallen, . . . oh, certes  
happier here!

That all things tended still more close  
to bind 160

Their earliest ties, and they from year  
to year

Retain'd a childish heart, fond, simple,  
and sincere.

19

They had no sad reflection to alloy

The calm contentment of the passing  
day,

Nor foresight to disturb the present  
joy.

Not so with Monnema; albeit the  
sway

Of time had reach'd her heart, and  
worn away,

At length, the grief so deeply seated  
there,

The future often, like a burthen, lay  
Upon that heart, a cause of secret

care 170

And melancholy thought; yet did she  
not despair.

20

Chance from the fellowship of human  
kind

Had cut them off, and chance might  
reunite.

On this poor possibility her mind

Reposed; she did not for herself  
invite

The unlikely thought, and cherish  
with delight

The dream of what such change might  
haply bring;

Gladness with hope long since had  
taken flight

From her; she felt that life was on  
the wing,

And happiness like youth has here no  
second spring. 180

21

So were her feelings to her lot com-  
posed

That to herself all change had now  
been pain.

For Time upon her own desires had  
closed;

But in her children as she lived again,  
For their dear sake she learnt to  
entertain

A wish for human intercourse renew'd;  
And oftentimes, while they devour'd

the strain,

Would she beguile their evening soli-  
tude

With stories strangely told and strangely  
understood.

22

Little she knew, for little had she seen,  
And little of traditionary lore 191

Had reach'd her ear; and yet to them  
I ween

Their mother's knowledge seem'd  
a boundless store.

A world it open'd to their thoughts,  
yea more, . . .

Another world beyond this mortal  
state.

Bereft of her they had indeed been  
poor,

Being left to animal sense, degenerate,  
Mere creatures, they had sunk below  
the beasts' estate.

23

The human race, from her they understood,  
 Was not within that lonely hut confined,  
 But distant far beyond their world of wood  
 Were tribes and powerful nations of their kind ;  
 And of the old observances which bind  
 People and chiefs, the ties of man and wife,  
 The laws of kin religiously assign'd,  
 Rites, customs, scenes of riotry and strife,  
 And all the strange vicissitudes of savage life.

24

Wondering they listen to the wondrous tale,  
 But no repining thought such tales excite :  
 Only a wish, if wishes might avail,  
 Was haply felt, with juvenile delight,  
 To mingle in the social dance at night,  
 Where the broad moonshine, level as a flood,  
 O'erspread the plain, and in the silver  
 Well-pleas'd, the placid elders sate and view'd  
 The sport, and seem'd therein to feel  
 their youth renew'd.

25

But when the darker scenes their mother drew,  
 What crimes were wrought when drunken fury raged,  
 What miseries from their fatal discord grew,  
 When horde with horde in deadly strife engaged :  
 The rancorous hate with which their wars they waged,  
 The more unnatural horrors which ensued,  
 When, with inveterate vengeance unassuaged,  
 The victors round their slaughter'd captives stood,  
 And babes were brought to dip their little hands in blood :

26

Horrent they heard ; and with her hands the Maid  
 Prest her eyes close as if she strove to  
 The hateful image which her mind portray'd.  
 The Boy sate silently, intent in thought ;  
 Then with a deep-drawn sigh, as if he sought  
 To heave the oppressive feeling from his breast,  
 Complacently compared their harmless lot  
 With such wild life, outrageous and unblest ;  
 Securely thus to live, he said, was surely

27

On tales of blood they could not bear to dwell,  
 From such their hearts abhorrent shrunk in fear.  
 Better they liked that Monnemashould  
 Of things unseen ; what Power had placed them here,  
 And whence the living spirit came and where  
 It pass'd, when parted from this mortal mould ;  
 Of such mysterious themes with willing ear  
 They heard, devoutly listening while she told  
 Strangely-disfigured truths, and fables feign'd of old.

28

By the Great Spirit man was made she said,  
 His voice it was which peal'd along the sky,  
 And shook the heavens and fill'd the earth with dread.  
 Alone and inaccessible, on high  
 He had his dwelling-place eternally,  
 And Father was his name. This all knew well ;  
 But none had seen his face : and if his eye  
 Regarded what upon the earth befell,  
 Or if he cared for man, she knew not : . . .  
 who could tell ?

29

But this, she said, was sure, that after  
 death  
 There was reward and there was  
 punishment:  
 And that the evil doers, when the  
 breath [spent,  
 Of their injurious lives at length was  
 into all noxious forms abhorr'd were  
 sent, [still  
 Of beasts and reptiles; so retaining  
 Their old propensities, on evil bent,  
 They work'd where'er they might  
 their wicked will, 260  
 The natural foes of man, whom we pur-  
 sue and kill.

30

Of better spirits, some there were who  
 said  
 That in the grave they had their place  
 of rest.  
 Lightly they laid the earth upon the  
 dead,  
 Lest in his narrow tenement the guest  
 should suffer underneath such load  
 oppress. [free,  
 But that death surely set the spirit  
 Sad proof to them poor Monnema  
 address,  
 Drawn from their father's fate; no  
 grave had he  
 wherein his soul might dwell. This  
 therefore could not be. 270

31

Likelier they taught who said that to  
 the Land  
 Of Souls the happy spirit took its  
 flight,  
 A region underneath the sole com-  
 mand  
 Of the Good Power; by him for the  
 upright  
 Appointed and replenish'd with de-  
 light;  
 A land where nothing evil ever came,  
 Sorrow, nor pain, nor peril, nor  
 affright,  
 Nor change, nor death; but there the  
 human frame,  
 touch'd by age or ill, continued still  
 the same.

32

Winds would not pierce it there, nor  
 heat and cold 280  
 Grieve, nor thirst parch and hunger  
 pine; but there  
 The sun by day its even influence hold  
 With genial warmth, and through  
 the unclouded air  
 The moon upon her nightly journey  
 fare:  
 The lakes and fish-full streams are  
 never dry;  
 Trees ever green perpetual fruitage  
 bear; [eye,  
 And, wheresoe'er the hunter turns his  
 Water and earth and heaven to him  
 their stores supply.

33

And once there was a way to that  
 good land,  
 For in mid-earth a wondrous Tree  
 there grew, 290  
 By which the adventurer might with  
 foot and hand  
 From branch to branch his upward  
 course pursue; [true,  
 An easy path, if what were said be  
 Albeit the ascent was long: and when  
 the height  
 Was gain'd, that blissful region was  
 in view,  
 Wherein the traveller safely might  
 alight,  
 And roam abroad at will, and take his  
 free delight.

34

O happy time, when ingress thus was  
 given  
 To the upper world, and at their  
 pleasure they  
 Whose hearts were strong might pass  
 from Earth to Heaven 300  
 By their own act and choice! In evil  
 day  
 Mishap had fatally cut off that way,  
 And none may now the Land of Spirits  
 gain, [clay  
 Till from its dear-loved tenement of  
 Violence or age, infirmity and pain,  
 Divorce the soul which there full gladly  
 would remain.

35

Such grievous loss had by their own  
 misdeed  
 Upon the unworthy race of men  
 been brought.  
 An aged woman once who could not  
 speed  
 In fishing, earnestly one day besought  
 Her countrymen, that they of what  
 they caught 311  
 A portion would upon her wants  
 bestow.  
 They set her hunger and her age at  
 nought,  
 And still to her entreaties answered  
 no !  
 And mock'd her, till they made her  
 heart with rage o'erflow.

36

But that Old Woman by such wanton  
 wrong  
 Inflamed, went hurrying down ; and  
 in the pride  
 Of magic power, wherein the crone  
 was strong,  
 Her human form infirm she laid aside.  
 Better the Capiguara's limbs supplied  
 A strength accordant to her fierce  
 intent : 321  
 These she assumed, and, burrowing  
 deep and wide  
 Beneath the Tree, with vicious will,  
 she went,  
 To inflict upon mankind a lasting  
 punishment.

37

Downward she wrought her way, and  
 all around [mined  
 Labouring, the solid earth she under-  
 And loosen'd all the roots ; then from  
 the ground  
 Emerging, in her hatred of her kind,  
 Resumed her proper form, and  
 breathed a wind  
 Which gather'd like a tempest round  
 its head : 330  
 Eftsoon the lofty Tree its top inclined  
 Uptorn with horrible convulsion  
 dread,  
 And over half the world its mighty  
 wreck lay spread.

38

But never scion sprouted from the  
 Tree,  
 Nor seed sprang up ; and thus the  
 easy way,  
 Which had till then for young and old  
 been free, [ay  
 Was closed upon the sons of men  
 The mighty ruin moulder'd where  
 lay  
 Till not a trace was left ; and no  
 in sooth  
 Almost had all remembrance pass  
 away. 3  
 This from the Elders she had heard  
 youth ;  
 Some said it was a tale, and some a ve-  
 rituth.

39

Nathless departed spirits at their  
 Could from the Land of Souls pass  
 and fro ; [sti  
 They come to us in sleep when all  
 Sometimes to warn against the ir-  
 pending blow,  
 Alas ! more oft to visit us in woe :  
 Though in their presence there was  
 poor relief !  
 And this had sad experience made  
 know,  
 For when Quiara came, his stay was  
 brief, 3  
 And, waking then, she felt a freshen-  
 sense of grief.

40

Yet to behold his face again, and he  
 His voice, though painful, was  
 deep delight :  
 It was a joy to think that he was near  
 To see him in the visions of the  
 night, . .  
 To know that the departed still  
 quite  
 The love which to their memory still  
 will cling :  
 And, though he might not bless her  
 waking sight  
 With his dear presence, 'twas a blessed  
 thing  
 That sleep would thus sometimes  
 actual image bring. 31



41

Why comes he not to me? Yeruti  
cries:  
And Mooma, echoing with a sigh the  
thought, [eyes  
Ask'd why it was that to her longing  
No dream the image of her father  
brought?  
Nor Monnema to solve that question  
sought  
In vain, content in ignorance to dwell;  
Perhaps it was because they knew  
him not;  
Perhaps . . . but sooth she could not  
answer well;  
That the departed did, themselves  
alone could tell.

42

What one tribe held another dis-  
believed, 370  
For all concerning this was dark, she  
said;  
Uncertain all, and hard to be received.  
The dreadful race, from whom their  
fathers fled,  
Boasted that even the Country of the  
Dead  
Was theirs, and where their Spirits  
chose to go,  
The ghosts of other men retired in  
dread  
Before the face of that victorious foe;  
Better, then, the world above, than  
this below!

43

What then, alas! if this were true,  
was death?  
Only a mournful change from ill to ill!  
And some there were who said the  
living breath 381  
Would ne'er be taken from us by the  
will  
Of the Good Father, but continue still  
To feed with life the mortal frame he  
gave,  
Did not mischance or wicked witch-  
craft kill; . . .  
Evils from which no care avail'd to  
save,  
And whereby all were sent to fill the  
greedy grave.

44

In vain to counterwork the baleful  
charm  
By spells of rival witchcraft was it  
sought,  
Less potent was that art to help than  
harm. 390  
No means of safety old experience  
brought:  
Nor better fortune did they find who  
thought  
From Death, as from some living foe,  
to fly:  
For speed or subterfuge avail'd them  
nought,  
But wheresoe'er they fled they found  
him nigh: [enemy.  
None ever could elude that unseen

45

Bootless the boast, and vain the proud  
intent  
Of those who hoped, with arrogant  
display  
Of arms and force, to scare him from  
their tent,  
As if their threatful shouts and fierce  
array 400  
Of war could drive the Invisible away!  
Sometimes, regardless of the sufferer's  
groan,  
They dragg'd the dying out, and as  
prey  
Exposed him, that content with him  
alone  
Death might depart, and thus his fate  
avert their own.

46

Depart he might, . . . but only to return  
In quest of other victims, soon or late:  
When they who held this fond belief  
would learn,  
Each by his own inevitable fate,  
That in the course of man's uncertain  
state 410  
Death is the one and only certain  
thing.  
Oh folly then to fly or deprecate  
That which at last Time, ever on the  
wing,  
Certain as day and night, to weary age  
must bring!

47

While thus the Matron spake, the  
youthful twain  
Listen'd in deep attention, wistfully ;  
Whether with more of wonder or of  
pain [eye  
Uneath it were to tell. With steady  
Intent they heard ; and, when she  
paused, a sigh  
Their sorrowful foreboding seem'd to  
speak : 420  
Questions to which she could not give  
reply  
Yeruti ask'd ; and for that Maiden  
meek, . . [cheek.  
Involuntary tears ran down her quiet

48

A different sentiment within them  
stirr'd, [day,  
When Monnema recall'd to mind one  
Imperfectly, what she had sometimes  
heard  
In childhood, long ago, the Elders say :  
Almost from memory had it pass'd  
away, . .  
How there appear'd amid the wood-  
lands men  
Whom the Great Spirit sent there to  
convey 430  
His gracious will ; but little heed she  
then  
Had given, and like a dream it now  
recurr'd again.

49

But these young questioners from  
time to time  
Call'd up the long-forgotten theme  
anew.  
Strange men they were, from some  
remotest clime,  
She said, of different speech, uncouth  
to view,  
Having hair upon their face, and  
white in hue ;  
Across the World of waters wide they  
came  
Devotedly the Father's work to do,  
And seek the Red-Men out, and in his  
name 440  
His merciful laws, and love, and promises  
proclaim.

50

They served a Maid more beauti-  
than tongue  
Could tell, or heart conceive.  
human race,  
All heavenly as that Virgin was, 1  
sprung ;  
But for her beauty and celestial gra-  
Being one in whose pure elements  
trace  
Hade'er inhered of sin or mortal sta-  
The highest Heaven was now 1  
dwelling-place ;  
There as a Queen divine she held 1  
reign,  
And there in endless joy for ever wo-  
remain.

51

Her feet upon the crescent Moon w-  
set,  
And, moving in their order round 1  
head,  
The Stars compose her sparkli-  
coronet.  
There at her breast the Virgin Mot-  
fed  
A Babe divine, who was to judge t  
dead,  
Such power the Spirit gave this awe-  
Child ;  
Severe he was, and in his anger dres  
Yet alway at his Mother's will gr  
mild,  
So well did he obey that Maiden unc-  
filed.

52

Sometimes she had descended fro  
above  
To visit her true votaries, and requi  
Such as had served her well. A  
for her love,  
These bearded men, forsaking  
delight,  
With labour long and dangers infinit  
Across the great blue waters cam  
and sought  
The Red-Men here, to win them,  
they might, [augh  
From bloody ways, rejoiced to pro  
Even when with their own lives tl  
benefit was bought.

53

For, trusting in this heavenly Maiden's  
 grace,  
 It was for them a joyful thing to die,  
 As men who went to have their happy  
 place <sup>471</sup>  
 With her, and with that Holy Child,  
 on high,  
 In fields of bliss above the starry sky,  
 In glory at the Virgin Mother's feet :  
 And all who kept their lessons faith-  
 fully  
 An everlasting guerdon there would  
 meet,  
 When Death had led their souls to that  
 celestial seat.

54

On earth they offer'd, too, an easy life  
 To those who their mild lessons would  
 obey,  
 Exempt from want, from danger, and  
 from strife ; <sup>480</sup>  
 And from the forest leading them  
 away,  
 They placed them underneath this  
 Virgin's sway,  
 A numerous fellowship, in peace to  
 dwell ;  
 Their high and happy office there to  
 pay  
 Devotions due, which she requited  
 well,  
 Their heavenly Guardian she in what-  
 soe'er befell.

55

Thus, Monnema remember'd, it was  
 told  
 By one who in his hot and headstrong  
 youth  
 Had left her happy service ; but  
 when old  
 Lamented oft with unavailing ruth,  
 And thoughts which sharper than a  
 serpent's tooth <sup>491</sup>  
 Pierced him, that he had changed  
 that peaceful place  
 For the fierce freedom and the ways  
 uncouth <sup>[grace,</sup>  
 Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's  
 Wherefore he had no hope to see in  
 Heaven her face.

56

And she remember'd, too, when first  
 they fled  
 For safety to the farthest solitude  
 Before their cruel foes, and lived in  
 dread  
 That thither too their steps might be  
 pursued  
 By those old enemies athirst for  
 blood ; <sup>500</sup>  
 How some among them hoped to see  
 the day  
 When these beloved messengers of  
 good  
 To that lone hiding-place might find  
 the way,  
 And them to their abode of blessedness  
 convey.

57

Such tales excited in Yeruti's heart  
 A stirring hope that haply he might  
 meet  
 Some minister of Heaven ; and many  
 a part  
 Untrod before of that wild wood  
 retreat  
 Did he with indefatigable feet  
 Explore ; yet ever from the fruitless  
 quest <sup>510</sup>  
 Return'd at evening to his native seat  
 By daily disappointment undeprest . . .  
 So buoyant was the hope that fill'd his  
 youthful breast.

58

At length the hour approach'd that  
 should fulfil  
 His harmless heart's desire, when they  
 shall see  
 Their fellow-kind, and take for good  
 or ill  
 The fearful chance, for such it needs  
 must be,  
 Of change from that entire simplicity.  
 Yet wherefore should the thought of  
 change appal ?  
 Grief it perhaps might bring, and  
 injury, <sup>520</sup>  
 And death ; . . . but evil never can  
 befall  
 The virtuous, for the Eye of Heaven is  
 over all.

## CANTO III

1

AMID those marshy woodlands far and wide  
Which spread beyond the soaring  
vulture's eye,  
There grew on Empalado's southern  
side [supply  
Groves of that tree whose leaves adust  
The Spaniards with their daily luxury;  
A beverage whose salubrious use  
obtains  
Through many a land of mines and  
slavery, [plains,  
Even over all La Plata's sea-like  
And Chili's mountain realm, and proud  
Peru's domains.

2

But better for the injured Indian race  
Had woods of manchineel the land  
o'erspread : 11  
Yea, in that tree so blest by Nature's  
grace  
A direr curse had they inherited,  
Than if the Upas there had rear'd its  
head  
And sent its baleful scions all around,  
Blasting where'er its effluent force  
was shed, [ground,  
In air and water, and the infected  
All things wherein the breath or sap of  
life is found.

3

The poor Guaranies dreamt of no such  
ill,  
When for themselves in miserable  
hour, 20  
The virtues of that leaf, with pure  
good will,  
They taught their unsuspected visitor,  
New in the land as yet. They learnt  
his power  
Too soon, which law nor conscience  
could restrain,  
A fearless but inhuman conqueror,  
Heart-harden'd by the accursed lust  
of gain.  
O fatal thirst of gold ! O foul reproach  
for Spain !

4

For gold and silver had the Spaniards  
sought,  
Exploring Paraguay with desperate  
pains,  
Their way through forests axe  
hand they wrought ;  
Drench'd from above by unremittin'  
rains  
They waded over inundated plains  
Forward by hope of plunder st  
allured ;  
So they might one day count the  
golden gains,  
They cared not at what cost of s  
procured,  
All dangers they defied, all sufferin'  
they endured.

5

Barren alike of glory and of gold  
That region proved to them ; n  
would the soil  
Unto their unindustrious hands u  
fold  
Harvests, the fruit of peace, . . a  
wine and oil,  
The treasures that repay contented t  
With health and weal ; treasures th  
with them bring  
No guilt for priest and penance  
assoil,  
Nor with their venom arm t  
awaken'd sting  
Of conscience at that hour when life  
vanishing.

6

But keen of eye in their pursuit of gain  
The conquerors look'd for lucre in th  
tree : [attain  
An annual harvest there might the  
Without the cost of annual industry  
'Twas but to gather in what thei  
grew free  
And share Potosi's wealth. No  
thence alone.  
But gold in glad exchange they soo  
should see  
From all that once the Incas calle  
their own,  
Or where the Zippa's power or Zaque'  
laws were known.



7

For this, in fact, though not in name  
 a slave,  
 The Indian from his family was torn ;  
 And droves on droves were sent to  
 find a grave  
 In woods and swamps, by toil severe  
 outworn,  
 No friend at hand to succour or to  
 mourn,  
 In death unpitied, as in life unblest. 60  
 O miserable race, to slavery born !  
 Yet, when we look beyond this  
 world's unrest,  
 More miserable than the oppressors  
 than the opprest.

8

Often had Kings essay'd to check the  
 ill [meant ;  
 By edicts not so well enforced as  
 A present power was wanting to fulfil  
 Remote authority's sincere intent.  
 To Avarice, on its present purpose  
 bent,  
 The voice of distant Justice spake in  
 vain ;  
 False magistrates and priests their  
 influence lent 70  
 The accursed thing for lucre to main-  
 tain :  
 fatal thirst of gold ! O foul reproach  
 for Spain !

9

O foul reproach ! but not for Spain  
 alone,  
 But for all lands that bear the Chris-  
 tian name !  
 Where'er commercial slavery is  
 known,  
 O shall not Justice trumpet-tongued  
 proclaim  
 The foul reproach, the black offence  
 the same ?  
 Hear, guilty France ! and thou,  
 O England, hear !  
 Thou who hast half redeem'd thyself  
 from shame,  
 When slavery from thy realms shall  
 disappear, 80  
 Then from this guilt, and not till then,  
 wilt thou be clear.

10

Uncheck'd in Paraguay it ran its  
 course,  
 Till all the gentler children of the land  
 Well nigh had been consumed without  
 remorse.  
 The bolder tribes meantime, whose  
 skilful hand  
 Had tamed the horse, in many a war-  
 like band  
 Kept the field well with bow and  
 dreadful spear.  
 And now the Spaniards dared no more  
 withstand  
 Their force, but in their towns grew  
 pale with fear  
 If the Mocobio, or the Abipon drew near.

11

Bear witness, Chaco, thou, from thy  
 domain 91  
 With Spanish blood, as erst with  
 Indian, fed !  
 And Corrientes, by whose church the  
 slain  
 Were piled in heaps, till for the  
 gater'd dead  
 One common grave was dug, one  
 service said !  
 Thou too, Parana, thy sad witness bear  
 From shores with many a mournful  
 vestige spread,  
 And monumental crosses here and  
 there,  
 And monumental names that tell where  
 dwellings were !

12

Nor would with all their power the  
 Kings of Spain, 100  
 Austrian or Bourbon, have at last  
 avail'd  
 This torrent of destruction to restrain,  
 And save a people every where assail'd  
 By men before whose face their  
 courage quail'd,  
 But for the virtuous agency of those  
 Who with the Cross alone, when arms  
 had fail'd,  
 Achieved a peaceful triumph o'er the  
 foes,  
 And gave that weary land the blessings  
 of repose.

13

For whensoever the Spaniards felt or  
 fear'd  
 An Indian enemy, they call'd for aid  
 Upon Loyola's sons, now long en-  
 dear'd 111  
 To many a happy tribe, by them con-  
 vey'd  
 From the open wilderness or woodland  
 shade,  
 In towns of happiest polity to dwell.  
 Freely these faithful ministers essay'd  
 The arduous enterprize, contented  
 well [fell.  
 If with success they sped, or if as martyrs

14

And now it chanced some traders who  
 had fell'd  
 The trees of precious foliage far and  
 wide  
 On Empalado's shore, when they  
 beheld 120  
 The inviting woodlands on its northern  
 side,  
 Crost thither in their quest, and there  
 espied  
 Yeruti's footsteps: searching then  
 the shade  
 At length a lonely dwelling they  
 descried,  
 And at the thought of hostile hordes  
 dismay'd  
 To the nearest mission sped and ask'd  
 the Jesuit's aid.

15

That was a call which ne'er was made  
 in vain  
 Upon Loyola's sons. In Paraguay  
 Much of injustice had they to com-  
 plain,  
 Much of neglect; but faithful  
 labourers they 130  
 In the Lord's vineyard, there was no  
 delay  
 When summon'd to his work. A  
 little band  
 Of converts made them ready for the  
 way; [hand  
 Their spiritual father took a Cross in  
 To be his staff, and forth they went to  
 search the land.

16

He was a man of rarest qualities,  
 Who to this barbarous region had  
 confined  
 A spirit with the learned and th  
 wise  
 Worthy to take its place, and from  
 mankind  
 Receive their homage, to the immorta  
 mind 14  
 Paid in its just inheritance of fame.  
 But he to humbler thoughts his hear  
 inclined;  
 From Gratz amid the Styrian hills he  
 came,  
 And Dobrizhoffer was the good man's  
 honour'd name.

17

It was his evil fortune to behold  
 The labours of his painful life  
 destroy'd;  
 His flock which he had brought within  
 the fold  
 Dispersed; the work of ages render'd  
 void,  
 And all of good that Paraguay en-  
 joy'd  
 By blind and suicidal Power o'er-  
 thrown. 150  
 So he the years of his old age em-  
 ploy'd,  
 A faithful chronicler, in handing down  
 Names which he loved, and things well  
 worthy to be known.

18

And thus, when exiled from the dear-  
 loved scene,  
 In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain  
 Of sad remembrance; and the  
 Empress Queen,  
 That great Teresa, she did not disdain  
 In gracious mood sometimes to enter-  
 tain  
 Discourse with him both pleasurable  
 and sage;  
 And sure a willing ear she well might  
 deign 160  
 To one whose tales may equally en-  
 gage  
 The wondering mind of youth, the  
 thoughtful heart of age.

## 19

But of his native speech because well  
nigh  
Disuse in him forgetfulness had  
wrought,  
In Latin he composed his history ;  
A garrulous, but a lively tale, and  
fraught  
With matter of delight and food for  
thought.  
And, if he could in Merlin's glass have  
seen  
By whom his tomes to speak our  
tongue were taught,  
The old man would have felt as  
pleased, I ween, <sup>170</sup>  
s when he won the ear of that great  
Empress Queen.

## 20

Little he deem'd, when with his  
Indian band  
He through the wilds set forth upon  
his way,  
A Poet then unborn, and in a land  
Which had proscribed his order, should  
one day  
Take up from thence his moralizing  
lay,  
And shape a song that, with no fiction  
drest,  
Should to his worth its grateful  
tribute pay,  
And, sinking deep in many an English  
breast,  
Foster that faith divine that keeps the  
heart at rest. <sup>180</sup>

## 21

Behold him on his way ! the breviary  
Which from his girdle hangs, his only  
shield ;  
That well-known habit is his panoply.  
That Cross, the only weapon he will  
wield ;  
By day he bears it for his staff afield,  
By night it is the pillar of his bed ;  
No other lodging these wild woods  
can yield  
Than earth's hard lap, and rustling  
overhead  
A canopy of deep and tangled boughs  
far spread.

## 22

Yet may they not without some  
cautious care <sup>190</sup>  
Take up their inn content upon the  
ground.  
First it behoves to clear a circle there,  
And trample down the grass and  
plantage round,  
Where many a deadly reptile might  
be found, [heat  
Whom with its bright and comfortable  
The flame would else allure : such  
plagues abound  
In these thick woods, and therefore  
must they beat  
The earth, and trample well the herbs  
beneath their feet.

## 23

And now they heap dry reeds and  
broken wood ;  
The spark is struck, the crackling  
faggots blaze, <sup>200</sup>  
And cheer that unaccustom'd solitude.  
Soon have they made their frugal  
meal of maize ;  
In grateful adoration then they raise  
The evening hymn. How solemn in  
the wild  
That sweet accordant strain where-  
with they praise  
The Queen of Angels, merciful and  
mild :  
Hail, holiest Mary ! Maid, and Mother  
undefiled.

## 24

Blame as thou may'st the Papist's  
erring creed,  
But not their salutary rite of even !  
The prayers that from a pious soul  
proceed, <sup>210</sup>  
Though misdirected, reach the ear of  
Heaven.  
Us, unto whom a purer faith is given,  
As our best birthright it behoves to  
hold  
The precious charge ; but, oh, be-  
ware the leaven  
Which makes the heart of charity  
grow cold !  
We own one Shepherd, we shall be at  
last one fold.

25

Thinkest thou the little company who  
 here  
 Pour forth their hymn devout at close  
 of day,  
 Feel it no aid that those who hold  
 them dear  
 At the same hour the self-same homage  
 pay, 220  
 Commending them to Heaven when  
 far away ?  
 That the sweet bells are heard in  
 solemn chime  
 Through all the happy towns of  
 Paraguay,  
 Where now their brethren in one  
 point of time  
 Join in the general prayer, with sym-  
 pathy sublime ?

26

That to the glorious Mother of their  
 Lord  
 Whole Christendom that hour its  
 homage pays ?  
 From court and cottage that with one  
 accord  
 Ascends the universal strain of praise ?  
 Amid the crowded city's restless ways,  
 One reverential thought pervades the  
 throng ; 231  
 The traveller on his lonely road obeys  
 The sacred hour, and, as he fares along,  
 In spirit hears and joins his household's  
 even-song.

27

What if they think that every prayer  
 enroll'd  
 Shall one day in their good account  
 appear ;  
 That guardian Angels hover round  
 and fold [hear ;  
 Their wings in adoration while they  
 Ministrant Spirits through the ethereal  
 sphere  
 Waft it with joy, and to the grateful  
 theme, 240  
 Well pleased, the Mighty Mother  
 bends her ear ?  
 A vain delusion this we rightly deem :  
 Yet what they feel is not a mere illusive  
 dream.

28

That prayer perform'd, around the  
 fire reclined  
 Beneath the leafy canopy they lay  
 Their limbs : the Indians soon to  
 sleep resign'd ;  
 And the good Father with that toil  
 some day  
 Fatigued, full fain to sleep, . . if sleep  
 he may,  
 Whom all tormenting insects then  
 assail ;  
 More to be dreaded these than beast  
 of prey 25  
 Against whom strength may cope, can  
 skill prevail,  
 But art of man against these enemies  
 must fail.

29

Patience itself that should the  
 sovereign cure,  
 For ills that touch ourselves alone  
 supply,  
 Lends little aid to one who must en-  
 dure  
 This plague : the small tormentors fill  
 the sky,  
 And swarm about their prey ; there  
 he must lie  
 And suffer while the hours of darknes  
 wear ; [sig]  
 At times he utters with a deep-drawn  
 Some name adored, in accents of  
 despair 26  
 Breath'd sorrowfully forth, half murmur  
 and half prayer.

30

Welcome to him the earliest gleam of  
 light ;  
 Welcome to him the earliest sound of  
 day ;  
 That from the sufferings of that  
 weary night [way  
 Released, he may resume his willing  
 Well pleased again the perils to essay  
 Of that drear wilderness, with hope  
 renew'd :  
 Success will all his labours overpay,  
 A quest like his is cheerfully pursued,  
 The heart is happy still that is intent on  
 good. 270



## 31

And now where Empalado's waters  
 creep  
 Through low and level shores of wood-  
 land wide,  
 They come; prepared to cross the  
 sluggish deep,  
 An ill-shaped coracle of hardest hide,  
 Ruder than ever Cambrian fisher plied  
 Where Towey and the salt-sea waters  
 meet,  
 The Indians launch; they steady it  
 and guide,  
 Winning their way with arms and  
 practised feet,  
 While in the tottering boat the Father  
 keeps his seat.

## 32

For three long summer days on every  
 side 280  
 They search in vain the sylvan soli-  
 tude;  
 The fourth a human footstep is espied,  
 And through the mazes of the pathless  
 wood  
 With hound-like skill and hawk-like  
 eye pursued; [they  
 For keen upon their pious quest are  
 As e'er were hunters on the track of  
 blood. [betray  
 Where softer ground or trodden herbs  
 The slightest mark of man, they there  
 explore the way.

## 33

More cautious, when more certain of  
 the trace,  
 In silence they proceed; not like  
 a crew 290  
 Of jovial hunters, who the joyous chase  
 With hound and horn in open field  
 pursue,  
 Cheering their way with jubilant  
 halloo,  
 And hurrying forward to their spoil  
 desired,  
 The panting game before them, full  
 in view:  
 Humaner thoughts this little band  
 inspired,  
 Yet with a hope as high their gentle  
 hearts were fired.

## 34

Nor is their virtuous hope devoid of  
 fear;  
 The perils of that enterprise they  
 know;  
 Some savage horde may have its  
 fastness here, 300  
 A race to whom a stranger is a foe,  
 Who not for friendly words, nor prof-  
 fer'd show  
 Of gifts, will peace or parley entertain.  
 If by such hands their blameless blood  
 should flow  
 To serve the Lamb who for their sins  
 was slain,  
 Blessed indeed their lot, for so to die is  
 gain!

## 35

Them, thus pursuing where the track  
 may lead,  
 A human voice arrests upon their  
 way;  
 They stop, and thither, whence the  
 sounds proceed,  
 All eyes are turn'd in wonder, . . . not  
 dismay, 310  
 For sure such sounds might charm  
 all fear away;  
 No nightingale whose brooding mate  
 is nigh,  
 From some sequester'd bower at close  
 of day,  
 No lark rejoicing in the orient sky,  
 Ever pour'd forth so wild a strain of  
 melody.

## 36

The voice which through the ringing  
 forest floats  
 Is one which, having ne'er been  
 taught the skill  
 Of marshalling sweet words to sweeter  
 notes,  
 Utters all unpremeditate, at will,  
 A modulated sequence loud and shrill  
 Of inarticulate and long-breathed  
 sound, 321  
 Varying its tones with rise and fall  
 and trill,  
 Till all the solitary woods around  
 With that far-piercing power of melody  
 resound.

37

In mute astonishment attent to hear,  
 As if by some enchantment held, they  
 stood,  
 With bending head, fix'd eye, and  
 eager ear,  
 And hand upraised in warning atti-  
 tude  
 To check all speech or step that might  
 intrude  
 On that sweet strain. Them leaving  
 thus spell-bound, 33<sup>o</sup>  
 A little way alone into the wood  
 The Father gently moved toward the  
 sound,  
 Treading with quiet feet upon the  
 grassy ground.

38

Anon advancing thus the trees be-  
 tween,  
 He saw beside her bower the songs-  
 tress wild,  
 Not distant far, himself the while un-  
 seen.  
 Mooma it was, that happy maiden  
 mild,  
 Who in the sunshine, like a careless  
 child  
 Of nature, in her joy was caroling.  
 A heavier heart than his it had be-  
 guiled 34<sup>o</sup>  
 So to have heard so fair a creature  
 sing  
 The strains which she had learnt from all  
 sweet birds of spring.

39

For these had been her teachers, these  
 alone ;  
 And she in many an emulous essay,  
 At length into a descant of her own  
 Had blended all their notes, a wild  
 display  
 Of sounds in rich irregular array ;  
 And now, as blithe as bird in vernal  
 bower,  
 Pour'd in full flow the unexpressive  
 lay,  
 Rejoicing in her consciousness of  
 power, 35<sup>o</sup>  
 But in the inborn sense of harmony yet  
 more.

40

In joy had she begun the ambitious  
 song,  
 With rapid interchange of sink and  
 swell ;  
 And sometimes high the note was  
 raised, and long  
 Produced, with shake and effo-  
 sensible,  
 As if the voice exulted there to dwell  
 But when she could no more the  
 pitch sustain,  
 So thrillingly attuned the cadence fell  
 That with the music of its dying  
 strain  
 She moved herself to tears of pleasurable  
 pain. 36<sup>o</sup>

41

It might be deem'd some dim presag-  
 possess'd  
 The virgin's soul ; that some mys-  
 terious sense  
 Of change to come, upon her mind  
 impress'd,  
 Had then call'd forth, ere she de-  
 parted thence,  
 A requiem to their days of innocence  
 For what thou lovest in thy native  
 shade  
 There is one change alone that may  
 compensate,  
 O Mooma, innocent and simple maid  
 Only one change, and it will not be long  
 delay'd !

42

When now the Father issued from  
 the wood 37<sup>o</sup>  
 Into that little glade in open sight,  
 Like one entranced, beholding him,  
 she stood ;  
 Yet had she more of wonder than  
 affright,  
 Yet less of wonder than of dread  
 delight,  
 When thus the actual vision came in  
 view ;  
 For instantly the maiden read aright  
 Wherefore he came ; his garb and  
 beard she knew ;  
 All that her mother heard had then in-  
 deed been true.

43

Nor was the Father filled with less  
surprise ;  
He too strange fancies well might  
entertain, 380  
When this so fair a creature met his  
eyes.  
He might have thought her not of  
mortal strain ;  
Rather, as bards of yore were wont to  
feign,  
A nymph divine of Mondai's secret  
stream ;  
Or haply of Diana's woodland train :  
For in her beauty Mooma such  
might seem,  
Being less a child of earth than like a  
poet's dream.

44

No art of barbarous ornament had  
scarr'd  
And stain'd her virgin limbs, or 'filed  
her face ;  
Nor ever yet had evil passion marr'd  
In her sweet countenance the natural  
grace 391  
Of innocence and youth ; nor was  
there trace  
Of sorrow, or of hardening want and  
care.  
Strange was it in this wild and savage  
place,  
Which seem'd to be for beasts a fitting  
lair, [fair.  
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so

45

Across her shoulders was a hammock  
flung,  
By night it was the maiden's bed, by  
day [hung,  
Her only garment. Round her as it  
In short unequal folds of loose array,  
The open meshes, when she moves,  
display 401  
Her form. She stood with fix'd and  
wondering eyes,  
And, trembling like a leaf upon the  
spray,  
Even for excess of joy, with eager cries  
She call'd her mother forth to share  
that glad surprise.

46

At that unwonted call with quicken'd  
pace  
The matron hurried thither, half in  
fear.  
How strange to Monnema a stranger's  
face !  
How strange it was a stranger's voice  
to hear,  
How strangely to her disaccustom'd  
ear 410  
Came even the accents of her native  
tongue !  
But when she saw her countrymen  
appear,  
Tears for that unexpected blessing  
sprung,  
And once again she felt as if her heart  
were young.

47

Soon was her melancholy story told,  
And glad consent unto that Father  
good  
Was given, that they to join his happy  
fold  
Would leave with him their forest  
solitude.  
Why comes not now Yeruti from the  
wood ?  
Why tarrieth he so late this blessed  
day ? 420  
They long to see their joy in his  
renew'd,  
And look impatiently toward his way,  
And think they hear his step, and chide  
his long delay.

48

He comes at length, a happy man, to  
find  
His only dream of hope fulfill'd at last.  
The sunshine of his all-believing mind  
There is no doubt or fear to overcast ;  
No chilling forethought checks his  
bliss ; the past  
Leaves no regret for him, and all to  
come  
Is change and wonder and delight.  
How fast 430  
Hath busy fancy conjured up a sum  
Of joys unknown, whereof the expect-  
tance makes him dumb.

49

O happy day, the Messenger of Heaven  
 Hath found them in their lonely  
   dwelling-place !  
 O happy day, to them it would be  
   given  
 To share in that Eternal Mother's  
   grace,  
 And one day see in heaven her glorious  
   face,                                   [adore !  
 Where Angels round her mercy-throne  
 Now shall they mingle with the  
   human race,  
 Sequester'd from their fellow-kind no  
   more ;                                   440  
 O joy of joys supreme ! O bliss for them  
   in store !

50

Full of such hopes this night they lay  
 them down,  
 But not as they were wont, this night  
   to rest.  
 Their old tranquillity of heart is gone ;  
 The peace wherewith till now they  
   have been blest  
 Hath taken its departure. In the  
   breast  
 Fast following thoughts and busy  
   fancies throng ;  
 Their sleep itself is feverish, and  
   possest                                   [belong ;  
 With dreams that to the wakeful mind  
 To Mooma and the youth then first the  
   night seem'd long.                   450

51

Day comes, and now a first and last  
 farewell  
 To that fair bower within their  
   native wood.  
 Their quiet nest till now. The bird  
   may dwell  
 Henceforth in safety there, and rear  
   her brood,  
 And beasts and reptiles undisturb'd  
   intrude ;                                   [go,  
 Reckless of this, the simple tenants  
 Emerging from their peaceful solitude,  
 To mingle with the world, . . but not  
   to know  
 Its crimes, nor to partake its cares, nor  
   feel its woe.

## CANTO IV

1

THE bells rung blithely from S  
   Mary's tower,  
 When in St. Joachin's the news wa  
   told                                   [hou  
 That Dobrizhoffer from his quest tha  
 Drew nigh : the glad Guaranies youn  
   and old  
 Throng through the gate, rejoicing t  
   behold                                   [gle  
 His face again ; and all with heartfel  
 Welcome the Pastor to his peacefu  
   fold,                                   [he  
 Where so beloved amid his flock wa  
 That this return was like a day o  
   jubilee.

2

How more than strange, how mar  
   vellous a sight  
 To the newcomers was this multitude  
 Something like fear was mingled wit  
   affright                                   [view'd  
 When they the busy scene of turmoi  
 Wonder itself the sense of joy sub  
   dued,                                   [oppres  
 And with its all-unwonted weigh  
 These children of the quiet solitude ;  
 And now and then a sigh that heaved  
   the breast  
 Unconsciously bewray'd their feeling o  
   unrest.

3

Not more prodigious than that little  
   town  
 Seem'd to these comers, were the  
   pomp and power                   20  
 To us, of ancient Rome in her renown ;  
 Nor the elder Babylon, or ere that  
   hour  
 When her high gardens, and her cloud-  
   capt tower,  
 And her broad walls before the Per-  
   sian fell ;  
 Nor those dread fanes on Nile's for-  
   saken shore  
 Whose ruins yet their pristine  
   grandeur tell,  
 Wherein the demon Gods themselves  
   might deign to dwell.



4

But if, all humble as it was, that scene

Possess'd a poor and uninstructed mind

With awe, the thoughtful spirit, well I ween, <sup>30</sup>

Something to move its wonder there might find,

Something of consolation for its kind, Some hope and earnest of a happier age,

When vain pursuits no more the heart shall blind,

But Faith the evils of this earth assuage,

And to all souls assure their heavenly heritage.

5

Yes; for in history's mournful map the eye

On Paraguay, as on a sunny spot, May rest complacent: to humanity,

There, and there only, hath a peaceful lot <sup>40</sup>

Been granted, by Ambition troubled not,

By Avarice undebased, exempt from care,

By perilous passions undisturb'd. And what

If Glory never rear'd her standard there,

Nor with her clarion's blast awoke the slumbering air?

6

Content and cheerful Piety were found

Within those humble walls. From youth to age

The simple dwellers paced their even round

Of duty, not desiring to engage

Upon the busy world's contentious stage, <sup>50</sup>

Whose ways they wisely had been train'd to dread:

Their inoffensive lives in pupilage Perpetually, but peacefully they led,

From all temptation saved, and sure of daily bread.

7

They on the Jesuit, who was nothing loth,

Reposed alike their conscience and their cares: <sup>[both</sup>

And he, with equal faith, the trust of Accepted and discharged. The bliss <sup>[pares</sup>

is theirs

Of that entire dependence that pre-Entire submission, let what may be- <sup>60</sup>

fall; And his whole careful course of life declares

That for their good he holds them thus in thrall,

Their Father and their Friend, Priest, Ruler, all in all.

8

Food, raiment, shelter, safety, he provides;

No forecast, no anxieties have they: The Jesuit governs, and instructs and <sup>guides;</sup>

Their part it is to honour and obey, Like children under wise parental <sup>sway.</sup>

All thoughts and wishes are to him confess'd;

And, when at length in life's last weary day <sup>70</sup>

In sure and certain hope they sink to rest,

By him their eyes are closed, by him their burial blest.

9

Deem not their lives of happiness devoid,

Though thus the years their course obscurely fill,

In rural and in household arts employ'd, <sup>[skill;</sup>

And many a pleasing task of pliant For emulation here unmix'd with ill

Sufficient scope was given. Each had assign'd

His proper part, which yet left free the will:

So well they knew to mould the ductile mind <sup>80</sup>

By whom the scheme of that wise order was combined.

10

It was a land of priestcraft, but the  
 Priest  
 Believed himself the fables that he  
 taught :  
 Corrupt their forms, and yet those  
 forms at least  
 Preserved a salutary faith that  
 wrought,  
 Maugre the alloy, the saving end it  
 sought. [there,  
 Benevolence had gain'd such empire  
 That even superstition had been  
 brought  
 An aspect of humanity to wear,  
 And make the weal of man its first and  
 only care. 90

11

Nor lack'd they store of innocent  
 delight,  
 Music and song and dance and proud  
 array,  
 Whate'er might win the ear, or charm  
 the sight ; [play  
 Banners and pageantry in rich dis-  
 Brought forth upon some Saint's high  
 holyday,  
 The altar drest, the church with gar-  
 lands hung, [way,  
 Arches and floral bowers beside the  
 And festal tables spread for old and  
 young,  
 Gladness in every heart, and mirth on  
 every tongue.

12

Thou who despisest so debased a fate,  
 As in the pride of wisdom thou may'st  
 call 101  
 These meek submissive Indians' low  
 estate,  
 Look round the world, and see where  
 over all  
 Injurious passions hold mankind in  
 thrall,  
 How barbarous Force asserts a ruth-  
 less reign, [ball,  
 Or Mammon, o'er his portion of the  
 Hath learn'd a baser empire to main-  
 tain,  
 Mammon, the god of all who give their  
 souls to gain.

13

Behold the fraudulent arts, the cover  
 strife,  
 The jarring interests that engross  
 mankind ; 110  
 The low pursuits, the selfish aims o  
 life ;  
 Studies that weary and contract the  
 mind,  
 That bring no joy, and leave no peace  
 behind ;  
 And Death approaching to dissolve  
 the spell !  
 The immortal soul, which hath so  
 long been blind,  
 Recovers then clear sight, and sees  
 too well  
 The error of its ways, when irretrievable.

14

Far happier the Guaranies' humble  
 race, [wise,  
 With whom, in dutiful contentment  
 The gentle virtues had their dwelling-  
 place. 120  
 With them the dear domestic charities  
 Sustain'd no blight from fortune ;  
 natural ties  
 There suffer'd no divorcement, save  
 alone [arise ;  
 That which in course of nature might  
 No artificial wants and ills were  
 known ;  
 But there they dwelt as if the world  
 were all their own.

15

Obedience in its laws that takes  
 delight  
 Was theirs ; simplicity that knows  
 no art :  
 Love, friendship, grateful duty in its  
 height ;  
 Meekness and truth, that keep all  
 strife apart, 130  
 And faith and hope which elevate the  
 heart  
 Upon its heavenly heritage intent.  
 Poor, erring, self-tormentor that thou  
 art, [bent,  
 O Man ! and on thine own undoing  
 Wherewith canst thou be blest, if not  
 with these content ?

16

Mild pupils in submission's perfect  
 school,  
 Two thousand souls were gather'd  
 here, and here  
 Beneath the Jesuit's all-embracing  
 rule  
 They dwelt, obeying him with love  
 sincere,  
 That never knew distrust, nor felt a  
 fear, 140  
 Nor anxious thought which wears the  
 heart away. [dear ;  
 Sacred to them their laws, their Ruler  
 Humbler or happier none could be  
 than they  
 Who knew it for their good in all things  
 to obey.

17

The Patron Saint, from whom their  
 town was named,  
 Was that St. Joachin, who, legends  
 say, [claim'd  
 Unto the Saints in Limbo first pro-  
 The Advent. Being permitted, on  
 the day  
 That Death enlarged him from this  
 mortal clay,  
 His daughter's high election to behold,  
 Thither his soul, glad herald, wing'd  
 its way, 151  
 And to the Prophets and the Patri-  
 archs old  
 The tidings of great joy and near  
 deliverance told.

18

There on the altar was his image set,  
 The lamp before it burning night and  
 day,  
 And there was incensed, when his  
 votaries met  
 Before the sacred shrine, their beads  
 to say,  
 And for his fancied intercession pray,  
 Devoutly as in faith they bent the  
 knee.  
 Such adoration they were taught to  
 pay ; 160  
 Good man, how little had he ween'd  
 that he [idolatry !  
 Should thus obtain a place in Rome's

19

But chiefly there the Mother of our  
 Lord,  
 His blessed daughter, by the multi-  
 tude  
 Was for their special patroness adored,  
 Amid the square on high her image  
 stood,  
 Clasp'ing the Babe in her beatitude,  
 The Babe Divine on whom she fix'd  
 her sight ;  
 And in their hearts, albe the work  
 was rude,  
 It rais'd the thought of all-command-  
 ing might, 170  
 Combin'd with boundless love and  
 mercy infinite.

20

To this great family the Jesuit  
 brought  
 His new-found children now ; for  
 young and old  
 He deem'd alike his children, while he  
 wrought  
 For their salvation, . . seeking to un-  
 fold  
 The saving mysteries in the creed  
 enroll'd,  
 To their slow minds, that could but  
 ill conceive [told.  
 The import of the mighty truths he  
 But errors they have none to which  
 they cleave.  
 And whatsoe'er he tells they willingly  
 believe. 180

21

Safe from that pride of ignorance were  
 they  
 That with small knowledge think  
 itself full wise.  
 How at believing aught should these  
 delay,  
 When every where new objects met  
 their eyes  
 To fill the soul with wonder and sur-  
 prise ?  
 Not of itself, but by temptation bred,  
 In man doth impious unbelief arise ;  
 It is our instinct to believe and dread,  
 God bids us love, and then our faith is  
 perfected.

22

Quick to believe, and slow to comprehend,  
 Like children, unto all the teacher taught  
 Submissively an easy ear they lend :  
 And to the font at once he might have brought  
 These converts, if the Father had not thought  
 Theirs was a case for wise and safe delay,  
 Lest lightly learnt might lightly be forgot ;  
 And meanwhile due instruction day by day  
 Would to their opening minds the sense of truth convey.

23

Of this they reck'd not whether soon or late ;  
 For overpowering wonderment possess  
 Their faculties ; and in this new estate  
 Strange sights and sounds and thoughts well nigh opprest  
 Their sense, and raised a turmoil in the breast  
 Resenting less of pleasure than of pain ;  
 And sleep afforded them no natural rest,  
 But in their dreams, a mix'd disorder'd  
 The busy scenes of day disturb'd their hearts again.

24

Even when the spirit to that secret wood  
 Return'd, slow Mondai's silent stream beside,  
 No longer there it found the solitude  
 Which late it left : strange faces were descried,  
 Voices, and sounds of music far and wide,  
 And buildings seem'd to tower amid the trees,  
 And forms of men and beasts on every side,  
 As ever wakeful fancy hears and sees,  
 All things that it had heard, and seen,  
 and more than these.

25

For in their sleep strange forms deform'd they saw  
 Of frightful fiends, their ghostly enemies,  
 And souls who must abide the rigorous law  
 Weltering in fire, and there with dolorous cries  
 Blaspheming roll around their hopeless eyes ;  
 And those who, doom'd a shorter term to bear  
 In penal flames, look upward to the skies,  
 Seeking and finding consolation there,  
 And feel, like dew from heaven, the precious aid of prayer.

26

And Angels who around their glorious Queen  
 In adoration bent their heads abased ;  
 And infant faces in their dreams were seen  
 Hovering on cherub-wings ; and Spirits placed  
 To be their guards invisible, who chased  
 With fiery arms their fiendish foes away :  
 Such visions overheated fancy traced,  
 Peopling the night with a confused array  
 That made its hours of rest more restless than the day.

27

To all who from an old erratic course  
 Of life, within the Jesuit's fold were led,  
 The change was perilous. They felt the force  
 Of habit, when, till then in forests bred,  
 A thick perpetual umbrage overhead,  
 They came to dwell in open light and air.  
 This ill the Fathers long had learnt to dread,  
 And still devised such means as might prepare  
 The new-reclaim'd unhurt this total change to bear.



28

All thoughts and occupations to com-  
 mute,  
 To change their air, their water, and  
 their food,  
 And those old habits suddenly uproot,  
 Conform'd to which the vital powers  
 pursued  
 Their functions, such mutation is too  
 rude  
 For man's fine frame unshaken to  
 sustain.  
 And these poor children of the soli-  
 tude 250  
 Began ere long to pay the bitter  
 pain  
 That their new way of life brought with  
 it in its train.

29

On Monnema the apprehended ill  
 Came first; the matron sunk beneath  
 the weight  
 Of a strong malady, whose force no  
 skill  
 In healing might avert, or mitigate.  
 Yet, happy in her children's safe estate,  
 Her thankfulness for them she still  
 exprest;  
 And, yielding then complacently to  
 fate,  
 With Christian rites her passing hour  
 was blest, 260  
 And with a Christian's hope she was  
 consign'd to rest.

30

They laid her in the Garden of the  
 Dead;  
 Such as a Christian burial-place should  
 be  
 Was that fair spot, where every grave  
 was spread  
 With flowers, and not a weed to spring  
 was free;  
 But the pure blossoms of the orange  
 tree  
 Dropt like a shower of fragrance on  
 the bier;  
 And palms, the type of immortality,  
 Planted in stately colonnades appear,  
 That all was verdant there throughout  
 the unvarying year. 270

31

Nor ever did irreverent feet intrude  
 Within that sacred spot: nor sound  
 of mirth,  
 Unseemly there, profane the solitude,  
 Where solemnly committed earth to  
 earth,  
 Waiting the summons for their second  
 birth,  
 Whole generations in Death's peace-  
 ful fold  
 Collected lay; green innocence, ripe  
 worth,  
 Youth full of hope, and age whose  
 days were told,  
 Compress'd alike into that mass of  
 mortal mould.

32

Mortal, and yet at the Archangel's  
 voice 280  
 To put on immortality. That call  
 Shall one day make the sentient dust  
 rejoice;  
 These bodies then shall rise and cast  
 off all  
 Corruption, with whate'er of earthy  
 thrall  
 Had clogg'd the heavenly image, then  
 set free.  
 How then should Death a Christian's  
 heart appal?  
 Lo, Heaven for you is open; . . . enter  
 ye  
 Children of God, and heirs of his eternity!

33

This hope supported Mooma, hand in  
 hand  
 When with Yeruti at the grave she  
 stood. 290  
 Less even now of death they under-  
 stand  
 Than of the joys eternal that en-  
 sued;  
 The bliss of infinite beatitude  
 To them had been their teacher's  
 favourite theme,  
 Wherewith their hearts so fully were  
 imbued,  
 That it the sole reality might seem,  
 Life, death, and all things else, a shadow  
 or a dream.

34

Yea, so possess with that best hope  
 were they,  
 That, if the heavens had open'd over-  
 head,  
 And the Archangel with his trump  
 that day <sup>300</sup>  
 To judgement had convoked the quick  
 and dead,  
 They would have heard the summons  
 not with dread,  
 But in the joy of faith that knows no  
 fear ;  
 Come, Lord ! come quickly ! would  
 this pair have said,  
 And thou, O Queen of men and Angels  
 dear,  
 Lift us whom thou hast loved into thy  
 happy sphere !

35

They wept not at the grave, though  
 overwrought  
 With feelings there as if the heart  
 would break.  
 Some haply might have deem'd they  
 suffer'd not ;  
 Yet they who look'd upon that Maiden  
 meek <sup>310</sup>  
 Might see what deep emotion blanch'd  
 her cheek.  
 An inward light there was which fill'd  
 her eyes,  
 And told, more forcibly than words  
 could speak,  
 That this disruption of her earliest ties  
 Had shaken mind and frame in all their  
 faculties.

36

It was not passion only that disturb'd  
 Her gentle nature thus ; it was not  
 grief ;  
 Nor human feeling by the effort curb'd  
 Of some misdeeming duty, when relief  
 Were surely to be found, albeit brief,  
 If sorrow at its springs might freely  
 flow ; <sup>321</sup>  
 Nor yet repining, stronger than belief  
 In its first force, that shook the Maiden  
 so,  
 Though these alone might that frail  
 fabric overthrow.

37

The seeds of death were in her at that  
 hour,  
 Soon was their quick'ning and their  
 growth display'd ;  
 Thenceforth she droop'd and wither'd  
 like a flower,  
 Which, when it flourish'd in its native  
 shade,  
 Some child to his own garden hath  
 convey'd,  
 And planted in the sun, to pine away.  
 Thus was the gentle Mooma seen to  
 fade, <sup>331</sup>  
 Not under sharp disease, but day by  
 day  
 Losing the powers of life in visible decay.

38

The sunny hue that tinged her cheek  
 was gone,  
 A deathly paleness settled in its stead ;  
 The light of joy which in her eyes had  
 shone,  
 Now, like a lamp that is no longer fed,  
 Grew dim ; but, when she raised her  
 heavy head  
 Some proffer'd help of kindness to  
 partake,  
 Those feeble eyes a languid lustre  
 shed, <sup>340</sup>  
 And her sad smile of thankfulness  
 would wake  
 Grief even in callous hearts for that  
 sweet sufferer's sake.

39

How had Yeruti borne to see her fade ?  
 But he was spared the lamentable  
 sight,  
 Himself upon the bed of sickness laid.  
 Joy of his heart, and of his eyes the  
 light  
 Had Mooma been to him, his soul's  
 delight,  
 On whom his mind for ever was in-  
 tent,  
 His darling thought by day, his dream  
 by night,  
 The playmate of his youth in mercy  
 sent, <sup>350</sup>  
 With whom his life had pass'd in peace-  
 fullest content.

40

Well was it for the youth, and well for  
 her,  
 As there in placid helplessness she lay,  
 He was not present with his love to  
 stir [clay,  
 Emotions that might shake her feeble  
 And rouse up in her heart a strong  
 array  
 Of feelings, hurtful only when they  
 bind [away.  
 To earth the soul that soon must pass  
 But this was spared them; and no  
 pain of mind  
 To trouble her had she, instinctively  
 resign'd. 360

41

Nor was there wanting to the sufferers  
 aught  
 Of careful kindness to alleviate  
 The affliction; for the universal  
 thought  
 In that poor town was of their sad  
 estate,  
 And what might best relieve or miti-  
 gate  
 Their case, what help of nature or of  
 art;  
 And many were the prayers compas-  
 sionate  
 That the good Saints their healing  
 would impart,  
 Breathed in that maid's behalf from  
 many a tender heart.

42

And vows were made for her, if vows  
 might save; 370  
 She for herself the while preferr'd no  
 prayer;  
 For, when she stood beside her  
 Mother's grave,  
 Her earthly hopes and thoughts had  
 ended there.  
 Her only longing now was, free as air  
 From this obstructive flesh to take  
 her flight  
 For Paradise, and seek her Mother  
 there,  
 And then regaining her beloved sight  
 Rest in the eternal sense of undisturb'd  
 delight.

43

Her heart was there, and there she  
 felt and knew  
 That soon full surely should her  
 spirit be. 380  
 And who can tell what foretastes might  
 ensue  
 To one, whose soul, from all earth's  
 thralldom free,  
 Was waiting thus for immortality?  
 Sometimes she spake with short and  
 hurried breath [see,  
 As if some happy sight she seem'd to  
 While in the fulness of a perfect faith,  
 Even with a lover's hope, she lay and  
 look'd for death.

44

I said that for herself the patient  
 maid  
 Preferr'd no prayer; but oft her  
 feeble tongue  
 And feebler breath a voice of praise  
 essay'd; 390  
 And duly, when the vesper bell was  
 rung, [sung  
 Her evening hymn in faint accord she  
 So piously, that they who gather'd  
 round [hung,  
 Awe-stricken on her heavenly accents  
 As though they thought it were no  
 mortal sound,  
 But that the place whereon they stood  
 was holy ground.

45

At such an hour when Dobrizhoffer  
 stood  
 Beside her bed, oh! how unlike, he  
 thought,  
 This voice to that which ringing  
 through the wood  
 Had led him to the secret bower he  
 sought! 400  
 And was it then for this that he had  
 brought  
 That harmless household from their  
 native shade? [let;  
 Death had already been the mother's  
 And this fair Mooma, was she form'd  
 to fade  
 So soon, . . . so soon must she in earth's  
 cold lap be laid?

46

Yet he had no misgiving at the sight ;  
 And wherefore should he ? he had  
 acted well,  
 And, deeming of the ways of God  
 aright, [befell  
 Knew that to such as these, whate'er  
 Must needs for them be best. But  
 who could dwell 410  
 Unmoved upon the fate of one so  
 young,  
 So blithesome late ? What marvel if  
 tears fell, [hung,  
 From that good man as over her he  
 And that the prayers he said came fal-  
 tering from his tongue !

47

She saw him weep, and she could  
 understand  
 The cause thus tremulously that made  
 him speak.  
 By his emotion moved she took his  
 hand ; [cheek  
 A gleam of pleasure o'er her pallid  
 Pass'd, while she look'd at him with  
 meaning meek,  
 And for a little while, as loth to part,  
 Detaining him, her fingers lank and  
 weak, 421  
 Play'd with their hold ; then letting  
 him depart  
 She gave him a slow smile that touch'd  
 him to the heart.

48

Mourn not for her ! for what hath  
 life to give [here ?  
 That should detain her ready spirit  
 Thinkest thou that it were worth a  
 wish to live,  
 Could wishes hold her from her proper  
 sphere ?  
 That simple heart, that innocence  
 sincere  
 The world would stain. Fitter she  
 ne'er could be  
 For the great change ; and now that  
 change is near, 430  
 Oh who would keep her soul from  
 being free ?  
 Maiden beloved of Heaven, to die is best  
 for thee !

49

She hath pass'd away, and on her lips  
 a smile  
 Hath settled, fix'd in death. Judged  
 they aright,  
 Or suffer'd they their fancy to beguile  
 The reason, who believed that she  
 had sight  
 Of Heaven before her spirit took its  
 flight ;  
 That Angels waited round her lowly  
 bed ;  
 And that in that last effort of delight,  
 When, lifting up her dying arms, she  
 said, 440  
 I come ! a ray from heaven upon her  
 face was shed ?

50

St. Joachin's had never seen a day  
 Of such profuse and general grief  
 before,  
 As when with tapers, dirge, and long  
 array  
 The Maiden's body to the grave they  
 bore.  
 All eyes, all hearts, her early death  
 deplore ;  
 Yet, wondering at the fortune they  
 lament,  
 They the wise ways of Providence  
 adore,  
 By whom the Pastor surely had been  
 sent,  
 When to the Mondai woods upon his  
 quest he went. 450

51

This was, indeed, a chosen family,  
 For Heaven's especial favour mark'd,  
 they said ;  
 Shut out from all mankind they  
 seem'd to be,  
 Yet mercifully there were visited,  
 That so within the fold they might  
 be led, [two  
 Then call'd away to bliss. Already  
 In their baptismal innocence were  
 dead ;  
 The third was on the bed of death,  
 they knew,  
 And in the appointed course must  
 presently ensue.



52

They marvell'd therefore, when the  
youth once more <sup>460</sup>  
Rose from his bed and walk'd abroad  
again ;  
Severe had been the malady, and sore  
The trial, while life struggled to main-  
tain  
Its seat against the sharp assaults of  
pain :  
But life in him was vigorous ; long he  
lay  
Ere it could its ascendancy regain,  
Then, when the natural powers re-  
sumed their sway,  
All trace of late disease pass'd rapidly  
away.

53

The first inquiry, when his mind was  
free,  
Was for his Sister. She was gone, they  
said, <sup>470</sup>  
Gone to her Mother, evermore to be  
With her in Heaven. At this no tears  
he shed,  
Nor was he seen to sorrow for the  
dead ;  
But took the fatal tidings in such part  
As if a dull unfeeling nature bred  
His unconcern ; for hard would seem  
the heart  
To which a loss like his no suffering  
could impart.

54

How little do they see what is, who  
frame  
Their hasty judgement upon that  
which seems !  
Waters that babble on their way pro-  
claim <sup>480</sup>  
A shallowness : but in their strength  
deep streams  
Flow silently. Of death Yeruti  
deems  
Not as an ill, but as the last great  
good,  
Compared wherewith all other he  
esteems  
Transient and void : how then should  
thought intrude  
Of sorrow in his heart for their beatitude ?

55

While dwelling in their sylvan solitude  
Less had Yeruti learnt to entertain  
A sense of age than death. He under-  
stood  
Something of death from creatures  
he had slain ; <sup>490</sup>  
But here the ills which follow in the  
train  
Of age had first to him been mani-  
fest, . . .  
The shrunken form, the limbs that  
move with pain,  
The failing sense, infirmity, unrest, . .  
That in his heart he said to die betimes  
was best.

56

Nor had he lost the dead : they were  
but gone  
Before him, whither he should shortly  
go.  
Their robes of glory they had first  
put on ;  
He, cumber'd with mortality, below  
Must yet abide awhile, content to  
know <sup>500</sup>  
He should not wait in long expectance  
here.  
What cause then for repining, or for  
woe ?  
Soon shall he join them in their  
heavenly sphere,  
And often, even now, he knew that they  
were near.

57

'Twas but in open day to close his  
eyes  
And shut out the unprofitable view  
Of all this weary world's realities,  
And forthwith, even as if they lived  
anew,  
The dead were with him ; features,  
form and hue,  
And looks and gestures were restored  
again : <sup>510</sup>  
Their actual presence in his heart he  
knew ;  
And, when their converse was dis-  
turb'd, oh then  
How flat and stale it was to mix with  
living men !

58

But not the less, whate'er was to be done,  
 With living men he took his part content,  
 At loom, in garden, or a-field, as one  
 Whose spirit, wholly on obedience bent,  
 To every task its prompt attention lent.  
 Alert in labour he among the best ;  
 And when to church the congregation went, 520  
 None more exact than he to cross his breast,  
 And kneel, or rise, and do in all things  
 like the rest.

59

Cheerful he was, almost like one elate  
 With wine, before it hath disturb'd  
 his power  
 Of reason. Yet he seem'd to feel the weight  
 Of time; for always, when from yonder tower  
 He heard the clock tell out the passing hour,  
 The sound appear'd to give him some delight :  
 And, when the evening shades began to lower,  
 Then was he seen to watch the fading light 530  
 As if his heart rejoiced at the return of night.

60

The old man to whom he had been given in care [said,  
 To Dobrizhoffer came one day and  
 The trouble which our youth was thought to bear  
 With such indifference hath deranged his head.  
 He says that he is nightly visited ;  
 His Mother and his Sister come and say  
 That he must give this message from the dead,  
 Not to defer his baptism, and delay  
 A soul upon the earth which should no longer stay. 540

61

A dream the Jesuit deem'd it ; a decei  
 Upon itself by feverish fancy wrought  
 A mere delusion which it were no meet  
 To censure, lest the youth's distemper'd thought  
 Might thereby be to farther error brought ;  
 But he himself its vanity would find, . . [not.  
 They argued thus, . . if it were noticed  
 His baptism was in fitting time design'd  
 The Father said, and then dismiss'd it  
 from his mind.

62

But the old Indian came again ere long 550  
 With the same tale, and freely then confest [wrong ;  
 His doubt that he had done Yeruti  
 For something more than common seem'd imprest ;  
 And now he thought that certes it were best  
 From the youth's lips his own account to hear,  
 Haply the Father then to his request  
 Might yield, regarding his desire sincere,  
 Nor wait for farther time, if there were aught to fear.

63

Considerately the Jesuit heard, and bade  
 The youth be called. Yeruti told his tale. 560  
 Nightly these blessed spirits came, he said,  
 To warn him he must come within the pale  
 Of Christ without delay ; nor must he fail  
 This warning to their Pastor to repeat,  
 Till the renewed entreaty should prevail.  
 Life's business then for him would be complete,  
 And 'twas to tell him this they left their starry seat.

64

Came they to him in dreams? . . he  
could not tell.

Sleeping or waking now small differ-  
ence made;

For even while he slept he knew full  
well 570

That his dear Mother and that darling  
Maid

Both in the Garden of the Dead were  
laid: [same,

And yet he saw them as in life, the  
Save only that in radiant robes array'd,

And round about their presence when  
they came

There shone an effluent light as of a  
harmless flame.

65

And where he was he knew, the time,  
the place, . .

All circumstantial things to him were  
clear.

His own heart undisturb'd. His  
Mother's face

How could he choose but know; or,  
knowing, fear 580

Her presence and that Maid's, to him  
more dear [below?

Than all that had been left him now  
Their love had drawn them from their  
happy sphere;

That dearest love unchanged they  
came to show;

And he must be baptized, and then he  
too might go.

66

With searching ken the Jesuit while  
he spake

Perused him, if in countenance or tone  
Aught might be found appearing to

partake  
Of madness. Mark of passion there

was none;  
None of derangement: in his eye

alone, 590

As from a hidden fountain emanate,  
Something of an unusual brightness

shone: [state

But neither word nor look betray'd a

Of wandering, and his speech, though

earnest, was sedate.

67

Regular his pulse, from all disorder  
free,

The vital powers perform'd their part  
assign'd;

And to what'er was ask'd collectedly  
He answer'd. Nothing troubled him

in mind;

Why should it? Were not all around  
him kind?

Did not all love him with a love  
sincere, 600

And seem in serving him a joy to find?  
He had no want, no pain, no grief, no

fear;  
But he must be baptized; he could not  
tarry here.

68

Thy will be done, Father in heaven  
who art!

The Pastor said, nor longer now  
denied;

But with a weight of awe upon his  
heart

Enter'd the church, and there, the  
font beside,

With holy water, chrisam and salt  
applied,

Perform'd in all solemnity the rite.  
His feeling was that hour with fear

allied; 610

Yeruti's was a sense of pure delight,  
And while he knelt his eyes seem'd

larger and more bright.

69

His wish hath been obtain'd, and this  
being done

His soul was to its full desire content.  
The day in its accustom'd course

pass'd on,  
The Indian mark'd him ere to rest he

went,  
How o'er his beads, as he was wont,

he bent,  
And then, like one who casts all care

aside, [event,

Lay down. The old man fear'd no ill  
When, 'Ye are come for me!' Yeruti

cried; 620  
'Yes, I am ready now!' and instantly  
he died.

# THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO.

ΕΥΑΝΘΕΑ Δ' ΑΝΑΒΑΣΟΜΑΙ  
ΣΤΟΛΟΝ ΑΜΦ' ΑΡΕΤΑ  
ΚΕΛΑΔΕΩΝ.—PINDAR, *Pyth.* 2.

TO  
JOHN MAY,  
AFTER A FRIENDSHIP OF TWENTY YEARS,  
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,  
IN TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHEST ESTEEM AND AFFECTION,  
BY  
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## ARGUMENT

THE first part of this Poem describes a journey to the scene of war. The second is in an allegorical form; it exposes the gross material philosophy which has been the guiding principle of the French politicians, from Mirabeau to Buonaparte; and it states the opinions of those persons who lament the restoration of the Bourbons, because the hopes which they entertained from the French Revolution have not been realized: and of those who see only evil, or blind chance, in the course of human events.

To the Christian philosopher all things are consistent and clear. Our first parents brought with them the light of natural religion and the moral law; as men departed from these, they tended towards barbarous and savage life; large portions of the world are in this degenerated state; still, upon the great scale, the human race, from the beginning, has been progressive. But the direct object of Buonaparte was to establish a military despotism wherever his power extended; and the immediate and inevitable consequence of such a system is to brutalize and degrade mankind. The contest in which this country was engaged against that Tyrant, was a struggle between good and evil principles, and never was there a victory so important to the best hopes

of human nature as that which was won by British valour at Waterloo, . . . its effects extending over the whole civilized world, and involving the vital interests of all mankind.

That victory leaves England in security and peace. In no age and in no country has man ever existed under circumstances so favourable to the full development of his moral and intellectual faculties, as in England at this time. The peace which she has won by the battle of Waterloo, leaves her at leisure to pursue the great objects and duties of bettering her own condition, and diffusing the blessings of civilization and Christianity.

## PROEM

1

ONCE more I see thee, Skiddaw! once  
again

Behold thee in thy majesty serene,  
Where, like the bulwark of this favour'd  
plain,

Alone thou standest, monarch of the  
scene . . .

Thou glorious Mountain, on whose ample  
breast

The sunbeams love to play, the vapours  
love to rest!



2

Once more, O Derwent, to thy awful shores

I come, insatiate of the accustom'd sight;

And, listening as the eternal torrent roars,

Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight:

For I have wander'd far by land and sea,

In all my wanderings still remembering thee.

3

Twelve years, (how large a part of man's brief day!)

Nor idly, nor ingloriously spent, Of evil and of good have held their way,

Since first upon thy banks I pitch'd my tent.

Hither I came in manhood's active prime,

And here my head hath felt the touch of time.

4

Heaven hath with goodly increase blest me here,

Where childless and opprest with grief I came;

With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere

Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim;

Here I possess, . . what more should I require?

Books, children, leisure, . . all my heart's desire.

5

O joyful hour, when to our longing home

The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!

When the first sound went forth, 'They come, they come!'

And hope's impatience quicken'd every eye!

'Never had man whom Heaven would heap with bliss

More glad return, more happy hour than this.'

6

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms dispread,

My boy stood, shouting there his father's name,

Waving his hat around his happy head; And there, a younger group, his sisters came:

Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprize,

While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

7

Soon each and all came crowding round to share

The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;

What welcomings of hand and lip were And, when those overflowings of delight

Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss, Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

8

The young companion of our weary way Found here the end desired of all her ills;

She, who in sickness pining many a day Hunger'd and thirsted for her native hills,

Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain, Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

9

Recover'd now, the homesick mountaineer

Sate by the playmate of her infancy, Her twin-like comrade, . . render'd doubly dear

For that long absence: full of life was she,

With voluble discourse and eager men Telling of all the wonders she had seen.

10

Here silently between her parents stood My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;

And gently oft from time to time she woo'd

Pressure of hand, or word, or look of With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,

Soliciting again the wish'd earnest.

11

The younger twain in wonder lost were they,

My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel :  
Long of our promised coming, day by day,  
It had been their delight to hear and tell ;

And now, when that long-promised hour  
was come,  
Surprize and wakening memory held  
them dumb.

12

For in the infant mind, as in the old,  
When to its second childhood life  
declines,

A dim and troubled power doth  
Memory hold :

But soon the light of young Remem-  
brance shines 70  
Renew'd, and influences of dormant love  
Waken'd within, with quickening in-  
fluence move.

13

O happy season theirs, when absence  
brings [pain,

Small feeling of privation, none of  
Yet at the present object love re-springs,  
As night-closed flowers at morn ex-  
pand again !

Nor deem our second infancy unblest,  
When gradually composed we sink to  
rest. 78

14

Soon they grew blithe as they were  
wont to be ; [seek :

Her old endearments each began to  
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,  
And pat with fondling hand her  
father's cheek ; [thus

With voice and touch and look reviving  
The feelings which had slept in long  
disuse.

15

But there stood one whose heart could  
entertain

And comprehend the fulness of the joy ;  
The father, teacher, playmate, was again  
Come to his only and his studious boy :  
And he beheld again that mother's eye,  
Which with such ceaseless care had  
watch'd his infancy. 90

16

Bring forth the treasures now, . . . a prou  
display, . . . [return

For rich as Eastern merchants w  
Behold the black Beguine, the Sister grey  
The Friars whose heads with sobe  
motion turn, [lives

The Ark well-fill'd with all its numerou  
Noah and Shem and Ham and Japhet  
and their wives.

17

The tumbler, loose of limb ; the  
wrestlers twain ; [device

And many a toy beside of quaint  
Which, when his fleecy troops no more  
can gain

Their pasture on the mountains hoar  
with ice, 100

The German shepherd carves with  
curious knife, [life.

Earning in easy toil the food of frugal

18

It was a group which Richter, had he  
view'd, [fect skill ;

Might have deem'd worthy of his per-  
The keen impatience of the younger  
brood, [still ;

Their eager eyes and fingers never  
The hope, the wonder, and the restless  
joy [boy !

Of those glad girls, and that vociferous

19

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,  
Who in their pleasure finds her own  
delight ; 110

The mother's heart-felt happiness the  
while ; [sight ;

The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful  
And he who, in his gaiety of heart,  
With glib and noisy tongue perform'd  
the showman's part.

20

Scoff ye who will ! but let me, gracious  
Heaven, [day !

Preserve this boyish heart till life's last  
For so that inward light by Nature given  
Shall still direct, and cheer me on my  
way, [descend,

And, brightening as the shades of age  
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at  
the end. 120

21

This was the morning light vouchsafed,  
 which led  
 My favour'd footsteps to the Muses'  
 hill,  
 Whose arduous paths I have not ceased  
 to tread,  
 From good to better persevering still ;  
 And, if but self-approved, to praise or  
 blame  
 Indifferent, while I toil for lasting fame.

22

And O ye nymphs of Castaly divine !  
 Whom I have dutifully served so  
 long,  
 Benignant to your votary now incline,  
 That I may win your ear with gentle  
 song, 130  
 Such as, I ween, is ne'er disown'd by  
 you, . .  
 A low prelusive strain, to nature true.

23

But when I reach at themes of loftier  
 thought,  
 And tell of things surpassing earthly  
 sense,  
 (Which by yourselves, O Muses, I am  
 taught,)  
 Then aid me with your fuller influence,  
 And to the height of that great argu-  
 ment  
 Support my spirit in her strong ascent !

24

So may I boldly round my temples bind  
 The laurel which my master Spenser  
 wore ; 140  
 And, free in spirit as the mountain wind  
 That makes my symphony in this  
 lone hour,  
 No perishable song of triumph raise,  
 But sing in worthy strains my Country's  
 praise.

## THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE

### PART I

### THE JOURNEY

Ἰὼν ΠΟΛΥΚΤΟΝΩΝ ΓΑΡ  
 ΟΥΚ ΑΣΚΟΠΟΙ ΘΕΟΙ.

ÆSCHYLUS.

#### I. FLANDERS

1

OUR world hath seen the work of war's  
 debate  
 Consummated in one momentous  
 day  
 Twice in the course of time ; and twice  
 the fate  
 Of unborn ages hung upon the  
 fray :  
 First at Platæa, in that awful hour  
 When Greece united smote the Persian's  
 power.

2

For, had the Persian triumph'd, then the  
 spring  
 Of knowledge from that living source  
 had ceast ;  
 All would have fallen before the bar-  
 barous King,  
 Art, Science, Freedom ; the despotic  
 East, 10  
 Setting her mark upon the race subdued,  
 Had stamp'd them in the mould of  
 sensual servitude.

3

The second day was that when Martel  
 broke [oppress.  
 The Musselmen, delivering France  
 And, in one mighty conflict, from the yoke  
 Of misbelieving Mecca saved the  
 West ;  
 Else had the Impostor's law destroy'd  
 the ties  
 Of public weal and private charities.

4

Such was the danger, when that Man of  
 Blood  
 Burst from the iron Isle, and brought  
 again, 20  
 Like Satan rising from the sulphurous  
 flood,  
 His impious legions to the battle  
 plain : [field  
 Such too was our deliverance, when the  
 Of Waterloo beheld his fortunes yield.

5

I, who with faith unshaken from the first,  
 Even when the Tyrant seem'd to  
 touch the skies,  
 Had look'd to see the high-blown bubble  
 burst,  
 And for a fall conspicuous as his rise,  
 Even in that faith had look'd not for  
 defeat 29  
 So swift, so overwhelming, so complete.

6

Me most of all men it behoved to raise  
 The strain of triumph for this foe  
 subdued,  
 To give a voice to joy, and in my lays  
 Exalt a nation's hymn of gratitude,  
 And blazon forth in song that day's  
 renown, . . .  
 For I was graced with England's laurel  
 crown.

7

And, as I once had journey'd to behold  
 Far off, Ourique's consecrated field,  
 Where Portugal the faithful and the bold  
 Assumed the symbols of her sacred  
 shield, 40  
 More reason now that I should bend my  
 way  
 The field of British glory to survey.

8

So forth I set upon this pilgrimage,  
 And took the partner of my life with  
 me, [age  
 And one dear girl, just ripe enough of  
 Retentively to see what I should see ;  
 That thus, with mutual recollections  
 fraught,  
 We might bring home a store for after-  
 thought.

9

We left our pleasant Land of Lakes, and  
 went  
 Throughout whole England's length,  
 a weary way, 50  
 Even to the farthest shores of eastern  
 Kent :  
 Embarking there upon an autumn  
 day,  
 Toward Ostend we held our course all  
 night,  
 And anchor'd by its quay at morning's  
 earliest light.

10

Small vestige there of that old siege  
 appears,  
 And little of remembrance would be  
 found,  
 When for the space of three long painful  
 years  
 The persevering Spaniard girt it  
 round,  
 And gallant youths of many a realm  
 from far  
 Went students to that busy school of  
 war. 60

11

Yet still those wars of obstinate defence  
 Their lessons offer to the soldier's  
 hand ;  
 Large knowledge may the statesman  
 draw from thence :  
 And still from underneath the drifted  
 sand,  
 Sometimes the storm, or passing foot  
 lays bare  
 Part of the harvest Death has gather'd  
 there.

12

Peace be within thy walls, thou famous  
 town,  
 For thy brave bearing in those times  
 of old ;  
 May plenty thy industrious children  
 crown,  
 And prosperous merchants day by  
 day behold 70  
 Many a rich vessel from the injurious  
 sea  
 Enter the bosom of thy quiet quay.



13

Embarking there, we glided on between  
 Strait banks raised high above the  
 level land,  
 With many a cheerful dwelling white  
 and green [hand.  
 In goodly neighbourhood on either  
 fuge-timber'd bridges o'er the passage  
 lay, [way.  
 Which wheel'd aside and gave us easy

14

Our horses, aided by the favouring  
 breeze,  
 Drew our gay vessel, slow and sleek  
 and large; 80  
 Track goes the whip, the steersman at  
 his ease [barge.  
 Directs the way, and steady went the  
 Ere evening closed to Bruges thus we  
 came, . .  
 Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame.

15

The season of her splendour is gone by,  
 Yet every where its monuments  
 remain; [on high.  
 Temples which rear their stately heads  
 Canals that intersect the fertile plain,  
 Wide streets and squares, with many  
 a court and hall  
 Spacious and undefaced, but ancient all.

16

Time hath not wrong'd her, nor hath  
 Ruin sought 91  
 Rudely her splendid structures to  
 destroy, [fraught,  
 Save in those recent days with evil  
 When Mutability, in drunken joy  
 Triumphant, and from all restraint  
 released, [beast.  
 Let loose the fierce and many-headed

17

But for the scars in that unhappy rage  
 Inflicted, firm she stands and unde-  
 cay'd;  
 Like our first sires', a beautiful old age  
 Is hers, in venerable years array'd;  
 And yet to her benignant stars may  
 bring, 101  
 What fate denies to man, . . a second  
 spring.

18

When I may read of tilts in days of old,  
 And tourneys graced by chieftains of  
 renown, [bold.  
 Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors  
 If Fancy would pourtray some stately  
 town, [be.  
 Which for such pomp fit theatre should  
 Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.

19

Nor did thy landscape yield me less  
 delight,  
 Seen from the deck as slow it glided  
 by, 110  
 Or when beneath us, from thy Belfroy's  
 height, [sky;  
 Its boundless circle met the bending  
 The waters smooth and straight, thy  
 proper boast,  
 And lines of road-side trees in long  
 perspective lost.

20

No happier landscape may on earth be  
 seen, [groves,  
 Rich gardens all around and fruitful  
 White dwellings trim relieved with  
 lively green, [loves,  
 The pollard that the Flemish painter  
 With aspens tall and poplars fair to view,  
 Casting o'er all the land a grey and  
 willow hue. 120

21

My lot hath lain in scenes sublime and  
 rude,  
 Where still devoutly I have served  
 and sought [tudo.  
 The Power divine which dwells in soli-  
 In boyhood was I wont, with rapture  
 fraught, [free.  
 Amid those rocks and woods to wander  
 Where Avon hastens to the Severn sea.

22

In Cintra also have I dwelt awhile,  
 That earthly Eden, and have seen at  
 eve [tain pile,  
 The sea-mists, gathering round its moun-  
 Whelm with their billows all below,  
 but leave 130  
 One pinnacle sole seen, whereon it stood  
 Like the Ark on Ararat, above the flood.

23

And now am I a Cumbrian mountaineer;  
 Their wintry garment of unsullied snow  
 The mountains have put on, the heavens  
 are clear,  
 And yon dark lake spreads silently  
 below;  
 Who sees them only in their summer  
 hour  
 Sees but their beauties half, and knows  
 not half their power.

24

Yet hath the Flemish scene a charm for  
 me  
 That soothes and wins upon the  
 willing heart; 140  
 Though all is level as the sleeping  
 sea,  
 A natural beauty springs from perfect  
 art,  
 And something more than pleasure fills  
 the breast  
 To see how well-directed toil is blest.

25

Two nights have pass'd; the morning  
 opens well,  
 Fair are the aspects of the favouring  
 sky;  
 Soon yon sweet chimes the appointed  
 hour will tell,  
 For here to music Time moves merrily:  
 Aboard! aboard! no more must we  
 delay, . .  
 Farewell, good people of the *Fleur de*  
*Bled!* 150

26

Beside the busy wharf the Trekschuit  
 rides,  
 With painted plumes and tent-like  
 awning gay;  
 Carts, barrows, coaches, hurry from all  
 sides,  
 And passengers and porters throng  
 the way,  
 Contending all at once in clamorous  
 speech,  
 French, Flemish, English, each confusing  
 each.

27

All disregardant of the Babel sound,  
 A swan kept oaring near with upraise  
 eye, . . 151  
 A beauteous pensioner, who daily found  
 The bounty of such casual company  
 Nor left us till the bell said all was done  
 And slowly we our watery way begun.

28

Europe can boast no richer, goodlie  
 scene,  
 Than that through which our pleasant  
 passage lay, [green  
 By fertile fields and fruitful garden  
 The journey of a short autumnal day  
 Sleek well-fed steeds our steady vesse  
 drew,  
 The heavens were fair, and Mirth was  
 of our crew.

29

Along the smooth canal's unbending line  
 Beguiling time with light discourse  
 we went, 170  
 Nor wanting savoury food nor generous  
 wine.  
 Ashore too there was feast and  
 merriment;  
 The jovial peasants at some village fair  
 Were dancing, drinking, smoking,  
 gambling there.

30

Of these, or of the ancient towers of  
 Ghent [tell]  
 Renown'd, I must not tarry now to  
 Of picture, or of church, or monument;  
 Nor how we mounted to that ponderous  
 bell,  
 The Belfroy's boast, which bears old  
 Roland's name,  
 Nor yields to Oxford Tom, or Tom of  
 Lincoln's fame. 180

31

Nor of that sisterhood, whom to their rule  
 Of holy life no hasty vows restrain,  
 Who, meek disciples of the Christian  
 school,  
 Watch by the bed of sickness and of  
 pain: [impart]  
 Oh what a strength divine doth Faith  
 To inborn goodness in the female heart!

## 32

gentle party from the shores of Kent  
Thus far had been our comrades, as  
befell ;

Fortune had link'd us first, and now  
Consent, . .

For why should Choice divide whom  
Chance so well <sup>190</sup>  
Had join'd, and they to view the  
famous ground,  
Like us, were to the Field of Battle  
bound.

## 33

Farther as yet they look'd not than that  
quest, . .

The land was all before them where  
to choose.

How we consorted here as seemed best ;  
Who would such pleasant fellowship  
refuse

Of ladies fair and gentle comrades  
free ? . .

For a while we were a joyous company.

## 34

Yet lack'd we not discourse for graver  
times,

Such as might suit sage auditors, I  
ween ; <sup>200</sup>

For some among us in far distant climes  
The cities and the ways of men had  
seen ; [well

No unobservant travellers they, but  
Of what they there had learnt they knew

to tell.

## 35

The one of frozen Moseovy could speak,  
And well his willing listeners entertain

With tales of that inclement region  
bleak, [reign,

The pageantry and pomp of Catherine's  
And that proud city, which with wise  
intent

The mighty founder raised, his own  
great monument. <sup>210</sup>

## 36

And one had dwelt with Malabars and  
Moors, [dispense

Where fertile earth and genial heaven  
Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores ;

Whate'er delights the eye, or charms  
the sense,

The valleys with perpetual fruitage  
blest,

The mountains with unfading foliage  
drest.

## 37

He those barbaric palaces had seen,

The work of Eastern potentates of old ;  
And in the Temples of the Rock had  
been,

Awe-struck their dread recesses to  
behold ; <sup>220</sup>

A gifted hand was his, which by its skill  
Could to the eye pourtraysuch wondrous  
scenes at will.

## 38

A third, who from the Land of Lakes  
went with me

Went out upon this pleasant pilgrim-  
age,

Had sojourn'd long beyond the Atlantic  
sea ;

Adventurous was his spirit as his age,  
For he in far Brazil, through wood and  
waste,

Had travell'd many a day, and there  
his heart was plac'd.

## 39

Wild region, . . happy if at night he  
found

The shelter of some rude Tapuya's  
shed ; <sup>230</sup>

Else would he take his lodgement on  
the ground,

Or from the tree suspend his hardy  
bed ;

And sometimes, starting at the jaguar's  
cries,

See through the murky night the  
prowler's fiery eyes.

## 40

And sometimes over thirsty deserts  
drear,

And sometimes over flooded plains  
he went ; . .

A joy it was his fire-side tales to hear,  
And he a comrade to my heart's con-  
tent :

For he of what I most desired could tell,  
And loved the Portugals because he  
knew them well. <sup>240</sup>

## 41

Here to the easy barge we bade adieu ;  
 Land-travellers now along the well-  
 paved way,  
 Where road-side trees, still lengthening  
 on the view,  
 Before us and behind unvarying lay :  
 Through lands well-labour'd to Alost we  
 came,  
 Where whilome treachery stain'd the  
 English name.

## 42

Then saw we Afflighem, by ruin rent,  
 Whose venerable fragments strew the  
 land ;  
 Grown wise too late, the multitude  
 lament  
 The ravage of their own unhappy  
 hand ;  
 Its records in their frenzy torn and  
 tost,  
 Its precious stores of learning wreck'd  
 and lost.

## 43

Whatever else we saw was cheerful all,  
 The signs of steady labour well re-  
 paid ;  
 The grapes were ripe on every cottage  
 wall,  
 And merry peasants seated in the  
 shade  
 Of garner, or within the open door,  
 From gather'd hop-vines pluck'd the  
 plenteous store.

## 44

Through Assche for water and for cakes  
 renown'd  
 We pass'd, pursuing still our way,  
 though late ;  
 And when the shades of night were  
 closing round,  
 Brussels received us through her  
 friendly gate, . .  
 Proud city, fated many a change to  
 see,  
 And now the seat of new-made  
 monarchy.

## II. BRUSSELS

## 1

WHERE might a gayer spectacle I  
 found  
 Than Brussels offer'd on that festiv  
 night,  
 Her squares and palaces irradiate roun  
 To welcome the imperial Muscovite  
 Who now, the wrongs of Europe twic  
 redress'd,  
 Came there a welcome and a gloriou  
 guest ?

## 2

Her mile-long avenue with lamps we  
 hung,  
 Innumerable, which diffused a light  
 like day ;  
 Where through the line of splendour, ol  
 and young  
 Paraded all in festival array ;  
 While fiery barges, plying to and fro,  
 Illumined as they moved the liquid glas  
 below.

## 3

By day with hurrying crowds the street  
 were throug'd,  
 To gain of this great Czar a passin  
 sight ;  
 And music, dance, and banqueting  
 prolong'd  
 The various work of pleasure throug  
 the night.  
 You might have deem'd, to see tha  
 joyous town,  
 That wretchedness and pain were ther  
 unknown.

## 4

Yet three short months had scarcely  
 pass'd away,  
 Since, shaken with the approaching  
 battle's breath,  
 Her inmost chambers trembled with  
 dismay ;  
 And now within her walls insatiat  
 Death,  
 Devourer whom no harvest e'er can fill  
 The gleanings of that field was gathering  
 still.



5

Within those walls there linger'd at that  
hour [pain.]

Many a brave soldier on the bed of  
Whom aid of human art should ne'er  
restore [again ;

To see his country and his friends  
and many a victim of that fell debate,  
Whose life yet waver'd in the scales of  
fate. 30

6

Some I beheld, for whom the doubtful  
scale [length ;

Had to the side of life inclined at  
Emaciate was their form, their features  
pale, [strength ;

The limbs so vigorous late, bereft of  
And, for their gay habiliments of yore,  
The habit of the House of Pain they  
wore.

7

Some in the courts of that great hospital,  
That they might taste the sun and  
open air,

Crawl'd out; or sate beneath the  
southern wall ;

Or, leaning in the gate, stood gazing  
there 40

In listless guise upon the passers by,  
Whiling away the hours of slow re-  
covery.

8

Others in waggons borne abroad I saw,  
Albeit recovering, still a mournful  
sight :

Languid and helpless some were  
stretch'd on straw,

Some more advanced sustain'd them-  
selves upright,

And with bold eye and careless front,  
methought,

Seem'd to set wounds and death again  
at nought.

9

Well had it fared with these ; nor went  
it ill

With those whom war had of a limb  
bereft, 50

Leaving the life untouch'd, that they  
had still [left ;

Enough for health as for existence

But some there were who lived to draw  
the breath  
Of pain through hopeless years of linger-  
ing death.

10

Here might the hideous face of war be  
seen,

Strip'd of all pomp, adornment, and  
disguise ;

It was a dismal spectacle, I ween,  
Such as might well to the beholders'  
eyes [mind

Bring sudden tears, and make the pious  
Grieve for the crimes and follies of man-  
kind. 60

11

What had it been then in the recent  
days

Of that great triumph, when the open  
wound [ways

Was festering, and along the crowded  
Hour after hour was heard the inces-  
sant sound

Of wheels, which o'er the rough and  
stony road

Convey'd their living agonizing load !

12

Hearts little to the melting mood in-  
clined

Grew sick to see their sufferings ; and  
the thought

Still comes with horror to the shuddering  
mind

Of those sad days when Belgian ears  
were taught 70

The British soldier's cry, half groan, half  
prayer,

Breathed when his pain is more than he  
can bear.

13

Brave spirits, nobly had their part been  
done !

Brussels could show, where Senne's  
slow waters glide,

The cannon which their matchless  
valour won,

Proud trophies of the field, ranged  
side by side,

Where as they stood in inoffensive row,  
The solitary guard paced to and fro.

14

Unconscious instruments of human woe,  
 Some for their mark the royal lilies  
 bore, 80  
 Fix'd there when Britain was the  
 Bourbon's foe ;  
 And some emboss'd in brazen letters  
 wore  
 The sign of that abhorr'd misrule, which  
 broke  
 The guilty nation for a Tyrant's yoke.

15

Others were stamp't with that Usurper's  
 name, . .  
 Recorders thus of many a change  
 were they,  
 Their deadly work through every change  
 the same ;  
 Nor ever had they seen a bloodier day,  
 Than when, as their late thunders roll'd  
 around,  
 Brabant in all her cities felt the sound.

16

Then ceased their occupation. From  
 the field 91  
 Of battle here in triumph were they  
 brought ;  
 Ribands and flowers and laurels half  
 conceal'd  
 Their brazen mouths, so late with ruin  
 fraught ;  
 Women beheld them pass with joyful  
 eyes,  
 And children clapt their hands and rent  
 the air with cries.

17

Now idly on the banks of Senne they  
 lay,  
 Like toys with which a child is pleased  
 no more :  
 Only the British traveller bends his  
 way  
 To see them on that unfrequented  
 shore, 100  
 And, as a mournful feeling blends with  
 pride,  
 Remembers those who fought, and those  
 who died.

## III. THE FIELD OF BATTLE

1

SOUTHWARD from Brussels lies the field  
 of blood,  
 Some three hours' journey for a well  
 girt man ;  
 A horseman who in haste pursued his  
 road  
 Would reach it as the second hour  
 began.  
 The way is through a forest deep and  
 wide,  
 Extending many a mile on either side.

2

No cheerful woodland this of antic trees  
 With thickets varied and with sunny  
 glade ;  
 Look where he will, the weary traveller  
 sees  
 One gloomy, thick, impenetrable  
 shade 10  
 Of tall straight trunks, which move  
 before his sight,  
 With interchange of lines of long green  
 light.

3

Here, where the woods receding from  
 the road  
 Have left on either hand an open  
 space  
 For fields and gardens and for man's  
 abode,  
 Stands Waterloo ; a little lowly place,  
 Obscure till now, when it hath risen to  
 fame,  
 And given the victory its English name.

4

What time the second Carlos ruled in  
 Spain,  
 Last of the Austrian line by Fate  
 decreed, 20  
 Here Castanaca reared a votive fane,  
 Praying the Patron Saints to bless  
 with seed  
 His childless sovereign ; Heaven denied  
 an heir,  
 And Europe mourn'd in blood the frus-  
 trate prayer.

5

That temple to our hearts was hallow'd  
now :

For many a wounded Briton there  
was laid, [allow

'ith such poor help as time might then  
From the fresh carnage of the field  
convey'd ;

And they whom human succours could  
not save

ere in its precincts found a hasty  
grave. 30

6

And here on marble tablets set on high,  
In English lines by foreign workmen  
traced,

ere names familiar to an English eye ;  
Their brethren here the fit memorials  
placed, [tell

whose unadorned inscriptions briefly  
their gallant comrades' rank, and  
where they fell.

7

The stateliest monument of public pride  
Enrich'd with all magnificence of art,  
to honour Chieftains who in victory  
died,

Would wake no stronger feeling in  
the heart 40

than these plain tablets, by the soldier's  
hand 5

raised to his comrades in a foreign land.

8

Not far removed you find the burial-  
ground,

Yet so that skirts of woodland inter-  
vene ;

A small enclosure, rudely fenced around ;  
Three grave-stones only for the dead  
are seen :

One bears the name of some rich villager,  
The first for whom a stone was planted  
there.

9

Beneath the second is a German laid,  
Whom Bremen, shaking off the  
Frenchman's yoke, 50

Sent with her sons the general cause to  
aid ; [stroke,

He in the fight received his mortal

Yet for his country's aggravated woes  
Lived to see vengeance on her hated  
foes.

10

A son of Erin sleeps below the third ;  
By friendly hands his body where it  
lay

Upon the field of blood had been in-  
terr'd,

And thence by those who mourn'd  
him borne away

In pious reverence for departed worth,  
Laid here with holy rites in consecrated  
earth. 60

11

Repose in peace, brave soldiers, who  
have found

In Waterloo and Soigny's shade your  
rest !

Ere this hath British valour made that  
ground

Sacred to you, and for your foes un-  
blest,

When Marlborough here, victorious in  
his might

Surprized the French, and smote them  
in their flight.

12

Those wars are as a tale of times gone  
by,

For so doth perishable fame decay, . .  
Here on the ground wherein the slaugh-  
ter'd lie,

The memory of that fight is pass'd  
away ; . . 70

And even our glorious Blenheim to the  
field

Of Waterloo and Wellington must yield.

13

Soon shall we reach that scene of mighty  
deeds,

In one unbending line a short league  
hence ;

Aright the forest from the road recedes,  
With wide sweep trending south and  
westward thence ;

Aleft along the line it keeps its place,  
Some half hour's distance at a traveller's  
pace.

14

The country here expands, a wide-  
spread scene;  
No Flemish gardens fringed with  
willows these, 80  
Nor rich Brabantine pastures ever green,  
With trenches lined and rows of aspin  
trees;  
In tillage here the unwooded open land  
Returns its increase to the farmer's hand.

15

Behold the scene where Slaughter had  
full sway!  
A mile before us lieth Mount St. John,  
The hamlet which the Highlanders that  
day  
Preserved from spoil; yet as much  
farther on  
The single farm is placed, now known  
to fame,  
Which from the sacred hedge derives  
its name. 90

16

Straight onward yet for one like distance  
more, [stands,  
And there the house of Belle Alliance  
So named, I guess, by some in days of  
yore, [hands:  
In friendship or in wedlock joining  
Little did they who call'd it thus foresee  
The place that name should hold in  
history!

17

Beyond these points the fight extended  
not . . .  
Small theatre for such a tragedy!  
Its breadth scarce more, from eastern  
Papelot  
To where the groves of Hougoumont  
on high 100  
Rear in the west their venerable head,  
And cover with their shade the countless  
dead.

18

But wouldst thou tread this celebrated  
ground, [scene  
And trace with understanding eyes a  
Above all other fields of war renown'd,  
From western Hougoumont thy way  
begin;

There was our strength on that side, and  
there first,  
In all its force, the storm of battle burst

19

Strike eastward then across toward La  
Haye,  
The single farm: with dead the field  
between 110  
Are lined, and thou wilt see upon the  
way  
Long wave-like dips and swells which  
intervene,  
Such as would breathe the war-horse  
and impede,  
When that deep soil was wet, his martial  
speed.

20

This is the ground whereon the young  
Nassau,  
Emuling that day his ancestor's  
renown, [saw  
Received his hurt; admiring Belgium  
The youth proved worthy of his  
destined crown:  
All tongues his prowess on that day  
proclaim,  
And children lisp his praise and bless  
their Prince's name. 120

21

When thou hast reach'd La Haye, sur-  
vey it well,  
Here was the heat and centre of the  
strife;  
This point must Britain hold whate'er  
befell,  
And here both armies were profuse of  
life: [by  
Once it was lost, . . . and then a stander  
Belike had trembled for the victory.

22

Not so the leader, on whose equal mind  
Such interests hung in that momen-  
tous day;  
So well had he his motley troops assign'd,  
That where the vital points of action  
lay, 130  
There had he placed those soldiers whom  
he knew  
No fears could quail, no dangers could  
subdue.



23

Small was his British force, nor had he here

The Portugals, in heart so near allied,  
 he worthy comrades of his late career,  
 Who fought so oft and conquer'd at  
 his side, [advance  
 When, with the Red Cross join'd in brave  
 he glorious Quinas mock'd the air of  
 France.

24

Low of the troops with whom he took  
 the field

Some were of doubtful faith, and  
 others raw; <sup>140</sup>  
 He station'd these where they might  
 stand or yield; [saw,

But where the stress of battle he fore-  
 there were his links (his own strong  
 words I speak)  
 And rivets which no human force could  
 break.

25

O my brave countrymen, ye answer'd  
 well

To that heroic trust! Nor less did ye,  
 Whose worth your grateful country aye  
 shall tell,

True children of our sister Germany,  
 Who, while she groan'd beneath the  
 oppressor's chain,  
 Fought for her freedom in the fields of  
 Spain. <sup>150</sup>

26

La Haye, bear witness! sacred is it hight,  
 And sacred is it truly from that day;  
 For never braver blood was spent in fight  
 Than Britain here hath mingled with  
 the clay.

Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce  
 can'st tread  
 Here on a spot unhallow'd by the dead.

27

Here was it that the Highlanders with-  
 stood [weight

The tide of hostile power, received its  
 With resolute strength, and stemm'd  
 and turn'd the flood;  
 And fitly here, as in that Grecian  
 strait, <sup>160</sup>

The funeral stone might say, Go,  
 traveller, tell  
 Scotland, that in our duty here we  
 fell.

28

Still eastward from this point thy way  
 pursue.

There grows a single hedge along the  
 lane, . .

No other is there far or near in view:  
 The raging enemy essay'd in vain  
 To pass that line, . . a braver foe with-  
 stood,

And this whole ground was moisten'd  
 with their blood.

29

Leading his gallant men as he was wont,  
 The hot assailants' onset to repel, <sup>170</sup>  
 Advancing hat in hand, hero in the  
 front

Of battle and of danger, Picton fell;  
 Lamented Chief! than whom no braver  
 name

His country's annals shall consign to  
 fame.

30

Scheldt had not seen us, had his voice  
 been heard,

Return with shame from her disastrous  
 coast:

But Fortune soon to fairer fields pre-  
 ferr'd

His worth approved, which Cambria  
 long may boast:

France felt him then, and Portugal and  
 Spain  
 His honour'd memory will for aye retain.

31

Hence to the high-wall'd house of  
 Papclot, <sup>181</sup>

The battle's boundary on the left,  
 incline;

Here thou seest Frischermont not far  
 remote,

From whence, like ministers of wrath  
 divine,

The Prussians, issuing on the yielding  
 foe,

Consummated their great and tota  
 overthrow.

32

Deem not that I the martial skill should  
boast  
Where horse and foot were station'd  
here to tell,  
What points were occupied by either  
host,  
And how the battle raged, and what  
befell, 190  
And how our great Commander's eagle  
eye,  
Which comprehended all, secured the  
victory.

33

This were the historian's, not the poet's  
part;  
Such task would ill the gentle Muse  
beseem,  
Who to the thoughtful mind and pious  
heart  
Comes with her offering from this  
aweful theme;  
Content if what she saw and gather'd  
there  
She may in unambitious song declare.

34

Look how upon the Ocean's treacherous  
face  
The breeze and summer sunshine  
softly play, 200  
And the green-heaving billows bear no  
trace  
Of all the wrath and wreck of yester-  
day; . .  
So from the field which here we look'd  
upon  
The vestiges of dreadful war were gone.

35

Earth had received into her silent  
womb  
Her slaughter'd creatures: horse and  
man they lay,  
And friend and foe, within the general  
tomb.  
Equal had been their lot; one fatal  
day  
For all, . . one labour, . . and one place  
of rest  
They found within their common  
parent's breast. 210

36

The passing seasons had not yet effaced  
The stamp of numerous hoofs im-  
press'd by force  
Of cavalry, whose path might still be  
traced.  
Yet Nature every where resumed her  
course;  
Low pansies to the sun their purple  
gave,  
And the soft poppy blossom'd on the  
grave.

37

In parts the careful farmer had re-  
new'd  
His labours, late by battle frustrated;  
And where the unconscious soil had been  
imbued  
With blood, profusely there like water  
shed, 220  
There had his plough-share turn'd the  
guilty ground,  
And the green corn was springing all  
around.

38

The graves he left for natural thought  
humane  
Untouch'd; and here and there,  
where in the strife  
Contending feet had trampled down the  
grain,  
Some hardier roots were found,  
which of their life  
Tenacious, had put forth a second  
head,  
And sprung, and ear'd, and ripen'd on  
the dead.

39

Some marks of wreck were scatter'd all  
around,  
As shoe, and belt, and broken bando-  
leer, 230  
And hats which bore the mark of mortal  
wound;  
Gun-flints and balls for those who  
closelier peer;  
And sometimes did the breeze upon its  
breath  
Bear from ill-cover'd graves a taint of  
death.

40

More vestige of destructive man was  
 seen  
 Where man in works of peace had  
 labour'd more ;  
 At Hougoumont the hottest strife had  
 been,  
 Where trees and walls the mournful  
 record bore  
 Of war's wild rage, trunks pierced with  
 many a wound,  
 And roofs and half-burnt rafters on the  
 ground. 240

41

A goodly mansion this, with gardens  
 fair,  
 And ancient groves and fruitful  
 orchard wide,  
 Its dove-cot and its decent house of  
 prayer,  
 Its ample stalls and garner's well sup-  
 plied,  
 And spacious bartons clean, well-wall'd  
 around,  
 Where all the wealth of rural life was  
 found.

42

That goodly mansion on the ground  
 was laid,  
 Save here and there a blacken'd  
 broken wall ;  
 The wounded who were borne beneath  
 its shade  
 Had there been crush'd and buried by  
 the fall ; 250  
 And there they lie where they received  
 their doom, . .  
 Oh let no hand disturb that honourable  
 tomb !

43

Contiguous to this wreck the little  
 fane,  
 For worship hallow'd, still uninjured  
 stands,  
 Save that its Crucifix displays too  
 plain  
 The marks of outrage from irreverent  
 hands.  
 Alas, to think such irreligious deed  
 Of wrong from British soldiers should  
 proceed !

44

The dove-cot too remains ; scared at  
 the fight  
 The birds sought shelter in the forest  
 shade ; 260  
 But still they kept their native haunts  
 in sight,  
 And when few days their terror had  
 allay'd,  
 Forsook again the solitary wood,  
 For their old home and human neigh-  
 bourhood.

45

The gardener's dwelling was untouch'd ;  
 his wife  
 Fled with her children to some near  
 retreat,  
 And there lay trembling for her hus-  
 band's life :  
 He stood the issue, saw the foe's  
 retreat,  
 And lives unhurt where thousands fell  
 around,  
 To tell the story of that famous ground.

46

His generous dog was well approved that  
 hour, 271  
 By courage as by love to man  
 allied ;  
 He through the fiery storm and iron  
 shower  
 Kept the ground bravely by his  
 master's side :  
 And now when to the stranger's hand  
 he draws,  
 The noble beast seems conscious of  
 applause.

47

Toward the grove the wall with musket  
 holes  
 Is pierced ; our soldiers here their  
 station held  
 Against the foe, and many were the  
 souls  
 Then from their fleshly tenements  
 expell'd. 280  
 Six hundred Frenchmen have been  
 burnt close by,  
 And underneath one mound their bones  
 and ashes lie.

48

One streak of blood upon the wall was traced,  
 In length a man's just stature from the head ;  
 There where it gushed you saw it unefaced ;  
 Of all the blood which on that day was shed  
 This mortal stain alone remain'd impress'd, . .  
 The all-devouring earth had drunk the rest.

49

Here from the heaps who strew'd the fatal plain  
 Was Howard's corse by faithful hands convey'd, <sup>290</sup>  
 And, not to be confounded with the slain,  
 Here in a grave apart with reverence laid,  
 Till hence his honour'd relics o'er the seas  
 Were borne to England, there to rest in peace.

50

Another grave had yielded up its dead,  
 From whence to bear his son a father came,  
 That he might lay him where his own grey head  
 Ere long must needs be laid. That soldier's name  
 Was not remember'd there, yet may the verse  
 Present this reverent tribute to his herse. <sup>300</sup>

51

Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,  
 Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,  
 Where armies had with recent fury fought,  
 To mark how gentle Nature still pursued  
 Her quiet course, as if she took no care  
 For what her noblest work had suffer'd there ?

52

The pears had ripen'd on the garden wall ;  
 Those leaves which on the autumnal earth were spread  
 The trees, though pierced and scarr'd with many a ball,  
 Had only in their natural season shed : <sup>310</sup>  
 Flowers were in seed whose buds to swell began  
 When such wild havoc here was made of man !

53

Throughout the garden, fruits and herbs and flowers  
 You saw in growth, or ripeness, or decay ;  
 The green and well-trimm'd dial mark'd the hours  
 With gliding shadow as they pass'd away ;  
 Who would have thought, to see this garden fair,  
 Such horrors had so late been acted there !

54

Now Hougoumont, farewell to thy domain !  
 Might I dispose of thee, no woodman's hand <sup>320</sup>  
 Should e'er thy venerable groves profane ;  
 Untouch'd, and like a temple, should they stand,  
 And, consecrate by general feeling, wave  
 Their branches o'er the ground where sleep the brave.

55

Thy ruins as they fell should aye remain, . .  
 What monument so fit for those below ?  
 Thy garden through whole ages should retain  
 The form and fashion which it weareth now,  
 That future pilgrims here might all things see, <sup>329</sup>  
 Such as they were at this great victory.



## IV. THE SCENE OF WAR

1

No cloud the azure vault of heaven  
 distain'd  
 That day, when we the field of war  
 survey'd ;  
 The leaves were falling, but the groves  
 retain'd  
 Foliage enough for beauty and for  
 shade ;  
 Soft airs prevail'd, and through the  
 sunny hours  
 The bees were busy on the year's last  
 flowers.

2

Well was the season with the scene com-  
 bined.  
 The autumnal sunshine suited well  
 the mood  
 Which here possess'd the meditative  
 mind, . .  
 A human sense upon the field of  
 blood, <sup>10</sup>  
 A Christian thankfulness, a British  
 pride,  
 Temper'd by solemn thought, yet still  
 to joy allied.

3

What British heart that would not feel  
 a flow,  
 Upon that ground, of elevating pride?  
 What British cheek is there that would  
 not glow  
 To hear our country blest and magni-  
 fied ? . .  
 For Britain here was blest by old and  
 young,  
 Admired by every heart and praised by  
 every tongue.

4

Not for brave bearing in the field  
 alone  
 Doth grateful Belgium bless the  
 British name ; <sup>20</sup>  
 The order and the perfect honour shown  
 In all things, have enhanced the  
 soldier's fame :

For this we heard the admiring people  
 raise  
 One universal voice sincere of praise.

5

Yet with indignant feeling they enquired  
 Wherefore we spared the author of  
 this strife?  
 Why had we not, as highest law re-  
 quired,  
 With ignominy closed the culprit's  
 life ?  
 For him alone had all this blood been  
 shed, . .  
 Why had not vengeance struck the  
 guilty head ? <sup>30</sup>

6

O God ! they said, it was a piteous  
 thing  
 To see the after-horrors of the fight,  
 The lingering death, the hopeless  
 suffering, . .  
 What heart of flesh unmoved could  
 bear the sight?  
 One man was cause of all this world of  
 woe, . .  
 Ye had him, . . and ye did not strike the  
 blow !

7

How will ye answer to all after time  
 For that great lesson which ye fail'd  
 to give?  
 As if excess of guilt excused the crime,  
 Black as he is with blood ye let him  
 live ! <sup>40</sup>  
 Children of evil, take your course hence-  
 forth,  
 For what is Justice but a name on earth !

8

Vain had it been with these in glosing  
 speech  
 Of precedents to use the specious  
 tongue :  
 This might perplex the ear, but fail to  
 reach  
 The heart, from whence that honest  
 feeling sprung :  
 And, had I dared my inner sense belie,  
 The voice of blood was there to join  
 them in their cry.

9

We left the field of battle in such mood  
 As human hearts from thence should  
 bear away, 50  
 And musing thus our purposed route  
 pursued,  
 Which still through scenes of recent  
 bloodshed lay,  
 Where Prussia late with strong and  
 stern delight  
 Hung on her hated foes to persecute  
 their flight.

10

No hour for tarriance that, or for  
 remorse!  
 Vengeance, who long had hunger'd,  
 took her fill,  
 And Retribution held its righteous  
 course:  
 As when in elder time the Sun stood  
 still  
 On Gibeon, and the Moon above the  
 vale  
 Of Ajalon hung motionless and pale. 60

11

And what though no portentous day  
 was given  
 To render here the work of wrath  
 complete,  
 The Sun, I ween, seem'd standing still  
 in heaven  
 To those who hurried from that dire  
 defeat;  
 And, when they pray'd for darkness in  
 their flight,  
 The Moon arose upon them broad and  
 bright.

12

No covert might they find; the open  
 land,  
 O'er which so late exultingly they  
 pass'd,  
 Lay all before them and on either  
 hand;  
 Close on their flight the avengers  
 follow'd fast, 70  
 And when they reach'd Genappe and  
 there drew breath,  
 Short respite found they there from  
 fear and death.

13

That fatal town betray'd them to more  
 loss;  
 Through one long street the only  
 passage lay,  
 And then the narrow bridge they needs  
 must cross  
 Where Dyle, a shallow streamlet,  
 cross'd the way:  
 For life they fled, . . . no thought had they  
 but fear,  
 And their own baggage choak'd the  
 outlet here.

14

He who had bridged the Danube's  
 affluent stream,  
 With all the unbroken Austrian power  
 in sight, 80  
 (So had his empire vanish'd like a dream)  
 Was by this brook impeded in his  
 flight; . . . [there . . .  
 And then what passions did he witness  
 Rage, terror, execrations, and despair!

15

Ere through the wreck his passage could  
 be made,  
 Three miserable hours, which seem'd  
 like years,  
 Was he in that ignoble strait delay'd;  
 The dreadful Prussian's cry was in  
 his ears, [hell  
 Fear in his heart, and in his soul that  
 Whose due rewards he merited so well.

16

Foremost again as he was wont to be  
 In flight, though not the foremost in  
 the strife, 92  
 The Tyrant hurried on, of infamy  
 Regardless, nor regarding ought but  
 life; . . . [faith  
 Oh wretch! without the courage or the  
 To die with those whom he had led to  
 death!

17

Meantime his guilty followers in disgrace,  
 Whose pride for ever now was beaten  
 down, [place;  
 Some in the houses sought a hiding-  
 While at the entrance of that fatal  
 town 100

Others, who yet some show of heart  
display'd,

A short vain effort of resistance made :

18

Feeble and ill-sustain'd ! The foe burst  
through :

With unabating heat they search'd  
around ;

The wretches from their lurking-holes  
they drew, . .

Such mercy as the French had given  
they found ;

Death had more victims there in that  
one hour

Than fifty years might else have ren-  
der'd to his power.

19

Here did we inn upon our pilgrimage,

After such day an unfit resting-place :  
For who from ghastly thoughts could  
disengage <sup>111</sup>

The haunted mind, when every where  
the trace

Of death was seen, . . the blood-stain on  
the wall,

And musquet-marks in chamber and in  
hall !

20

All talk too was of death. They shew'd  
us here

The room where Brunswick's body  
had been laid,

Where his brave followers, bending o'er  
the bier,

In bitterness their vow of vengeance  
made ; [Chief,

Where Wellington beheld the slaughter'd  
And for awhile gave way to manly grief.

21

Duhesme, whose crimes the Catalans  
may tell, <sup>121</sup>

Died here ; . . with sabre strokes the  
posts are scored,

Hewn down upon the threshold where  
he fell,

Himself then tasting of the ruthless  
sword ; [Spain,

A Brunswicker discharged the debt of  
And where he dropt the stone preserves  
the stain.

22

Too much of life hath on thy plains been  
shed,

Brabant ! so oft the scene of war's  
debate ;

But ne'er with blood were they so  
largely fed

As in this rout and wreck ; when  
righteous Fate <sup>130</sup>

Brought on the French, in warning to  
all times,

A vengeance wide and sweeping as their  
crimes :

23

Vengeance for Egypt and for Syria's  
wrong ;

For Portugal's unutterable woes ;

For Germany, who suffer'd all too  
long

Beneath these lawless, faithless, god-  
less foes ;

For blood which on the Lord so long  
had cried,

For Earth oppress, and Heaven insulted  
and defied.

24

We follow'd from Genappe their line of  
flight

To the Cross Roads, where Britain's  
sons sustain'd <sup>140</sup>

Against such perilous force the desperate  
fight :

Deserving for that field so well main-  
tain'd,

Such fame as for a like devotion's  
meed

The world hath to the Spartan band  
decreed.

25

Upon this ground the noble Brunswick  
died,

Led on too rashly by his ardent  
heart ;

Long shall his grateful country tell with  
pride

How manfully he chose the better  
part :

When groaning Germany in chains was  
bound, <sup>149</sup>

He only of her Princes faithful found.

26

And here right bravely did the German  
band  
Once more sustain their well-deserved  
applause ;  
As when, revenging there their native  
land,  
In Spain they labour'd for the general  
cause.  
In this most arduous strife none more  
than they  
Endured the heat and burthen of the  
day.

27

Here too we heard the praise of British  
worth,  
Still best approved when most severely  
tried ;  
Here were broad patches of loose-lying  
earth,  
Sufficing scarce the mingled bones to  
hide, . . . 160  
And half-uncover'd graves, where one  
might see  
The loathliest features of mortality.

28

Eastward from hence we struck, and  
reach'd the field  
Of Ligny, where the Prussian, on that  
day  
By far-outnumbering force constrain'd  
to yield,  
Fronted the foe, and held them still  
at bay ;  
And in that brave defeat acquired fresh  
claim  
To glory, and enhanced his country's  
fame.

29

Here was a scene which fancy might  
delight  
To treasure up among her cherish'd  
stores, . . . 170  
And bring again before the inward  
sight  
Often when she recalls the long-past  
hours ; . . .  
Well-cultured hill and dale extending  
wide,  
Hamlets and village spires on every  
side ;

30

The autumnal-tinted groves ; the up  
land mill  
Which oft was won and lost amid the  
fray :  
Green pastures water'd by the silent rill  
The lordly Castle yielding to decay,  
With bridge and barbican and moat and  
tower,  
A fairer sight perchance than when it  
frown'd in power : 180

31

The avenue before its ruin'd gate,  
Which when the Castle, suffering less  
from time  
Than havoc, hath foregone its strength  
and state, [prime  
Uninjured flourisheth in nature's  
To us a grateful shade did it supply,  
Glad of that shelter from the noontide  
sky :

32

The quarries deep, where many a mas-  
sive block  
For some Parisian monument of pride  
Hewn with long labour from the granite  
rock,  
Lay in the change of fortune cast  
aside ; 190  
But rightly with those stones should  
Prussia build  
Her monumental pile on Ligny's bloody  
field !

33

The wealthy village bearing but too plain  
The dismal marks of recent fire and  
spoil ;  
Its decent habitants, an active train,  
And many a one at work with needful  
toil  
On roof or thatch, the ruin to repair, . . .  
May never War repeat such devastation  
there !

34

Ill had we done if we had hurried by  
A scene in faithful history to be  
famed 200  
Through long succeeding ages ; nor  
may I  
The hospitality let pass unnamed,



And courteous kindness on that distant  
ground,  
Which, strangers as we were, for Eng-  
land's sake we found.

35

And dear to England should be Ligny's  
name.  
Prussia and England both were proved  
that day ;  
Each generous nation to the other's  
fame  
Her ample tribute of applause will  
pay ;  
Long as the memory of those labours  
past,  
Unbroken may their Fair Alliance last !

36

The tales which of that field I could  
unfold 211  
Better it is that silence should con-  
ceal.  
They who had seen them shudder'd  
while they told  
Of things so hideous ; and they cried  
with zeal,  
One man hath caused all this, of men  
the worst, . .  
O wherefore have ye spared his head  
accurst !

37

It fits not now to tell our farther way  
Through many a scene by bounteous  
nature blest,  
Nor how we found, where'er our journey  
lay,  
An Englishman was still an honour'd  
guest ; 220  
But still upon this point, where'er we  
went,  
The indignant voice was heard of discon-  
tent.

38

And hence there lay, too plainly might  
we see,  
An ominous feeling upon every heart:  
What hope of lasting order could there  
be,  
They said, where Justice has not had  
her part ?

Wisdom doth rule with Justice by her  
side ;  
Justice from Wisdom none may e'er  
divide.

39

The shaken mind felt all things insecure:  
Accustom'd long to see successful  
crimes, 230  
And helplessly the heavy yoke endure,  
They now look'd back upon their  
fathers' times,  
Ere the wild rule of Anarchy began,  
As to some happier world, or golden age  
of man.

40

As they who in the vale of years ad-  
vance,  
And the dark eve is closing on their  
way,  
When on their mind the recollections  
glance [day,  
Of early joy, and Hope's delightful  
Behold, in brighter hues than those of  
truth,  
The light of morning on the fields of  
youth : 240

41

Those who amid these troubles had  
grown grey  
Recurr'd with mournful feeling to the  
past ;  
Blest had we known our blessings, they  
would say,  
We were not worthy that our bliss  
should last !  
Peaceful we were, and flourishing and  
free,  
But madly we required more liberty !

42

Remorseless France had long oppress'd  
the land,  
And for her frantic projects drain'd  
its blood ;  
And now they felt the Prussian's heavy  
hand :  
He came to aid them ; bravely had  
he stood 250  
In their defence ; . . but oh ! in peace  
how ill [will !  
The soldier's deeds, how insolent his

43

One general wish prevail'd, . . if they  
might see  
The happy order of old times restored!  
Give them their former laws and liberty,  
This their desires and secret prayers  
implored; . .  
Forgetful, as the stream of time flows on,  
That that which passes is for ever gone.

## PART II

## THE VISION

ΕΠΕΧΕ ΝΥΝ ΣΚΟΠΩ ΤΟΞΟΝ,  
ΑΓΕ ΘΥΜΕ.—PINDAR.

## I. THE TOWER

1

I THOUGHT upon these things in solitude,  
And mused upon them in the silent  
night;  
The open graves, the recent scene of  
blood,  
Were present to the soul's creative  
sight;  
These mournful images my mind pos-  
sess'd,  
And mingled with the visions of my rest.

2

Methought that I was travelling o'er a  
plain  
Whose limits, far beyond all reach  
of sense,  
The aching anxious sight explored in  
vain.  
How I came there I could not tell, nor  
whence; <sup>10</sup>  
Nor where my melancholy journey lay;  
Only that soon the night would close  
upon my way.

3

Behind me was a dolorous, dreary scene,  
With huge and mouldering ruins  
widely spread;  
Wastes which had whilome fertile  
regions been,  
Tombs which had lost all record of  
the dead;

And where the dim horizon seem'd to  
close,  
Far off the gloomy Pyramids arose.

4

Full fain would I have known what lay  
before,  
But lifted there in vain my mortal  
eye; <sup>2</sup>  
That point with cloud and mist was  
cover'd o'er,  
As though the earth were mingled  
with the sky.  
Yet thither, as some power unseen  
impell'd,  
My blind involuntary way I held.

5

Across the plain innumerable crowds  
Like me were on their destined journey  
bent,  
Toward the land of shadows and of  
clouds:  
One pace they travelled, to one point  
they went; . .  
A motley multitude of old and young,  
Men of all climes and hues, and every  
tongue. <sup>30</sup>

6

Ere long I came upon a field of dead,  
Where heaps of recent carnage fill'd  
the way;  
A ghastly sight, . . nor was there where  
to tread,  
So thickly slaughter'd, horse and man,  
they lay.  
Methought that in that place of death  
I knew  
Again the late-seen field of Waterloo.

7

Troubled I stood, and doubtful where to  
go, . .  
A cold damp shuddering ran through  
all my frame;  
Fain would I fly from that dread scene,  
when lo!  
A voice as from above pronounced  
my name; <sup>40</sup>  
And, looking to the sound, by the way-  
side  
I saw a lofty structure edified.

8

lost like it seem'd to that aspiring  
Tower  
Which old Ambition rear'd on Babel's  
plain, [power  
As if he ween'd in his presumptuous  
To scale high Heaven with daring  
pride profano;  
Such was its giddy height: and round  
and round  
The spiral steps in long ascension wound.

9

ts frail foundations upon sand were  
placed,  
And round about it mouldering  
rubbish lay; 50  
For easily by time and storms defaced  
The loose materials crumbled in  
decay:  
Rising so high, and built so insecure,  
All might such perishable work endure.

10

I not the less went up, and, as I drew  
Toward the top, more firm the structure  
seem'd, [view:  
With nicer art composed, and fair to  
Strong and well-built perchance I  
might have deem'd  
The pile, had I not seen and understood  
Of what frail matter form'd, and on  
what base it stood. 60

11

There on the summit a grave personage  
Received and welcomed me in cour-  
teous guise;  
On his grey temples were the marks of  
age,  
As one whom years methought should  
render wise.  
I saw that thou wert fill'd with doubt  
and fear,  
He said, and therefore have I call'd  
thee here.

12

Hence from this eminence sublime I see  
The wanderings of the erring crowd  
below,  
And, pitying thee in thy perplexity,  
Will tell thee all that thou canst need  
to know 70

To guide thy steps aright. I bent my  
head  
As if in thanks, . . . And who art thou? I  
said.

13

He answer'd, I am Wisdom. Mother  
Earth  
Me, in her vigour self-conceiving,  
bore;  
And, as from eldest time I date my birth,  
Eternally with her shall I endure;  
Her noblest offspring I, to whom alone  
The course of sublunary things is known.

14

Master! quoth I, regarding him, I  
thought  
That Wisdom was the child divine of  
Heaven. 80  
So, he replied, have fabling preachers  
taught,  
And the dull World a light belief hath  
given.  
But vainly would these fools my claim  
decry, . . .  
Wisdom I am, and of the Earth am I.

15

Thus while he spake I scann'd his  
features well:  
Small but audacious was the Old  
Man's eye;  
His countenance was hard, and seem'd  
to tell  
Of knowledge less than of effrontery.  
Instruct me then, I said, for thou  
should'st know,  
From whence I came, and whither I  
must go. 90

16

Art thou then one who would his mind  
perplex  
With knowledge bootless even if  
attain'd?  
Fond man! he answer'd; . . . wherefore  
shouldst thou vex  
Thy heart with seeking what may not  
be gain'd!  
Regard not what has been, nor what  
may be,  
O Child of Earth, this Now is all that  
toucheth thee!

17

He who performs the journey of to-day  
Cares not if yesterday were shower or  
sun:

To-morrow let the heavens be what  
they may,

And what reck's he? . . his wayfare will  
be done. 100

Heedless of what hereafter may befall,  
Live whilst thou livest, for this life is all!

18

I kept my rising indignation down,  
That I might hear what farther he  
would teach;

Yet on my darken'd brow the instinc-  
tive frown,

Gathering at that abominable speech,  
Maintain'd its place: he mark'd it and  
pursued,

Tuning his practised tongue to subtle  
flattery's mood:

19

Do I not know thee, . . that from earliest  
youth

Knowledge hath been thy only heart's-  
desire? 110

Here seeing all things as they are in truth,  
I show thee all to which thy thoughts  
aspire: [sense,

No vapours here impede the exalted  
Nor mists of earth attain this eminence.

20

Whither thy way, thou askest me, and  
what [tend,

The region dark whereto thy footsteps  
And where by one inevitable lot

The course of all yon multitude must  
end.

Take thou this glass, whose perfect  
power shall aid

Thy faulty vision, and therewith ex-  
plore the shade. 120

21

Eager I look'd; but, seeing with sur-  
prize

That the same darkness still the view  
o'erspread,

Half angrily I turn'd away mine eyes.  
Complacent then the Old Man smiled  
and said,

Darkness is all! what more would'st  
thou desery?

Rest now content, for farther none can  
spy.

22

Now mark me, Child of Earth! he th'at  
pursued; [blind

Let not the hypocrites thy reason  
And to the quest of some unreal good

Divert with dogmas vain thine erring  
mind: 13

Learn thou, what'er the motive the  
may call,

That Pleasure is the aim, and Self th'at  
spring of all.

23

This is the root of knowledge. Wis-  
dom are they

Who to this guiding principle attend  
They, as they press along the world's  
high-way, [end

With single aim pursue their steady  
No vain compunction checks their sur-  
career;

No idle dreams deceive; their heart is  
here.

24

They from the nature and the fate of  
man,

Thus clearly understood, derive their  
strength; 140

Knowing that, as from nothing they  
began,

To nothing they must needs return  
at length;

This knowledge steels the heart and  
clears the mind,

And they create on earth the Heaven  
they find.

25

Such, I made answer, was the Tyrant's  
creed

Who bruised the nations with his iron  
rod, [meed

Till on yon field the wretch received his  
From Britain, and the outstretch'd  
arm of God! [view,

Behold him now, . . Death ever in his  
The only change for him, . . and Judg-  
ment to ensue! 150



26

Bold him when the unbidden thoughts  
arise  
Of his old passions and unbridled  
power ;  
The fierce tiger in confinement lies,  
And dreams of blood that he must  
taste no more, . .  
Ten, waking in that appetite of rage,  
Lies to and fro within his narrow cage.

27

Hath he not chosen well ? the Old Man  
replied ;  
Bravely he aim'd at universal sway ;  
And never earthly Chief was glorified  
Like this Napoleon in his prosperous  
day. 160  
The ruling Fate itself hath not the power  
To alter what has been : and he has had  
his hour !

28

Take him, I answer'd, at his fortune's  
flood ;  
Russia his friend, the Austrian wars  
surceas'd,  
When Kings, his creatures some, and  
some subdued,  
Like vassals waited at his marriage  
feast ;  
And Europe like a map before him lay,  
Of which he gave at will, or took away.

29

Call then to mind Navarre's heroic chief,  
Wandering by night and day through  
wood and glen, 170  
His country's sufferings like a private  
grief [then  
Wringing his heart : would Mina even  
Those perils and that sorrow have fore-  
gone  
To be that Tyrant on his prosperous  
throne ?

30

But wherefore name I him whose arm  
was free ?  
A living hope his noble heart sustain'd,  
A faith which bade him through all  
dangers see  
The triumph his enduring country  
gain'd.

See Hofer with no earthly hope to aid, . .  
His country lost, himself to chains and  
death betray'd ! 180

31

By those he served deserted in his need ;  
Given to the unrelenting Tyrant's  
power,  
And by his mean revenge condemn'd to  
bleed, . .  
Would he have barter'd in that awful  
hour  
His heart, his conscience, and his sure  
renown,  
For the malignant murderer's crimes  
and crown ?

32

Him too, I know, a worthy thought of  
fame  
In that dread trance upheld ; . . the  
foresight sure  
That in his own dear country his good  
name  
Long as the streams and mountains  
should endure ; 190  
The herdsmen on the hills should sing  
his praise,  
And children learn his deeds through  
all succeeding days.

33

Turn we to those in whom no glorious  
thought  
Lent its strong succour to the passive  
mind ;  
Nor stirring enterprize within them  
wrought ; . .  
Who, to their lot of bitterness resign'd,  
Endured their sorrows by the world  
unknown,  
And look'd for their reward to Death  
alone :

34

Mothers within Gerona's leager'd wall,  
Who saw their famish'd children pine  
and die ; . . 200  
Widows surviving Zaragoza's fall  
To linger in abhorr'd captivity ; . .  
Yet would not have exchanged their  
sacred woe  
For all the empire of their miscreant  
foe !

35

Serene the Old Man replied, and smiled  
with scorn, [wear  
Behold the effect of error! thus to  
The days of miserable life forlorn,  
Struggling with evil and consum'd  
with care; . . .  
Poor fools, whom vain and empty hopes  
mislead! [meed.  
They reap their sufferings for their only

36

O false one! I exclaim'd, whom canst  
thou fool 211  
With such gross sophisms, but the  
wicked heart?  
The pupils of thine own unhappy school  
Are they who chuse the vain and  
empty part;  
How oft in age, in sickness, and in woe,  
Have they complain'd that all was  
vanity below!

37

Look at that mighty Gaznevide, Mah-  
mood,  
When, pining in his Palace of Delight,  
He bade the gather'd spoils of realms  
subdued [sight,  
Be spread before him to regale his  
Whate'er the Orient boasts of rich and  
rare, . . . 221  
And then he wept to think what toys  
they were!

38

Look at the Russian minion when he  
play'd  
With pearls and jewels which sur-  
pass'd all price;  
And now apart their various hues  
array'd, [nice,  
Blended their colours now in union  
Then weary of the baubles, with a sigh,  
Swept them aside, and thought that all  
was vanity!

39

Wean'd by the fatal Messenger from  
pride, 229  
The Syrian through the streets ex-  
posed his shroud; [wide  
And one that ravaged kingdoms far and  
Upon the bed of sickness cried aloud,

What boots my empire in this mort  
thro',  
For the grave calls me now, and I mu  
go!

40

Thus felt these wretched men, because  
decay  
Had touch'd them in their vitals  
Death stood by;  
And Reason when the props of flesh gav  
way, [eye  
Purged as with euphrasy the morta  
Who seeks for worldly honours, wealth  
or power,  
Will find them vain indeed at tha  
dread hour! 241

41

These things are vain; but all things  
are not so,  
The virtues and the hopes of human  
kind! . . .  
Yea, by the God who, ordering all  
below, [mind,  
In his own image made the immortal  
Desires there are which draw from Him  
their birth,  
And bring forth lasting fruits for  
Heaven and Earth.

42

Therefore, through evil and through  
good content,  
The righteous man performs his part  
assign'd; [spent,  
In bondage lingering, or with suffering  
Therefore doth peace support the  
heroic mind; 250  
And from the dreadful sacrifice of all  
Meek woman doth not shrink at Duty's  
call.

43

Therefore the Martyr clasps the stake  
in faith,  
And sings thanksgiving while the  
flames aspire;  
Victorious over agony and death,  
Sublime he stands and triumphs in  
the fire,  
As though to him Elijah's lot were given,  
And that the Chariot and the steeds of  
Heaven.

## II. THE EVIL PROPHET

1

With that my passionate discourse I  
brake ;  
Too fast the thought, too strong the  
feeling came.  
(Imposed the Old Man listen'd while  
I spake,  
Nor moved to wrath, nor capable of  
shame ;  
And, when I ceased, unalter'd was his  
mien,  
His hard eye unabash'd, his front  
serene.

2

Hard is it error from the mind to weed,  
He answer'd, where it strikes so deep  
a root.  
Let us to other argument proceed,  
And, if we may, discover what the  
fruit  
Of this long strife, . . . what harvest of  
great good  
The World shall reap for all this cost of  
blood !

3

Assuming then a frown as thus he said,  
He stretch'd his hand from that  
commanding height,  
Behold, quoth he, where thrice ten  
thousand dead  
Are laid, the victims of a single fight !  
And thrice ten thousand more at Ligny  
lie,  
Plain for the prelude to this tragedy !

4

This but a page of the great book of  
war, . . .  
A drop amid the sea of human  
woes ! . . .  
Thou canst remember when the morning  
Star  
Of Freedom on rejoicing France arose,  
Over her vine-clad hills and regions  
gay,  
Fair even as Phosphor who foreruns the  
day.

5

Such and so beautiful that Star's up-  
rise ;  
But soon the glorious dawn was over-  
cast :  
A baleful track it held across the  
skies,  
Till now through all its fatal changes  
past,  
Its course fulfill'd, its aspects under-  
stood,  
On Waterloo it hath gone down in  
blood.

6

Where now the hopes with which thine  
ardent youth  
Rejoicingly to run its race began ?  
Where now the reign of Liberty and  
Truth,  
The Rights Omnipotent of Equal  
Man,  
The principles should make all discord  
cease,  
And bid poor humankind repose at  
length in peace ?

7

Behold the Bourbon to that throne by  
force  
Restored, from whence by fury he  
was cast :  
Thus to the point where it began its  
course  
The melancholy cycle comes at last ;  
And what are all the intermediate  
years ? . . .  
What, but a bootless waste of blood and  
tears ?

8

The peace which thus at Waterloo ye  
won,  
Shall it endure with this exasperate  
foe ?  
In gratitude for all that ye have done  
Will France her ancient enmity fore-  
go ?  
Her wounded spirit, her envenom'd  
will  
Ye know, . . . and ample means are left  
her still.

9

What though the tresses of her strength  
 be shorn,  
 The roots remain untouch'd; and, as  
 of old <sup>50</sup>  
 The bondsman Samson felt his power  
 return  
 To his knit sinews, so shall ye behold  
 France, like a giant fresh from sleep,  
 arise  
 And rush upon her slumbering enemies.

10

Woe then for Belgium! for this ill-  
 doom'd land,  
 The theatre of strife through every  
 age!  
 Look from this eminence whereon we  
 stand, . . . [stage  
 What is the region round us but a  
 For the mad pastime of Ambition made,  
 Whereon War's dreadful drama may  
 be play'd? <sup>60</sup>

11

Thus hath it been from history's earliest  
 light,  
 When yonder by the Sabis Caesar  
 stood, [fight,  
 And saw his legions, raging from the  
 Root out the noble nation they sub-  
 dued; [there  
 Even at this day the peasant findeth  
 The relics of that ruthless massacre.

12

Need I recall the long religious strife?  
 Or William's hard-fought fields? or  
 Marlborough's fame  
 Here purchased at such lavish price of  
 life, . . .  
 Or Fontenoy, or Fleurus' later name?  
 Wherever here the foot of man may  
 tread, <sup>71</sup>  
 The blood of man hath on that spot been  
 shed.

13

Shall then Futurity a happier train  
 Unfold, than this dark picture of the  
 past?  
 Dream'st thou again of some Saturnian  
 reign, [last?  
 Or that this ill-compacted realm should

Its wealth and weakness to the foe a  
 known,  
 And the first shock subverts its basele  
 throne.

14

O wretched country, better should th  
 soil  
 Be laid again beneath the invadin  
 seas,  
 Thou goodliest masterpiece of huma  
 toil,  
 If still thou must be doom'd to scen  
 like these!  
 O Destiny inexorable and blind!  
 O miserable lot of poor mankind!

15

Saying thus, he fix'd on me a searchin  
 eye  
 Of stern regard, as if my heart t  
 reach:  
 Yet gave he now no leisure to reply;  
 For, ere I might dispose my thought  
 for speech,  
 The Old Man, as one who felt and under  
 stood  
 His strength, the theme of his discours  
 pursued. <sup>9</sup>

16

If we look farther, what shall we behold  
 But everywhere the swelling seeds o  
 ill,  
 Half-smother'd fires, and causes mani-  
 fold  
 Of strife to come; the powerfu  
 watching still  
 For fresh occasion to enlarge his power.  
 The weak and injured waiting for their  
 hour!

17

Will the rude Cossack with his spoils  
 bear back  
 The love of peace and humanizing  
 art?  
 Think ye the mighty Moscovite shall lack  
 Some specious business for the  
 ambitious heart; <sup>100</sup>  
 Or the black Eagle, when she moults her  
 plume,  
 The form and temper of the Dove  
 assume?



18

From the old Germanic chaos hath there  
risen  
A happier order of establish'd things?  
And is the Italian Mind from papal  
prison  
Set free to soar upon its native wings?  
Or look to Spain, and let her Despot tell  
there thy high-raised hopes are  
answer'd well!

19

That that appeal my spirit breathed a  
groan,  
But he triumphantly pursued his  
speech: 110  
Child of Earth, he cried with loftier  
tone, [teach;  
The present and the past one lesson  
look where thou wilt, the history of man  
is but a thorny maze, without a plan!

20

The winds which have in viewless  
heaven their birth,  
The waves which in their fury meet  
the clouds, [earth,  
The central storms which shake the solid  
And from volcanoes burst in fiery  
floods, [blind,  
Are not more vague and purportless and  
Than is the course of things among  
mankind! 120

21

Rash hands unravel what the wise have  
spun;  
Realms which in story fill so large  
a part,  
Rear'd by the strong are by the weak  
undone;  
Barbarians overthrow the works of art,  
And what force spares is sapp'd by sure  
decay, . .  
So earthly things are changed and pass  
away.

22

And think not thou thy England hath  
a spell, [elude;  
That she this general fortune should  
Easier to crush the foreign foe, than quell  
The malice which misleads the multi-  
tude, 130

And that dread malady of erring zeal,  
Which like a cancer eats into the com-  
monweal.

23

The fabric of her power is undermined;  
The earthquake underneath it will  
have way  
And all that glorious structure, as the  
wind [away;  
Scatters a summer cloud, be swept  
For Destiny on this terrestrial ball  
Drives on her iron car, and crushes all.

24

Thus as he ended, his mysterious form  
Enlarged, grew dim, and vanish'd  
from my view. 140  
At once on all sides rush'd the gather'd  
storm,  
The thunders roll'd around, the wild  
winds blew,  
And, as the tempest round the summit  
beat,  
The whole frail fabric shook beneath  
my feet.

## III. THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

1

BUT then methought I heard a voice  
exclaim,  
Hither, my Son, Oh, hither take thy  
flight!  
A heavenly voice which call'd me by  
my name,  
And bade me hasten from that  
treacherous height:  
The voice it was which I was wont to  
hear,  
Sweet as a Mother's to her infant's ear.

2

I hesitated not, but at the call  
Sprung from the summit of that  
tottering tower.  
There is a motion known in dreams to all,  
When, buoyant by some self-sustain-  
ing power. 10  
Through air we seem to glide, as if set  
free  
From all encumbrance of mortality.

3

Thus borne aloft I reach'd the Sacred  
 Hill, [behind :  
 And left the scene of tempests far  
 But that old tempter's parting language  
 still [mind ;  
 Press'd like a painful burthen on my  
 The troubled soul had lost her inward  
 light, [Night.  
 And all within was black as Erebus and

4

The Thoughts which I had known in  
 youth return'd,  
 But, oh, how changed! a sad and  
 spectral train : 20  
 And, while for all the miseries past I  
 mourn'd,  
 And for the lives which had been  
 given in vain,  
 In sorrow and in fear I turn'd mine eye  
 From the dark aspects of futurity.

5

I sought the thickest woodland's shade  
 profound,  
 As suited best my melancholy mood,  
 And cast myself upon the gloomy  
 ground ;  
 When lo! a gradual radiance fill'd  
 the wood ;  
 A heavenly presence rose upon my view,  
 And in that form divine the awful Muse  
 I knew. 30

6

Hath then that Spirit false perplex'd thy  
 heart,  
 O thou of little faith! severe she cried.  
 Bear with me, Goddess, heavenly as  
 thou art, [plied,  
 Bear with my earthly nature! I re-  
 And let me pour into thine ear my grief :  
 Thou canst enlighten, thou canst give  
 relief.

7

The ploughshare had gone deep, the  
 sower's hand  
 Had scatter'd in the open soil the  
 grain ; [land ;  
 The harrow too had well prepared the  
 I look'd to see the fruit of all this  
 pain! . . . 40

Alas! the thorns and old inveterate  
 weed  
 Have sprung again, and stifled the good  
 seed.

8

I hoped that Italy should break her  
 chains,  
 Foreign and papal, with the world's  
 applause,  
 Knit in firm union her divided reigns,  
 And rear a well-built pile of equal  
 laws :  
 Then might the wrongs of Venice be  
 forgiven,  
 And joy should reach Petrarca's soul in  
 Heaven.

9

I hoped that that abhorr'd Idolatry  
 Had in the strife received its mortal  
 wound : 50  
 The Souls which from beneath the Altar  
 cry,  
 At length, I thought, had their just  
 vengeance found ; . .  
 In purple and in scarlet clad, behold  
 The Harlot sits, adorn'd with gems and  
 gold!

10

The golden cup she bears full to the brim  
 Of her abominations as of yore!  
 Her eyeballs with inebriate triumph  
 swim ;  
 Though drunk with righteous blood,  
 she thirsts for more,  
 Eager to reassert her influence fell,  
 And once again let loose the Dogs of  
 Hell. 60

11

Woe for that people too who by their  
 path  
 For these late triumphs first made  
 plain the way ;  
 Whom in the Valley of the Shade of  
 Death  
 No fears nor fiery sufferings could dis-  
 may :  
 Art could not tempt, nor violence en-  
 thrall  
 Their firm devotion, faithful found  
 through all.

12

Strange race of haughty heart and  
stubborn will,  
Slavery they love and chains with  
pride they wear;  
Flexible alike in good or ill,  
The inveterate stamp of servitude  
they bear. 70  
A fate perverse, to see all change with-  
stood,  
Here only where all change must needs  
be good!

13

Not them no foe can force, nor friend  
persuade;  
Impassive souls in iron forms inclosed,  
As though of human mould they were  
not made,  
But of some sterner elements com-  
posed,  
Against offending nations to be sent,  
The ruthless ministers of punishment.

14

There are those Minas after that career  
Wherewith all Europe rang from side  
to side? 80  
An exile wandering! Where the Moun-  
taineer, . .  
Late, like Pelayo, the Asturian's pride?  
Had Ferdinand no mercy for that life,  
Exposed so long for him in daily, . .  
hourly strife!

15

From her Athenian orator of old  
Greece never listen'd to sublimer  
strain  
Than that with which, for truth and  
freedom bold,  
Quintana moved the inmost soul of  
Spain.  
What meed is his let Ferdinand declare . .  
Chains, and the silent dungeon, and  
despair! 90

16

For this hath England borne so brave  
a part! [slain]  
Spent with endurance, or in battle  
Is it for this so many an English heart  
Lies mingled with the insensate soil  
of Spain!

Is this the issue, this the happy birth  
In those long throes and that strong  
agony brought forth!

17

And oh! if England's fatal hour draw  
nigh, . .  
If that most glorious edifice should fall  
By the wild hands of bestial Anarchy, . .  
Then might it seem that He who  
ordereth all 100  
Doth take for sublunary things no  
care: . .  
The burthen of that thought is more  
than I can bear.

18

Even as a mother listens to her child,  
My plaint the Muse divine benignant  
heard,  
Then answer'd in reproving accents  
mild,  
What if thou seest the fruit of hope  
deferr'd,  
Dost thou for this in faltering faith  
repine?  
A manlier, wiser virtue should be  
thine!

19

Ere the good seed can give its fruit in  
Spain,  
The light must shine on that be-  
darken'd land, 110  
And Italy must break her papal chain,  
Ere the soil answer to the sower's  
hand;  
For, till the sons their fathers' fault  
repent,  
The old error brings its direful punish-  
ment.

20

Hath not experience bade the wise man  
see  
Poor hope from innovations prema-  
ture?  
All sudden change is ill; slow grows the  
tree  
Which in its strength through ages  
shall endure.  
In that ungrateful earth it long may lie  
Dormant, but fear not that the seed  
should die. 120

## 21

Falsely that Tempter taught thee that  
the past  
Was but a blind inextricable maze ;  
Falsely he taught that evil overcast  
With gathering tempests these propi-  
tious days,  
That he in subtle snares thy soul might  
bind,  
And rob thee of thy hopes for human-  
kind.

## 22

He told thee the beginning and the end  
Were indistinguishable all, and dark ;  
And, when from his vain Tower he bade  
thee bend  
Thy curious eye, well knew he that  
no spark 130  
Of heavenly light would reach the  
baffled sense,  
The mists of earth lay round him all too  
dense.

## 23

Must I, as thou hadst chosen the evil  
part,  
Tell thee that Man is free and God is  
good ? [heart :  
These primal truths are rooted in thy  
But these, being rightly felt and under-  
stood,  
Should bring with them a hope, calm,  
constant, sure,  
Patient, and on the rock of faith secure.

## 24

The Monitress Divine, as thus she spake,  
Induced me gently on, ascending still,  
And thus emerging from that mournful  
brake 141  
We drew toward the summit of the  
hill, [fair  
And reach'd a green and sunny place, so  
As well with long-lost Eden might com-  
pare.

## 25

Broad cedars grew around that lovely  
glade ;  
Exempted from decay, and never sere,  
Their wide-spread boughs diffused a  
fragrant shade ;  
The cypress incorruptible was here,

With fluted stem and head aspirin-  
high,  
Nature's proud column, pointing to th  
sky. 15

## 26

There too the vigorous olive in its pride  
As in its own Apulian soil uncheck'd  
Tower'd high, and spread its glaucous  
foliage wide :  
With liveliest hues the mead beneath  
was deck'd,  
Gift of that grateful tree that with its  
root  
Repays the earth from whence it feeds  
its fruit.

## 27

There too the sacred bay of brighter  
green  
Exalted its rejoicing head on high ;  
And there the martyr's holier palm was  
seen  
Waving its plumage as the breeze  
went by. 160  
All fruits which ripen under genial  
skies  
Grew there as in another Paradise.

## 28

And over all that lovely glade there  
grew  
All wholesome roots and plants of  
healing power ;  
The herb of grace, the medicinal rue,  
The poppy rich in worth as gay in  
flower ;  
The hearts-ease that delighteth every  
eye,  
And sage divine and virtuous euphrasy.

## 29

Unwounded here Judæa's balm distill'd  
Its precious juice ; the snowy jasmine  
here 170  
Spread its luxuriant tresses wide, and  
fill'd  
With fragrance the delicious atmo-  
sphere !  
More piercing still did orange-flowers  
dispense  
From golden groves the purest joy of  
sense.



30

low it lurk'd the tufted moss between,  
The violet there its modest perfume  
shed,

ke humble virtue, rather felt than seen:  
And here the Rose of Sharon rear'd its  
head,

he glory of all flowers, to sense and sight  
holding their full contentment of  
delight. 180

31

gentle river wound its quiet way  
Through this sequester'd glade,  
meandering wide;

ooth as a mirror here the surface lay,  
Where the pure lotus, floating in its  
pride,

njoy'd the breath of heaven, the sun's  
warm beam, [stream.  
nd the cool freshness of its native

32

ere o'er green weeds, whose tresses  
waved outspread, [run;

With silent lapse the glassy waters  
ere in fleet motion o'er a pebbly bed  
Gliding they glance and ripple to the  
sun; 190

The stirring breeze that swept them in  
its flight

Raised on the stream a shower of  
sparkling light.

33

And all sweet birds sung there their lays  
of love;

The mellow thrush, the black-bird  
loud and shrill,

The rapturous nightingale that shook  
the grove,

Made the ears vibrate and the heart-  
strings thrill; [sky,

The ambitious lark, that, soaring in the  
Pour'd forth her lyric strain of ecstasy.

34

Sometimes, when that wild chorus  
intermits,

The linnet's song was heard amid the  
trees, 200

A low sweet voice; and sweeter still,  
at fits, [breeze;

The ring-dove's wooing came upon the

While with the wind which moved the  
leaves among,

The murmuring waters join'd in under-  
song.

35

The hare disported here and fear'd no ill,  
For never evil thing that glado came  
nigh;

The sheep were free to wander at their  
As needing there no earthly shepherd's  
eye;

The bird sought no concealment for her  
nest,

So perfect was the peace wherewith  
those bowers were blest. 210

36

All blending thus with all in one delight,  
The soul was soothed and satisfied and  
fill'd:

This mingled bliss of sense and sound  
and sight

The flow of boisterous mirth might  
there have still'd,

And, sinking in the gentle spirit deep,  
Have touch'd those strings of joy which  
make us weep.

37

Even thus in earthly gardens had it  
been,

If earthly gardens might with these  
compare;

But more than all such influences, I ween  
There was a heavenly virtue in the air,

Which laid all vain perplexing thoughts  
to rest, 221

And heal'd and calm'd and purified the  
breast.

38

Then said I to that guide divine, My  
soul

When here we enter'd, was o'ercharg'd  
with grief,

For evil doubts which I could not con-  
troul

Beset my troubled spirit. This  
relief, . . .

This change, . . . whence are they? Al-  
most it might seem

I never lived till now; . . . all else had  
been a dream.

39

My heavenly Teacher answer'd, Say not  
*seem* ; . .

In this place all things *are* what they  
appear ; 230

And they who feel the past a feverish  
dream

Wake to reality on entering here.

These waters are the Well of Life, and lo !  
The Rock of Ages there, from whence  
they flow.

40

Saying thus we came upon an inner glade,  
The holiest place that human eyes  
might see ;

For all that vale was like a temple made  
By Nature's hand, and this the  
sanctuary ;

Where in its bed of living rock, the Rood  
Of Man's redemption, firmly planted,  
stood. 240

41

And at its foot the never-failing Well  
Of Life profusely flow'd that all might  
drink.

Most blessed Water ! Neither tongue  
can tell

The blessedness thereof, nor heart can  
think,

Save only those to whom it hath been  
given

To taste of that divinest gift of Heaven.

42

There grew a goodly Tree this Well  
beside ; . . [here,

Behold a branch from Eden planted  
Pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge,  
said my guide.

O Child of Adam, put away thy fear, . .  
In thy first father's grave it hath its  
root ; 251

Taste thou the bitter, but the whole-  
some fruit.

43

In awe I heard, and trembled, and  
obey'd :

The bitterness was even as of death ;  
I felt a cold and piercing thrill pervade  
My loosen'd limbs, and, losing sight  
and breath,

To earth I should have fallen in n  
despair,  
Had I not clasp'd the Cross and be  
supported there.

44

My heart, I thought, was bursting with  
the force

Of that most fatal fruit ; soul-sic  
I felt, 21

And tears ran down in such continuou  
course,

As if the very eyes themselves shoul  
melt. [say

But then I heard my heavenly Teache  
Drink, and this mortal stound will pas  
away.

45

I stoopt and drank of that divinest Well  
Fresh from the Rock of Ages where i  
ran ;

It had a heavenly quality to quell  
My pain : . . I rose a renovated man,  
And would not now, when that relief wa  
known,

For worlds the needful suffering have  
foregone. 270

46

Even as the Eagle, (ancient storyers say),  
When faint with years she feels her  
flagging wing,

Soars up toward the mid sun's piercing  
ray,

Then fill'd with fire into some living  
spring

Plunges, and, casting there her aged  
plumes,

The vigorous strength of primal youth  
resumes :

47

Such change in me that blessed Water  
wrought ;

The bitterness, which from its fatal  
root

The Tree derived with painful healing  
fraught,

Pass'd clean away ; and in its place  
the fruit 280

Produced by virtue of that wondrous  
wave

The savour which in Paradise it gave.

48

ow, said the heavenly Muse, thou  
mayst advance,  
Fity prepared toward the mountain's  
height.  
Child of Man, this necessary trance  
Hath purified from flaw thy mortal  
sight,  
That with scope unconfined of vision  
free  
Thou the beginning and the end mayst  
see.

49

he took me by the hand and on we  
went,  
Hope urged me forward and my soul  
was strong ; <sup>290</sup>  
With winged speed we scaled the steep  
ascent,  
Nor seem'd the labour difficult or  
long,  
Ere on the summit of the sacred hill  
I praised I stood, where I might gaze  
my fill.

50

Below me lay, unfolded like a scroll,  
The boundless region where I wan-  
der'd late,  
Where I might see realms spread and  
oceans roll,  
And mountains from their cloud-  
surmounting state  
Dwarf'd like a map beneath the excur-  
sive sight,  
So ample was the range from that com-  
manding height. <sup>300</sup>

51

Eastward with darkness round on every  
side  
An eye of light was in the farthest  
sky.  
Lo, the beginning ! . . said my heavenly  
Guide ;  
The steady ray, which there thou  
canst descry,  
Comes from lost Eden, from the primal  
land  
Of man 'waved over by the fiery  
brand'.

52

Look now toward the end ! no mists  
obscure,  
Nor clouds will there impede the  
strengthen'd sight ;  
Unblench'd thine eye the vision may  
endure.  
I look'd, . . surrounded with effulgent  
light  
More glorious than all glorious hues of <sup>310</sup>  
even,  
The Angel Death stood there in the open  
Gate of Heaven.

## IV. THE HOPES OF MAN

1

Now, said my heavenly Teacher, all is  
clear ! . .  
Bear the Beginning and the End in  
mind,  
The course of human things will then  
appear  
Beneath its proper laws ; and thou  
wilt find,  
Through all their seeming labyrinth, the  
plan  
Which 'vindicats the ways of God to  
Man'.

2

Free choice doth Man possess of good  
or ill,  
All were but mockery else. From  
Wisdom's way  
Too oft perverted by the tainted will  
Is his rebellious nature drawn astray ;  
Therefore an inward monitor is given,  
A voice that answers to the law of  
Heaven.

3

Frail as he is, and as an infant weak,  
The knowledge of his weakness is his  
strength ;  
For succour is vouchsafed to those who  
seek  
In humble faith sincere ; and, when  
at length  
Death sets the disembodied spirit free,  
According to their deeds their lot shall  
be.

4

Thus, should the chance of private fortune raise  
 A transitory doubt, Death answers all.  
 And in the scale of nations, if the ways  
 Of Providence mysterious we may call,  
 Yet, rightly view'd, all history doth impart  
 Comfort and hope and strength to the  
 believing heart.

5

For through the lapse of ages may the course  
 Of moral good progressive still be seen,  
 Though mournful dynasties of Fraud and Force,  
 Dark Vice and purblind Ignorance intervene ;  
 Empires and Nations rise, decay and fall,  
 But still the Good survives and perseveres thro' all.

6

Yea, even in those most lamentable times,  
 When, every where to wars and woes a prey,  
 Earth seem'd but one wide theatre of crimes,  
 Good unperceived had work'd its silent way,  
 And all those dread convulsions did but clear  
 The obstructed path to give it free career.

7

But deem not thou some over-ruling Fate,  
 Directing all things with benign decree,  
 Through all the turmoil of this mortal state,  
 Appoints that what is best shall therefore be ;  
 Even as from man his future doom proceeds,  
 So nations rise or fall according to their deeds.

8

Light at the first was given to humankind,  
 And Law was written in the human heart.  
 If they forsake the Light, perverse  
 And wilfully prefer the evil part,  
 Then to their own devices are they led  
 By their own choice of Heaven's support bereft.

9

The individual culprit may sometimes  
 Unpunish'd to his after reckoning go  
 Not thus collective man, . . for public crimes  
 Draw on their proper punishment below ;  
 When Nations go astray, from age to age,  
 The effects remain, a fatal heritage.

10

Bear witness, Egypt, thy huge monuments  
 Of priestly fraud and tyranny austere  
 Bear witness, thou whose only name presents  
 All holy feelings to religion dear, . .  
 In Earth's dark circle once the precious gem  
 Of living light, . . O fallen Jerusalem !

11

See barbarous Africa, on every side  
 To error, wretchedness, and crime resign'd !  
 Behold the vicious Orient, far and wide  
 Enthrall'd in slavery ! As the human mind  
 Corrupts and goes to wreck, Earth sickens there,  
 And the contagion taints the ambient air.

12

They had the Light, and from the Light they turn'd ;  
 What marvel if they grope in darkness  
 They had the Law ; . . God's natural law they scorn'd,  
 And, chusing error, thus they pay the  
 Wherever Falsehood and Oppressor reign,  
 There degradation follows in their train



13

What then in these late days had Europe  
 been, . . .  
 This moral, intellectual heart of  
 earth, . . . [sin  
 from which the nations who lie dead in  
 Should one day yet receive their  
 second birth, . . .  
 What had she been sunk, if brutal  
 Force  
 had taken unrestrain'd its impious  
 course !

14

The Light had been extinguish'd, . . this  
 be sure  
 The first wise aim of conscious  
 Tyranny, 80  
 which knows it may not with the Light  
 endure :  
 But where Light is not, Freedom  
 cannot be ; [is ;  
 Where Freedom is not, there no Virtue  
 Where Virtue is not, there no Happiness.

15

Among hateful Tyrants of all times  
 For endless execration handed down  
 One may be found surpassing all in  
 crimes,  
 One that for infamy should bear the  
 crown,  
 Napoleon is that man, in guilt the first,  
 Pre-eminently bad among the worst. 90

16

For not, like Scythian conquerors, did  
 he tread  
 From his youth up the common path  
 of blood ; [bred  
 Nor like some Eastern Tyrant was he  
 In sensual harems, ignorant of good ; . .  
 Their vices from the circumstance have  
 grown,  
 His by deliberate purpose were his own.

17

Not led away by circumstance he err'd,  
 But from the wicked heart his error  
 came : [ferr'd,  
 By Fortune to the highest place pre-  
 He sought through evil means an evil  
 aim, 100

And all his ruthless measures were  
 design'd  
 To enslave, degrade, and brutalize man-  
 kind.

18

Some barbarous dream of empire to  
 fulfil,  
 Those iron ages he would have  
 restored,  
 When Law was but the ruffian soldier's  
 will,  
 Might govern'd all, the sceptre was  
 the sword,  
 And Peace, not elsewhere finding where  
 to dwell,  
 Sought a sad refuge in the convent-cell.

19

Too far had he succeeded ! In his mould  
 An evil generation had been framed,  
 By no religion temper'd or controul'd,  
 By foul examples of all crimes in-  
 flamed, 112  
 Of faith, of honour, of compassion  
 void ; . .  
 Such were the fitting agents he employ'd.

20

Believing as yon lying Spirit taught,  
 They to that vain philosophy held  
 fast,  
 And trusted that, as they began from  
 nought,  
 To nothing they should needs return  
 at last ;  
 Hence no restraint of conscience, no  
 remorse,  
 But every baleful passion took its  
 course. 120

21

And, had they triumph'd, Earth had  
 once again,  
 To Violence subdued, and impious  
 Pride,  
 Verged to such state of wickedness, as  
 when  
 The Gentry of old their God defied,  
 And Heaven, impatient of a world like  
 this,  
 Open'd its flood-gates, and broke up the  
 abyss.

## 22

That danger is gone by. On Waterloo  
 The Tyrant's fortune in the scale was  
 weigh'd, . . .  
 His fortune and the World's, . . . and  
 England threw  
 Her sword into the balance . . . down it  
 sway'd ; 130  
 And, when in battle first he met that foe,  
 There he received his mortal overthrow.

## 23

O my brave Countrymen, with that I  
 said,  
 For then my heart with transport  
 overflow'd,  
 O Men of England ! nobly have ye paid  
 The debt which to your ancestors ye  
 owed,  
 And gather'd for your children's  
 heritage  
 A glory that shall last from age to age !

## 24

And we did well, when on our Mountain's  
 height  
 For Waterloo we raised the festal  
 flame, 140  
 And in our triumph taught the startled  
 night [name,  
 To ring with Wellington's victorious  
 Making the far-off mariner admire  
 To see the crest of Skiddaw plumed with  
 fire.

## 25

The Moon, who had in silence visited  
 His lonely summit from the birth of  
 time,  
 That hour an unavailing splendour shed,  
 Lost in the effulgence of the flame  
 sublime, [stood,  
 In whose broad blaze rejoicingly we  
 And all below a depth of blackest  
 solitude. 150

## 26

Fit theatre for this great joy we chose ;  
 For never since above the abating  
 Flood  
 Emerging, first that pinnacle arose,  
 Had cause been given for deeper  
 gratitude,

For prouder joy to every English  
 heart,  
 When England had so well perform'd  
 her arduous part.

## 27

The Muse replied with gentle smile  
 benign, . . .  
 Well mayst thou praise the land that  
 gave thee birth,  
 And bless the Fate which made that  
 country thine ;  
 For of all ages and all parts of earth  
 To chuse thy time and place did Fate  
 allow, 160  
 Wise choice would be this England and  
 this Now.

## 28

From bodily and mental bondage there  
 Hath Man his full emancipation  
 gain'd ;  
 The viewless and illimitable air  
 Is not more free than Thought ; all  
 unrestrain'd,  
 Nor pined in want, nor sunk in sensual  
 sloth,  
 There may the immortal Mind attain  
 its growth.

## 29

There under Freedom's tutelary wing,  
 Deliberate Courage fears no human  
 foe ; 170  
 There, undefiled as in their native spring,  
 The living waters of Religion flow ;  
 There like a beacon the transmitted  
 Light  
 Conspicuous to all nations burneth  
 bright.

## 30

The virtuous will she hath, which should  
 aspire  
 To spread the sphere of happiness  
 and light ;  
 She hath the power to answer her desire,  
 The wisdom to direct her power  
 aright ;  
 The will, the power, the wisdom thus  
 combined,  
 What glorious prospects open on man-  
 kind ! 180

## 31

Behold! she cried, and lifting up her  
hand,  
The shaping elements obey'd her  
will; . . .  
vapour gather'd round our lofty stand,  
Roll'd in thick volumes o'er the  
Sacred Hill,  
Descending then, its surges far and near  
fill'd all the wide subjacent atmosphere.

## 32

As I have seen from Skiddaw's stony  
height  
The fleecy clouds scud round me on  
their way,  
Condense beneath, and hide the vale  
from sight,  
Then opening, just disclose where  
Derwent lay <sup>190</sup>  
Burnish'd with sunshine like a silver  
shield,  
Or old Enchanter's glass, for magic  
forms fit field;

## 33

So at her will, in that receding sheet  
Of mist, wherewith the world was  
overlaid,  
A living picture moved beneath our feet.  
A spacious City first was there dis-  
play'd,  
The seat where England from her  
ancient reign  
Doth rule the Ocean as her own domain.

## 34

Insplendour with those famous cities old,  
Whose power it hath surpass'd, it now  
might vie; <sup>200</sup>  
Through many a bridge the wealthy  
river roll'd;  
Aspiring columns rear'd their heads  
on high, [gave  
Triumphal arches spann'd the roads, and  
Due guerdon to the memory of the brave.

## 35

A landscape follow'd, such as might  
compare [toil:  
With Flemish fields for well-requited  
The wonder-working hand had every  
where [soil;  
Subdued all circumstance of stubborn

In fen and moor reclaim'd rich gardens  
smiled,  
And populous hamlets rose amid the  
wild. <sup>210</sup>

## 36

There the old seaman on his native shore  
Enjoy'd the competence deserved so  
well;  
The soldier, his dread occupation o'er,  
Of well-rewarded service loved to tell;  
The grey-hair'd labourer there, whose  
work was done,  
In comfort saw the day of life go down.

## 37

Such was the lot of old; for childhood  
there  
The duties which belong to life was  
taught:  
The good seed, early sown and nursed  
with care,  
This bounteous harvest in its season  
brought; <sup>220</sup>  
Thus youth for manhood, manhood for  
old age  
Prepared, and found their weal in  
every stage.

## 38

Enough of knowledge unto all was given  
In wisdom's way to guide their steps  
on earth,  
And make the immortal spirit fit for  
heaven.  
This needful learning was their right  
of birth;  
Further might each who chose it perse-  
vere;  
No mind was lost for lack of culture  
here.

## 39

And that whole happy region swarm'd  
with life, . . .  
Village and town; . . . as busy bees in  
spring <sup>230</sup>  
In sunny days when sweetest flowers  
are ripe,  
Fill fields and gardens with their  
murmuring.  
Oh joy to see the State in perfect health!  
Her numbers were her pride and power  
and wealth.

40

Then saw I, as the magic picture moved,  
Her shores enrich'd with many a port  
and pier ;

No gift of liberal Nature unimproved.

The seas their never failing harvest  
here [fed  
Supplied, as bounteous as the air which  
Israel, when manna fell from heaven for  
bread. 240

41

Many a tall vessel in her harbours lay,  
About to spread its canvass to the  
breeze,

Bound upon happy errand to convey  
The adventurous colonist beyond the  
seas,

Toward those distant lands, where  
Britain blest

With her redundant life the East and  
West.

42

The landscape changed ; . . a region  
next was seen,

Where sable swans on rivers yet un-  
found [green ;

Glided through broad savannahs ever  
Innumerable flocks and herds were  
feeding round, 250

And scatter'd farms appear'd and  
hamlets fair

And rising towns, which made another  
Britain there.

43

Then, thick as stars which stud the  
moonless sky, [seen ;

Green islands in a peaceful sea were  
Darken'd no more with blind idolatry,

Nor curst with hideous usages obscene,  
But heal'd of leprous crimes, from  
butchering strife

Deliver'd, and reclaim'd to moral life.

44

Around the rude Morai, the temple now  
Of truth, hosannahs to the Holiest  
rung : 260

There from the Christian's equal mar-  
riage-vow,

In natural growth the household  
virtues sprung ;

Children were taught the paths of  
heavenly peace,  
And age in hope look'd on to its release

45

The light those happy Islanders enjoy'd  
Good messengers from Britain had  
convey'd ;

(Where might such bounty wiselier be  
employ'd ?)

One people with their teachers were  
they made,

Their arts, their language, and the  
faith the same,

And blest in all, for all they blest the  
British name. 27

46

Then rose a different land, where loftier  
trees

High o'er the grove their fan-like  
foliage rear ;

Where spicy bowers upon the passing  
breeze

Diffuse their precious fragrance far  
and near ;

And, yet untaught to bend his massive  
knee,

Wise of brutes, the elephant roams free

47

Ministrant there to health and public  
good,

The busy axe was heard on every side  
Opening new channels, that the noxious  
wood

With wind and sunshine might be  
purified, 280

And that wise Government, the general  
friend,

Might every where its eye and arm  
extend.

48

The half-brutal Bedah came from his  
retreat,

To human life by human kindness  
won ;

The Cingalese beheld that work complete  
Which Holland in her day had well  
begun ; [reign,

The Candian, prospering under Britain's  
Blest the redeeming hand which broke  
his chain.



49

colours and castes were heeded there no more ;

Laws which depraved, degraded, and opprest,

Were laid aside, for on that happy shore  
All men with equal liberty were blest ;  
And through the land the breeze upon  
its swells

More the sweet music of the sabbath  
bells.

50

Again the picture changed ; those Isles  
I saw

With every crime thro' three long  
centuries curst,

While unrelenting Avarice gave the law ;  
Scene of the injured Indians' sufferings  
first,

Then doom'd, for Europe's lasting  
shame, to see

The wider-wasting guilt of Slavery. 300

51

That foulest blot had been at length  
effaced ;

Slavery was gone, and all the power  
it gave,

Whereby so long our nature was debased,  
Baleful alike to master and to slave.

O lovely Isles ! ye were indeed a sight  
To fill the spirit with intense delight !

52

For willing industry and cheerful toil  
Perform'd their easy task, with Hope  
to aid ;

And the free children of that happy soil  
Dwelt each in peace beneath his  
cocoa's shade ; . . . 310

A race, who with the European mind,  
The adapted mould of Africa combined.

53

Anon, methought that in a spacious  
Square,

Of some great town the goodly orna-  
ment,

Three statues I beheld, of sculpture  
fair :

These, said the Muse, are they whom  
one consent

Shall there deem worthy of the purest  
fame ; . .

Knowest thou who best such gratitude  
may claim ?

54

Clarkson, I answer'd, first ; whom to  
have seen

And known in social hours may be my  
pride, 320

Such friendship being praise ; and one,  
I ween, [side,

Is Wilberforce, placed rightly at his  
Whose eloquent voice in that great cause  
was heard

So oft and well. But who shall be the  
third ?

55

Time, said my Teacher, will reveal the  
name

Of him who with these worthies shall  
enjoy

The equal honour of enduring fame ; . .  
He who the root of evil shall destroy,

And from our Laws shall blot the  
accursed word

Of Slave, shall rightly stand with them  
prefer'd. 330

56

Enough ! the Goddess cried ; with that  
the cloud

Obe'y'd, and closed upon the magic  
scene :

Thus much, quoth she, is to thine hopes  
allow'd ;

Ills may impede, delays may inter-  
vene,

But scenes like these the coming age will  
bless,

If England but pursue the course of  
righteousness.

57

On she must go progressively in good,  
In wisdom and in weal, . . or she must  
wane. [flood,

Like Ocean, she may have her ebb and  
But stagnates not. And now her path  
is plain : 340

Heaven's first command she may fulfil  
in peace,

Replenishing the earth with her increase.

58

Peace she hath won, . . with her victori-  
ous hand  
Hath won through rightful war  
auspicious peace ;  
Nor this alone, but that in every land  
The withering rule of violence may  
cease. [crown'd !  
Was ever War with such blest victory  
Did ever Victory with such fruits  
abound !

59

Rightly for this shall all good men re-  
joice,  
They most who most abhor all deeds  
of blood ; 350  
Rightly for this with reverential voice  
Exalt to Heaven their hymns of  
gratitude ;  
For ne'er till now did Heaven thy  
country bless  
With such transcendent cause for joy  
and thankfulness.

60

If they in heart all tyranny abhor,  
This was the fall of Freedom's direst  
foe ;  
If they detest the impious lust of war,  
Here hath that passion had its over-  
throw ; . .  
As the best prospects of mankind are  
dear,  
Their joy should be complete, their  
prayers of praise sincere. 360

61

And thou to whom in spirit at this hour  
The vision of thy Country's bliss is  
given,  
Who feelest that she holds her trusted  
power  
To do the will and spread the word  
of Heaven, . .  
Hold fast the faith which animates thy  
mind,  
And in thy songs proclaim the hopes of  
humankind.

## MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL REMAINS.

### FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY HIS SON'S DEATH.<sup>1</sup>

THY life was a day, and, sum it well,  
life is but a week of such days,—with  
how much storm, and cold, and dark-  
ness ! Thine was a sweet spring holiday,  
—a vernal Sabbath, all sunshine, hope,  
and promise.

and that name

In sacred silence buried, which was still  
At morn and eve the never-wearying  
theme  
Of dear discourse.

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Mr. W. Taylor, March, 1817.  
'I have begun a desultory poem in blank  
verse, pitched in a higher key than Cowper's,  
and in a wiser strain of philosophy than  
Young's ; but as yet I have not recovered  
heart enough to proceed with it ; nor is it  
likely that it will be published during my  
life.'

playful thoughts

Turn'd now to gall and esel.

He to whom Heaven in mercy hath  
assign'd  
Life's wholesome wormwood, fears not  
bitterness when  
From th' hand of Death he drinks the  
Amreeta cup.

Beauties of Nature,—the passion of my  
youth,  
Nursed up and ripen'd to a settled love  
Whereto my heart is wedded.

Feeling at Westminster, when sum-  
mer evening sent a sadness to my heart  
and I sate pining for green fields, and  
banks of flowers, and running streams  
—or dreaming of Avon and her rocks  
and woods.

No more great attempts, only a few autumnal flowers, like second primroses, &c.

They who look for me in our Father's kingdom  
Will look for Him also; inseparably  
shall we be so remember'd.

The Grave the house of Hope :  
is the haven whither we are bound  
in the rough sea of life, and thence she  
lands  
in her own country, on the immortal  
shore.

Come, then,  
Pain and Infirmary—appointed guests,  
My heart is ready.

My soul  
Needed perhaps a longer discipline,  
Or sorer penance, here.

A respite something like repose is gain'd  
While I invoke them, and the troubled  
tide

Of feeling, for a while allay'd, obeys  
A tranquillising influence, that might  
seem

By some benign intelligence dispensed,  
Who lends an ear to man.

They are not, though,  
Mere unrealities: rather, I ween,  
The ancient Poets, in the graceful garb  
Of fiction, have transmitted earliest  
truths,

Ill understood; adorning, as they  
deem'd,

With mythic tales things erringly  
received,

And mingling with primeval verities  
Their own devices vain. For what to us  
Scripture assures, by searching proof  
confirm'd,

And inward certainty of sober Faith,  
Tradition unto them deliver'd down  
Changed and corrupted in the course of  
time,

And haply also by delusive art  
Of Evil Powers.—

## IMAGINATION AND REALITY

The hill was in the sunshine gay and  
green,

The vale below could not be seen ;  
A cloud hung over it,

A thin white cloud, that scarce was  
seen to fly,

So slowly did it flit ;

Yet cloud methinks I err in calling it,

It spread so evenly along the sky.

It gave the hills beyond a hue

So beautiful and blue,

That I stood loitering for the view : so

Loitering and musing thoughtfully  
stood I,

For well those hills I knew,

And many a time had travell'd them  
all o'er ;

Yet now such change the hazy air had  
wrought,

That I could well have thought

I never had beheld the scene before.

But while I gazed the cloud was  
passing by ;

On the slow air it slowly travell'd on,  
Eftsoon and that deceitful haze was

gone,

Which had beguiled me with its  
mockery ;

And all things seem'd again'the things  
they were.

Alas ! but then they were not half so  
fair

As I had shaped them in the hazy air !

## ADDITIONAL FRAGMENT

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HIS SON

DAUGHTERS of Jove and of Mnemosyne,  
Pierian sisters, in whose sacred paths,  
From my youth up these duteous feet  
have trod ;

Ye who with your awakening influence  
warm'd

My youthful heart, disclaiming not to  
accept

The first fruits of an offering immature,  
And who into my riper strains have  
breathed

Truth, knowledge, life, and immortality,  
An earthly heritage indefeasible

Assuring to me thus, with Bards of old,  
With the blind Grecian of the rocky isle,  
The Mantuan, and the Tuscan; and,  
more dear

To me than all of elder Rome and  
Greece,

My honour'd master, who on Mulla's  
side,

Mid the green alders, mused his heavenly  
lay;

Be with me, O ye Nymphs of Castaly  
Divine, be with me now; ye who so oft  
Have given me strength, and confidence,  
and joy,

O give me comfort now!—to you I look  
In sorrow, who in gladness heretofore,  
Yet never but with deepest faith devout,  
Have wooed your visitation. For no  
strain 22

Of querulous regret I ask your aid,  
Impatient of the chastening hand of  
Heaven;

But rather that your power may  
discipline

Thoughts that will rise—may teach me  
to control

The course of grief, and in discursive  
flight

Leading my spirit, sometimes through  
the past,

Sometimes with bold yet not irreverent  
reach

Into the region of futurity, 30  
Abstract her from the sense of present  
woe.

Short time hath pass'd since from my  
pilgrimage

To my rejoicing home restored I sung  
A true thanksgiving song of pure  
delight.

Never had man whom Heaven would  
heap with bliss

More happy day, more glad return than  
mine;

Yon mountains with their wintry robe  
were clothed

When, from a heart that overflow'd  
with joy,

I pour'd that happy strain. The snow  
not yet

Upon their mountain sides hath disap-  
pear'd 40

Beneath the breath of spring, and in the  
grave

Herbert is laid, the child who welcomed  
me

With deepest love upon that joyful  
day;

Herbert, my only and my studious  
boy,

The sweet companion of my daily  
walks,

Whose sports, whose studies, and whose  
thoughts I shared,

Yea in whose life I lived, in whom I saw  
My better part transmitted and im-  
proved,

Child of my heart and mind, the flower  
and crown 49

Of all my hopes and earthly happiness.

A LIST

POEMS OF

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# APPENDIX

## A LIST OF POEMS NOT REPRINTED IN THE PRESENT EDITION

(a) Poems published in the collected edition of 1837-8.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE VISION OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

NAT TYLER.

POEMS CONCERNING THE SLAVE TRADE.

Six Sonnets.

To the Genius of Africa.

The Sailor who had served in the  
Slave Trade.

BOTANY BAY ECLOGUES:—

Elinor.

Humphrey and William.

John, Samuel, and Richard.

Frederick.

SONNETS:—

I. 'Go, Valentine, and tell that  
lovely maid.'

II. 'Think, Valentine, as speeding  
on thy way.'

III. 'Not to thee, Bedford, mournful  
is the tale.'

MONODRAMAS:—

Sappho.

Ximalpoca.

The Wife of Fergus.

Lucretia.

La Caba.

THE AMATORY POEMS OF ABEL

SHUFFLEBOTTOM:—

Sonnets.

Love Elegies.

LYRIC POEMS.

To Horror.

To a Friend.

The Soldier's Wife.

The Chapel Bell.

To Hymen.

Written on the First of December.

Written on the First of January.

Written on Sunday Morning.

The Race of Banquo.

Written in Alentejo.

To Recovery.

Youth and Age.

The Oak of our Fathers.

The Battle of Pultowa.

Translation of a Greek Ode on  
Astronomy.

Gooseberry Pie.

To a Bee.

The Destruction of Jerusalem.

The Death of Wallace.

The Spanish Armada.

St. Bartholomew's Day.

SONGS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS:—

The Huron's Address to the Dead.

The Peruvian's Dirge Over the Body  
of his Father.

Song of the Araucans during a  
Thunderstorm.

Song of the Chikkasah Widow.

The old Chikkasah to his Grandson.

OCASIONAL PIECES:—

The Pauper's Funeral.

The Soldier's Funeral.

OCCASIONAL PIECES (*continued*)

On the Death of a Favourite Old Spaniel.  
Autumn.  
The Victory.

## ENGLISH ECLOGUES:—

The Grandmother's Tale.  
The Sailor's Mother.  
The Witch.  
The Last of the Family.  
The Wedding.

## NONDESCRIPTS:—

Written the Winter after the Installation at Oxford, 1793.  
Snuff.  
Cool Reflections during a Midsummer Walk.  
The Pig.  
The Dancing Bear.  
The Filbert.  
Robert the Rhymer's True and Particular Account of Himself.

## ODES.

Written during the War with America.  
CARMINA AULICA: WRITTEN IN 1814, ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS IN ENGLAND.  
Ode to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of the United Kingdom.

ODES (*continued*)

Ode to His Imperial Majesty Alexander the First, Emperor of All the Russias.  
Ode to His Majesty, Frederick William the Fourth, King of Prussia.  
On the Battle of Algiers.  
On the Death of Queen Charlotte.  
Ode for St. George's Day.  
Ode Written after the King's Visit to Ireland.  
Ode Written after the King's Visit to Scotland.  
The Warning Voice.  
On the Portrait of Bishop Heber.

## BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES.

Old Christoval's Advice.  
King Charlemain.  
The King of the Crocodiles.  
King Ramiro.  
Gonzalo Hermiguez.  
The Surgeon's Warning.

## ALL FOR LOVE.

## THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA.

CARMEN NUPTIALE—The Lay of the Laureate.

## A VISION OF JUDGEMENT.

(b) Poems published in 'Oliver Newman: With Other Poetical Remains' (1845).

## OLIVER NEWMAN

Short Passages of Scripture, Rhythmically Arranged or Paraphrased.  
Madrigal, Translated from Luis Martin.  
Mohammed; a Fragment Written in 1799.

(c) Poems published in 'Robin Hood . . . a Fragment. By the late Robert Southey and Caroline Southey. With Other Fragments and Poems by R. S. and C. S.' (1847).

Robin Hood, Part I.  
The Three Spaniards.  
March.

Apart from the poems mentioned in the foregoing list there were many early pieces which Southey did not see fit to republish in 1837-8. The curious in such matters may search for them over the signature 'Bion' in *Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey*, 1795; in *The Annual Anthology* for 1799 and 1800,<sup>1</sup> and in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797. Three or four poems sent by Southey to Daniel Stuart, editor of *The Morning Post*, are to be found printed in *Letters from the Lake Poets*, ed. E. H. Coleridge, 1889; and a few stray verses are scattered among the volumes of his published correspondence. Southey's contribution to *The Fall of Robespierre* (1794) may be found printed in Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, ed. J. Dykes Campbell, pp. 216-225. Of that notable drama Coleridge was responsible for the first Act; the second and third were written by Southey in two days, 'as fast as newspapers could be put into blank verse.' A poetical address to Amos Cottle appeared in the latter's volume of *Levantic Poetry*, 1797. There are probably other verses contributed by Southey to *The Morning Post*, *The Courier*, and other newspapers still lying unclaimed and uncollected in the columns in which they first saw the light. But the bulk of the pieces which he did not republish are to be found in the volumes mentioned above.

<sup>1</sup> In *The Annual Anthology* Southey's contributions are to be found sometimes over his own name, sometimes over the signatures R. S.,—R.,—R. S. Y.,—S.,—Erthusyo,—Theoderit,—Abel Shufflebottom,—or Byondo; and occasionally without any signature at all. Of the unsigned pieces a few were reprinted in the collected edition of his *Poetical Works*, in 1837-8. According to Alexander Dyce's MS. notes in the two volumes of *The Annual Anthology* formerly belonging to Southey (now in the Dyce collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum), Southey was also the author of the verses which appear without a signature in vol. i, pp. 22, 36, 52, 134, 137, 139, 145, 208.

## NOTES

N.B. In the references in these Notes, *Life* = *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey* (edited by his son, Cuthbert Southey, 6 vols., 1849, 1850); *Warter* = *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey* (edited by J. W. Warter, 4 vols., 1856).

### THALABA THE DESTROYER

Written July 1799–July 1800; published in two volumes, 12mo, by Longman and Rees, in 1801. A second edition was published by Longman in 1809. This edition is more heavily stopped than that of 1801, to the great improvement of the sense; and the variations from the 1801 text are numerous and important. The mottoes to the different books also appeared first in the 1809 edition, and the notes were much amplified and placed at the end of each book, instead of at the bottom of the page. A third edition appeared in 1814, differing from the last only in having the stanzas numbered, and in the lapidary arrangement of the lines. Southey introduced many minor corrections when he finally revised the poem for publication in 1837.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. E. H. Coleridge for permission to print the following extract from a letter from S. T. Coleridge to Daniel Stuart, editor of *The Morning Post*. The letter bears date, Sept. 19, 1801:—

‘Have you seen the *Thalaba*? It is not altogether a poem exactly to my taste; there are, however, three uncommonly fine passages in it. The first<sup>1</sup> in Volume 1st, beginning (page 130) at the words, “It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,” continued to the end of the 3rd line, page 134: then omitting the intermediate pages, pass on to page 147, and recommence with the words “Their father is their priest”, to the last line of page 166, concluding with the words “Of *Thalaba* went by”. This would be a really good extract, and I am sure none of the Reviews will have either feeling or taste to select . . .

‘The next extract<sup>2</sup> is in Volume 2, page 126, beginning at the words, “All waste, no sign of life,” &c., to page 131, ending with the words, “She clapped her hands for joy.”

‘The third passage<sup>3</sup> is very short, and uncommonly lyrical; indeed, in versification and conception, superior to anything I have ever seen of Southey’s. It must begin at the third line of page 142, Volume 2nd, and be entitled “*Khawla*”, or “The Enchantress’s Incantation”. “Go out, ye lights, quoth *Khawla*,” &c.—and go on to the last words of page 143.—*Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 20–2.

PAGE 23. Book I, Stanza 1. As an illustration of the way in which Southey altered and improved his poems after their first publication, it is interesting

<sup>1</sup> See Book III, Stanzas 16–25.

<sup>2</sup> See Book VIII, Stanzas 22–30.

<sup>3</sup> See Book IX, Stanza 6 to the end of Stanza 9, line 2.



note the changes introduced into the opening stanza of *Thalaba*. In the first edition the stanza ran as follows:—

How beautiful is night!  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air,  
 No mist obscures, no little cloud  
 Breaks the whole serene of heaven:  
 In full-orbed glory the majestic moon  
 Rolls thro' the dark blue depths.  
 Beneath her steady ray  
 The desert circle spreads,  
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
 How beautiful is night!

The stanza first appeared in its present form in the second edition of the poem.

PAGE 27. Book I, l. 246. *The hunter Afri*. So edn. 1837-8. I have retained this reading with hesitation, suspecting it to be a misprint for 'The hunter African' of edd. 1801, 1809.

PAGE 33, ll. 656, 657. 'The angel of death', say the Rabbis, 'holdeth his sword in his hand at the bed's head, having on the end thereof three drops of gall; the sick man, spying this deadly Angel, openeth his mouth with fear, and then those drops fall in, of which one killeth him, the second maketh him pale, the third rotteth and purifieth.'—Purchas. (S.)

PAGE 35. Book II, ll. 165-70. 'These lines contain the various opinions of the Mahommedans respecting the intermediate state of the Blessed, till the Day of Judgement.' (S.)

*Zemzem-well*. According to Mahommedan tradition Ishmael, when a newborn babe, made a way for a spring to break forth by dancing with his little feet upon the ground. But the water came forth with such abundance and violence that Hagar could not drink of it. Abraham, coming to the place, stayed the force of the spring, and made Hagar and Ishmael drink. 'The said spring is to this day called Semsem, from Abraham making use of that word to stay it.'—Olearius. (S.)

PAGE 58. Book V, l. 72. *City of Peace*. Almanzor, the founder of Bagdad, named his new city Dar-al-Salam, the City of Peace. (S.)

l. 78. *Thy founder the Victorious*. 'Almanzor signifies the Victorious.' (S.)

PAGE 61, l. 282. 'The Mussulmauns use, like the Roman Catholics, a rosary of beads, called Tusbah, or implement of praise . . .'—Note to the *Bahar-Danush*. (S.)

PAGE 62, ll. 297-9. 'The Mahummedans believe that the decreed events of every man's life are impressed in divine characters on his forehead, though not to be seen by mortal eye.'—Note to the *Bahar-Danush*. (S.)

l. 307. 'Zohak was the fifth King of the Pischdadian dynasty, lineally descended from Shedad, who perished with the tribe of Ad. Zohak murdered his predecessor, and invented the punishments of the cross and of flaying alive. The Devil, who had long served him, requested at last, as a recompence, permission to kiss his shoulders; immediately two serpents grew there, who fed upon his flesh, and endeavoured to get at his brain. The Devil now suggested a remedy, which was to quiet them by giving them every day the brains of two men, killed for that purpose: this tyranny lasted long; till a blacksmith of Ispahan, whose children had been nearly all slain by food the King's serpents, raised his leather apron as the standard of revolt, and deposed Zohak. Zohak, say the Persians, is still living in the cave of his punishment.'—D'Herbelot. Olearius. (S.)

PAGE 69. Book VI, ll. 287-96. 'In the Caherman Nameh, the Dives having taken in war some of the Peris, imprisoned them in iron cages which they hung from the highest trees they could find. There, from time to time, their companions visited them with the most precious odours. These odours were the usual food of the Peris, and procured them also another advantage, for they prevented the Dives from approaching or molesting them. The Dives could not bear the perfumes, which rendered them gloomy and melancholy whenever they drew near the cage in which a Peri was suspended.'—D'Herbelot. (S.)

PAGE 74. Book VII, l. 184. *Zaccoum's fruit accurst*. According to the Koran the Zaccoum is a tree which issues from the bottom of Hell. Its fruit is to be eaten by the damned. (S.)

l. 194. The Arabian women 'of the tribe of Himiar, or of the Homerites, are early exercised in riding the horse, and in using the bow, the lance, and the javelin.'—Marigny.

PAGE 75, l. 264. *The Paradise of Sin*. 'The story is told by many writers but with such difference of time and place as wholly to invalidate its truth, even were the circumstances more probable.' (S.) Southey quotes, among other accounts, a long account from Sir John Maundeville.

PAGE 85. Book VIII, Stanza 36. 'How came Mohareb to be Sultan of this island? Every one who has read *Don Quixote* knows that there are always islands to be had by adventurers. He killed the former Sultan, and reigned in his stead. What could not a Dondanielite perform? The narration would have interrupted the flow of the main story.' (S.)

PAGE 91. Book IX, ll. 413-16. 'A thicket of balm trees is said to have sprung up from the blood of the Moslem slain at Beder.' (S.) Southey in his note ad loc. quotes Pausanias and other writers as speaking of vipers which were rendered innocuous by feeding on the juice of the balsam-tree.

PAGE 92, l. 492. *That most holy night*. 'The night, Leileth-ul-cadr, is considered as being particularly consecrated to ineffable mysteries. There is a prevalent opinion, that a thousand secret and invisible prodigies are performed on that night; that all the inanimate beings then pay their adoration to God; that all the waters of the sea lose their saltness, and become fresh at these mysterious moments; that such, in fine, is its sanctity, that prayers said during this night are equal in value to all those which can be said in a thousand successive months. It has not, however, pleased God . . . to reveal it to the faithful . . . '—D'Ohsson. (S.)

PAGE 93. Stanzas 44 and 45. These stanzas, together with stanza 1 of Book X, replaced in 1809 a passage, unhappy alike in conception and in execution, which had appeared in the first edition. This cancelled passage consisted of 126 lines—109 in Book IX, and 17 in Book X. In it Mohareb and Khawla have learnt of Maimuna's treachery. To further their revenge they resolve to secure 'the deadliest poison that the Devils know', namely the last foam on the lips of a red-haired Christian who has been beaten to death. Accordingly, on the following morning, Maimuna and Thalaba watch from the latter's prison the execution of the Christian victim. Khawla catches the poison in a bowl. The bowl bursts, and from the poison which falls upon the ground springs the Upas Tree of Death. Khawla and Mohareb flee away in a whirlwind. The prison walls fall with a crash: and Maimuna and Thalaba are borne in the Chariot of the Winds to the former's cave.

PAGE 102. Book XI, Stanza 11. "'Simorg Anka", says my friend Mr. Fox in a note to his Achmed Ardebeili, "is a bird or griffon of extraordinary strength and size (as its name imports, signifying as large as thirty eagles), which, according

to the Eastern writers, was sent by the Supreme Being to subdue and chastise the rebellious Dives. It was supposed to possess rational faculties, and the gift of speech." . . . (S.)

PAGE 106. Book XI, ll. 367-73. 'Some travellers may perhaps be glad to know that the spring from which this description was taken is near Bristol, about a mile from Stokes-Croft turnpike, and known by the name of the Boiling Well. Other and larger springs of the same kind, called the Lady Pools, are near Shobdon, in Herefordshire.' (S.)

PAGE 115. Book XII, l. 461. 'Araf is a place between the Paradise and the Hell of the Mahommedans; some deem it a veil of separation, some a strong wall. Others hold it to be a Purgatory, in which those believers will remain, whose good and evil works have been so equal, that they were neither virtuous enough to enter Paradise, nor guilty enough to be condemned to the fire of Hell . . .'—D'Herbelot. (S.)

### THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Written May 1801–Nov. 1809: published in one volume, 4to, by Longman in 1810. In the first edition the stanzas were unnumbered and differently divided. The variations in the text of the first and later editions are comparatively few and unimportant. A fourth edition was published in 1818.

There is a MS. of this poem in Southey's handwriting in the British Museum (No. 36,485). A note appended by Southey's brother, Captain Thomas Southey, R.N., states that this MS. 'was written for me and sent sheet by sheet in letters, the greater part of which were received on board His Majesty's *Dreadnought*, off the coast of France in 1809'. The British Museum Catalogue says, 'the text in many passages differs from that of the poem as printed, agreeing generally with the original form as found in an autograph copy, begun May 28, 1806, now in possession of Miss Warter, the poet's granddaughter, the corrections made in which were embodied in the printed text.'

In the British Museum MS. there is no list of characters and no preface. The motto, 'Curses are like young chickens, &c. . .' is attributed to 'Uncle William', and there is no Greek version of it. The motto in question was a saying of Southey's uncle William, a half-witted brother of Miss Tyler, with whom he lived. The Greek version and its mysterious reference are due to Coleridge. Southey has described William Tyler under the name of William Dove in *The Doctor*, &c., Chapter X, P. I. and *passim*.

There is another MS. of *The Curse of Kehama*, bound up with a MS. of *Roderick*, in the Victoria and Albert Museum (number 480 in the Catalogue of MSS., in the Forster Collection). These MSS. were sent by Southey to W. S. Lander in sections, as the composition of the two poems proceeded. The MS. of *The Curse of Kehama* contains no list of characters, preface, or mottoes. The whole of it from Section VII onwards is in Southey's handwriting. The first section is dated May 28, 1806, and thus represents the original draught as it stood some two years before Southey first met Lander. The ending of the poem is identical with that in the British Museum MS.;—see note on Section XXIV, below.

In an unpublished letter to Lander, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, written at the end of the MS. of the first section of *Roderick*, and dated Keswick, July 14, 1810, Southey speaks of *The Curse of Kehama* as follows:—

'The structure of the poem is its main merit—in this point it is far superior to *Thalaba*,—in most other respects I am afraid I myself do not like it quite so well, and am well assured that most persons will like it even less,—or in

plainer language will dislike it more. About this I am perfectly indifferent. It is a work sui generis, which like *Gebir* will find its own admirers, and I have always sincerely echoed your original preface upon that point.'

See also *Landor's Works and Life*, by J. Forster (1876), vol. i, p. 110.

PAGE 139. Section VII, l. 197. *The lute of Nared*. In Hindoo legend Nared a divine son of Brahma, invented the Vina, or Indian lute. (S.)

PAGE 151. Section X, l. 262. *his Dragon foe*. Ra'h'u, a dragon-like monster according to Hindoo legend strives during eclipses to wreak vengeance on the Sun and Moon for having denounced a fraud which he had practised on the gods. (S.)

PAGE 162. Section XIII, l. 131. *Voomdavee*. The wife of Veeshnoo, the goddess of the earth and of patience. (S.)

PAGE 163, ll. 175-6. "'The Hindoo poets frequently allude to the fragrant juice which oozes, at certain seasons, from small ducts in the temples of the male elephant, and is useful in relieving him from the redundant moisture with which he is then oppressed; and they even describe the bees as allured by the scent, and mistaking it for that of the sweetest flowers.'" Wilford, *Asiatic Researches*. (S.)

PAGE 191. Section XXI, l. 84. *that strange Indian bird*. 'The Chatooke. They say it never drinks at the streams below, but, opening its bill when it rains, it catches the drops as they fall from the clouds.'—*Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Missionaries*, vol. ii, p. 309. (S.)

l. 88. *the footless fowl of Heaven*: sc. the bird of Paradise, which travellers said was to be found in the Molucca Islands, born without legs. (S.)

PAGE 207. Section XXIV. In the British Museum MS. the poem ends as follows after Stanza 23:—

'Thus hath the will of destiny been done,'  
Then said the Lord of Padalon.  
'Thus are the secret ways of Heaven made known  
And justified. Ye heirs of heavenly bliss,  
Go to the Swerga Bowers,  
And there recall the hours  
Of endless happiness.  
For thee, Ladurlad, there is yet in store  
One glorious task. Return to Earth—restore  
Justice and Peace, by Tyranny put down.  
Then shalt thou have thine everlasting crown,  
And join thy best-beloved for evermore.'

### RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

Written, Dec. 2, 1809–July 14, 1814: published in one volume, 4to, by Longman, in 1814. The text of 1838 differs only in a few unimportant particulars from that of the first edition. The mottoes from Tacitus and *The Excursion* first appeared in the second edition, published in 1815. The poem reached a fourth edition early in 1816.

There is in the Victoria and Albert Museum a MS. of the first eighteen sections of *Roderick*,—as they were sent successively by Southey to Landor,—bound up with the corresponding MS. of *The Curse of Kehama*—(No. 480 in the Catalogue



of MSS. in the Forster Collection). Every section save the first is in Southey's handwriting. At the end of Sections I, II, VI, VII, IX, X, XII, XIII, XIV, XVI, and XVII are letters or postscripts, all signed with Southey's initials, except the first, which is signed in full. The letter to Landor at the end of Section I is dated Keswick, July 14, 1810. The postmark on the last section (XVIII) bears date, Sept. 26, 1814.

In this MS. the poem is called 'Pelayo', for it was Southey's original intention that Pelayo should be its hero. As the work progressed, however, the character of Roderick assumed a more and more predominating importance. Accordingly, in sending Section VI to Landor, Southey writes to him (in an unpublished letter) as follows (Sept. 11, 1812):—

'The next book is nearly finished. I believe I must go back to the fifth, and interpolate a passage introductory of Egilona, whose death I think of bringing forward in Book 8, and in whose character I must seek for such a palliation of the rape of Florinda as may make Roderick's crime not so absolutely incompatible with his heroic qualities as it now appears. The truth is that in consequence of having begun the story with Roderick I have imperceptibly been led to make him the prominent personage of the poem, and have given him virtues which it will be very difficult to make consistent with his fall.'

The description of Egilona, Section V, ll. 124-44, was subsequently interpolated with the object described above.

Southey justly regarded *Roderick* as his highest achievement as a poet. H. Crabb Robinson writes in his Diary for Sept. 15, 1816, 'Of his own works he (Southey) thinks *Don Roderick* by far the best.' And this statement is corroborated by a letter from Southey to Dr. Gooch, dated Nov. 30, 1814, in which he says, 'You have in *Roderick* the best which I have done, and, probably, the best that I shall do, which is rather a melancholy feeling for the author' (*Life*, vol. iv, p. 90).

Southey gives the following lively description of his feelings on the completion of this poem in an unpublished letter to his brother, Captain Thomas Southey, R.N., dated Thursday, 14 July, 1814, now in the British Museum:—

'Monday came and I continued at my task, still writing like a Lion—it was like going up a mountain, the termination seemed to recede as I advanced. So I was still at it on Tuesday middleday, when in came a Laker to interrupt me. . . . This morning I went again to work, and just at dinner-time finished a poem which was begun 2 December 1809. The last book has extended to 580 lines, and the whole work to 7,000, some twenty more or less.—Hourra! your Serene Highness! O be joyful St. Helen's, Auckland, and Greta Hall! . . . I do not feel exactly as Gibbon did, who knew that it was impossible for him ever to execute another work of equal magnitude with his great history; for I neither want subjects nor inclination for fresh attempts. But this poem has been 4½ years on hand, and had been thought of as many years before it was begun: and it is impossible not to feel how very doubtful it is whether I may ever again compleat one of equal extent, or of equal merit,—tho' never at any part of my life better disposed for it in will or in power than at the present time.'

It may be well to add here Charles Lamb's appreciation of the poem, as conveyed to Southey in a letter of May 6, 1815:—

'The story of the brave Maccabee', he wrote, 'was already, you may be sure, familiar to me in all its parts. I have, since the receipt of your present, read it quite through again, and with no diminished pleasure. . . . The parts I have been most pleased with, both on first and second readings, perhaps, are Florinda's palliation of Roderick's crime, confessed to him in his disguise—the retreat of the Palayos (sic) family first discovered—his being made king—' For acclamation

one form must serve *more solemn for the breach of old observances.*' Roderick's vow is extremely fine, and his blessing on the vow of Alphonso :

Towards the troops he spread his arms,  
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,  
And carried to all spirits *with the act*  
Its effluent inspiration.

'It struck me forcibly that the feeling of these last lines might have been suggested to you by the Cartoon of Paul at Athens. Certain it is that a better motto or guide to that famous attitude can nowhere be found. I shall adopt it as explanatory of that violent but dignified motion.'

*The Letters of C. Lamb*, ed. Ainger, vol. i, pp. 290-2.

PAGE 210. Section I, l. 30. *the name of thy new conqueror.* 'Gibel-al-Tarif, the mountain of Tarif, is the received etymology of Gibraltar: Ben Hazel, a Granadan Moor, says expressly, that the mountain derived its name from this general.' (S.)

l. 69. 'Guadalete had been thus interpreted to Florez. (*España Sagrada*, t. ix, p. 53.)' (S.)

PAGE 221. Section III, ll. 99-105. 'The Roman Conimbrica stood about two leagues from the present Coimbra, on the site of Condeyxa Velha. Ataces, king of the Alanes, won it from the Sueves, and, in revenge for its obstinate resistance, dispeopled it, making all its inhabitants, without distinction of persons, work at the foundation of Coimbra, where it now stands . . . Ataces was an Arian, and therefore made the Catholic bishops and priests work at his new city, but his queen converted him.' (S.)

PAGE 223, l. 189. *Diogo's amorous lute.* 'Diogo Bernardes, one of the best of the Portuguese poets, was born on the banks of the Lima, and passionately fond of its scenery . . .' (S.)

PAGE 226, l. 326. The collected edition of 1838 and the one-volume edition reprinted from it read 'Yet' as the first word of this line,—clearly a misprint for the 'Yea' of 1814, which has been restored in the present edition.

PAGE 254. Section X. In sending this Section—perhaps the finest in the whole poem—to Landor, Southey thus writes (in an unpublished letter) of the difficulty which he had experienced in its composition: 'You have here a part of the poem so difficult to get over, even tolerably, that I verily believe, if I had at first thought of making Roderick anything more than a sincere penitent, this difficulty would have deterred me from attempting the subject. There will probably be much to amend in it hereafter,—but I think it is in the right strain, and that the passion is properly made diffuse.' (March 3, 1813.)

It may be added that the changes eventually made in the original draught of this section as it had been sent to Landor were comparatively few and unimportant.

PAGE 277. Section XV. In a letter to G. C. Bedford, of August 8, 1815 (*Warton*, ii, 420), Southey thus anticipates an obvious criticism upon this and other portions of the poem:—

'The strongest objection which has or can be urged against the poem is, that Roderick should not be recognized; but the fact is strictly possible. A friend of mine (poor Charles Danvers), after a fortnight's absence, during which he had been very exposed to weather, sleeping out of doors, and in an open boat, and had endured the greatest anxiety (in assisting a man to escape to America, who would have been hanged for high treason, if he had been taken), was so

tered as literally not to be recognized at the end of that time by an old servant of the family. Think, also, what a difference grey hairs will make; and how soon grief will produce this change has often been seen. When the Queen of France was murdered, her hair was perfectly white. This I have carefully marked in Roderick; I have also made his mother recognize him upon the first hint, and Swerian also. As for Julian, it is nowhere implied that he had ever seen Roderick; on the contrary, Africa was his home.'

PAGE 294. Section XVIII, l. 107. *orary*:—'a scarf or tippet to be worn upon the shoulders . . .' (S.)

l. 109. '*Precious or auriphygiatæ*. "Mitrae . . . triplex est species: una quæ pretiosa dicitur, quia gemmis et lapidibus pretiosis, vel laminis aureis, vel argenteis contexta esse solet; altera auriphygiata sine gemmis, et sine laminis aureis vel argenteis: sed vel aliquibus parvis margaritis composita, vel ex serico albo auro intermixto, vel ex tela aurea simpliciter sine laminis et margaritis; tertia, quæ simplex vocatur sine auro, . . ."—*Ceremoniale Episcoporum*, l. 1, c. 17.' (S.)

PAGE 315. Section XXI, ll. 424-34. 'The image of the clouds and the moon I saw from my chamber window at Cintra when going to bed, and noted it down with its application next morning. I have it at this moment distinctly before my eyes with all its accompanying earth-scenery.'

Letter from R. S. to C. W. W. Wynn, March 9, 1815. *Life*, iv, p. 107.

PAGE 321. Section XXIII, l. 31. 'The humma is a fabulous bird: the head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be encircled with a crown.'—Wilkes, *S. of India*, v, i, p. 423. (S.)

#### SELECTED MINOR POEMS

PAGE 344. *The Dead Friend*. This poem was written in memory of Edmund Seward, of Balliol College, Oxford, who died in June, 1795. Seward had been one of the little band who originally entered upon the scheme of Pantisocracy, but he had soon realized that the plan was visionary and impracticable, and had ceased to support it. Southey writes as follows to G. C. Bedford, on June 13, 1795: 'Bedford,—he is dead; my dear Edmund Seward! after six weeks suffering. These, Grosvenor, are the losses that gradually wean us from life. May that man want consolation in his last hour, who would rob the survivor of the belief, that he shall again behold his friend! You know not, Grosvenor, how I loved poor Edmund: he taught me all that I have of good.' (*Life*, i, p. 240.) And in a letter to J. Rickman of Oct. 5, 1807, he describes Seward as having been his 'nearest and dearest friend' (*Warton*, ii, 20). There is another allusion to the sorrow of this loss in the 'Hymn to the Penates', lines 198-221.

PAGE 345. *Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte of Wales*. The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV (then Prince Regent), and heir-presumptive to the throne, married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in 1816, and died in childbirth, Nov. 5, 1817.

PAGE 346, ll. 110-24. During the building of a mausoleum under St. George's Chapel, Windsor, an accidental opening was made by the workmen into the Henry VIII vault. Three coffins were visible in the vault,—two of them those of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour; and, as there was some doubt as to the burial-place of King Charles I, owing to a passage in Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* (iii, Part I, p. 393 [Oxford, 1807]), which states that unsuccessful search was made for the body shortly after the Restoration, the Prince Regent



ordered that the third coffin in the vault should be examined and the doubtful point set at rest.

The examination was made on April 1, 1813, in the presence of the Prince Regent, the Duke of Cumberland, Count Münster, the Dean of Windsor, Benjamin Charles Stevenson, Esq., and Sir Henry Halford, the King's physician. The coffin was covered by a black velvet pall, and, when this was removed, was seen to bear the inscription, 'Charles I, 1648.' When the wrappings of the body were removed and the face exposed, the pointed beard and lower half of the countenance were found to be perfect, and one eye was visible at the first moment, though it disappeared immediately; the nose, however, was defaced. The loose head was taken out and held up to view: the hair at the back was thick and of a dark-brown colour, while the beard was of a more reddish brown. The muscles at the back of the neck showed the traces of a heavy blow from a sharp instrument.

The head was then replaced, and the coffin closed; and, after a cursory examination of the coffins of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, the vault was closed.

The above particulars are drawn from a pamphlet in the Royal Library at Windsor, by Sir Henry Halford, entitled, 'An Account of what appeared on Opening the Coffin of King Charles the First in the Vault of King Henry the Eighth in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, on the First of April 1813.' I am indebted for this information to the kindness of the Honourable John Fortescue, Librarian of the Royal Library, Windsor.

PAGE 347. *My days among the Dead are past.* Cuthbert Southey, in quoting these lines in his *Life* of his father, adds the following interesting note:—

'I have an additional pleasure in quoting these lines here, because Mr. Wordsworth . . . once remarked that they possessed a peculiar interest as a most true and touching representation of my father's character. He also wished three alterations to be made in them, in order to reduce the language to correctness and simplicity. In the third line, because the phrase "casual eyes" is too unusual, he proposed—

"Where'er I chance these eyes to cast."

In the sixth line, instead of "converse", "commune", because, as it stands, the accent is wrong.

'In the second stanza, he thought—

"While I understand and feel, . . .

My cheeks have often been bedewed"

was a vicious construction grammatically, and proposed instead,—

"My pensive cheeks are oft bedewed."

These suggestions were made too late for my father to profit by them.—*Life*, v, 110, n.

PAGE 348. *The Cataract of Lodore.* The origin of this poem is thus described in a letter from Southey to his brother Thomas, dated October 18, 1809 (*Warton*, ii, 168):—

'I hope . . . you will approve of a description of the water at Lodore, made originally for Edith, and greatly admired by Herbert. In my mind it surpasses any that the tourists have yet printed. Thus it runs—"Tell the people how the water comes down at *Lodore*? Why it comes thundering, and floundering, and thumping, and slumping, and bumping, and jumping, and hissing, and whizzing, and dripping, and skipping, and grumbling, and rumbling, and tumbling, and falling, and brawling, and dashing, and clashing, and splashing, and pouring, and roaring, and whirling, and curling, and leaping, and creeping, and sounding,



and bounding, and clattering, and chattering, with a dreadful uproar,—and that way the water comes down at *Lodore*.”

The doggerel thus first composed by Southey for the amusement of his eldest daughter was developed into the poem as we now know it for the benefit of his youngest child, Cuthbert, more than twelve years later, in 1822 (*Walter*, iv, 215).

There is a MS. of this poem in the British Museum (Ea. 1966), and another in the museum at Keswick. The latter is an early draught. The former is dated 1822, and begins with the line ‘Here it lies darkling’. It includes seventy-one lines instead of seventy-nine, as in the corresponding portion of the poem as printed, and there are a few unimportant variants. The following lines—in addition to the first forty-two—are wanting in the MS.—47–50, 60, 61, 71, and 93; and in some cases the order of the lines is slightly different.

PAGE 350. *Inscription II. Epitaph.* The Emma of this epitaph was the first wife of Southey’s friend, General Peachey, who lived on Vicar’s Island in Derwent-water. She had been a Miss Charter, of Bishop’s Lydeard, near Taunton. She died in 1809 (*Life*, ii, 304; *Walter*, ii, 155).

PAGE 351. *Inscription III. At Barrosa.* Lieut.-General Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) defeated the French army under Victor at Barrosa on March 5, 1811.

PAGE 352. *Inscription V. Epitaph.* This epitaph very probably may refer to the death of Southey’s eldest son, Herbert, who died on April 17, 1816, in the tenth year of his age. See Notes on ‘The Poet’s Pilgrimage to Waterloo’ and on the ‘Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son’s Death’, pp. 762, 763.

PAGE 353. *Dedication of the Author’s Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.* The Rev. H. Hill was Southey’s maternal uncle. Southey had indeed found him, as he says, ‘more than father.’ Mr. Hill had paid the expenses of his education at Westminster and at Oxford, and took him to Lisbon with him in 1795. He encouraged Southey—on the occasion of the latter’s second visit to Portugal in 1800—to undertake the writing of a History of Portugal, and, until he himself returned to England in 1807, continued to furnish his nephew with Spanish and Portuguese materials for that work. From that time onwards until his death he constantly corresponded with Southey with reference to the latter’s literary employments. On his return to England, Mr. Hill married, and held successively the livings of Staunton-on-Wye and Streatham. One of his sons, Herbert, married Bertha Southey in 1839, and edited Southey’s *Oliver Newman: With other Poetical Remains*, in 1845.

PAGE 357. *Ode written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte, in January, 1814.* The greater part of this ode was originally included in the *Carmen Triumphale*. In deference to the advice of J. W. Croker and Rickman Southey struck out from the *Carmen* five stanzas which were thought too vigorous for an official poem by the Poet Laureate: to these he added three other stanzas, and sent the whole as a separate ode to *The Courier*.

There is a MS. of this ode in the possession of the Rev. Canon Rawnsley. The MS. ends, as did the version first printed in *The Courier*, with the two following lines, subsequently cancelled,—

Pluck from the Upstart’s head thy sullied crown,  
Down with the Tyrant! With the murderer down!

Professor Dowden has well characterized this ode as ‘perhaps the loftiest channel of political invective, inspired by moral indignation, which our literature possesses.’ And he observes further: ‘Southey stood erect in the presence of power which he believed to be immoral, defied it and execrated it. That he did not perceive

how, in driving the ploughshare of Revolution across Europe of the old régime, Napoleon was terribly accomplishing an inevitable and a beneficent work, may have been an error; but it was an error to which no blame attaches, and in his fierce indictment he states, with ample support of facts, one entire side of the case. The ode is indeed more than a poem; it is a historical document expressing the passion which filled many of the highest minds in England, and which at a later date was the justification of Saint Helena.' (*Poems by Robert Southey*, 'Golden Treasury' Series, Introd., pp. xxiv, xxv.)

PAGE 360. *The March to Moscow*. This doggerel march is included here among the Selected Minor Poems, both as being eminently characteristic of the writer and as in some ways complementary to the 'Ode written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte'. Southey wrote it to amuse his children. When it was originally published in *The Courier* the present fourth stanza was suppressed, and the fifth stanza was added later.

Stanza 4, l. 2. *He frightened Mr. Roscoe*. William Roscoe (1753-1831), historian, banker, and Whig M.P. for Liverpool 1806-7, was a strong advocate of peace with France, and published several pamphlets between 1793 and 1810 in support of such a policy.

PAGE 366. *The Old Woman of Berkeley*. There is a MS. of this ballad in the British Museum. It is in Mrs. Southey's handwriting, dated Martin Hall, Oct. 5 (1798), and was enclosed in a letter to Thomas Southey, in which Southey says of it, 'I like the ballad much.'

PAGE 378. *Inscription for a Coffee-Pot*. These lines, written in 1830, or early in 1831, explain themselves. They were, of course, never published by Southey, but were printed in a note, *Warter*, iv, pp. 203, 204. It turned out, when the coffee-pot had been chosen, that there was not room on it for the proposed inscription.

PAGE 385. *The Widow*. These lines are here printed as having given rise to one of the most famous parodies in the language. 'The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder' was written by Canning and Frere, and appeared in No. II of *The Anti-Jacobin* on Nov. 27, 1797.

*The Old Man's Comforts*. These lines are chiefly notable as the original of Lewis Carroll's brilliant parody in *Alice in Wonderland*.

PAGE 386. *To a Spider*. Charles Lamb's criticism of this poem is of interest. Writing to Southey on March 20, 1799, he says:—

'I am hugely pleased with your "Spider", "your old freemason," as you call him. The first three stanzas are delicious; they seem to me a compound of Burns and Old Quarles, the kind of home-strokes where more is felt than strikes the ear; a terseness, a jocular pathos, which makes one feel in laughter. The measure, too, is novel and pleasing. I could almost wonder Robert Burns in his lifetime never stumbled upon it. The fourth stanza is less striking, as being less original. The fifth falls off. It has no felicity of phrase, no old-fashioned phrase or feeling.

Young hopes, and love's delightful dreams

savour neither of Burns nor Quarles; they seem more like shreds of many a modern sentimental sonnet. The last stanza hath nothing striking in it, if I except the two concluding lines, which are Burns all over.'

*The Letters of Charles Lamb*, ed. Ainger, i, 104, 105.

PAGE 394. *To Margaret Hill*. Margaret Hill, to whom this poem is addressed, was Southey's favourite cousin. He appears to have himself defrayed the expenses of her illness, which lasted for more than a year (*Warter*, i, 164). She died of consumption not long after Southey's return from Portugal in 1801.

PAGE 396. *Written immediately after reading the Speech of Robert Emmet.* Robert Emmet (1778-1803), a member of the United Irishmen, planned a rising against the English Government in Ireland, intending to seize Dublin Castle and to hold the Viceroy as a hostage. The rising took place on July 23, 1803, but was easily suppressed; not, however, before the rioters had murdered Lord Kilwarden and Colonel Brown, whom they met on their march. Emmet had fled in horror at the violence of his followers, but was arrested a month later, tried for high treason on Sept. 19, sentenced to death, and executed on the following day.

PAGE 402. *To Charles Lamb.* These lines were not included in the collected edition of 1837-8, but are printed in the present edition because of their interest as a link in the relations between Southey and Charles Lamb. They were written in reply to a contemptuous review of Lamb's *Album Versus and Other Poems*, which appeared on July 10, 1830, in the *Literary Gazette*, of which paper William Jerdan was editor. The review in question contained the following passage: 'If anything could prevent our laughing at the present collection of absurdities, it would be a lamentable conviction of the blinding and engrossing nature of vanity. We could forgive the folly of the original composition, but cannot but marvel at the egotism which has preserved, and the conceit which has published.' Southey's lines were published in *The Times* on Aug. 6, 1830. They were his first public utterance concerning Lamb since the misunderstanding between them which had arisen out of Southey's allusion to the *Essays of Elia* in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1823—Lamb's famous open letter to him of the following October—and their speedy reconciliation, so honourable to both the friends. Lamb was much touched, and wrote to Bernard Barton on Aug. 30, 1830: 'How noble in Robert Southey to come forward for an old friend, who had treated him so unworthily!' (See E. V. Lucas, *Life of Charles Lamb*, one-vol. ed. (1907), pp. 508-14, 625 and 626.)

PAGE 403. *The Retrospect.* Corston (called Alston in the poem as originally published) is 'a small village about three miles from Bath, a little to the left of the Bristol road'. Southey passed a year there (1781-2) at a school kept by one Thomas Flower. His reminiscences of the time spent there are to be found in his *Life and Correspondence*, i, 46-58. He says of it, 'Here one year of my life was spent with little profit, and with a good deal of suffering. There could not be a worse school in all respects.'

PAGE 405, ll. 141 sqq. These lines describe a visit which Southey paid to Corston in 1793, after the house had ceased to be used as a school.

PAGE 409. *Hymn to the Penates*, l. 146. *Apega's sculptured form.* 'One of the ways and means of the tyrant Nabis. If one of his subjects refused to lend him money, he commanded him to embrace his Apega: the statue of a beautiful woman so formed as to clasp the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.' (S.)

ll. 173-5. *When that false Florimel . . . Dissolved away.* See Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, Book V, Canto iii, Stanza 24.

l. 203. Edmund Seward died in June, 1795. See Notes to 'The Dead Friend'.

PAGE 410, ll. 236, 237. *The solemn festival whose happiest rites Endowed'd equality.* The Saturnalia (S.).

PAGE 420. *The Devil's Walk.* The genesis of these lines, originally known as 'The Devil's Thoughts', is told by Southey himself in stanzas 37-9. Coleridge, in a note in the 1829 edition of his poems, states that stanzas 1, 2, 3, and 13 were dictated by Southey. The remaining stanzas of the original version were presumably written in collaboration. The verses originally appeared in the *Morning*



Post of Sept. 6, 1799. The text, as then published, is printed in J. Dykes Campbell's edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, pp. 621, 622. This first version included, sometimes in a modified form, stanzas 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 57, of the poem as finally printed by Southey in 1838.

The squib had a great circulation. In 1812 Shelley published his imitation, 'The Devil's Walk,' and in 1813 Byron published his 'The Devil's Drive.' In 1826 Caroline Bowles urged Southey, in view of the confident assertions that Porson was the author, to publish the verses as his own, and so to set all doubt at rest. Southey was thus unfortunately moved to expand the lines until they reached their present form. Further particulars may be found in Dykes Campbell's edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, loc. cit.

PAGE 422, ll. 65, 66. Richard Brothers, a crazy enthusiast, published *A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times* (1794), and other similar works. He died in 1824.

l. 96. *That new Scotch performer.* Edward Irving, subsequently founder of the Catholic Apostolic Church, began to preach in London in 1822.

PAGE 423. Stanza 30. Richard Lalor Sheil (1791-1851), dramatist and politician; Daniel O'Connell (1775-1847); Sidney Smith (1771-1845); Joseph Hume (1777-1855), a prominent Radical M.P. from 1818 to 1855; Lord Brougham (1778-1868); Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832); Peter, seventh Baron King of Ockham (1776-1833); and James Warren Doyle (1786-1834), Roman Catholic bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, are here grouped together chiefly as having been prominent advocates of Catholic Emancipation.

PAGE 425. Stanza 57. 'If any one should ask who General ——— meant, the Author begs leave to inform him that he did once see a red-faced person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the author never meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel' (Coleridge's note in 1829).

## INSCRIPTIONS

PAGE 429, xi. Juan of Padilla, a nobleman of Toledo, commanded the forces of the Comuneros, who rebelled against the government of Charles V in 1520. He was captured at Villalar on April 23, 1521, and was put to death on the following day (see *The Cambridge Modern History*, i, 372-5).

PAGE 432, xvii. Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French under de Laborde at Rolissa on Aug. 17, 1808, in his first battle in the Peninsula.

xviii. On Aug. 21, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French under Junot at Vimeiro.

PAGE 433, xix. The battle of Coruña was fought on Jan. 16, 1809.

PAGE 434, xxi. Paul Burrard was a cousin of Caroline Bowles, who furnished Southey with some particulars about him. In a letter to Mrs. Hughes of Dec. 31, 1827, Southey says, writing of Caroline Bowles, 'The late Sir Harry Burrard was her uncle, and I suspect, was to have stood in another degree of relationship to her, if the battle of Corunna had not put an end to all her dreams of life. She has never expressly told me this, but that it was so I have no doubt' (*Warton*, iv, 82).

PAGE 435, xxii. Sir Arthur Wellesley effected the passage of the Douro in the face of Soult's army on May 12, 1809.



PAGE 436, xxiii. On July 27 and 28, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French under Victor at Talavera.

xxiv. Massena attacked Wellington's position on the heights of Busaco on Sept. 27, 1810, and was repulsed with a loss of over 4,600 killed, wounded, and missing. At the loftiest summit of the mountain ridge was a convent of Carmelites, where Wellington had fixed his headquarters.

PAGE 438, xxvi. Massena evacuated Santarem on March 5, 1811.

xxvii. Wellington defeated Massena at Fuentes D'Onoro on May 5, 1811.

xxviii. The Battle of Albuhera was fought on May 16, 1811.

PAGE 440, xxx. Wellington stormed Ciudad Rodrigo on Jan. 19, 1812. Major-General Craufurd (1764-1812) had won a great reputation as leader of the light division in the Peninsula. He was shot through the body at the very beginning of the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, and died on Jan. 24. He was buried in the breach itself.

PAGE 441, xxxii. General (afterwards Sir Rowland and finally Lord Hill, commanding a force of British and Spanish troops, surprised the French under General Girard at Arroyo Molinos in the early morning of Oct. 28, 1811, and drove them from the village with the loss of considerably more than half their number in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

PAGE 442, xxxiii. Barré Charles Roberts (1789-1810), second son of Edward Roberts, clerk of the pells in the exchequer, graduated B.A. at Christ Church in 1808. He was a keen antiquarian, and made a fine collection of English coins, now in the possession of the trustees of the British Museum. In Feb., 1809, he contributed to the first number of the *Quarterly Review* a review of Pinkerton's *Essay on Medals*. He was seized with consumption in 1807, and died on Jan. 1, 1810. In 1814 there appeared *Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Barré Charles Roberts, with a Memoir of his Life*, by a friend; and the volume was noticed by Southey in the *Quarterly Review* for Jan., 1815.

PAGE 443, xxxv-xxxvii. The Caledonian Canal was completed on Oct. 30, 1822.

PAGE 453. *Epistle to Allan Cunningham*. This poem was written expressly for *The Anniversary*, of which annual Allan Cunningham was editor.

ll. 32-36. Michael Angelo Taylor (1757-1834), M.P. 1800-1802, and continuously from 1806 to 1834, introduced in 1821 a Bill (subsequently passed) 'for giving greater facility to the Prosecution and Abatement of Nuisances arising from Furnaces used in the working of Steam Engines'. He is now chiefly remembered in connexion with 'The Metropolitan Paving Act, 1817', commonly known as 'Michael Angelo Taylor's Act'.

l. 138. In the summer of 1825 Southey was laid up for three weeks under the surgeon's care at Leyden. The Bilderdijs took him into their house and showed him the greatest kindness. Southey revisited them in the following summer, and continued to correspond with them afterwards. Bilderdijk's wife had translated *Roderick* into Dutch verse (see Southey's Preface to the ninth volume of the 1837-8 ed. of his Poems, *supra*, p. 19).

In 1838 Southey printed at the end of this epistle the poem by Bilderdijk which had suggested it to him. It has not been thought worth while to reprint the Dutch original in the present edition.

ll. 252 sqq. The following extract from a letter from Southey to Caroline Bowles, dated Jan. 1, 1829, gives some explanation of the portraits referred to—  
'To assist you in the collection of portraits I must tell you what are attainable and what not. The first was engraved in the *European Magazine*, and is from

a picture by Edridge. The Landlord exists only as a miniature here by poor Miss Betham. The Evangelical is in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and the French and German copies are of course not attainable in this country. Sir Smug is poor Nash's miniature. Sir Smouch belongs to the *Percy Anecdotes*. Sinouch the Coiner is published for one shilling by a fellow named Lombard in the Strand. And the Minion is the mezzotinto from the villainous picture by Phillips.' (*The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles*, p. 151.)

The picture by Edridge here referred to is presumably the pencil drawing made in 1804, formerly in the possession of G. C. Bedford, and now in the National Portrait Gallery.

## MADOC

Begun 1794 (autumn): finally revised in the autumn of 1804: published in one vol., 4to, by Longman in 1805. A second edition appeared in 1807 and a fourth in 1815.

A MS. of 'Madoc in Wales' in Southey's writing, dated Oct. 29, 1804, is in the possession of Canon Rawnsley: the second volume of this MS., containing 'Madoc in Aztlan', is in the Keswick Museum.

PAGE 461. Part I, Section I, l. 43. *Aberfraw*. 'The palace of Gwynedd, or North Wales. Rhodri Mawr, about the year 873, fixed the seat of government here.' . . . (S.)

PAGE 467. Section III, l. 19. *Dinevaur*. 'Dinas Vawr, the Great Palace, the residence of the Princes of Deheubarth, or South Wales. This also was erected by Rhodri Mawr.' (S.)

l. 24. 'I have taken some liberties here with the history. Hoel kept possession of the throne nearly two years; he then went to Ireland to claim the property of his mother, Pyvog, the daughter of an Irish chieftain; in the meantime David seized the government. Hoel raised all the force he could to recover the crown, but after a severe conflict was wounded and defeated. He returned to Ireland with the remains of his army, which probably consisted chiefly of Irishmen, and there died of his wounds.—(*Cambrian Biography*).' (S.)

PAGE 475. Section IV, l. 184. *Gwenhidwy*. A mermaid. (S.)

PAGE 481. Section VI, l. 131. 'Islets of this kind, with dwelling huts upon them, were common upon the Lake of Mexico.'—Clavigero. (S.)

PAGE 496. Section XI, l. 13-17. 'By the principles of the Order a bard was never to bear arms, nor in any other manner to become a party in any dispute, either political or religious. . . .—Owen's Llywarc Hen.' (S.)

PAGE 537. Part II, Section VI, l. 192. 'Snake-worship was common in America.'—Bernal Dias, p. 3. 7. 125. . . .

'It can scarcely be necessary to say that I have attributed to the Hoamen such manners and superstitions as, really existing among the savage tribes of America, were best suited to the plan of the poem.' (S.)

PAGE 545. Section IX, l. 16. *Elmur and Aronan*. Bards who had borne arms. Aronan was one of three known as 'the three Bards of the Ruddy Spear.' (S.)

PAGE 547, ll. 99-106. 'Tezcalipoca was believed to arrive first, because he was the youngest of the Gods, and never waxed old. . . .' (S.)

l. 107. *Mexilli, woman-born*. 'The history of Mexitli's birth is related in the poem, Part II, Section XXI.' (S.)

l. 111. *Quetzalcoal*. 'God of the Winds.' (S.)

PAGE 548, l. 161. 'The Gods of the conquered nations were kept fastened and caged in the Mexican temples.' (S.)

PAGE 550. Section X, l. 66. *Coatlantona*. "The mother of Mexitli, who, being a mortal woman, was made immortal for her son's sake, and appointed goddess of all herbs, flowers, and trees."—Clavigero.' (S.)

PAGE 556. Section XII, l. 85. *Tlalocan*. 'The Paradise of Tlaloc.' (S.)

PAGE 567. Section XV, l. 94. "An old priest of the Tlatelucos, when they were at war with the Mexicans, advised them to drink the holy beverage before they went to battle; this was made by washing the Stone of Sacrifice; the king drank first, and then all his chiefs and soldiers in order; it made them eager and impatient for the fight."—*Torquemada*, l. ii, c. 58.' (S.)

PAGE 602. Section XXVII, ll. 35-48. 'My excuse for this insignificant agency, as I fear it will be thought, must be that the fact itself is historically true; by means of this omen the Aztecas were induced to quit their country, after a series of calamities. The leader who had address enough to influence them was Huitziton, a name which I have altered to Yuhidthiton for the sake of euphony; the note of the bird is expressed in Spanish and Italian thus, *tshui*; the cry of the peewhit cannot be better expressed.' (S.)

### BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

PAGE 636. *St. Gualberto*. George Burnett (1776?-1811) was a friend of Southey at Balliol, and one of those who joined in the scheme of 'pantocracy'. His erratic disposition made his life 'a series of unsuccessful attempts in many professions'. He published in 1807 a *View of the Present State of Poland*, and also edited *Specimens of English Prose Writers* (1807) and a selection from Milton's Prose Works (1809). For the last two years of his life his friends and relations saw and heard nothing of him, and he died in the Marylebone Infirmary in Feb., 1811.

PAGE 644. *Roprecht the Robber*. There is a MS. of this ballad (undated) in the British Museum, and another in the possession of Canon Rawnsley.

### A TALE OF PARAGUAY

This poem was begun in 1814, laid aside for long intervals, and only finished on Feb. 24, 1825. It was published by Longman in one volume, 12mo, in 1825.

PAGE 657. Dedication, ll. 6-14. Southey first made the acquaintance of John May at Lisbon in 1795-6, and thus began a lifelong friendship.

l. 18. Southey's eldest child, Margaret, died in August 1803, being then not quite a year old.

PAGE 672. Canto II, l. 249. *And Father was his name*. 'Tupa. It is the Tupá and Guarani name for Father, for Thunder, and for the Supreme Being.' (S.)

PAGE 681. Canto III, ll. 168-71. In 1822 Sara Coleridge, who, with her mother, was still living at Greta Hall, had published (doubtless at Southey's suggestion) a translation in three volumes of Dobrizhoffer's *Account of the Abipones*.

## THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

This poem was published by Longman in one volume, 12mo, in 1816. Southey had toured in Holland and Belgium in Sept.-Oct., 1815, with Mrs. Southey, their eldest daughter Edith, Edward Nash, the artist, and one or two other friends. The Southeys reached Greta Hall on their return on Dec. 6, 1815; and a melancholy interest attaches to the Proem to 'The Poet's Pilgrimage', in which that joyous homecoming is so feelingly described. Herbert, Southey's only boy, the very light of his eyes, was taken ill in the following March, and died on April 17, 1816. He was in the tenth year of his age. Southey never recovered from this blow. 'The head and flower of his earthly happiness' had been, as he said, 'cut off.' And a fresh bitterness must, if possible, have been added to his sorrow by the fact that he was obliged at the time to occupy himself in correcting the proofs of this poem, which had been written in such joy and thankfulness of heart.

Cp. the 'Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son's Death', and the 'Additional Fragment,' pp. 740-2.

PAGE 699. Proem, l. 51. *Her twin-like comrade*. Sara Coleridge, who was born in 1802, and had been brought up at Greta Hall.

PAGE 700, l. 109. *The aged friend serene*. Mrs. Wilson. She had been housekeeper to Mr. Jackson, the former owner of Greta Hall, and continued to live there until her death in 1820.

l. 112. *The aunts*. Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Lovell.

PAGE 701. Part I, i, l. 13. Charles Martel defeated the Saracens at Tours on Oct. 10, 732.

PAGE 702, l. 38. *Ourique's consecrated field*. Alfonso, count or duke of Portugal, is said to have completely defeated the Moors at Ourique on July 25, 1139, and then to have been hailed the first king.

l. 55. *that old siege*. Ostend was besieged by the Spaniards from July, 1601, to Sept., 1604, when it honourably capitulated.

PAGE 704, l. 181. *That sisterhood*. The Beguines. (S.)

PAGE 705, l. 211. *And one had dwelt with Malabars and Moors*. Edward Nash, the artist. Southey made his acquaintance in Belgium in 1815, and they were on terms of close intimacy until Nash's death in Jan., 1821. Nash drew the Portrait of the Author and the Sketch of the Bust published in the one-volume edition of *The Doctor, &c.*, the picture of Bertha, Kate, and Isabel Southey prefixed to vol. v of Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, and seven of the illustrations in the first edition of *The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo*.

l. 223. *A third who from the Land of Lakes with me Went out. . .* Henry Koster, author of *Travels in Brazil*. Southey had become acquainted with him at Lisbon in 1800.

PAGE 706, l. 246. In 1583 the English garrison of Alost delivered up the town to the Spaniards in consideration of receiving from them their pay, which had been withheld by the States. It is fair to add that the Dutch had not only refused to give them their pay, but had also threatened 'to force them out, or else to famish them' (Grimestone, *Hist. of the Netherlands*, 833, quoted by Southey in his note ad loc.).

l. 247. *Afflighem, by ruin rent*. 'This magnificent Abbey was destroyed during the Revolution, . . . an act of popular madness which the people in its



vicinity now spoke of with unavailing regret. The library was at one time the richest in Brabant.' (S.)

PAGE 707, ll. 70-2. 'One of our coachmen, who had been employed (like all his fraternity) in removing the wounded, asked us what was the meaning of the English word *O Lord!* for thus, he said, the wounded were continually crying out.' (S.)

PAGE 708, ll. 19-24. Charles II of Spain married as his first wife Marie Louise, niece of Louis XIV. His death in 1700 without issue led to the War of the Spanish Succession.

PAGE 709, ll. 65-6. *When Marlborough here, victorious in his night, Surprised the French. . .* 'A detachment of the French was entrenched at Waterloo Chapel, August 1705, when the Duke of Marlborough advanced to attack the French army at Over Ysche, and this detachment was destroyed with great slaughter (*Echard's Gazetteer*). . . Marlborough was prevented by the Deputies of the States from pursuing his advantage, and attacking the enemy, at a time when he made sure of victory.—*Hist. de l'Empereur Charles VI.* t. ii, p. 90.' (S.)

PAGE 710, l. 115. *The young Nassau.* The Prince of Orange.

PAGE 714, l. 290. *Howard's corse.* See *Childe Harold*, Canto iii, Stanzas 29 and 30. The Hon. Frederick Howard (1785-1815), third son of the fifth Earl of Carlisle, was killed at Waterloo late in the evening in a final charge of the left square of the French Guard.

PAGE 719, l. 249. *The Prussian's heavy hand.* 'Wherever we went we heard one cry of complaint against the Prussians, except at Ligny, where the people had witnessed only their courage and their sufferings. This is the effect of making the military spirit predominate in a nation. The conduct of our men was universally extolled; but it required years of exertion and of severity before Lord Wellington brought the British army to its present state of discipline. . .

'What I have said of the Prussians relates solely to their conduct in an allied country; and I must also say that the Prussian officers with whom I had the good fortune to associate, were men who in every respect did honour to their profession and to their country. But that the general conduct of their troops in Belgium had excited a strong feeling of disgust and indignation we had abundant and indisputable testimony. In France they had old wrongs to revenge; and forgiveness of injuries is not among the virtues which are taught in camps.' (S.)

PAGE 723, l. 169. *Navarre's heroic chief.* Mina, a celebrated guerrilla chief, who harassed the French troops in Navarre during the Peninsular War.

PAGE 726, l. 70. *Fleurus' later name.* The French under Jourdan defeated the Austrians at Fleurus on June 25, 1794.

#### MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL REMAINS

PAGE 740. *Fragmentary Thoughts, occasioned by his Son's Death.* These fragments and the two following poems were published by Herbert Hill, Southey's cousin and son-in-law, in 1845, together with other verses, in a volume under the title of *Oliver Newman: A New-England Tale: With other Poetical Remains.* In the preface to that volume Herbert Hill thus speaks of the occasion and the purpose of these memorials of the greatest sorrow of Southey's life: 'His son Herbert—of whom he wrote thus in the *Colloquia*, "I called to mind my hopeful

H. too, so often the sweet companion of my morning walks to this very spot, i  
whom I had fondly thought my better part should have survived me,

With whom it seem'd my very life  
Went half away"—

died 17th April, 1816, being about ten years old, a boy of remarkable genius and  
sweetness of disposition. These Fragments bear a date at their commencement  
3rd May, 1816, but do not seem all written at the same time. The Author at on  
time contemplated founding upon them a considerable work, of a meditative  
and deeply serious cast. But, although he, like Schiller, after the vanishing of  
his ideals, always found "Employment, the never-tiring", one of his truest  
friends,—yet this particular form of employment, which seemed at first attractiv  
to him, had not, when tried, the soothing effect upon his feelings which wa  
needful; and in March, 1817, he writes that he "had not recovered heart enough  
to proceed with it".

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