



OUR
POETICAL
FAVORITES

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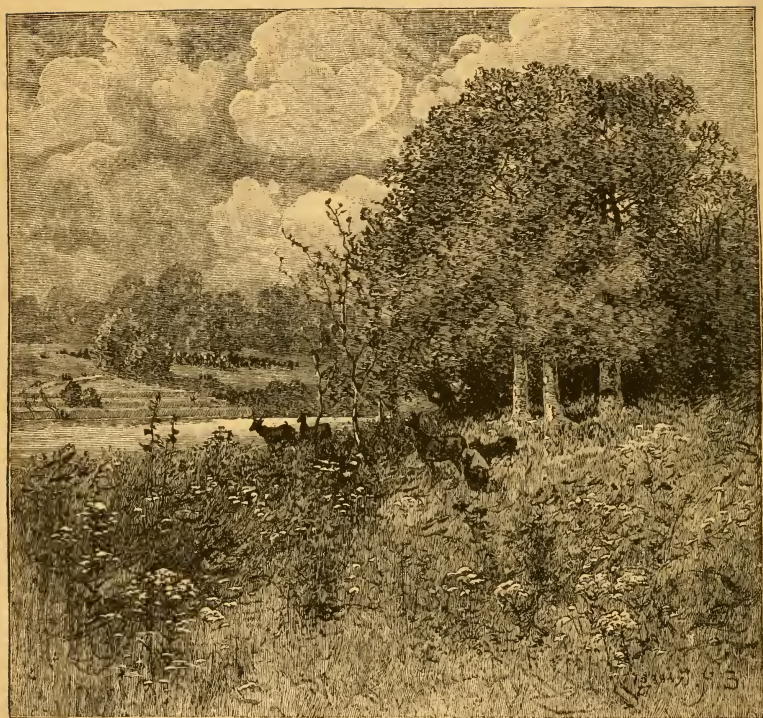


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“Space for his lake, his park’s extended bounds.”

OUR POETICAL FAVORITES

A Selection

FROM THE BEST MINOR POEMS OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

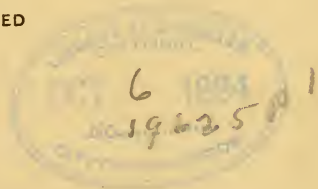
BY

ASAHEL C. KENDRICK

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE

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BOSTON

JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY

1885

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OUR POETICAL FAVORITES

*A SELECTION FROM THE BEST MINOR POEMS
OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE*

First Series

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OUR POETICAL FAVORITES.

The Voiceless.

WE count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story;
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow;
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing cord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

The Songs of Our Fathers.

" Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart."

SING them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight.
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved ;
And swell them through the torrent's roar —
The songs our fathers loved :

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear,
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the bannered wall ;
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plummy sheaves ;
The woodman, by the starlight pale
Cheered homeward through the leaves :
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be !—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove,
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.

Murmuring the names of mighty men,
 They bid our streams roll on ;
 And link high thoughts to every glen
 Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
 When evening fires burn clear,
 And in the fields of harvest mirth,
 And on the hills of deer :
 So shall each unforgotten word,
 When far those loved ones roam,
 Call back the heart which once it stirred
 To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
 Shall whisper in the strain ;
 The voices of their household band
 Shall sweetly speak again ;
 The heathery heights in vision rise,
 Where like the stag they roved ; -
 Sing to your sons those melodies,
 The songs your fathers loved.

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.



The Day is Done.

THE day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wing of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
 Glim through the rain and the mist ;
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
 That my soul cannot resist :

OUR POETICAL FAVORITES.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day :

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice ;
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The Splendor Falls.

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow ; set the wild echoes flying ;
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going ;
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying ;
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love ! they die on yon rich sky ;
 They faint on hill, or field, or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow ; set the wild echoes flying ;
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Song of the Stars.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,
 And the empty realms of darkness and death
 Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,

And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,—
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voice in chorus rang,
And this was the song the bright ones sang :

“ Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair, blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun, with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole ;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“ For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;
And we drink as we go the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides :
Lo ! yonder the living splendors play ;
Away, on our joyous path, away !

“ Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass !
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

“ And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower ;
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews ;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round !

“ Away, away ! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,

In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
 See, Love is brooding, and Life is born;
 And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light."

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
 To weave the dance that measures the years!
 Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
 To the furthest wall of the firmament,—
 The boundless visible smile of Him,
 To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim!

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The Cloud.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
 Lightning, my pilot, sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
 It struggles and howls at fits.

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer :
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch, through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow ;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Light and Color.

LIGHT, everlastingly one, dwell above with the One
 Everlasting;
 Color, thou changeful, descend kindly to dwell among men
 F. VON SCHILLER.

*To Night.*

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
 Kiss her until she be wearied out;
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
 When night rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to her rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee,
 Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me?—and I replied,
 “No, not thee!”

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Night and Death.

MYSTEROUS Night! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came;
 And lo! creation widened in man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
 While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
 Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?—
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

J. BLANCO WHITE.

The Northern Lights.

TO claim the Arctic came the sun
 With banners of the burning zone.
 Unrolled upon their airy spars,
 They froze beneath the light of stars;
 And there they float, those streamers old,
 Those Northern Lights, forever cold!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

*To the Skylark.*

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!—
 Bird thou never wert,—
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;—
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow-clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden,
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,—
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine,
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear, keen joyance
 Languor cannot be :
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream ;
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound ;
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

To the Cuckoo.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of Spring !
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear.
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Attendants on the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN

The Two Oceans.

TWO seas amid the night,
 In the moonshine roll and sparkle,
 Now spread in the silver light,
 Now sadden, and wail, and darkle.

The one has a billowy motion,
 And from land to land it gleams ;
 The other is sleep's wide ocean,
 And its glimmering waves are dreams.

The one, with murmur and roar,
 Bears fleets round coast and islet ;
 The other, without a shore,
 Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

JOHN STERLING.

The River.

RIVER ! River ! little River !
 Bright you sparkle on your way
 O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
 Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
 Like a Child at play.

River ! River ! swelling River !
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
 Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
 Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
 Like impetuous Youth.

River ! River ! brimming River !
 Broad, and deep, and *still* as Time,
 Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
 Tending onward to the ocean,
 Just like Mortal Prime.

River ! River ! rapid River !
 Swifter now you slip away ;
 Swift and silent as an arrow,
 Through a channel dark and narrow,
 Like life's Closing Day.

River ! River ! headlong River !
 Down you dash into the sea ;
 Sea, that line hath never sounded,
 Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
 Like Eternity !

ANONYMOUS.



Flow down, cold Rivulet.

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
 Thy tribute-wave deliver :
 No more by thee my steps shall be,
 Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
 A rivulet, then a river :
 Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
 Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
 And here thine aspen shiver ;
 And here by thee will hum the bee,
 Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
 A thousand moons will quiver :
 But not by thee my steps shall be,
 Forever and forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Ocean.

L IKENESS of heaven !
Agent of power !
Man is thy victim,
Shipwrecks thy dower !
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners,
Are buried in thee !

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines
To the wealth that far down
In thy deep water shines ?
The proud navies that cover
The conquering West—
Thou fling'st them to death
With one heave of thy breast.

From the high hills that vistor
Thy wreck-making shore,—
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar,
When, like lambs in the tempest
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge-broken billows
The canvas is cast,—

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness,
And list to thy roll ;
And to think how that heart
In cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of eternity
Rises from thee !

• Yes ! where are the cities
 Of Thebes and of Tyre ?—
 Swept from the nations,
 Like sparks from the fire
 The glory of Athens,
 The splendor of Rome,
 Dissolved—and forever—
 Like dew in thy foam !

But thou art almighty—
 Eternal—sublime—
 Unweakened—unwasted—
 Twin-brother of Time !
 Fleets, tempests, nor nations
 Thy glory can bow ;
 As the stars first beheld thee,
 Still chainless art thou !

But hold ! when thy surges
 No longer shall roll,
 And that firmament's length
 Is drawn back like a scroll ;
 Then—then shall the spirit
 That sighs by thee now,
 Be more mighty, more lasting,
 More chainless than thou !

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.



The Beautiful River.

L IKE a foundling in slumber, the summer-day lay
 On the crimsoning threshold of Even,
 And I thought that the glow through the azure-arched way
 Was a glimpse of the coming of Heaven.

There together we sat by the beautiful stream ;
 We had nothing to do but to love and to dream,
 In the days that have gone on before.
 These are not the same days, though they bear the same
 name,
 With the ones I shall welcome no more.

But it may be that angels are calling them o'er,
 For a Sabbath and summer forever,
 When the years shall forget the Decembers they wore,
 And the shroud shall be woven, no never !
 In a twilight like that, Jennie June for a bride,
 Oh ! what more of the world could one wish for beside,
 As we gazed on the river unrolled,
 Till we heard, or we fancied its musical tide,
 When it flowed through the gateway of gold !

" Jennie June," then I said, " let us linger no more
 On the banks of the beautiful river ;
 Let the boat be unmoored, and be muffled the oar,
 And we'll steal into heaven together.
 If the angel on duty our coming descries,
 You have nothing to do but throw off the disguise
 That you wore while you wandered with me,
 And the sentry shall say, ' Welcome back to the skies
 We long have been waiting for thee.' "

Oh ! how sweetly she spoke, ere she uttered a word,
 With that blush, partly hers, partly Even's,
 And a tone, like the dream of a song we once heard,
 As she whispered, " *This* way is not heaven's :
 For the River that runs by the realm of the blest,
 Has no song in its ripple, no star on its breast ;
 Oh ! *that* river is nothing like this,
 For it glides on in shadow beyond the world's west.
 Till it breaks into beauty and bliss."

I am lingering yet, but I linger alone,
 On the banks of the beautiful river ;
 'Tis the twin of that day, but the wave where it shone
 Bears the willow-tree's shadow forever.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Rhymes of the River.

O River far-flowing,
 How broad thou art growing !
 And the sentinel headlands wait grimly for thee ;
 And Euroclydon urges
 The bold-riding surges
 That in white-crested lines gallop in from the sea !

O bright-hearted river,
 With crystalline quiver,
 Like a sword from its scabbard, far-flashing abroad !
 And I think, as I gaze
 On the tremulous blaze,
 That thou surely wert drawn by an angel of God !

Through the black heart of night,
 Leaping out to the light,
 Thou art reeking with sunset, and dyed with the dawn ;
 Cleft the emerald sod—
 Cleft the mountains of God—
 And the shadows of roses yet rusted thereon !

Where willows are weeping,
 Where shadows are sleeping,
 Where the frown of the mountain lies dark on thy crest ;
 Arcturus now shining,
 Arbutus now twining,
 And " my castles in Spain " gleaming down in thy breast ;

Then disastered and dim,
Swinging sullen and grim,
Where the old ragged shadows of hovels are shed ;
Creeping in, creeping out,
As in dream, or in doubt,
In the reeds and the rushes slow rocking the dead.

When all crimson and gold,
Slowly home to the fold
Do the fleecy clouds flock to the gateway of even,
Then, no longer brook-born,
But a way paved with morn,
Ay, a bright golden street to the city of Heaven !

In the great stony heart
Of the feverish mart,
Is the throb of thy pulses pellucid, to-day ;
By gray mossy ledges,
By green velvet edges,
Where the corn waves its sabre, thou glidest away.

Broad and brave, deep and strong,
Thou art lapsing along ;
And the stars rise and fall in thy turbulent tide,
As light as the drifted
White swan's breast is lifted,
Or a June fleet of lilies at anchor may ride.

And yet, gallant river,
On-flashing forever,
That hast cleft the broad world on thy way to the main,
I would part*from thee here,
With a smile and a tear,
And, a Hebrew, read back to thy fountains again.

Ah, well I remember,
 Ere dying December
 Would fall like a snow-flake, and melt on thy breast,
 O'er thy waters so narrow
 The little brown sparrow
 Used to send his low song to his mate on the nest.

With a silvery skein
 Wove of snow and of rain,
 Thou didst wander at will through the bud-laden land,—
 All the air a sweet psalm,
 And the meadow a palm,—
 As a blue vein meanders a liberal hand.

When the school-master's daughter
 With her hands scooped the water,
 And laughingly proffered the crystal to me,
 Oh there ne'er sparkled up
 A more exquisite cup
 Than the pair of white hands that were brimming with thee!

And there all together,
 In bright summer weather,
 Did we loiter with thee, along thy green brink;
 And how silent we grew,
 If the robin came too,
 When he looked up to pray, and then bent down to drink

Ah, where are the faces,
 From out thy still places,
 That so often smiled back in those soft days of May?
 As we bent hand in hand,
 Thou didst *double* the band,
 As idle as daisies—and fleeting as they!

Like the dawn in the cloud,
 Lay the babe in its shroud,
 And a rose-bud was clasped in its frozen white hand: —
 At the mother's last look
 It had opened the book,
 As if sweet-breathing June were abroad in the land !

O pure placid river,
 Make music forever
 In the Gardens of Paradise, hard by the throne !
 For on thy far shore,
 Gently drifted before,
 We may find the lost blossoms that once were our own.

Ah, beautiful river,
 Flow onward forever !
 Thou art grander than Avon, and sweeter than Ayr ;
 If a tree has been shaken,
 If a star has been taken,
 In thy bosom we look—bud and Pleiad are there !

I take up the old words,
 Like the song of dead birds,
 That were breathed when I stood farther off from the sea :
 When I heard not its hymn,
 When the headlands were dim :--
 Shall I ever again weave a rhythm for thee?

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Drifting.

MY soul to-day
 Is far away,
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
 My winged boat,
 A bird afloat,
 Swims round the purple peaks remote ;—

Round purple peaks
 It sails and seeks
 Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
 Where high rocks throw,
 Through deeps below,
 A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim
 The mountains swim ;
 While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
 With outstretched hands,
 The gray smoke stands,
 O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
 O'er liquid miles ;
 And yonder, bluest of the isles,
 Calm Capri waits,
 Her sapphire gates
 Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
 My rippling skiff
 Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff :—
 With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
 Where swells and falls
 The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
 At peace I lie,
 Blown softly by,
 A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
 Is Heaven's own child,
 With Earth and Ocean reconciled ;—
 'The airs I feel
 Around me steal
 Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
 My hand I trail
 Within the shadow of the sail,
 A joy intense ;
 The cooling sense
 Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Where Summer sings and never dies,—
 O'erveiled with vines,
 She glows and shines
 Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
 The cliffs amid,
 Are gambolling with the gambolling kid,
 Or down the walls,
 With tipsy calls,
 Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
 With tresses wild,
 Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,

With glowing lips
Sings as he skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows
From lands of sun to lands of snows :—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip !
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar !
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The Prophet.

WHEN the East lightens with strange hints of morn,
The first tinge of the growing glory takes
The cold frown of some husht high Alp forlorn,
While yet o'er vales below the dark is spread.
Even so the dawning Age in silence breaks,
O solitary soul, on thy still head :
And we, that watch below with reverent fear,
Seeing thee crowned, do know that day is near.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON

Roll on, thou Sun.

ROLL on, thou Sun, forever roll,
 Thou giant, rushing through the heaven !
 Creation's wonder, nature's soul,
 Thy golden wheels by angels driven !
 The planets die without thy blaze,
 And cherubim, with star-dropt wing,
 Float in thy diamond-sparkling rays,
 Thou brightest emblem of their King !

Roll, lovely Earth, and still roll on,
 With ocean's azure beauty bound ;
 While one sweet star, the pearly moon,
 Pursues thee through the blue profound ;
 And Angels, with delighted eyes,
 Behold thy tints of mount and stream,
 From the high walls of Paradise,
 Swift wheeling like a glorious dream.

Roll, Planets ! on your dazzling road,
 Forever sweeping round the sun !
 What eye beheld when first ye glowed ?
 What eye shall see your courses done ?
 Roll in your solemn majesty,
 Ye deathless splendors of the skies !
 High altars, from which Angels see
 The incense of creation rise !

Roll, Comets ! and ye million Stars !
 Ye that through boundless nature roam ;
 Ye monarchs on your flame-wing cars ;
 Tell us in what more glorious dome,—
 What orbs to which your pomps are dim,
 What kingdom but by angels trod,—
 Tell us where swells the eternal hymn
 Around His throne where dwells your God.

ANONYMOUS.

Morning Hymn to Mont Blanc.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course?—so long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
 The Arvè and Aveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark,—substantial black,—
 An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.
 Yet like some sweet, beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts
 Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,—
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven,

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest—not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn.
 Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
 Oh! struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn

Co-herald ! wake, oh wake ! and utter praise.
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
“ Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ? ”

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !—
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
“ GOD ! ” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ; and let the ice-plains echo, “ GOD ! ”

“ GOD ! ” sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, “ GOD ! ”
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the elements !
Utter forth “ GOD ! ” and fill the hills with praise !

Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peak,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—
 Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou,
 That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow-traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
 To rise before me—rise, oh ever rise,
 Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises GOD!

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.



The Beacon.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
 Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
 Looked pure as the Spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
 On the shadowy wave's playful motion,
 From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed,
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers;
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
 And the fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sighed as I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
 All hushed was the billow's commotion ;
 And I thought that the beacon looked lovely as Hope,
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past and the scene is afar ;
 Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory often rekindle the star
 That blazed on the breast of the billow.

And in life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
 And death stills the heart's last emotion,
 O then may the Seraph of mercy arise,
 Like a star on eternity's ocean.

PAUL MOON JAMES.

The First of March.

THE bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
 And earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
 Which, warmed by summer's sun in the alembic of the vine,
 From her founts will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,
 Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower ;
 And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
 Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground,
 Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound ;
 How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed,
 And the world's support depends on the shooting of a seed !

The summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day
 Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds her sway ;
 Go back, thou dove of peace, with myrtle on thy wing,
 Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for
 Spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping earth till her dreams are all
of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers ;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave ;
And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their
wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feathered race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills ;
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March ! be it dedicate to thee.

HORACE SMITH.

The Death of the Flowers.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November
rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days
will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the
leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

She Walks in Beauty.

SHE walks in beauty like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meets in her aspect and her eyes ;
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh ! when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams—
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censor round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But thou hast said, " The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved—and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

Song of the Captive Jews at Babylon.

GOD of the thunder ! from whose cloudy seat
 The fiery winds of desolation flow ;
 Father of vengeance ! that with purple feet,
 Like a full wine-press, tread'st the world below ;
 The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
 Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
 Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
 Till Thou the guilty land hast sealed for woe.

God of the rainbow ! at whose gracious sign
The billows of the proud their rage suppress ;
Father of mercies ! at one word of thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness ;
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
And pillar'd temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord ;
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate ;
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's sword ;
E'en her foes wept to see her fallen state.
And heaps her ivory palaces became ;
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame ;
Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame ;
For thou didst ride the tempest-cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall gleam,
And the sad city lift her crownless head ;
And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps gleam
Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of the dead.
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens gather flowers,
To strew at blushing eve their bridal bowers,
And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves ;
With fettered step we left our pleasant land,
Envyng our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
'Neath the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy ;
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home ;
 He that went forth a tender yearling boy
 Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come ;
 And Canaan's vines for us their fruits shall bear ;
 And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores prepare ;
 And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
 Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed the irradiate
 dome.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

The Parallel.

Lines written on reading an argument to prove that the Irish were descended from the Jews.

YES, sad one of Sion, if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy withered-up heart—
 If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling,"—
 Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquered and broken,
 And fallen from her head is the once royal crown ;
 In her streets, in her halls, desolation hath spoken,
 And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
 Die far from the home it were life to behold ;
 Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
 Remember the bright things that blessed them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the forsaken,"
 Her boldest are vanquished, her proudest are slaves ;
 And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
 Have tones 'mid their mirth like the wind over graves !

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
 That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
 When the sceptre that smote thee with slavery and sorrow
 Was shivered at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud golden city
 Had brimmed full of bitterness, drenched her own lips ;
 And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
 The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
 Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
 And a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,
 The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

THOMAS MOORE.



But Who Shall See?

BUT who shall see the glorious day
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend that veil away
 Which hides the nations now ?
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie ;
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye.

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain ;
 Thy days of splendor shall return,
 And all be new again.
 The fount of life shall then be quaffed
 In peace, by all who come ;
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's
Exhibition.*

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
 Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune ;
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy,
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon—
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
 Then say what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
 Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat ;
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled ;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop—if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen—
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green ;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent ! incommunicative elf !
Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
Since in the world of spirits thou has slumbered—
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;
The Roman empire has begun and ended—
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations ;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread—
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis ;
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
 The nature of thy private life unfold :
 A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled ;
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
 Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man—who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence !
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost forever ?
 Oh ! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue—that when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

HORACE SMITH.

Cleopatra Embarking on the Cydnus.

After a Picture by Derby.

“The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold:
 Purple the sail; and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes.

SHAKESPEARE.

FLUTES in the sunny air !
 And harps in the porphyry halls !
 And a low deep hum—like a people's prayer—
 With its heart breathed swells and falls !

And an echo—like the desert's call,—
 Flung back to the shouting shores !
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
 As it plays with the silver oars !—
The sky is a gleam of gold !
 And the amber breezes float,
Like thoughts to be dreamed of but never told,
 Around the dancing boat !

She has stepped on the burning sand
 And the thousand tongues are mute :
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,
 The strings of his gilded lute !
And the Æthiop's heart throbs loud and high,
 Beneath his white symar ;
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,
 Like the flash of an Eastern star !
The gales may not be heard,
 Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots—like a bright-plumed bird—
 Away, down the golden river !

Away by the lofty mount !
 And away by the lonely shore !
And away by the gushing of many a fount—
 Where fountains gush no more !
Oh for some warning vision there,
 Some voice that should have spoken
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,
 And glad young spirits broken !
Of waters dried away,
 And hope and beauty blasted !—
That scenes so fair and hearts so gay
 Should be so early wasted !

A dream of other days !
 That land is a desert now !

And grief grew up to dim the blaze
 Upon that royal brow !
 The whirlwind's burning wing hath cast
 Blight on the marble plain,
 And sorrow—like the simoom—past
 O'er Cleopatra's brain !
 For like her fervid clime that bred
 Its self-consuming fires,
 Her heart—like Indian widows—fed
 Its own funereal pyres !
 Not such the song *her* minstrels sing—
 “Live, beauteous, and forever !”
 As the vessel darts, with its purple wing,
 Away down the golden river !

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Cleopatra at Actium.

I.

THE banners of the world are met upon that wild blue
 wave,—
 The sun hath risen that shall set upon an empire's grave ;
 From tongues of many a land bursts forth the war-shout to
 the breeze,
 And half the crowns of all the earth are played for on the
 seas !

II.

The ocean hath a tinge of blood,—a sound of woe the air ;
 Death swims his pale steed through the flood—oh what doth
 woman there ?
 The shout of nations, in their strife, rings far along the lea,
 And what doth Egypt's dark-eyed queen upon that battle-sea

III.

The Cydnus, hath it not the same bright wave and gentle
flow
With which it stole to Tarsus, in those happy years ago,
When music haunted all the shores by which its waters rolled,
And she came down the river in her galley of the gold?

IV.

Her oars were of the silver then, and to her purple sails,
And in amid her raven hair, came only perfumed gales;
And Cupids trimmed the silken ropes along the cedar spars
And she lay like a goddess on her pillow of the stars.

V.

Oh, the old city! and alas! the young and blessed dream
That fell into her spirit first upon its silver stream!
The wild sweet memories of that morn still o'er her feelings
float,
And love has launched this battle-bark that steered that
golden boat.

VI.

And she is yet, to one high heart, through all this cloud of
war,
As in that city of the sea, its own and only star—
The cynosure that shines as bright, across that place of
graves,
As first it rose upon his soul from o'er the Cydnus' waves.

VII.

Oh, love, that is so bold to dare, should be more strong to do,
Or what, oh, what doth Egypt there, with that soft, silken
crew?
And she should have a firmer soul who treads the battle-deck;
And passion, where it fails to save, is, oh, too sure to wreck.

VIII.

And hers is still the spendthrift heart, that, when a wayward
 girl,
 In passion's hour to pleasure's bowl cast in a priceless pearl;
 But oh, her wealth of hoarded gems were all too poor to pay
 The one rich pearl, in this wild hour her fears have flung
 away!

IX.

The princely pearl to whom her brow, though dark, seemed,
 oh, how fair!
 And crowns were only precious things, when in her raven
 hair;
 Who paid her smiles with diadems,—and bought, at empire's
 cost,
 The love which he must lose to-day,—when all beside is lost!

X.

She hath risen like a queen!—a pause—a moment's pause!--
 and now
 One word hath torn the golden badge from off her royal
 brow!
 The prows are turned to Egypt, and the flying sails unfurled,
 And the western breeze hath borne from him the fortunes of
 the world!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Charge of the Light Brigade.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death.
 Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns,” he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.

Then they rode back, but not,—
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered :
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,—
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Lotus-Eaters.

I.

“COURAGE !” he said, and pointed toward the land ;
 “This mounting wave shall roll us shoreward soon.”
 In the afternoon they came unto a land
 In which it seemèd always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon :
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall did seem.

II.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed: and, dewed with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

III.

The charmèd sunset lingered low adown
In the red West: through mountain-clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seemed the same!
And round about the keel, with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotus-eaters came.

IV.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

V.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon, upon the shore;

And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,
 Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, " We will return no more ;"
 And all at once they sang, " Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG.

I.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes ;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And through the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness ?
 All things have rest : why should we toil alone ?
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease our wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
 " There is no joy but calm !"
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

III.

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow,
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo ! sweetened with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life ; ah ! why
 Should life all labor be ?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil ? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
 All things have rest and ripen toward the grave,
 In silence ripen, fall, and cease :
 Give us long rest or death, dark death or dreamful ease !

V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half dream !
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;

To hear each other's whispered speech ;
 Eating the Lotus, day by day,
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray :
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory,
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heaped over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives,
 And their warm tears ; but all hath suffered change ;
 For surely now our household hearths are cold :
 Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes, over-bold,
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The gods are hard to reconcile :
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labor unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars,
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly),
 With half-dropt eyelids still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,

To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave through the thick-twined vine—
 To hear the emerald-colored water falling
 Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine !
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine

VIII.

The Lotus blooms below the barren peak :
 The Lotus blows by every winding creek :
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
 Through every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-dust is
 blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
 Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was
 seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in
 the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
 In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
 On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
 curled

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world ;

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps
 and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and
 praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centered in a doleful song
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
 Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong :

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
 Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil ;
 Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whispered—down
 in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
 Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar ;
 O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



Pericles and Aspasia.

THIS was the ruler of the land
 When Athens was the land of fame ;
 This was the light that led the band
 When each was like a living flame ;
 The centre of earth's noblest ring—
 Of more than men the more than king.

Yet not by fether, nor by spear,
 His sovereignty was held or won :
 Feared—but alone as freemen fear,
 Loved—but as freemen love alone,
 He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
 By nature's first great title—mind !

Resistless words were on his tongue—
 Then eloquence first flashed below ;
 Full armed to life the portent sprung—
 Minerva from the Thunderer's brow !
 And his the sole, the sacred hand
 That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
 A woman sits with eye sublime,—
 Aspasia, all his spirit's bride ;
 But if their solemn love were crime,
 Pity the beauty and the sage—
 Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won—
 He perished in his height of fame ;
 Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
 Yet still she conquered in his name.
 Filled with his soul, she could not die ;
 Her conquest was Posterity !

GEORGE CROLY.

The Isles of Greece.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet ;
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo farther west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
 For standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Ev'n as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must we but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What ! silent still ? and silent all ?
 Ah no !—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one, arise—we come, we come !"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain ! in vain ! strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,
 How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,—
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine ;
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant ; but our masters then
 Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
 That tyrant was Miltiades !
 Oh that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there perhaps some seed is sown
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells ;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells ;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

LORD BYRON.



Greece.

YET are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
 Sweet are thy groves and verdant are thy fields,
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled ;
 And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air ;
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds ;
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;
 Art, glory, freedom fail, but nature still is fair.

LORD BYRON.

Enslaved Greece.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,—
 (The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress)—
 Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers ;
 And marked the mild, angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fixed, yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek ;
 And—but for that sad, shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,—
 And but for that chill, changeless brow
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon,—
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 We still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by Death revealed !
 Such is the aspect of this shore :
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start—for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death
 That parts not quite with parting breath :
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That here which haunts it to the tomb ;
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling passed away !

Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave !
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,—
O servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce—what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own !
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page !
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusky darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes—though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,—
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points the Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those—that cannot die !

LORD BYRON

The Snows on Parnassus.

ALP felt his soul become more light
 Beneath the freshness of the night ;
 Cool was the silent sky though calm,
 And bathed his brow with airy balm.
 Behind, the camp ; before him lay,
 In many a winding creek and bay,
 Lepanto's gulf ; and, on the brow
 Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
 High and eternal, such as shone,
 Through thousand summers brightly gone,
 Along the gulf, the mount, the clime :
 It will not melt, like man, to time.
 Tyrant and slave are swept away,
 Less formed to wear before the ray ;
 But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
 Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
 While tower and tree are torn and rent,
 Shines o'er its craggy battlement,
 In form a peak, in height a cloud,
 In texture like a hovering shroud,
 Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
 As from her fond abode she fled,
 And lingered on the spot where long
 Her prophet spirit spake in song.

LORD BYRON.

*Marco Bozzaris.*

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.

In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet-ring ;
 Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king ;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Platæa's day ;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 “ To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek ! ”
 He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band :
 “ Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
 God—and your native land ! ”

They fought—like brave men, long and well ;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell.
 Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won ;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close,
 Calmly as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath !
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke :
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake's shock, the ocean-storm ;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine ;
 And thou art terrible !—The tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
 Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
 Come in her crowning hour—and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men :
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land ;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land-wind from woods of palm,
 And orange groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb.
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved, and for a season gone,
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
 For thee she rings the birthday bells;
 Of thee her babe's first lisp'ing tells;
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace couch, and cottage bed;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him, the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys—
 And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names
 That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness !
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time !
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme !
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
 What men or gods are these ? what maidens loath ?
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on—
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone !
 Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal ; yet do not grieve—
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss ;
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new ;
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting and forever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul, to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest-branches and the trodden weed !
 Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought,
 As doth eternity. Cold pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

Mother and Poet.

(Turin, after news from Gaeta, 1861.)

DEAD ! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea !
 Dead ! both my boys ! when you sit at the feast,
 And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
 Let none look at me !

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
 And good at my art, for a woman, men said ;
 But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
 --The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
 Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!

What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?

Ah boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed.
And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? to hold on her knees

Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees

And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat!
To dream and to doat!

To teach them . . . It stings there! I made them, indeed,

Speak plain the word *country*. I taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.

I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .

I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise

When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one
kneels!

God! how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters moiled

With my kisses,—of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled!

In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"

And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.—

My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
 When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
 Writ now but in one hand: "I was not to faint.—
 One loved me for two—would be with me ere long:
 And 'Viva l'Italia!' he died for, our saint,
 Who forbids our complaint!"

My Nanni would add, "he was safe, and aware
 Of a presence that turned off the balls,—was impressed
 It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
 And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
 To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—*Shot.*
Tell his mother. Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother,—not
 "mine,"
 No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
 They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
 Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so
 The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
 To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,
 How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
 Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away
 And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all
 Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
 'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
 And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done,
 If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
 When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
 Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
 When the guns of Cavalli with final retort
 Have cut the game short;—

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
 When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and
 red,
 When you have your country from mountain to sea,
 When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
 (And *I* have my dead),—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
 And burn your lights faintly! *My* country is *there*,
 Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:
 My Italy's *THERE*—with my brave civic pair,
 To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
 And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
 But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
 Into wail such as this—and we sit on forlorn
 When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea!
 Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast,
 You want a great song for your Italy free,
 Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Nuremberg.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow
lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the
ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art
and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round
them throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors rough and
bold
Had their dwellings in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth
rhyme,
That their great, imperial city stretched its hand to every
clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron
band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's
hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art ;
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the
common mart ;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in
stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy
dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age
their trust :

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
 Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when art was still religion, with a simple reverent heart,
 Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
 Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies,
 Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies :

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
 That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air.

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
 Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains ;

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
 Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle wove he too the mystic rhyme,
 And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime,

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
 In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
 Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard
white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark
and care,

Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique
chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded
tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's
regard,

But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cob-
bler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his
careless lay ;

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the
soil,

The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Bingen on the Rhine.

A SOLDIER of the legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth
of woman's tears ;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native
land :

Take a message and a token to some distant friends of
mine ;

For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around,

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground
That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the day was
done,

Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun :
And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in
wars,—

The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars ;

And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline,—

And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old
age ;

For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage

For my father was a soldier, and even as a child

My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
wild ;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,

I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's
sword ;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
head,

When the troops come marching home again, with glad and
gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast
eye,

For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die ;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword
and mine),

For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“ There's another—not a sister ; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye ;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O, friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning !

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—sweet Bingen on the Rhine.

“ I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to
hear,

The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and
clear ;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and
still ;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with
friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered
walk !

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the
Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was
childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to
speak ;

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead !
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
 down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses
 strewn ;
 Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to
 shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

MRS. CAROLINE E. NORTON.

The Lore-Lei.

I KNOW not whence it rises,
 This thought so full of woe ;—
 But a tale of the times departed
 Haunts me—and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
 And calmly flows the Rhine ;
 The mountain peaks are sparkling
 In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
 The fairest of the fair ;
 With gold is her garment glittering,
 And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
 And a wild song singeth she,
 That melts the heart with a wondrous
 And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
 With a nameless longing move ;
 He sees not the gulfs before him,
 His gaze is fixed above.

Till over boat and boatman
 The Rhine's deep waters run ;
 And this with her magic singing
 The Lore-Lei hath done !

Anonymous Translation.

HEINRICH HEINE.

*How they brought the good news from
 Ghent to Aix.*

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he :
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
 " Good speed !" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew ;
 " Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other : we kept the great pace—
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
 At Boom a great yellow star came out to see ;
 At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
 So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time !"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past ;
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, its own master, askance ;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, “ Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her ;
We'll remember at Aix”—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees.
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh ;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And “ Gallop” gasped Joris, “ for Aix is in sight !”

“ How they'll greet us !”—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Ivry.

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories
 are!

And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant
 land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
 waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daugh-
 ters;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
 For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls
 annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of
 war!

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
 land;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
 hand;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empur-
 pled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us in all his armor drest ;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout : God save our lord the
king !

“And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks
of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.”

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steel, and trump, and drum, and roaring cul-
verin.

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne,
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance !
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest ;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours : Mayenne hath turned
his rein ;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter ; the Flemish count is
slain :

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale ;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
“Remember Saint Bartholomew !” was passed from man to
man.

But out spake gentle Henry—“No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go !”—

Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
to-day ;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white—
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lor-
raine.

Up with it high ; unfurl it wide—that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his
church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; ho ! matrons of Lucerne—
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright ;

Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
night !

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre !

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

Moncontour.—A Song of the Huguenots.

OH ! weep for Moncontour ! Oh ! weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power ;
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God !

Oh ! weep for Moncontour ! Oh ! weep for the slain,
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain !
Oh ! weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair !

One look, one last look, to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers ,
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed that our own should be laid.

Alas ! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearman of Uri, the shavelings of Rome ;
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
To the songs of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids ;
To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees.
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees !

Farewell, and forever ! The priest and the slave
 May rule in the halls of the free and the brave ;—
 Our hearths we abandon ;—our lands we resign ;
 But, Father, we kneel at no altar but thine !

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

Burial of Sir John Moore.

NOT a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sod with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
 And our lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him !

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him !



"We buried him darkly, at dead of night."

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the bell tolled the hour for retiring,
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory !
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory !

CHARLES WOLFE.

Boadicea.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage and full of grief.

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 ’Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ;—
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates

“Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier’s name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize ;
Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the Bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow :
Rushed to battle, fought, and died ;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.”

WILLIAM COWPER.

Lochiel’s Warning.

WIZARD.

L OCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning—no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead ;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave !

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn :
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood !

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan :
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one.
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day !
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal !
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path !
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight :
Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !—
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors ;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier :

His death-bell is tolling: Oh! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims!
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat!
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

“And fast before her father’s men
 Three days we ’ve fled together ;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

“His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover ?”—

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 “I’ll go, my chief—I ’m ready.
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady.”

“And by my word ! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry ;
 So though the waves are raging white,
 I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace ;
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armèd men—
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste !” the lady cries ;
 “Though tempests round us gather ;
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her—
 When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing ;—
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore ;
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade
 His child he did discover ;
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

“Come back ! come back !” he cried in grief,
 “Across this stormy water ;
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter !—Oh, my daughter !”

'Twas vain :—the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The Sands o' Dee.

“O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee !”

The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see ;

The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
 And never home came she.

“ Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress o’ golden hair—
 O’ drownèd maiden’s hair—
 Above the nets at sea ?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,—
 To her grave beside the sea ;
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands o’ Dee !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

On the Death of George the Third.

(Written under Windsor Terrace.)

I SAW him last on this terrace proud,
 Walking in health and gladness,
 Begirt with his court ; and in all the crowd
 Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, the leaves were green—
 Blithely the birds were singing ;
 The cymbals replied to the tambourine,
 And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
 When not a word was spoken—
 When every eye was dim with a tear,
 And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour
 To the muffled drum’s deep rolling,
 While the minute-gun, with its solemn roar,
 Drowned the death-bell’s tolling.

The time—since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried—
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him a night unvaried.

A daughter beloved, a queen, a son,
And a son's sole child, have perished ;
And sad was each heart, save only the one
By which they were fondest cherished :

For his eyes were sealed, and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness—
Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness :

His silver beard o'er a bosom spread
Unvexed by life's commotion,
Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,
Though the stream of life kept flowing ;
When they spoke of our king, 'twas but to say :
The old man's strength is going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
To the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in the dust,
Death's hand his slumbers breaking ;—
For the confined sleep of the good and just
Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn ;
And should sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found, when in turn
We lay our heads beside him.

HORACE SMITH.

Ye Mariners of England.

I.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow -
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Two Voices.

TWO voices are there ; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains—each a mighty voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice ;
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him—but hast vainly striven ;
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs, heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful voice be heard by thee ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

An Ode.

WHAT constitutes a State?
 Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No:—Men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:—
 These constitute a State;
 And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate,
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend Dissension like a vapor sinks;
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such was this Heaven-loved isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
 No more shall freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave!

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

While History's Muse.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of destiny weaves,
 Beside her the genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illumed all the volume, her Wellington's name.

“Hail, star of my isle!” said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With tears, such as break from her own dewy skies—
 “Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.
 For, though heroes I've numbered, unblest was their lot,
 And unhallowed they sleep in the crossways of Fame;—
 But oh! there is not
 One dishonoring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name,

“Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The grandest, the purest, even thou hast yet known;
 Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
 Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
 And, bright o'er the flood
 Of her tears and her blood,
 Let the Rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!”

THOMAS MOORE.

Oh! Blame not the Bard.

OH! blame not the bard if he fly to the bowers
 Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burned with a holier flame.
 The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
 And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart!

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,
 And that spirit is broken which never would bend;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
 Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
 And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

Then blame not the bard if in pleasure's soft dream
 He should try to forget what he never can heal:
 Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius should cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
 Not e'en in the hour when his heart is most gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

THOMAS MOORE.

The Patriot Bard.

A CHARADE.

COME from my First—ay, come !
 The battle-dawn is nigh ;
 And the screaming trump and thundering drum
 Are calling thee to die !
 Fight as thy father fought ;
 Fall as thy father fell :
 Thy task is taught ; thy shroud is wrought :
 So forward, and farewell !

Toll ye my Second, toll !
 Fling high the flambeau's light ;
 And sing the hymn for a parted soul
 Beneath the silent night !
 The wreath upon his head,
 The cross upon his breast,
 Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,
 So,—take him to his rest !

Call ye my Whole, ay, call
 The Lord of lute and lay ;
 And let him greet the sable pall
 With a noble song to-day !
 Go, call him by his name !
 No fitter hand may crave
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

The Land of Lands.

YOU ask me why, though ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose ;
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will :

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down,
From precedent to precedent :

Where faction seldom gathers head ;
But, by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute ;

Though power should make, from land to land,
The name of Britain trebly great—
Though every channel of the state
Should almost choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbor-mouth,
Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see, before I die,
The palms and temples of the South.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim-band :
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !
 Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod :
 They have left unstained what there they found--
 Freedom to worship God !

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

Lines on Leaving Europe.

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast !
 Fling out your field of azure blue ;
 Let star and stripe be westward cast,
 And point as Freedom's eagle flew !
 Strain home ! oh lithe and quivering spars !
 Point home, my country's flag of stars !

The wind blows fair ! the vessel feels
 The pressure of the rising breeze,
 And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
 She leaps to the careering seas !
 O fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
 In whose white breast I seem to lie,
 How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
 I've seen your semblance in the sky,
 And longed, with breaking heart, to flee
 On cloud-like pinions o'er the sea !

Adieu, oh lands of fame and eld !
 I turn to watch our foamy track,
 And thoughts with which I first beheld
 Yon clouded line, come hurrying back ;

My lips are dry with vague desire,—
 My cheek once more is hot with joy—
 My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire !
 Oh, what has changed that traveler-boy ?
 As leaves the ship this dying foam,
 His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds **home !**

Adieu, O soft and southern shore,
 Where dwelt the stars long missed in heaven—
 Those forms of beauty seen no more,
 Yet once to Art's rapt vision given !
 O, still the enamored sun delays,
 And pries through fount and crumbling **fane,**
 To win to his adoring gaze
 Those children of the sky again !
 Irradiate beauty, such as never
 That light on other earth hath shown,
 Hath made this land her home forever ;
 And could I live for this alone—
 Were not my birthright brighter far
 Than such voluptuous slaves' can be—
 Held not the West one glorious star
 New-born and blazing for the free—
 Soared not to heaven our eagle yet—
 Rome, with her Helot sons, should teach me to **forget !**

Adieu, oh fatherland ! I see
 Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim,
 And though to freer skies I flee,
 My heart swells, and my eyes are dim !
 As knows the dove the task you give her,
 When loosed upon a foreign shore—
 As spreads the rain-drop in the river
 In which it may have flowed before—
 To England, over vale and mountain,
 My fancy flew from climes more fair—
 My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
 Ran warm and fast in England's air.

Dear mother, in thy prayer, to-night,
 There come new words and warmer tears !
 On long, long darkness breaks the light—
 Comes home the loved, the lost for years !
 Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner !
 Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea !
 The ear of heaven bends low to *her* !
 He comes to shore who sails with me !
 The spider knows the roof unruven,
 While swings his web, though lightnings blaze--
 And by a thread still fast on heaven,
 I know my mother lives and prays !

Dear mother ! when our lips can speak—
 When first our tears will let us see—
 When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
 And thou, with thy dear eyes on me—
 'Twill be a pastime little sad
 To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers
 Upon each other's forms have had—
 For all may flee, so feeling lingers !
 But there's a change, beloved mother !
 To stir far deeper thoughts of thine ;
 I come—but with me comes another
 To share the heart once only mine !
 Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
 One star arose in memory's heaven—
 Thou, who hast watched one treasure only—
 Watered one flower with tears at even—
 Room in thy heart ! The hearth she left
 Is darkened to lend light to ours !
 There are bright flowers of care bereft,
 And hearts—that languish more than flowers !
 She was their light—their very air—
 Room, mother, in thy heart ! place for her in thy prayer !

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

The Old World and the New.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time
Producing subjects worthy fame :

In happy climes where, from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue ;
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true :

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules ;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools :

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts ;
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,—
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way :
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is his last.

GEORGE BERKELEY

Death-Song of the Oneida Chief.

“AND I could weep ;”—the Oneida chief
 His descant wildly thus begun :
 “But that I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of my father’s son,
 Or bow this head in wo !
 For by my wrongs, and by my wrath !
 To-morrow Areouski’s breath,
 (That fires yon heaven with storms of death,)
 Shall light us to the foe ;
 And we shall share, my Christian boy !
 The foeman’s blood, the avenger’s joy !

“But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
 By milder genii o’er the deep,
 The spirits of the white man’s heaven
 Forbid not thee to weep :
 Nor will the Christian host,
 Nor will thy father’s spirit grieve,
 To see thee, on the battle’s eve,
 Lamenting, take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most :
 She was the rainbow to thy sight !
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight !

“To-morrow let us do or die !
 But when the bolt of death is hurl’d,
 Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
 Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
 Seek we thy once-loved home ?
 The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours !
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers !
 And should we thither roam,
 Its’echoes, and its empty tread,
 Would sound like voices from the dead !

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
 Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd
 And by my side, in battle true,
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
 Ah! there in desolation cold,
 The desert serpent dwells alone,
 Where grass o'ergrrows each mouldering bone,
 And stones themselves to ruin grown,
 Like me, are death-like old.
 Then seek we not their camp,—for there
 The silence dwells of my despair!

"But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
 In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
 Even from the land of shadows now
 My father's awful ghost appears
 Amidst the clouds that round us roll!
 He bids my soul for battle thirst;
 He bids me dry the last, the first,
 The only tears that ever burst
 From Outalissi's soul;
 Because I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of an Indian chief!"

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A Death-Bed.

HER sufferings ended with the day,
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away
 In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all its state
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through Glory's morning gate,
 And walked in paradise.

JAMES ALDRICH.

Monterey.

WE were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day ;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot was hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray ;
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept,
Through walls of flame, its withering way ;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns that swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play,
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day ;
But who of us hath not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey ?

CHARLES F. HOFFMAN

The Arsenal at Springfield.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise—how wild and dreary—
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus—
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer ;
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song ;
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din ;
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade—
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as these,
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals nor forts ;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred ;
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace !"

Peace !—and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies ;
 But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The Battle Autumn (1862).

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,
 The charging trumpets blow ;
 Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
 No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
 Her ancient promise well,
 Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
 The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms ;
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain,
And yellow locks of corn ?

Ah ! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot :
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain ;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm ;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn ;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born,—
The heart that blossoms like her flowers,
And ripens like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes ;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies !

Oh, give to us her finer ear!
 Above this stormy din
 We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
 Ring Peace and Freedom in!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

How Sleep the Brave!

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS

Chillon.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art;
 For there thy habitation is the heart,
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,

Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON.

The Lost Leader.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us ;
 Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat,—
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote.
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed :
 How all our copper had gone for his service !
 Rags,—were they purple, his heart had been proud !
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die !
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their
 graves !
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence !
 Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre :
 Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
 Blot out his name then,—record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod ;
 One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !

Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain;
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad, confident morning again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly,
 Aim at our heart, ere we pierce through his own;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
 Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING

Genevieve.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armèd man,
 The statue of the armèd knight;
 She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
 She loves me best whene'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air ;
 I sang an old and moving story—
 An old, rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
 For well she knew I could not choose
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand ;
 And that for ten long years he wooed
 The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined—and ah !
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone
 With which I sang another's love,
 Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
 And she forgave me that I gazed
 Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
 That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
 And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
 Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,
 And sometimes starting up at once
 In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
 An angel beautiful and bright ;
 And that he knew it was a fiend,
 This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
 He leaped amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage worse than death,
 The Lady of the Land.

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
 And how she tended him in vain—
 And ever strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest-leaves
 A dying man he lay:—

His dying words—but when I reached
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
 My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
 The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight—
 She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
 And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved; she stepped aside—
 As conscious of my look she stept—
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
 She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms ;
 She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
 And bending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
 And partly 't was a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel, than see,
 The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride ;
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.



A Health.

[FILL this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon ;
 To whom the better elements
 And kindly stars have given
 A form so fair, that, like the air,
 'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
 Like those of morning birds ;
 And something more than melody
 Dwells ever in her words ;
 The coinage of her heart are they,
 And from her lips each flows
 As one may see the burdened bee
 Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her.
 The measures of her hours ;
 Her feelings have the fragrancy,
 The freshness of young flowers ;
 And lovely passions, changing oft.
 So fill her, she appears
 The image of themselves by turns,-
 The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace
 A picture on the brain ;
 And of her voice in echoing hearts
 A sound must long remain :
 But memory, such as mine of her,
 So very much endears,
 When death is nigh my latest sigh
 Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon.
 Her health ! and would on earth there stood
 Some more of such a frame,
 That life might be all poetry,
 And weariness a name !

EDWARD C. PINKNEY

Ruth.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
 Deeply ripened ;—such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born.
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—
 Which were blackest none could tell ;
 But long lashes veiled a light
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
 Made her tressy forehead dim ;—
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
 Lay thy sheaf adown, and come,
 Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

My Love.

NOT as all other women are
 Is she that to my soul is dear ;
 Her glorious fancies come from far,
 Beneath the silver evening star ;
 And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
 Which lesser souls may never know ;
 God giveth them to her alone,
 And sweet they are as any tone
 Wherewith the wind may choose to blow,

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
 Although no home were half so fair ;
 No simplest duty is forgot ;
 Life hath no dim and lowly spot
 That doth not in her sunshine share

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth

Blessing she is: God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman; one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which by high tower and lowly mill
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles, my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

The Beating of my Heart.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill ;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree :
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid ;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne ;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred ;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind ;
 A hand was on my shoulder—
 I knew its touch was kind ;
 It drew me nearer—nearer—
 We did not speak one word ;
 For the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Lines to an Indian Air.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright.
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Has led me—who knows how?—
 To thy chamber-window, sweet !

The wandering airs, they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The champak odors fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must die on thine,
 O beloved as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
 I die, I faint, I fail !
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.

My cheek is cold and white, alas !
 My heart beats loud and fast ;
 Oh ! press it close to thine again,
 Where it will break at last.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

To a Carrier Pigeon.

COME hither, thou beautiful rover,
 Thou wanderer of earth and of air,
 That bearest the sighs of the lover,
 And bringest him news of his fair.
 Bend hither thy light-waving pinion,
 And show me the gloss of thy neck :
 Come, perch on my hand, dearest minion,
 And turn up thy bright eye, and peck.

Here is bread of the brightest and sweetest,
 And here is a sip of red wine ;
 Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
 'Twill be flecter when nerved by the vine.
 I have written on rose-scented paper,
 With thy wing-quill, a soft billet-doux ;
 I have melted the wax in love's taper,—
 'Tis the color of true heart's sky-blue.

I have fastened it under thy pinion,
 With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck ;
 So go from me, beautiful minion,
 While the pure ether shows not a speck.—
 Like a cloud, in the dim distance fleeting,
 Like an arrow, he hurries away ;
 And farther and farther retreating,
 He is lost in the clear blue of day.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL

Love.—(Songs of Seven.)

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
 Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate ;
 “ Now if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
 Hush, nightingale, hush ! O, sweet nightingale, wait
 Till I listen and hear
 If a step draweth near ;
 For my love, he is late !

“ The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
 A cluster of stars hangs like fruit on the tree :
 The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer ;—
 To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see ?
 Let the star-clusters glow,
 Let the sweet waters flow,
 And cross quickly to me.

“ You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
 From sycamore blossoms, or settle, or sleep ;
 You glow-worms shine out, and the pathway discover
 To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
 Ah, my sailor, make haste,
 For the time runs to waste,
 And my love lieth deep—

“ Too deep for swift telling ; and yet, my one lover,
 I’ve conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night.”
 By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
 And all the sweet speech I had fashioned, took flight.
 But I’ll love him more, more
 Than e’er wife loved before,
 Be the days dark or bright.

JEAN INGELow.

The Flower's Name.

HERE's the garden she walked across,
 Arm in my arm, such a short while since ;
 Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
 Hinders the hinges and makes them wince !
 She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
 As back with that murmur the wicket swung ;
 For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,
 To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk
 She went, while her robe's edge brushed the box
 And here she paused in her gracious talk
 To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.
 Roses, ranged in valiant row,
 I will never think that she passed you by !
 She loves you, noble roses, I know ;
 But yonder see, where the rock-plants lie !

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,
 Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim ;
 Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
 Its soft meandering Spanish name.
 What a name ! Was it love or praise ?
 Speech half-asleep or song half-awake ?
 I must learn Spanish one of these days,
 Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
 I may bring her, one of these days,
 To fix you fast with as fine a spell,
 Fit you each with his Spanish phrase !
 But do not detain me now ; for she lingers
 There, like sunshine over the ground,
 And ever I see her soft white fingers
 Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not ;
 Stay as you are, and be loved forever !
 Bud, if I kiss you 'tis that you blow not,
 Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never !
 For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
 Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
 Till round they turn and down they nestle—
 Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;
 Whither I follow her, beauties flee ;
 Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
 June's twice June since she breathed it with me ?
 Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,
 Measure my lady's lightest footfall ;
 Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces—
 Roses, you are not so fair after all !

ROBERT BROWNING

Too Late I Stayed.

TOO late I stayed—forgive the crime !
 Unheeded flew the hours ;
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time
 That only treads on flowers !

And who with clear account remarks
 The ebbings of his glass,
 When all its sands are diamond sparks,
 That dazzle as they pass ?

Oh, who to sober measurement
 Time's happy swiftmess brings,
 When birds of Paradise have lent
 Their plumage to his wings ?

WILLIAM R. SPENCER.

As to the Distant Moon.

AS to the distant moon
 The sea forever turns ;
 As to the polar star
 The earth forever yearns :
 So doth my constant heart
 Beat oft for thine alone,
 And o'er its far-off heaven of dreams
 Thine image high enthrone.
 But ah ! the sea and moon,
 The earth and star meet never ;
 And space as wide, and dark, and high
 Divideth us forever !

ANNE C. LYNCH.

Absence.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
 That must be counted ere I see thy face ?
 How shall I charm the interval that lowers
 Between this time and that sweet time of grace ?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense—
 Weary with longing ? Shall I flee away
 Into past days, and with some fond pretence
 Cheat myself to forget the present day ?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
 Of casting from me God's great gift of time ?
 Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
 Leave and forget life's purposes sublime ?

O, how, or by what means, may I contrive
 To bring the hour that brings thee back more near ?
 How may I teach my drooping hope to live
 Until that blessed time, and thou art here ?

I'll tell thee ; for thy sake I will lay hold
 Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
 In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
 While thou, beloved one ! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
 All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains ;
 For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
 Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
 A noble task-time ; and will therein strive
 To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
 More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in me
 A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine ;
 So may my love and longing hallowed be,
 And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.



From the Epipsychidion.

THIS isle and house are mine, and I have vowed
 Thee to be lady of the solitude ;
 And I have fitted up some chambers there,
 Looking toward the golden eastern air,
 And level with the living winds, which flow
 Like waves above the living waves below.
 I have sent books and music there, and all
 Those instruments with which high spirits call
 The future from its cradle, and the past
 Out of its grave, and make the present last
 In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,
 Folded within their own eternity.

* * * *

Meanwhile,
 We two will rise, and sit, and walk together,
 Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,
 And wander in the meadows, or ascend
 The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend
 With lightest winds to touch their paramour;
 Or linger where the pebble-paven shore,
 Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea,
 Tumbles and sparkles as with ecstasy,—
 Possessing and possessed by all that is
 Within that calm circumference of bliss,
 And by each other, till to love and live
 Be one.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Come into the Garden, Maud.

COME into the garden, Maud—
 For the black bat, night, has flown!
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon:
 All night has the casement jessamine stirred
 To the dancers dancing in tune—
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be gay.
 When will the dancers leave her alone?
 She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day;
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
 In babble and revel and wine.
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
 For one that will never be thine?
 But mine, but mine," so I swear to the rose,
 "Forever and ever, mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
 As the music clashed in the hall;
 And long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood—
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;—

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
 That whenever a March-wind sighs,
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes—
 To the woody hollows in which we meet,
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;
 The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
 But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me;
 The lilies and roses were all awake—
 They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither ! the dances are done ;
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one ;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear !
 She is coming, my life, my fate !
 The red rose cries, " She is near, she is near !"
 And the white rose weeps, " She is late ;"
 The larkspur listens, " I hear, I hear ;"
 And the lily whispers, " I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet !
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead—
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Welcome.

I.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning ;
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning ;
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you !
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, " True lovers don't sever !"

II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them !
 Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom ;
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you ;
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
 Oh ! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
 Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor ;
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
 Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie ;
 We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy ;
 We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
 Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
 Oh ! she'll whisper you—" Love, as unchangeably beaming,
 And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming ;
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
 As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning :
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning :
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you !
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, " True lovers don't sever !"

THOMAS DAVIS.

Come to me, Dearest.

COME to me, Dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
 Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking about thee ;
 Night-time and day-time, in dreams I behold thee ;
 Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
 Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
 Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten ;
 Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
 Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
 Telling of spring and its joyous renewing,
 And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
 Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
 O Spring of my spirit, O May of my bosom,
 Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom ;
 The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
 And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even,
 Features lit up by a reflex of heaven ;
 Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
 Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other ;
 Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple,
 Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple ;—
 Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
 Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened ;
 Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened ?
 Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
 As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme :
 I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,
 You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing ;
 I would not die without you at my side, love,
 You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
 Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow ;
 Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
 With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love.
 Come, for my heart in your absence is weary—
 Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary—
 Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
 Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

A Love-Letter.

MY love—my chosen—but not mine ! I send
 My whole heart to thee in these words I write ;
 So let the blotted lines, my soul's sole friend,
 Lie upon thine, and there be blest at night.

Irene, I have loved you, as men love
 Light, music, odor, beauty, love itself—
 Whatever is apart from and above
 Those daily needs which deal with dust and pelf.

And I had been content, without one thought
 Our guardian angels could have blushed to know,
 So to have lived, and died, demanding naught
 Save living, dying, to have loved you so.

My wildest wish was vassal to thy will :
 My haughtiest hope a pensioner on thy smile,
 Which did with light my barren being fill,
 As moonlight glorifies some desert isle.

And so I write to you ; and write and write,
 For the mere sake of writing to you, dear.
 What can I tell you, that you know not ? Night
 Is deepening through the rosy atmosphere,

About the lonely casement of this room,
Which you have left familiar with the grace
That grows where you have been. And on the gloom
I almost fancy I can see your face.

Perchance I shall not ever see again
That face. I know that I shall never see
Its radiant beauty as I saw it then,—
Save by this lonely lamp of memory—

With childhood's starry graces lingering yet
In the rosy orient of young womanhood ;
And eyes like woodland violets newly wet ;
And lips that left their meaning in my blood !

Man cannot make, but may ennoble, fate,
By nobly bearing it. So let us trust
Not to ourselves, but God, and calmly wait
Love's orient out of darkness and of dust.

Farewell, and yet again farewell, and yet
Never farewell—if farewell means to fare
Alone and disunited. Love hath set
Our days in music, to the self-same air ;

And I shall feel, wherever we may be,
Even though in absence, and an alien clime,
The shadow of the sunniness of thee,
Hovering, in patience, through a clouded time.

Farewell ! the dawn is rising, and the light
Is making, in the east, a faint endeavor
To illuminate the mountain peaks. Good-night !
Thine own, and only thine, my love, forever,

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

Sonnet.

WHENE'ER I recollect the happy time
 When you and I held converse, dear, together,
 There come a thousand thoughts of sunny weather,
 Of early blossoms and the fresh year's prime :
 Your memory lives forever in my mind
 With all the fragrant beauties of the Spring,
 With odorous lime and silver hawthorn twined,
 And many a noon-day woodland wandering.
 There's not a thought of you but brings along
 Some sunny dream of river, field, and sky ;
 'Tis wafted on the blackbird's sunset song,
 Or some wild snatch of ancient melody.
 And as I date it still, our love arose
 'Twixt the last violet and the earliest rose.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

*Lines Written in an Album.*

AS o'er the cold sepulchral stone
 Some name arrests the passer-by,
 So, when thou view'st this page alone,
 Let mine attract thy pensive eye ;
 And when by thee that name is read,
 Perchance, in some succeeding year,
 Reflect on me as on the dead,
 And think my heart is buried here.

LORD BYRON.

Langley Lane.

IN all the land, range up, range down,
 Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
 As Langley Lane in London town,
 Just out of the bustle of square and street?
 Little white cottages all in a row,
 Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
 Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
 And up above, the still blue sky
 Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by,—
 I seem to be able to see it all.

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
 And sit outside in the sun, and hear
 The distant murmur of street and square,
 And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
 And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
 Comes running many a time each day,
 With her little hand's touch so warm and kind;
 And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
 And the little live hand seems to stir and speak;—
 For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
 Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear;
 And I am older by summers three,—
 Why should we hold each other so dear?
 Because she cannot utter a word,
 Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
 The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call!
 Because I never have seen the sky,
 Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—
 Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
 The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
 And I hear the water-cart go by,
 With its cool splash ! splash ! down the dusty row :
 And the little one close at my side perceives
 Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
 Where birds are chirping in summer shine ;
 And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,
 Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,—
 And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
 When it stirs on my palm for the love of me ?
 Do I not know she is pretty and young ?
 Hath not my soul an eye to see ?
 'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
 To wonder how things appear to her,
 That I only hear as they pass around ;
 And as long as we sit in the music and light,
 She is happy to keep God's sight,
 And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind,—
 I made it of music long ago :
 Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
 Round the pensive light of a brow of snow ;
 And when I sit by my little one,
 And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
 And hear the music that haunts the place,
 I know she is raising her eyes to me,
 And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
 And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
 (I know the fancy is only vain),
 I should pray, just once, when the weather is fair,
 To see little Fanny in Langley Lane :

Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—
It is better to be as we have been—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unsecn,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah ! life is pleasant in Langley Lane !
There is always something sweet to hear—
Chirping of birds or patter of rain,
And Fanny, my little one, always near.
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,
And though we never can married be,—
What then?—since we hold each other so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see ?

ROBERT BUCHANAN

A Song of the Camp.

“GIVE us a song !” the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :
“ We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon ;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory ;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang " Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,-
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of " Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

In Italy.

DEAR Lillian, all I wished is won ;
I sit beneath Italia's sun,
Where olive-orchards gleam and quiver
Along the banks of Arno's river.

Through laurel leaves the dim green light
Falls on my forehead as I write ;
And the sweet chimes of vesper ringing
Blend with the contadina's singing.

Rich is the soil with Fancy's gold ;
The stirring memories of old
Rise thronging in my haunted vision,
And wake my spirit's young ambition.

But as the radiant sunsets close
Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,
My soul forgets the olden glory,
And deems our love a dearer story.

Thy words, in Memory's ear, outchime
The music of the Tuscan rhyme ;
Thou standest here—the gentle-hearted—
Amid the shades of bards departed.

I see before thee fade away
Their garlands of immortal bay,
And turn from Petrarch's passion-glances
To my own dearer heart-romances.

Sad is the opal glow that fires
The midnight of the cypress spires ;
And cold the scented wind that closes
The heart of bright Etruscan roses.

The fair Italian dream I chased,
 A single thought of thee effaced ;
 For the true land of song and sun
 Lies in the heart that mine hath won.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Zara's Ear-Rings.

MY ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they've dropped into the
 well,

And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell—

'T was thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuarez' daughter:—

The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue
 water ;

To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
 And what to say when he comes back, alas ! I cannot tell.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings !—they were pearls in silver set,
 That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget ;

That I ne'er to other tongues should list, nor smile on other's tale,

But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings
 pale.

When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them
 in the well,

Oh ! what will Muça think of me ?—I cannot, cannot tell !

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings !—he'll say they should have
 been,

Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,

Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,

Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere ;

That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting
 well:—

Thus will he think—and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

He'll think when I to market went I loitered by the way ;
 He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say ;
 He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses
 noosed,
 From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl
 unloosed ;
 He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
 My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same ;
 He'll say I loved, when he was here to whisper of his flame—
 But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
 And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
 My ear-rings ! my ear-rings : oh ! luckless, luckless well !—
 For what to say to Muça—alas ! I cannot tell.

I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he will believe—
 That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at
 eve ;
 That, musing on my lover when down the sun was gone,
 His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone ;
 And that my mind was o'er the sea when from my hand
 they fell,
 And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the
 well.

ANONYMOUS. *Spanish.*

Translated by JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

On the Cliff.

“SEE where the crest of the long promontory,
 Decked by October in crimson and brown,
 Lies like the scene of some fairy-land story,
 Over the sands to the deep sloping down.
 See the white mist on the hidden horizon
 Hang like the folds of the curtain of fate ;
 See where yon shadow the green water flies on,
 Cast from a cloud for the conclave too late.

“ See the small ripples in curving ranks chasing
 Every light breeze running out from the shore,
 Gleeful as children when merrily racing,
 Hands interlocked, o'er a wide meadow floor.
 See round the pier how the tossing wave sparkles,
 Bright as the hope in a love-lighted breast ;
 See the one sail in the sunlight that darkles,
 Laboring home from the land of the west.

“ See the low surf where it restlessly tumbles,
 Swiftly advancing, and then in retreat ;
 See how the tall cliff yields slowly and crumbles,
 Sliding away to the waves at our feet.
 Sure is thy victory, emblem of weakness—
 Certain thine overthrow, ponderous wall ;
 Brittle is sternness, but mighty is meekness—
 O wave that will conquer ! O cliff that must fall !”

“ Ah lady, how deep is the truth of your teaching !
 All that delights and enthralls you I see ;
 But little you dream of the meaning far-reaching,
 Yea more than you meant them, your words have
 for me.

Light run my fancies that once were too sober ;
 All the fair land of the future lies spread
 Brightly before me in hues of October ;
 Homeward, full laden, my ship turns her head.

“ Dimly across them falls fate's mystic curtain—
 If but thy fingers could draw it away,
 Making the fanciful turn to the certain,
 Then would the sounds and the sights of to-day
 Ring like the strains of a ballad pathetic,
 Heard when the voice of the singer is dumb ;
 Glow like the great words on pages prophetic,
 Read when the fingers that wrote them are numb.

“ Into the depths of thy dreamy eyes peering,
 Watching thy lips for some shadowy sign,
 Trembling in doubt betwixt hoping and fearing,
 Stands my poor soul and appeals unto thine.
 Barren as sea-sand is every ambition—
 Pride proves of clay when its feet are revealed ;
 Only affection brings joy's full fruition—
 O love that will triumph ! O life that must yield !”

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

Jamie's on the Stormy Sea.

ERE the twilight bat was flitting,
 In the sunset, at her knitting,
 Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
 Underneath the threshold tree ;
 And as daylight died before us,
 And the evening star shone o'er us
 Fitful rose her gentle chorus,—
 “ Jamie 's on the stormy sea.”

Curfew bells remotely ringing,
 Mingled with her sweet voice singing,
 And the last red ray seemed clinging
 Lingeringly to tower and tree ;
 And her evening song ascending,
 With the scene and season blending,
 Ever had the same low ending,—
 “ Jamie 's on the stormy sea.”

“ Blow, thou west wind, blandly hover
 Round the bark that bears my lover :
 Blow, and waft him safely over
 To his own dear home and me ;

For when night-winds rend the willow,
 Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
 Thinking on the raging billow,—
 Jamie's on the stormy sea."

How could I but list, but linger
 To the song, and near the singer,
 Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
 Jamie from the stormy sea?
 And while yet her voice did name me,
 Forth I sprang—my heart o'ercame me,—
 "Grieve no more, sweet; I am Jamie,
 Home returned to love and thee."

DAVID M. MOIR.(?)

Go, Forget Me.

GO, forget me—why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a shadow fling?
 Go, forget me—and to-morrow
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
 Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
 Sing—though I shall never hear thee:
 May thy soul with pleasure shine,
 Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing
 Clothes the meanest things in light;
 And when thou, like him, art going,
 Loveliest objects fade in night.
 All things looked so bright about thee
 That they nothing seem without thee;
 By that pure and lucid mind
 Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
 Softly on my soul that fell ;
 Go, for me no longer beaming—
 Hope and Beauty ! fare ye well !
 Go, and all that once delighted
 Take, and leave me all benighted—
 Glory's burning, generous swell,
 Fancy, and the Poet's shell.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Jeanie Morrison.

I'VE wandered east, I've wandered west.
 Through mony a weary way ;
 But never, never can forget
 The luve o' life's young day !
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
 May weel be black gin Yule ;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygane years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path.
 And blind my een wi' tears :
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summions up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'T was then we twa did part ;
 Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at scule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart !

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither lear ;
 And tones and looks and smiles were shed.
 Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
 What our wee heads could think.
 When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
 We cleeked thegither hame ?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The scule then skail't at noon,)
 When we ran off to speel the braes,—
 The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about—
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thöchts rush back
 O' scule-time and o' thee.
 O mornin' life ! O mornin' luvè !
 O lichtsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts
 Like simmer blossoms sprang !

O, mind ye, luvè, how aft we left
 'The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon ?

The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin o' the wood
 The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees—
 And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies ;
 And on the knowe abune the burn
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled down your cheek
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak !
 That was a time, a blessèd time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth
 Unsyllabled—unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me ?
 O, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine !
 O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot ;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.

The fount that first burst frae this heart
 Still travels on its way ;
 And channels deeper, as it rins,
 The luvè o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue ;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Catarina to Camoens.

O^N the door you will not enter,
 I have gazed too long—adieu !
 Hope withdraws her peradventure—
 Death is near me, and not *you* !
 Come, O lover !
 Close and cover
 These poor eyes, you called, I ween,
 “ Sweetest eyes were ever seen ”

When I heard you sing that burden
 In my vernal days and bowers.
 Other praises disregarding
 I but harkened that of yours,—
 Only saying
 In heart-playing,
 “ Blessèd eyes mine eyes have been,
 If the sweetest HIS have seen ! ”

But all changes. At this vesper,
 Cold the sun shines down the door;
 If you stood there would you whisper
 "Love, I love you," as before,—
 Death pervading
 Now, and shading
 Eyes you sang of, that yestreen,
 As the sweetest ever seen?

Yes! I think, were you beside them,
 Near the bed I die upon,—
 Though their beauty you denied them,
 As you stood there looking down,
 You would truly
 Call them duly,
 For the love's sake found therein,—
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

And if *you* looked down upon them,
 And if *they* looked up to *you*,
 All the light which has foregone them
 Would be gathered back anew!
 They would truly
 Be as duly
 Love-transformed to beauty's sheen,—
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

But, ah me! you only see me
 In your thoughts of loving man,
 Smiling soft perhaps and dreamy
 Through the wavings of my fan,—
 And unweeting
 Go repeating,
 In your reverie serene,
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

While my spirit leans and reaches
 From my body still and pale,
 Fain to hear what tender speech is
 In your love, to help my bale—
 O my poet,
 Come and show it !
 Come, of latest love, to glean
 “ Sweetest eyes were ever seen.”

O my poet, O my prophet,
 When you praised their sweetness so,
 Did you think, in singing of it,
 That it might be near to go ?
 Had you fancies
 From their glances,
 That the grave would quickly screen
 “ Sweetest eyes were ever seen ?”

No reply ! The fountain's warble
 In the court-yard sounds alone :
 As the water to the marble
 So my heart falls, with a moan,
 From love-sighing
 To this dying !
 Death forerunneth Love, to win
 “ Sweetest eyes were ever seen.”

Will you come, when I 'm departed
 Where all sweetnesses are hid—
 Where thy voice, my tender-hearted,
 Will not lift up either lid ?
 Cry, O lover,
 Love is over !
 Cry beneath the cypress green—
 “ Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

When the angelus is ringing,
 Near the convent will you walk,
 And recall the choral singing
 Which brought angels down our talk ?
 Spirit-shriven
 I viewed Heaven,
 Till you smiled—" Is earth unclean,
 Sweetest eyes were ever seen?"

When beneath the palace-lattice
 You ride slow as you have done,
 And you see a face there—that is
 Not the old familiar one,—
 Will you oftly
 Murmur softly,
 " Here ye watched me morn and e'en,
 Sweetest eyes were ever seen !"

When the palace-ladies, sitting
 Round your gittern, shall have said,
 " Poet, sing those verses written
 For the lady who is dead,"—
 Will you tremble,
 Yet dissemble,—
 Or sing hoarse, with tears between,
 " Sweetest eyes were ever seen?"

Sweetest eyes ! How sweet in flowings
 The repeated cadence is !
 Though you sang a hundred poems,
 Still the best one would be this.
 I can hear it
 'Twixt my spirit
 And the earth-noise, intervene—
 " Sweetest eyes were ever seen !"

But the priest waits for the praying,
 And the choir are on their knees,—
 And the soul must pass away in
 Strains more solemn high than these !

Miserere

For the weary—
 Oh, no longer for Catrine,
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

Keep my riband, take and keep it,—
 I have loosed it from my hair ;
 Feeling, while you overweep it,
 Not alone in your despair,—
 Since with saintly
 Watch, unfaintly,
 Out of Heaven shall o'er you lean
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen.”

But—but *now*—yet unremovèd
 Up to heaven, they glisten fast :
 You may cast away, Belovèd,
 In your future, all my past ;
 Such old phrases
 May be praises
 For some fairer bosom-queen—
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

Eyes of mine, what are ye doing ?
 Faithless, faithless—praised amiss,
 If a tear be of your showing,
 Dropt for any hope of HIS !
 Death hath boldness
 Besides coldness,
 If unworthy tears demean
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen.”

I will look out to his future—
 I will bless it till it shine :

Should he ever be a suitor
 Unto sweeter eyes than mine,
 Sunshine gild them,
 Angels shield them,
 Whatsoever eyes terrene
Be the sweetest HIS have seen !

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Locksley Hall.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis
 early morn :
 Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the
 bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews
 call,
 Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley
 Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy
 tracts,
 And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to
 rest,
 Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow
 shade,
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sub-
 lime
 With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time ;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed ;
 When I clung to all the present for the promise that it
 closed :

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see ;
 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would
 be. —

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's
 breast ;
 In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another
 crest ;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove ;
 In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts
 of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one
 so young,
 And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance
 hung.

And I said, " My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth
 to me ;
 Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
 As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of
 sighs—
 All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, " I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me
 wrong ;"

Saying, " Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, " I have
 loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing
hands ;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords
with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music
out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses
ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the
Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately
ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !
O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore !

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have
sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue !

Is it well to wish thee happy ?—having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than
mine !

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with
clay.

As the husband is, the wife is ; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag
thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its
 novel force,
 Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy—think not they are glazed
 with wine.
 Go to him; it is thy duty—kiss him: take his hand in
 thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought—
 Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter
 thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
 Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with
 my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's dis-
 grace,
 Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of
 youth!
 Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's
 rule!
 Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the
 fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less
 unworthy proved—
 Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife
 was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter
 fruit?
 I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the
 root!

Never ! though my mortal summers to such length of years
 should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery
 home.

Where is comfort ? in division of the records of the mind ?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her,
 kind ?

I remember one that perished ; sweetly did she speak and
 move ;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she
 bore ?
No—she never loved me truly : love is love for evermore.

Comfort ? comfort scorned of devils ! this is truth the poet
 sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier
 things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to
 proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the
 wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise
 and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken
 sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt
 weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain,
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest—
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due:
Half is thine and half is his—it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffered"—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy wherefore should I care?
I must mix myself with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy : what is that which I should do ?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid
with sound :—

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor
feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's
heels.

Can I but relive in sadness ? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-
Age !

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my
life ;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years
would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's
field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer
drawn ;
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary
dawn ;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of
men :—

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something
new ;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that
they shall do :

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would
be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a
ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing
warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the
thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags
were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm
in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed, ere my passion sweeping through me left
me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaun-
diced eye ;

Eye to which all order festers, all things here are out
of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to
point :

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying
fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose
runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of
the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful
joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and I linger on the
shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and
more:

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden
breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his
rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-
horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their
scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered
string?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight
a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure,
woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower
brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched
with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some
retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat ;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starred ;
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy
skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of
Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer
from the crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited
tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this
march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake
mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and
breathing-space ;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky
race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall
run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the
sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the
brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are
wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian
child.

I to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious
gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower
pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or
clime?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I, that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in
Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us
range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves
of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger
day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life
began—
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh
the Sun;—

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley
Hall !

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree
fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and
holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or
snow ;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



Maud Muller.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

“Thanks!” said the Judge, “a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing-birds and the humming-bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather:

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: “Ah me!
That I the Judge’s bride might be!

“He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

“ I ’d dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

“ And I ’d feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door.”

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still :

“ A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet ;

“ And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“ Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

“ No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

“ But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words.”

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms ;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
" Ah, that I were free again !

" Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge!
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Knight Toggenburg.

"KNIGHT, to love thee like a sister
Vows this heart to thee;
Ask no other, warmer feeling—
That were pain to me.
Tranquil would I see thy coming,
Tranquil see thee go;
What that starting tear would tell me,
I must never know."

He with silent anguish listens,
 Though his heart-strings bleed ;
 Clasps her in his last embraces,
 Springs upon his steed ;
 Summons every faithful vassal
 From his Alpine home ;
 Binds the cross upon his bosom,
 Seeks the Holy Tomb.

There full many a deed of glory
 Wrought the hero's arm ;
 Foremost still his plumage floated
 Where the foemen swarm ;
 Till the Moslem, terror-stricken,
 Quailed before his name ;—
 But the pang that wrings his bosom
 Lives at heart the same.

One long year he bears his sorrow,
 But no more can bear ;
 Rest he seeks, but finding never,
 Leaves the army there ;
 Sees a ship by Joppa's haven,
 Which, with swelling sail,
 Wafts him where his lady's breathing
 Mingles with the gale.

At her father's castle-portal
 Hark ! his knock is heard :
 See ! the gloomy gate uncloses
 With the thunder-word :
 " She thou seek'st is veiled forever,
 Is the bride of heaven ;
 Yester-eve the vows were plighted—
 She to God is given."

Then his old ancestral castle
 He forever flees ;
 Battle-steed and trusty weapon
 Never more he sees.
 From the Toggenburg descending
 Forth unknown he glides ;
 For the frame once sheathed in iron
 Now the sackcloth hides.

There beside that hallowed region
 He hath built his bower,
 Where from out the dusky lindens
 Looked the convent-tower ;
 Waiting from the morning's glimmer
 Till the day was done,
 Tranquil hope in every feature,
 Sat he there alone.

Gazing upward to the convent,
 Hour on hour he passed ;
 Watching still his lady's lattice
 Till it oped at last ;
 Till that form looked forth so lovely,
 Till the sweet face smiled
 Down into the lonesome valley,
 Peaceful, angel-mild.

Then he laid him down to slumber,
 Cheered by peaceful dreams,
 Calmly waiting till the morning
 Showed again its beams.
 Thus for days he watched and waited,
 Thus for years he lay,
 Happy if ne saw the lattice
 Open day by day—

If that form looked forth so lovely,
 If the sweet face smiled
 Down into the lonesome valley,
 Peaceful, angel-mild.
 There a corse they found him sitting
 Once when day returned,
 Still his pale and placid features
 To the lattice turned.

F. VON SCHILLER.

Anonymous Translation.

Stanzas.

Heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse !

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
 As aught of mortal birth :
 And form so soft, and charms so rare
 Too soon returned to earth !
 Though earth received them in her bed,
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
 In carelessness or mirth,
 There is an eye which could not brook
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
 Nor gaze upon the spot ;
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
 So I behold them not ;
 It is enough for me to prove
 That what I loved, and long must love,
 Like common earth can rot ;
 To me there needs no stone to tell,
 'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,
 As fervently as thou,
 Who didst not change through all the past,
 And canst not alter now.
 The love where Death has set his seal,
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow :
 And, what were worse, thou can'st not see
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
 The worst can be but mine ;
 The sun that shines, the storm that lowers,
 Shall never more be thine.
 The silence of that dreamless sleep
 I envy now too much to weep ;
 Nor need I to repine
 That all those charms have passed away,
 I might have watched through long decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
 Must fall the earliest prey ;
 Though by no hand untimely snatched,
 The leaves must drop away.
 And yet it were a greater grief
 To watch it withering leaf by leaf,
 Than see it plucked to-day ;
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
 To see thy beauties fade ;
 The night that followed such a morn
 Had worn a deeper shade ;
 Thy day without a cloud hath past,
 And thou wert lovely to the last,
 Extinguished, not decayed :
 As stars that shoot along the sky,
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept if I could weep,
 My tears might well be shed
 To think I was not near, to keep
 One vigil o'er thy bed ;
 To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
 To fold thee in a fond embrace,
 Uphold thy drooping head ;
 And show that love, however vain,
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,—
 The loveliest things that still remain,
 Than to remember thee !
 The all of thee that cannot die
 Through dark and dread eternity,
 Returns again to me,
 And more thy buried love endears
 Than aught except its living years.

LORD BYRON.

Evelyn Hope.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
 Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
 Little has yet been changed, I think ;
 The shutters are shut—no light may pass,
 Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
 It was not her time to love ; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough and little cares;
 And now was quiet, now astir—
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
 What! your soul was pure and true;
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
 And just because I was thrice as old,
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
 Each was naught to each, must I be told?
 We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the love;
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
 Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
 Much is to learn, and much to forget,
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
 In the lower earth—in the years long still—
 That body and soul so pure and gay;
 Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
 And what you would do with me, in fine,
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
 Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various men.
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;

Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,
 Either I missed or itself missed me—
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !
 What is the issue? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while ;
 My heart seemed full as it could hold—
 There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
 And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
 So, hush ! I will give you this leaf to keep ;
 See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
 There, that is our secret ! go to sleep :
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Highland Mary.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry !
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk !
 How rich the hawthorn blossom !
 As, underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasped her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder ;
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly !
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

When first I met Thee.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou could'st not wander.
 But go, deceiver ! go :
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
 I fled the unwelcome story ;

Or found, in e'en the faults they blamed,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;
 The heart that now thy falsehood rends
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver ! go—
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

E'en now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee :
 The few who loved thee once, have fled,
 And they who flatter, scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it ;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendor !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
 When e'en those ties shall sever ;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou'st lost forever ;
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

The Bridal of Andalla.

“RISE up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion
down;

Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpets' lordly
blowing,

And banners bright from lattice light are waving every-
where,

And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats
proudly in the air.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

“Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face—

He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace;
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadelquiver
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely
never.

Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with
white,

I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

“What aileth thee, Xarifa—what makes thine eyes look
down?

Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
I've heard you say on many a day, and sure you said the
truth,

Andalla rides without a peer among all Granada's youth:
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow:
Then rise—Oh! rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the
town!”

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
 Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the town ;
 But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers
 strove,
 And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa
 wove ;
 One bonny rose-bud she had traced before the noise drew
 nigh—
 That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow drooping from her eye—
 “ No, no !” she sighs, “ bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion
 down,
 To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town !”

“ Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down—
 Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing town ?
 Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people
 cry ;
 He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—O, why ?”
 —“ At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate ; in him shall I discover
 The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and
 was my lover ?
 I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
 To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town !”

ANONYMOUS. *Spanish.*

Translated by JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

—◆—

Faith.

BETTER trust all, and be deceived,
 And weep that trust and that deceiving,
 Than doubt one heart that if believed
 Had blest one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast
 The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth !
 Better be cheated to the last,
 Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Beauty and the Butterfly.

A S rising on its purple wing,
 The insect queen of Eastern spring
 O'er emerald meadows of Cashmere
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower,
 A weary chase and wasted hour ;
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye ;
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright and wing as wild ;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betrayed ;
 Woe waits the insect and the maid ;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play or man's caprice.
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought,
 Hath lost its charm from being caught ;
 For every touch that wooed its stay,
 Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing or bleeding breast,
 Ah, where shall either victim rest ?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before ?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower ?
 No, gayer insects fluttering by,
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die ;
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own ;
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame.

LORD BYRON.

Two Women.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
 'Twas near the twilight tide,
 And slowly there a lady fair
 Was walking in her pride—
 Alone walked she, yet viewlessly
 Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
 And Honor charmed the air ;
 And all astir looked kind on her,
 And called her good as fair ;—
 For all God ever gave to her
 She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
 From lovers warm and true ;
 For her heart was cold to all but gold,
 And the rich came not to woo :—
 Ah, honored well are charms to sell,
 If priests the selling do.

Now, walking there was one more fair—
 A slight girl, lily-pale ;
 And she had unſeen company
 To make the spirit quail :
 'Twixt want and scorn she walked forlorn,
 And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
 For this world's peace to pray ;
 For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
 Her woman's heart gave way !—
 And the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
 By man is cursed away !

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

The Spectre Boat.

LIGHT rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely maid forlorn,
 Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing
 cheek from scorn.

One night he dreamt he wooed her in their wonted bower of
 love,

Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and the birds
 sang sweet above.

But the scene was swiftly changed into a churchyard's dismal
 view,

And her lips grew black beneath his kiss from love's delicious
 hue:

What more he dreamt, he told to none; but, shuddering,
 pale, and dumb,

Looked out upon the waves like one that knew his hour was
 come.

'T was now the dead watch of the night—the helm was lashed
 a-lee,

And the ship rode where Mount Ætna lights the deep Levan-
 tine sea;

When beneath its glare a boat came, rowed by a woman in
 her shroud,

Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood up and
 spoke aloud:—

“Come, traitor, down, for whom my ghost still wanders
 unforgiven!

Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my peace
 with heaven!”

It was vain to hold the victim, for he plunged to meet her
 call,

Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing serpent's
 thrall.

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk launted from the
sight,
For the Spectre and her winding-sheet shone blue with
hideous light ;
Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her hand,
And round they went, and down they went, as the cock crew
from the land.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Bridge of Sighs.

“Drowned ! Drowned ?”—HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care !
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing !

Touch her not scornfully !
Think of her mournfully
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river ;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it !
Picture it—think of it !
Dissolute man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly—
Lift her with care !
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smoothe and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when, with the daring
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest !
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour !

THOMAS HOOD.

Song.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head.
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary ;
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid !
 It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow ;
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know ;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary !

A time will come with feeling fraught !
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary !
 And if returned from conquered foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose
 To my young bride and me, Mary !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Giving in Marriage.—(Songs of Seven.)

TO bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To watch, and then to lose :
 To see my bright ones disappear,
 Drawn up like morning dews.
 To bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To watch, and then to lose :—
 This have I done when God drew near
 Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
 And with thy lord depart,
 In tears that he, as soon as shed,
 Will let no longer smart.
 To hear, to heed, to wed,
 This while thou didst, I smiled ;
 For now it was not God who said,
 “ Mother, give ME thy child.”

O fond, O fool and blind,
 To God I gave with tears ;
 But when a man like grace would find,
 My soul put by her fears :—
 O fond, O fool and blind :
 God guards in happier spheres ;
 That man will guard where he did bind,
 Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
 Fair lot that maidens choose ;
 Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
 Thy face no more she views.
 Thy mother's lot, my dear,
 She doth in nought accuse :
 Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To love—and then to lose.

JEAN INGELOW

My Bird.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky
 A birdling sought my Indian nest,
 And folded, oh ! so lovingly,
 Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
 In winsome helplessness she lies ;
 Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
 Shut softly o'er her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird ;
 Broad earth owns not a happier nest ;
 O God ! thou hast a fountain stirred,
 Whose waters nevermore shall rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
 This seeming visitant from heaven,
 This bird with the immortal wing,
 To me, to me Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
 The blood its crimson hue, from mine :
 This life which I have dared invoke,
 Henceforth is parallel with Thine !

A silent awe is in my room,
 I tremble with delicious fear ;
 The future with its light and gloom,
 Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise ;
 Hear, O my God ! one earnest prayer ;
 Room for my bird in Paradise,
 And give her angel-plumage there !

EMILY C. JUDSON.

Philip, my King.

Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty?

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
 Philip, my King !
 For round thee the purple shadow lies
 Of babyhood's regal dignities.
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With love's invisible sceptre laden ;
 I am thine Esther to command,
 Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
 Philip, my King !

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
 Philip, my King !
 When those beautiful lips are suing,
 And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
 Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
 Sittest love-glorified !—Rule kindly,
 Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair ;
 For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,
 Philip, my King !

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
 Philip, my King !
 Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
 That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
 As to one God-throned amidst his peers.
 My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer
 Let me behold thee in coming years !
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
 Philip, my King—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm ! One day,
 Philip, my King !
 Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
 Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray ;
 Rebels within thee, and foes without,
 Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious
 Martyr, yet monarch ! till angels shout,
 As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
 " Philip, the King !"

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

The Children's Hour.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet ;
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway ;
 A sudden raid from the hall ;
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle-wall.

They climb up into my turret,
 O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
 If I try to escape they surround me,
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old mustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you into the dungeon,
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever—
 Yes, forever and a day ;
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And moulder in dust away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Angel Charlie

HE came—a beauteous vision—
 Then vanished from my sight ;
 His wing one moment cleaving
 The blackness of my night ;
 My glad ear caught its rustle,
 Then, sweeping by, he stole
 The dew-drop that his coming
 Had cherished in my soul.

Oh, he had been my solace
When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed ;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night-watches
'Twas ever by my side.

He came ; but as the blossom
Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest
Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold,
To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah, me ! the sweetness,
The anguish of that word !—
My boy, when in strange night-dreams
My slumbering soul is stirred ;
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh, tell me, is it thou ?

I know by one sweet token
My Charlie is not dead ;
One golden clue he left me
As on his track he sped ;
Were he some gem or blossom,
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

Oh, by this deathless yearning,
 Which is not idly given ;
 By the delicious nearness
 My spirit feels to heaven ;
 By dreams that throng my night-sleep,
 By visions of the day,
 By whispers when I'm erring,
 By promptings when I pray ;—

I know this life so cherished,
 Which sprang beneath my heart,
 Which formed of my own being
 So beautiful a part ;
 This precious, winsome creature,
 My unfledged, voiceless dove,
 Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
 And warbles lays of love.

Oh, I would not recall thee,
 My glorious angel-boy !
 Thou needest not my bosom,
 Rare bird of light and joy !
 Here dash I down the tear-drops
 Still gathering in my eyes ;
 Blest—oh how blest !—in adding
 A seraph to the skies !

EMILY C. JUDSON.

Song of Pitcairn's Island.

COME, take our boy, and we will go
 Before our cabin door ;
 The winds shall bring us, as they blow.
 The murmurs of the shore ;

And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I will sing him, as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore ;
I'll sing in his delighted ear
The island songs thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shalt teach ;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech :
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahiti's beach
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet :
Ah ! well for me they won thy gaze !
But thine were fairer yet !
I'm glad to see our infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
And when my sight is met
By his soft brow, and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come, talk of Europe's maids with me,
Whose neck and cheeks, they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
White foam, and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee well :
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet, like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls ;
 We lose the pleasant hours :
 'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls,
 That seat among the flowers ;
 And I will learn of thee a prayer
 To Him who gave a home so fair,
 A lot so blest as ours—
 The God who gave to thee and me
 This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

If Thou wert by my side.

IF thou wert by my side, my love,
 How fast would evening fail
 In green Bengala's palmy grove,
 Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
 My babies at my knee,
 How gayly would our pinnacle glide
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
 When, on our deck reclined,
 In careless ease my limbs I lay,
 And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
 My twilight steps I guide,
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
 The lingering noon to cheer,
 But miss thy kind, approving eye,
 Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

REGINALD HEBER.

The Soldier's Dream.

OUR bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us !—rest ; thou art weary and worn !—
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Stanzas to Augusta.

THOUGH the day of my destiny 's over,
 And the star of my fate hath declined,
 Thy soft heart refused to discover
 The faults which so many could find ;
 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
 It shrunk not to share it with me,
 And the love which my spirit hath painted
 It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
 The last smile which answers to mine,
 I do not believe it beguiling,
 Because it reminds me of thine ;
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,
 As the breasts I believed in with me,
 If their billows excite an emotion,
 It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave ;
 Though I feel that my soul is delivered
 To pain—it shall not be its slave.
 There is many a pang to pursue me ;
 They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
 'T is of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake ;
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
 Though slandered, thou never couldst shake.
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
 Though parted, it was not to fly ;
 Though watchful, 't was not to defame me,
 Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
 Nor the war of the many with one—
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
 'T was folly not sooner to shun ;
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,
 And more than I once could foresee,
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,
 It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past which hath perished
 Thus much I at least may recall :—
 It hath taught me that what I most cherished
 Deserved to be dearest of all.
 In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wild waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

LORD BYRON.

The Golden Wedding.

O LOVE, whose patient pilgrim feet
 Life's longest path have trod;
 Whose ministry hath symbolled sweet
 The dearer love of God;
 The sacred myrtle wreathes again
 Thine altar, as of old;
 And what was green with summer then,
 Is mellowed now to gold.

Not now, as then, the future's face
 Is flushed with fancy's light;
 But memory, with a milder grace,
 Shall rule the feast to-night.
 Blest was the sun of joy that shone,
 Nor less the blinding shower;
 The bud of fifty years ago
 Is love's perfected flower.

O memory, ope thy mystic door;
 O dream of youth, return;
 And let the light that gleamed of yore
 Beside this altar burn.
 The past is plain; 'twas love designed
 E'en sorrow's iron chain;
 And mercy's shining thread has twined
 With the dark warp of pain.

So be it still. O Thou who hast
 That younger bridal blest,
 Till the May-morn of love has passed
 To evening's golden west;
 Come to this later Cana, Lord,
 And, at thy touch divine,
 The water of that earlier board
 To-night shall turn to wine.

DAVID GRAY.

Farewell to his Wife.

FARE thee well! and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well;
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast by thee glanced over
Every inmost thought could show,
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
E'en its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not:
Love may sink by slow decay;
But, by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead ;
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
 When our child's first accents flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
 Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is pressed,
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
 Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults, perchance, thou knowest,
 All my madness none can know ;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,—
 Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;
 Pride, which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 E'en my soul forsakes me now.

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still ;
 Yet the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die!

LORD BYRON.

Watching.

SLEEP, love, sleep !
 The dusty day is done.
 Lo ! from afar the freshening breezes sweep
 Wide over groves of balm,
 Down from the towering palm,
 In at the open casement cooling run,
 And round thy lowly bed,
 Thy bed of pain,
 Bathing thy patient head,
 Like grateful showers of rain,
 They come ;
 While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
 Fan the sick air ;
 And pityingly the shadows come and go,
 With gentle human care,
 Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
 The night begun ;
 While prayerful watch I keep,
 Sleep, love, sleep !
 Is there no magic in the touch
 Of fingers thou dost love so much ?
 Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now ;
 Or, with its mute caress,
 The tremulous lip some soft nepenthe press
 Upon thy weary lid and aching brow ;
 While prayerful watch I keep,
 Sleep, love, sleep !

On the pagoda spire
 The bells are swinging,
 Their little golden circlet in a flutter
 With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,

Till all are ringing,
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing ;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear ;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn ;
So silent that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet after day's harsh din ;
Then boldly ventures out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricky, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly ;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky :
More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall ;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air ;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan ;
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt, alone.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

My Angel Guide.

I GAZED down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be ;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men ;
By his deep spirit loveliness
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way ;
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay ;
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So, hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel-love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky—
Strange, my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted—but to fly !

Again down life's dim labyrinth
 I grope my way alone.
 While wildly through the midnight sky
 Black hurrying clouds are blown,
 And thickly, in my tangled path,
 The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
 The goal cannot be far ;
 And ever through the rifted clouds
 Shines out one steady star ;
 For when my guide went up he left
 The pearly gates ajar.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

Old Folks.

AH ! don't be sorrowful, darling,
 And don't be sorrowful, pray ;
 Taking the year together, my dear,
 There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
 Time's waves, they heavily run ;
 But taking the year together, my dear,
 There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
 Our hearts, they are growing gray ;
 But taking the year all round, my dear,
 You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
 And our roses long ago ;
 And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
 For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,
 Of night as well as of day;
 And we feel and know that we can go
 Wherever He leads the way.

Ay! God of the night, my darling,
 Of the night of death so grim;
 The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
 Is the gate that leads to Him.

ANONYMOUS.

The Last Leaf.

I SAW him once before,
 As he passed by the door,
 And again
 The pavement stones resound,
 As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found
 By the crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
 And he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
 In their bloom ;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmama has said—
Poor old lady ! she is dead
 Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here :
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Bill and Joe.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
 Will steal an hour from days gone by ;
 The shining days when life was new,
 And all was bright with morning dew,—
 The lusty days of long ago,
 When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
 Proud as a cockerel's rainbow-tail ;
 And mine as brief appendix wear
 As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare :
 To-day, O friend, remember still
 That I am Joe, and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
 And grand you look in people's eyes,
 With H.O.N. and L.L.D.,
 In big, brave letters, fair to see,—
 Your fist, old fellow ! off they go !—
 How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You've won the judge's ermined robe,
 You've taught your name to half the globe ;
 You've sung mankind a deathless strain ;
 You've made the dead past live again :
 The world may call you what it will,
 But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare, and say,
 ' See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
 They talk like fellows in their teens !
 Mad, poor old boys ! That's what it means.
 And shake their heads : they little know
 The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe !

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
 While Joe sits smiling at his side;
 How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
 Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
 Those calm, stern eyes, that melt and fill
 As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame:
 A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
 A few swift years, and who can show
 Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
 Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
 While gaping thousands come and go,—
 How vain it seems, this empty show!
 Till all at once his pulses thrill:—
 'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
 The names that pleased our mortal ears,
 In some sweet lull of harp and song
 For earth-born' spirits none too long,
 Just whispering of the world below
 Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter: while our home is here,
 No sounding name is half so dear:
 When fades at length our lingering day,
 Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
 Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Youth and Age.

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
 Where hope clung feeding like a bee—
 Both were mine ! Life went a-Maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young !
 When I was young?—Ah, woful when.
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
 How lightly then it flashed along :
 Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide !
 Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
 When Youth and I lived in it together,

Flowers are lovely : Love is flower-like ;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
 O ! the joys that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah, woful ere,
 Which tells me Youth's no longer here !
 O youth ! for years so many and sweet
 'Tis known that Thou and I were one ;
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou art gone !
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled :
 And thou wert aye a masker bold !
 What strange disguise hast now put on
 To make believe that thou art gone ?

I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size :
 But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but thought : so think I will
 That youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve !
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve

When we are old :

—That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave,
 Like some poor nigh-related guest
 That may not rudely be dismissed,
 Yet hath outstayed his welcome-while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.



Life.

BETWEEN two worlds life hovers, like a star
 'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge :
 How little do we know that which we are !
 How less what we may be ! The eternal surge
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
 Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
 Lashed from the foam of ages ; while the graves
 Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

LORD BYRON,

On a Picture of Peel Castle in a Storm.

(Painted by Sir George Beaumont.)

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile !
Four summer-weeks I dwelt in sight of thee ;
I saw thee every day ; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !
So like, so very like was day to day !
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there ;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! It seemed no sleep,
No mood which season takes away or brings :
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! then if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream, —

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
Amid a world how different from this !
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile,
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet without toil or strife ;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made ;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been ;—'tis so no more ;
 I have submitted to a new control ;
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;
 A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been ;
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been the friend,
 If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate work !—yet wise and well,
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here :
 That hulk which labors in the deadly swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves
 —Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time—
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell, the heart that lives alone,
 Housed in a dream at distance from the kind !
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,
 Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome, fortitude and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne,
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here :—
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

When the canvas of his vessel
 Flutters to the favoring gale,
 Years of solitary exile
 Hid behind the sunny sail :
 When his pulses beat with ardor,
 And his sinews stretch for toil.
 And a hundred bold emprises
 Lure him to that eastern soil,—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the maiden
 Looks into her credulous eyes,
 And the heart upon the surface
 Shines too happy to be wise ;
 He by speeches less than gestures
 Hinteth what her hopes expound,
 Laying out the waste hereafter
 Like enchanted garden-ground ;
 He may falter—so do many ;
 She may suffer—so must all :
 Both may yet, world-disappointed,
 This lost hour of love recall,—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
 Greets the expectant bridal pair,
 And the vow that lasts till dying
 Vibrates on the sacred air ;
 When man's lavish protestations
 Doubts of after-change defy,
 Comforting the frailer spirit
 Bound his servitor for aye ;
 When beneath love's silver moonbeams
 Many rocks in shadow sleep,

Undiscovered, till possession
 Shows the danger of the deep,—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning,
 That is wrought by human skill ;
 Every daring emanation
 Of the mind's ambitious will :
 Every first impulse of passion,
 Gush of love or twinge of hate ;
 Every launch upon the waters
 Wide-horized by our fate ;
 Every venture in the chances
 Of life's sad, oft desperate game,
 Whatsoever be our motive,
 Whatsoever be our aim,—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

FRANCES BROWN.

Affliction one Day.

AFFLICTION one day, as she harked to the roar
 Of the stormy and struggling billow,
 Drew a beautiful form on the sands of the shore
 With the stem of a weeping willow.
 Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,
 As he roamed on the marge of the ocean,
 Breathed on the figure, and, calling it man,
 Endowed it with life and with motion.

A creature so wondrous in mind and in frame,
 So endowed with each parent's expression,
 Among them a point of contention became,
 Each claiming the right Of possession.

He is mine, said Affliction, I gave him his birth,
 I alone am his cause of creation :
 The material was furnished by me, answered Earth,
 I gave him, said Jove, animation.

So the Gods, all assembled in solemn divan
 To list to each claimant's petition,
 Pronounced their definitive sentence on man,
 And thus settled his fate's disposition :
 Let Affliction possess her own child till the woes
 Of life cease to harass and goad it,
 Then his body return to the earth whence it rose,
 And his spirit to Jove who bestowed it.

HORACE SMITH.

Lines on a Skeleton.

BEHOLD this ruin ! 't is a skull,
 Once of ethereal spirit full !
 This narrow cell was life's retreat,
 This space was thought's mysterious seat.
 What beauteous pictures filled this spot—
 What dreams of pleasure, long forgot !
 Nor grief, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
 Has left one trace of record here !

Beneath this mouldering canopy
 Once shone the bright and busy eye :
 Yet start not at that dismal void ;
 If social love that eye employed,
 If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
 But through the dew of kindness beamed,
 That eye shall be forever bright
 When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue :
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And, when it could not praise, was chained ;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When death unveils eternity !

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them :
But if the page of truth they sought,
And comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame !

Avails it whether bare or shod
Those feet the paths of duty trod ?
If from the bowers of joy they sped
To soothe affliction's humble bed ;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's lap returned,
Those feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky !

ANONYMOUS.

Youth, that Pursuest.

YOUTH, that pursuest, with such eager pace,
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race ;
Then stay ! oh stay !

Pause and luxuriate on thy sunny plain ;
 Loiter—enjoy ;
 Once past, thou never wilt come back again,
 A second boy.

The hills of manhood wear a noble face
 When seen from far ;
 The mist of light from which they take their grace,
 Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
 Thou canst not know ;
 And how it leads to regions never green,
 Dead fields of snow.

Pause while thou may'st, nor deem that fate thy gain,
 Which, all too fast,
 Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
 A man at last.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Maidenhood.

MAIDEN ! with the meek, brown eyes,
 In whose orbs a shadow lies,
 Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
 Golden tresses wreathed in one,
 As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
 On the brooklet's swift advance,
 On the river's broad expanse !



“Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes.”

Deep and still that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision,
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands—life hath snares ;
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June !

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather then each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O that dew like balm shall steal
 Into wounds that cannot heal,
 E'en as sleep our eyes doth seal:

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
 Into many a sunless heart,
 For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

She was a Phantom of Delight.

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament.
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn—
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature, not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food—
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death;

The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel-light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Lucy.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye !—
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh !
 The difference to me !

Three years she grew in sun and shower ;
 Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown ;
 This child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

" Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse ; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power,
 To kindle or restrain.

“ She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

“ The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend :
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

“ The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

“ And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

At the Window.

THE lady she sits at her window ;
 I sit at my window and look,
 And my fancies flock gladly toward her,
 As young swans flock forth to a brook,
 And I catch from her bright face the pleasure
 I draw from an affluent book.

I scarce know the name of the lady,
 She never has spoken to me ;
 But I know, by infallible symbols,
 That whatever her history be,
 Her soul is as brave as the mountains—
 Her heart is as deep as the sea.

Sometimes her white fingers fly deftly
 All day with the needle and thread ;
 And sometimes o'er lark-throated poems
 She droopeth her beautiful head ;
 And sometimes she waits on the people
 Whose custom assureth her bread.

For she is but a clerk, is this lady ;
 A salaried clerk in a store,
 With the blessing of labor upon her :
 (Not curse, as was written of yore.)
 And—judged by the palpable outward—
 I should hazard the guess she was poor.

But of comforts, and riches, and splendors,
 Which silver and gold cannot buy ;
 The things which make royal the forehead,
 Which set a delight in the eye,
 And crown us with glories and lustres
 As the stars of the Lord crown the sky—

Of these — the deep spiritual graces
Which give unto life its divine,
Transform with miraculous touches
The water of being to wine,
And quicken the sap of the human
Till the drear places blossom and shine —

She has crystalline caskets and coffers,
With broad open lips to receive
The silent ineffable helpings
God's angels are gladdened to give,
Beyond half the diademed princes,
And millionaired monarchs who live.

And something about her most subtly
Reminds me of daisies and birds :
Of smells of mown hay in the meadows,
Of sweet tunes to beautiful words ;
And of one who clung close to my bosom,
Before she was clasped to the Lord's.

Thus being so minded and bettered,
Because of the claims she has brought ;
The rest to my trouble of spirit,
The peace to the ache in my thought,
And the cooing of doves in the passions
Where devils have wrestled and wrought,

All paths which the lady may travel
My blessings shall conquer ; that so
No roughness may bruise her, no waters
Be bitter or brackish with woe,
While the blue heavens brood softly above her,
And the grass groweth greenly below.

RICHARD REALF.

Maud and Madge

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
 Their long bright tresses, one by one,
 As they laughed and talked in their chamber there,
 After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
 Idly they laughed like other girls,
 Who over the fire, when all is still,
 Comb out their braids and curls :

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
 Knots of flowers, and ribbons, too,
 Scattered about in every place,
 For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
 The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
 Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
 For the revel is done :—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
 Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
 Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
 And the little bare feet are cold :

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
 All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
 While the fire is out and the house is still,
 Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
 The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
 Curtained away from the chilly night.
 After the revel is done,

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lusters shimmering stream
In a palace's grand saloon,

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk.

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice, sweeter than others are,
Breaking in silvery speech ;

Telling through lips of bearded bloom
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lover's talk,
He claimeth one for his bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear !
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press.

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace -
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white !
 For you the revel has just begun ;
 But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
 The revel of Life is done !

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
 Queen of Heaven and bride of the sun,
 O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
 The kisses another hath won !

NORA PERRY.

Time's Changes.

I SAW her once—so freshly fair,
 That like a blossom just unfolding,
 She opened to life's cloudless air,
 And Nature joyed to view its moulding :
 Her smile, it haunts my memory yet ;
 Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing ;
 Her rosebud mouth, her eyes of jet,
 Around on all their light bestowing.
 Oh, who could look on such a form,
 So nobly free, so softly tender,
 And darkly dream that earthly storm
 Should dim such sweet, delicious splendor ?
 For in her mien, and in her face,
 And in her young step's fairy lightness,
 Nought could the raptured gazer trace
 But Beauty's glow and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an altered charm,
 But still of magic richest, rarest,
 Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
 Though yet of earthly sights the fairest :

Upon her breast she held a child,
 The very image of its mother,
 Which ever to her smiling smiled—
 They seemed to live but in each other.
 But matron cares or lurking woe
 Her thoughtless, sinless look had banished;
 And from her cheeks the roseate glow
 Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished;
 Within her eyes, upon her brow,
 Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
 As if in dreams some visioned woe
 Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
 In widow's garments had arrayed her;
 Yet beautiful she seemed to be
 As even my reveries portrayed her;
 The glow, the glance, had passed away,
 The sunshine and the sparkling glitter—
 Still, though I noted pale decay,
 The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
 For in their place a calmness dwelt,
 Serene, subduing, soothing, holy,
 In feeling which, the bosom felt
 That every louder mirth is folly—
 A pensiveness, which is not grief;
 A stillness, as of sunset streaming
 A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
 Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time--and unmoved she lay
 Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
 A glorious mould of fading clay,
 From whence the spark had fled forever!
 I gazed—my heart was like to burst—
 And, as I thought of years departed—
 The years wherein I saw her first,
 When she, a girl, was lightsome-hearted—

And as I mused on later days,
 When moved she in her ma.ron duty,
 A happy mother, in the blaze
 Of ripened hope and sunny beauty—
 I felt the chill—I turned aside—
 Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me ;
 And Being seemed a troubled tide,
 Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me !

DAVID M. MOIR.

Daughters of Toil.

O PALE with want and still despair,
 And faint with hastening others' gain !
 Whose finely fibered natures bear
 The double curse of work and pain ;
 Whose days are long with toil unpaid,
 And short to meet the crowding want ;
 Whose nights are short for rest delayed,
 And long for stealthy fears to haunt—

To whom my lady, hearing faint
 The distance-muffled cry of need,
 Grants, through some alms-dispensing saint,
 The cup of water, cold indeed ;
 The while my lord, pursuing gains
 Amid the market's sordid strife,
 With wageless labor from your veins
 Wrings out the warm, red wine of life,—

What hope for you that better days
 Shall climb the yet unreddened east ?
 When famine in the morning slays,
 Why look for joy at mid-day feast ?

Far shines the Good, and faintly throws
 A doubtful gleam through mist and rain ;
 But evil Darkness presses close
 His face against the window-pane.

What hope for you that mansions free
 Await in some diviner sphere,
 Whose sapphire walls can never be
 Devoured, like widows' houses here ?
 Too close these narrow walls incline,
 This slender daylight beams too pale,
 For Heaven's all-loving warmth to shine,
 Or God's blue tenderness avail.

O brothers ! sisters ! who would fain
 Some balm of healing help apply—
 Cheer some one agony of pain,
 One note of some despairing cry—
 Whose good designs uncertain wait,
 By tangled social bands perplexed,
 O, read the sacred sentence straight :
 Do justice first—love mercy next !

EVANGELINE M. JOHNSON.

The Convict Ship.

MORN on the waters !—and purple and bright
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light !
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on :
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
 And her pennant streams onward, like hope in the gale !
 The winds come around her in murmur and song,
 And the surges rejoice as they bear her along !

Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds,
 And the sailor sings gayly aloft in the shrouds;
 Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
 Over the waters—away and away—
 Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
 Passing away like a dream of the heart!
 Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
 Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below?

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
 Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky;
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,
 Turning the clouds as they pass her to light.—
 Look to the waters—asleep on their breast,
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
 Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
 A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
 That so lovely a thing is a mansion of sin,
 And hearts that are smitten lie bursting within?
 Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
 Hearts that are parted and broken forever?
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life while it passes along,
 Like a vessel at sea amid sunshine and song!
 Gayly we glide in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat and with canvas unfurled;

All gladness and glory to wondering eyes—
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs,
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on—just to cover our tears;
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below:
 And the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

When from the Heart.

WHEN from the heart where Sorrow sits
 Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
 And o'er the changing aspect flits,
 And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
 Heed not the gloom that soon shall sink,
 My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
 Back to my heart the captives shrink,
 And bleed within their silent cell.

LORD BYRON.

The Long-Ago.

YES, which can but ill define
 Shapes that rise about and near,—
 Through the far horizon's line
 Stretch a vision free and clear;
 Memories, feeble to retrace
 Yesterday's immediate flow,—
 Find a dear familiar face
 In each hour of Long ago.

Follow yon majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown ;
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown :
Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land,
In the plains of Long-ago.

As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy ;
So, remindful of the prime,
Spirits wandering to and fro,
Rest upon the resting-time
In the peace of Long-ago.

Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure desire
On the altars it bereaves ;
But the light that fills the Past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower.
Thoughts, that hardly flourish here,
Feelings, long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
 Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
 Where the passion-waves of yore
 Fiercely beat and mounted high ;
 Sorrows—that are sorrows still—
 Lose the bitter taste of woe ;
 Nothing's altogether ill
 In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
 Ghastly tenements of tears,
 Wear the look of happy shrines
 Through the golden mist of years ;
 Death, to those who trust in good,
 Vindicates his hardest blow ;
 Oh ! we would not, if we could,
 Wake the sleep of Long-ago !

Though the doom of swift decay
 Shocks the soul where life is strong ;
 Though for frailer hearts the day
 Lingers sad and overlong :—
 Still the weight will find a leaven,
 Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
 While the future has its Heaven,
 And the past its Long-ago.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Sunken Treasures.

WHEN the uneasy waves of life subside,
 And the soothed ocean sleeps in glassy rest,
 I see, submerged beyond or storm or tide,
 The treasures gathered in its greedy breast.

There still they shine through the translucent Past,
Far down on that forever quiet floor ;
No fierce upheaval of the deep shall cast
Them back—no wave shall wash them to the shore.

I see them gleaming, beautiful as when
Erewhile they floated, convoys of my fate ;
The barks of lovely women, noble men,
Full-sailed with hope, and stored with Love's own freight

The sunken ventures of my heart as well
Look up to me, as perfect as at dawn ;
My golden palace heaves beneath the swell
To meet my touch, and is again withdrawn.

There sleep the early triumphs, cheaply won,
That led Ambition to his utmost verge ;
And still his visions, like a drowning sun,
Send up receding splendors through the surge.

There wait the recognitions, the quick ties,
Whence the heart knows its kin, wherever cast ;
And there the partings, when the wistful eyes
Caress each other as they look their last.

There lie the summer eves, delicious eves,
The soft green valleys drenched with light divine,
The lisping murmurs of the chestnut leaves,
The hand that lay, the eyes that looked in mine.

There lives the hour of fear and rapture yet,
The perilled climax of the passionate years ;
There still the rains of wan December wet
A naked mound—I cannot see for tears !

There are they all ; they do not fade or waste,
Lapped in the arms of the embalming brine ;
More fair than when their beings mine embraced,—
Of nobler aspect, beauty more divine

I see them all, but stretch my hands in vain ;
 No deep-sea plummet reaches where they rest ;
 No cunning diver shall descend the main,
 And bring a single jewel from its breast.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

— — —

Oft, in the Stilly Night.

OFT, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me ;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather ;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

Among the Beautiful Pictures.

A MONG the beautiful pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth best of all ;
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
 Dark with the mistletoe ;
 Not for the violets golden
 That sprinkle the vale below ;
 Not for the milk-white lilies
 That lean from the fragrant ledge,
 Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
 And stealing their golden edge ;
 Not for the vines on the upland,
 Where the bright red berries rest ;
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
 It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
 With eyes that were dark and deep ;
 In the lap of that old dim forest
 He lieth in peace asleep ;
 Light as the down of the thistle,
 Free as the winds that blow,
 We roved there the beautiful summers,
 The summers of long ago ;
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,
 And one of the autumn eves
 I made for my little brother
 A bed of they ellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
 My neck in a meek embrace,
 As the light of immortal beauty
 Silently covered his face ;

And when the arrows of sunset
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
 Asleep by the gates of light.
 Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

When on my Bed.

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

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

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

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

ALFRED TENNYSON.

How Many now are Dead to Me.

HOW many now are dead to me,
That live to others yet !
How many are alive to me,
Who crumble in their graves, nor see
That sickening, sinking look which we,
Till dead, can ne'er forget !

Beyond the blue seas far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison, far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never hope nor comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me,
Though months and years have passed.
In some lone hour his sigh to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee,
And then his form and face I see,
As when I saw him last.

And one with a bright lip, and cheek,
And eye, is dead to me :
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek !
His heart was cold, for it did not break ;
His lip was dead, for it did not speak,
And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb,
And for the dead the smile ;
Engrave oblivion on the tomb
Of pulseless life, and senseless bloom :—
Dim is such glare, but bright the gloom
Around the funeral pile.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

Break, Break, Break.

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O well for the sailor lad
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
 To the haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*Too Late.*

"Ah! si la jeunesse savait—si la vieillesse pouvait!"

THERE sat an old man on a rock,
 And unceasing bewailed him of Fate—
 That concern where we all must take stock,
 Though our vote has no hearing or weight;
 And the old man sang him an old, old song—
 Never sang voice so clear and strong
 That it could drown the old man's long,
 For he sang the song "too late! too late!"

" When we want, we have for our pains
 The promise that if we but wait
 Till the want has burned out of our brains,
 Every means shall be present to sate ;
 While we send for the napkin the soup gets cold,
 While the bonnet is trimming the face grows old,
 When we've matched our buttons the pattern is sold,
 And everything comes too late—too late !

" When strawberries seemed like red heavens—
 Terrapin stew a wild dream—
 When my brain was at sixes and sevens
 If my mother had ' folks' and ice-cream,
 Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger
 At the restaurant man and fruit-monger—
 But oh ! how I wished I were younger
 When the goodies all came in a stream ! in a stream !

" I've a splendid blood horse, and—a liver
 That it jars into torture to trot ;
 My row-boat's the gem of the river—
 Gout makes every knuckle a knot !
 I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,
 But no palate for *mènes*—no eyes for a dome—
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home,
 When no home but an attic he'd got—he'd got !

" How I longed, in that lonest of garrets,
 Where the tiles baked my brains all July,
 For ground to grow two pecks of carrots,
 Two pigs of my own in a sty,
 A rose-bush—a little thatched cottage—
 Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage !—
 Now in freestone I sit—and my dotage—
 With a woman's chair empty close by—close by !

“ Ah ! now, though I sit on a rock,
 I have shared one seat with the great ;
 I have sat—knowing nought of the clock—
 On love’s high throne of state ;
 But the lips that kissed, and the arms that caressed,
 To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,
 And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed
 Had they only not come too late ! too late !”

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

Longing.

OF all the myriad moods of mind
 That through the soul come thronging,
 Which one was e’er so dear, so kind,
 So beautiful as longing?
 The thing we long for that we are
 For one transcendent moment ;
 Before the present, poor and bare,
 Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife
 Glows down our wished Ideal ;
 And longing moulds in clay what life
 Carves in the marble Real ;
 To let the new life in, we know,
 Desire must ope the portal ;
 Perhaps the longing to be so
 Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God’s fresh heavenward will
 With our poor earthward striving ;
 We quench it that we may be still
 Content with merely living ;

But would we know that heart's full scope,
 Which we are hourly wronging,
 Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
 And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
 Good God not only reckons
 The moments when we tread his ways,
 But when the spirit beckons;
 That some slight good is also wrought
 Beyond self-satisfaction,
 When we are simply good in thought,
 Howe'er we fail in action.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

Each and All.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
 Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
 The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
 Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
 The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
 Deems not that great Napoleon
 Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
 Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height.
 Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
 All are needed by each one—
 Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
 He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
 For I did not bring home the river and sky;
 He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed ;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage ;
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, " I covet truth ;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat ;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs ;
I inhaled the violet's breath ;
Around me stood the oaks and firs ;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity ;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird ;
Beauty through my senses stole—
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH W. EMERSON.

Qua Cursum Ventus

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night unsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied ;
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered ;
 Ah ! neither blame, for neither willed
 Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! in light, in darkness too !
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas !
 Though ne'er—that earliest parting past,—
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—
 One purpose hold where'er they fare ;
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
 At last, at last, unite them there !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Divided.

AN empty sky, a world of heather,
 Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom :
 We two among them wading together,
 Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
 Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet :
 'Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
 Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
 Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
 'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
 Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,
 And short dry grass under foot is brown.
 But one little streak at a distance lieth
 Green, like a ribbon, to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
 And God, He knoweth how blithe we were
 Never a voice to bid us eschew it ;
 Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair !

Hey the green ribbon ! we kneeled beside it,
 We parted the grasses dewy and sheen ;
 Drop over drop there filtered and slided
 A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
 Light was our talk as of faëry belis—
 Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to us,
 Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
 We lapped the grass on that youngling spring,
 Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
 And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows ;
 Circling above us the black rooks fly,
 Forward, backward : lo, their dark shadows
 Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck—for her long grass parteth,
 As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back :
 And lo, the sun like a lover darteth
 His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on ! we sing in the glorious weather,
 Till one steps over the tiny strand,
 So narrow, in sooth, that still together
 On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.
 On either margin, our songs all done,
 We move apart, while she singeth ever,
 Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow ;
 I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come :
 We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow ;
 Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb

IV.

A breathing sigh—a sigh for answer ;
 A little talking of outward things :
 The careless beck is a merry dancer,
 Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider—

“Cross to me now, for her wavelets swell :”
 “I may not cross”—and the voice beside her
 Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path ; ah ! no returning :

No second crossing that ripple’s flow :
 “Come to me now, for the west is burning :
 Come ere it darkens.”—“Ah, no ! ah, no !”

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—

The beck grows wider and swift and deep ;
 Passionate words as of one beseeching—
 The loud beck drowns them : we walk and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
 A tired queen with her state oppressed,
 Low by rushes and sword-grass stooping,
 Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness ;
 Her earth will weep her some dewy tears ;
 The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
 And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places,
 On either marge of the moonlit flood,
 With the moon’s own sadness in our faces,
 Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
 A little piping of leaf-hid birds ;
 A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
 A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where the kids are tethered,
 Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined ;
 Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
 Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
 When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide ;
 A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
 The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,
 On she goes under fruit-laden trees ;
 Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
 And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the river ;
 Up comes the lily and dries her bell ;
 But two are walking apart forever,
 And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding ;
 The river hasteth, her banks recede ;
 Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
 Bear down the lily, and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing—
 (Shouts of mariners winnow the air)—
 And level sands for banks endowing
 The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart ! as white sails shiver,
 And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
 How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
 That moving speck on the far-off side !

Farther, farther—I see it—know it—
 My eyes brim over, it melts away :
 Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
 As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly,—
 A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
 I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
 Yea, better—e'en better than I love him ;

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
 The awful river so dread to see,
 I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
 Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."
 JEAN INGELOW.

To-day and To-morrow.

HIGH hopes that burn like stars sublime,
 Go down the heavens of freedom ;
 And true hearts perish in the time
 We bitterliest need 'em !
 But never sit we down and say,
 " There 's nothing left but sorrow :"
 We walk the Wilderness to-day—
 The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now ;
 There are no flowers blooming !
 But life burns in the frozen bough,
 And Freedom's spring is coming !
 And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
 Though we may strand in sorrow ;
 And our good bark, aground to-day,
 Shall float again to-morrow !

Through all the long, drear night of years
 The people's cry ascendeth,
 And earth is wet with blood and tears,
 But our meek suffering eructeth !
 The few shall not forever sway,
 The many toil in sorrow :
 The powers of hell are strong to-day,
 But Christ shall rise to-morrow !

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
 With smiling futures glisten :
 For lo ! our day bursts up the skies—
 Lean out our souls and listen !
 The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
 And ripens with her sorrow :
 Keep heart ! who bear the cross to-day
 Shall wear the crown to-morrow !

O Youth, flame-earnest, still aspire
 With energies immortal !
 To many a heaven of desire
 Our yearning opes a portal !
 And though Age wearies by the way,
 And hearts break in the furrow,
 We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
 The harvest comes to-morrow .

Build up heroic lives, and all
 Be like the sheathen sabre,
 Ready to flash out at God's call—
 O ! Chivalry of labor !
 Triumph and Toil are twins—and aye
 Joy suns the cloud of sorrow ;
 And 't is the martyrdom to-day
 Brings victory to-morrow !

GERALD MASSEY.

The Present.

DO not crouch to-day, and worship
 The old Past whose life is fled:
 Hush your voice with tender reverence;
 Crowned he lies, but cold and dead:
 For the Present reigns our monarch,
 With an added weight of hours:
 Honor her, for she is mighty!
 Honor her, for she is ours!

See, the shadows of his heroes
 Girt around her cloudy throne;
 Every day the ranks are strengthened
 By great hearts to him unknown;
 Noble things the great Past promised;
 Holy dreams, both strange and new;
 But the Present shall fulfill them,
 What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
 She is heir to all his fame;
 And the light that lightens round her
 Is the lustre of his name.
 She is wise with all his wisdom,
 Living on his grave she stands;
 On her brow she bears his laurels,
 And his harvest in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
 If we thus her glory dim?
 Let us fight for her as nobly
 As our fathers fought for him.
 God, who crowns the dying ages,
 Bids her rule and us obey:—
 Bids us cast our lives before her,
 Bids us serve the great To-day.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Is it Come?

IS it come? they said, on the banks of the Nile,
 Who looked for the world's long-promised day,
 And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil
 With the desert's sand and the granite gray.
 From the Pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,
 We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
 They tell us of the tyrant's dread:—
 Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his starry lore,
 And built up Babylon's crown and creed;
 And bricks were stamped on the Tigris' shore
 With signs which our sages scarce can read.
 From Ninus' temple and Nimrod's tower,
 The rule of the old East's empire spread
 Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—
 But still, Is it come? the watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshiped flame
 O'er the ancient bondage its splendor threw;
 And once, on the West a sunrise came,
 When Greece to her freedom's trust was true:
 With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
 With human gods, and with god-like men,
 No marvel the far-off day seemed near
 To eyes that looked through her laurels then.

The Romans conquered and reveled too,
 Till honor, and faith, and power were gone;
 And deeper old Europe's darkness grew
 As, wave after wave, the Goth came on.
 The gown was learning, the sword was law;
 The people served in the oxen's stead;
 But ever some gleam the watcher saw—
 And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and seer that question caught,
 Above the din of life's fears and frets ;
 It marched with letters, it toiled with thought,
 Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets.
 And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
 And traders barter our world away—
 Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
 And still at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace
 Of all the sunshine so far foretold ;
 The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—
 The age is weary with work and gold ;
 And high hopes wither, and memories wane ;
 On hearth and altars the fires are dead ;
 But that brave faith hath not lived in vain—
 And this is all that our watcher said.

FRANCES BROWN.

A Song for the New Year.

THE sea sings the song of the ages ;
 The mountain stands mutely sublime ;
 While the blank of Eternity's pages
 Is filled by the fingers of Time.
 But Man robs the sea of its wonder,
 Making syllabled speech of its roar ;
 He rendeth the mountain asunder,
 And rolleth his wheels through its core ;
 He delveth deep down for earth's treasure,
 And every locked secret unbars ;
 He scanneth the heavens at pleasure,
 And writeth his name on the stars.

But purpose is weaker than passion,
 And patience is dearer than blood ;
 And his face groweth withered and ashen
 Ere he findeth and graspeth the good.

He pursueth the phantom of beauty,
Or peddleth his valor for pelf;—
Till the iron of merciless duty
Has crashed through the armor of self.
He soweth the life of his brother;
He wasteth the half of his soul;—
The harvest is reaped by another,
And Death dippeth deep for his toll.

So the march of triumphal procession,
That Science is fain to begin,
Is hindered with painful digression
Of ignorance, folly, and sin.
Through mazes of needless confusion
The story of Freedom must bend;
And the grandest and simplest conclusion
Go stumbling along to its end.
Yet a year does not slide o'er the border
Of time, but some progress it shows;
And a lustrum proves prescience and order—
Thus the drama creeps on to its close.

If the blood that was weaker than water
Too thinly and sluggishly ran,
Lo! the wine of the vintage of slaughter
Giveth strength to the sinews of man;
And the shout of a lusty young nation
Now greets his gray brothers with glee,
And the swell of its ringing vibration
Sweeps over the isles of the sea;
While Liberty looks for a morrow
That promiseth joyous increase,
As waneth her midnight of sorrow,
And waxeth her morning of peace!

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

A Psalm of Life.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream ;
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem !"

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal :
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act, act in the living Present,
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time :

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Know Thyself.

ΓΝΩΘΙ σεαυτόν! And is this the prime
 And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time?
 Say, can'st thou make thyself? Learn first that trade:
 Haply thou may'st know what thyself had made.
 What hast thou, Man, that thou dost call thine own?
 What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?
 Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
 A phantom dim, of past and future wrought,
 Vain sister of the worm, life, death, soil, clod.
 Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

The Day's Ration.

WHEN I was born,
 From all the seas of strength Fate filled a chalice,
 Saying, "This be thy portion, child; this chalice,
 Less than a lily's, thou shalt daily draw
 From my great arteries—nor less nor more."
 All substances the cunning chemist Time
 Melts down into that liquor of my life—

Friends, foes, joys, fortunes, beauty, and disgust ;
 And whether I am angry or content,
 Indebted or insulted, loved or hurt,
 All he distills into sidereal wine,
 And brims my little cup ; heedless, alas !
 Of all he sheds, how little it will hold,
 How much rains over on the desert sands.
 If a new Muse draw me with splendid ray,
 And I uplift myself into its heaven,
 The needs of the first sight absorb my blood,
 And all the following hours of the day
 Drag a ridiculous age.
 To-day, when friends approach, and every hour
 Brings book, or star-bright scroll of genius,
 The little cup will hold not a bead more,
 And all the costly liquor runs to waste ;
 Nor gives the jealous lord one diamond-drop,
 So to be husbanded for future days.
 Why need I volumes, if one word suffice ?
 Why need I galleries, when a pupil's draught,
 After the master's sketch, fills and o'erfills
 My apprehension ? Why seek Italy,
 Who cannot circumnavigate the sea
 Of thoughts and things at home, but still adjourn
 The nearest matters for a thousand days ?

RALPH W. EMERSON.

Extract.

MY genial spirits fail ;
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?
 It were a vain endeavor,
 Though I should gaze forever
 On that green light that lingers in the west,
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does Nature live ;
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud,
 And would we aught behold of higher worth
 Than that inanimate, cold world, allowed
 To the poor, loveless, ever anxious crowd,
 Ah, from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair, luminous cloud,
 Enveloping the earth :
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

The Haunted Palace.

IN the greenest of our valleys,
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace—
 Radiant palace—reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion
 It stood there :
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow ;
 (This, all this was in the olden
 Time, long ago) ;
 And every gentle air that dallied
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A winged odor, went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where sitting,
(Porphyrogene !)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things in robes of sorrow
Assailed the monarch's high estate :
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate !)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody ;
While, like a rapid, ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

EDGAR A. POE.

The Sunken City.

HARK! the faint bells of the sunken city
 Peal once more their wonted evening chime!
 From the deep abysses floats a ditty
 Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
 There lie buried in an ocean grave,—
 Undescried, save when the golden glories
 Gleam at sunset through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,
 In whose ears those magic bells do sound,—
 Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
 Though death lowers behind each dark rock round

So the bells of Memory's wonder-city
 Peal for me their old melodious chime,
 So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
 Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy-built,
 There lie lost to daylight's garish beams,—
 There lie hidden till unveiled and gilded,
 Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upwelling
 From full many a well-known phantom band,
 And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling,
 Far off in the spirit's luminous land!

WILHELM MUELLER.

Translation of JAMES C. MANGAN.

Fancy in Nubibus.

O H, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
 Of a friend's fancy ; or, with head bent low,
 And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold,
 'Twixt crimson banks ; and then, a traveller, go
 From mount to mount, through Cloudland, gorgeous land !
 Or, listening to the tide with closèd sight,
 Be that blind Bard, who on the Chian strand,
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne ;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold ;
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

Imagination.

I NEVER may believe
 These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
 Are of imagination all compact :
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;—
 That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
 And as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Ode.*

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY
 CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 .Apparelled in celestial light—
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore :
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose ;
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief ;
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong.
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep--
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng ;
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep.
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity ;
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 shepherd boy !

IV.

Ye blessed creatures ! I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal —
The fullness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
 O evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 —But there's a tree, of many one,
 A single field which I have looked upon—
 Both of them speak of something that is gone;
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat.
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar.
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home!
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy;
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
 He sees it in his joy.
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day,

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind ;
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses—
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art—
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral—
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part—
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity !
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage ! thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind !—
 Mighty prophet ! Seer blest,
 On whom those truths do rest
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave !
 Thou over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by !
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX.

 O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not, indeed,
 For that which is most worthy to be blest—
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings,
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised—
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never—
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither—
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound !
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower—
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind :
 In the primal sympathy
 Which, having been, must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet ;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Hermit.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove ;
 'T was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man :

“ Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay—
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away !
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

“ Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays ;
 But lately I marked when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again !
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
 Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

“ 'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more.
 I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
 Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn—
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save ;
 But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn ?
 O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave ?”

“ ’T was thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
‘ O pity, great Father of light,’ then I cried,
‘ Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee !
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.’

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

JAMES BEATTIE.

The First Voices of Paradise.

WHAT was ’t awakened first the untuned ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind ?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sear ?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined ?
The note of bird unnamed ? The startled hind
Bursting the brake in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord ? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet ?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet ?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound ?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The Bells.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells—
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night !
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

 Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight
 From the molten-golden notes !
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

 Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !

In the silence of the night
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats,
 Is a groan :
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls !
 And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A pæan from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells !
 And he dances and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

The Raven.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
door.

“’T is some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber
door :

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the
floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain,

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before ;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood re-
peating,

“’T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door :
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger : hesitating then no longer,
 " Sir," said I, " or Madam, truly vour forgiveness I implore ;
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 ping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
 door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide
 the door ;—
 Darkness there, and nothing more !

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wonder-
 ing, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
 before ;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no
 token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word
 " Lenore !"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word
 " Lenore !"
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
 burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat louder than before.
 " Surely," said I, " surely that is something at my window-
 lattice ;
 Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;—
 'T is the wind, and nothing more !"

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
 flutter,
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he ; not an instant stopped or
 stayed he ;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 “Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said,
 “art sure no craven ;
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore !
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night’s Plutonian shore !”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore !”

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
 With such name as “Nevermore !”

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-pour.
 Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown before—
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.”

Then the bird said, “Nevermore !”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
 store,
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful dis-
 aster
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden
 bore,—
 Till the dirges of his hope one melancholy burden bore,
 Of—"Never—nevermore!"

But—the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,—
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and
 bust, and door;
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
 of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
 core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
 o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating
 o'er,
 She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an
 unseen censer,
 Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
 floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these
 angels he hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
 Lenore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
In this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I im-
plore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Le-
nore;

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked,
upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
 dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on
 the floor ;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
 floor
 Shall be lifted—*nevermore !*

EDGAR A. POE.

My Thirty-sixth Year.

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824.

'T IS time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move :
 Yet though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf,
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone :
 The worm, the canker, and the grief,
 Are mine alone !

The fire that in my bosom preys
 Is like to some volcanic isle :
 No torch is kindled at its blaze—
 A funeral pile !

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of Love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain !

But 't is not *thus*—and 't is not *here*—
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece around me see!
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 Was not more free!

Awake!—not Greece—she is awake!—
 Awake my spirit! Think through whom
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down
 Unworthy manhood,—unto thee
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, why live?
 The land of honorable death
 Is here:—up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.

LORD BYRON

Losses.

UPON the white sea-sand
 There sat a pilgrim band,
 Telling the losses that their lives had known;
 While evening waned away
 From breezy cliff and bay,
 And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
 Of a fair freighted ship,
 With all his household to the deep gone down ;
 But one had wilder woe—
 For a fair face long ago
 Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
 With a most loving ruth,
 For its brave hopes and memories ever green ;
 And one upon the West
 Turned an eye that would not rest,
 For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
 Some of proud honors told,
 Some spake of friends that were their trust no more ;
 And one of a green grave
 Beside a foreign wave,
 That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
 There spake among them one,
 A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free :
 “ Sad losses have ye met,
 But mine is heavier yet ;
 For a believing heart hath gone from me.”

“ Alas !” these pilgrims said,
 “ For the living and the dead—
 For fortune’s cruelty, for love’s sore cross,
 For the wrecks of land and sea !
 But, however it came to thee,
 Thine, stranger, is life’s last and heaviest loss.”

FRANCES BROWN.

Going Out and Coming In.

IN that home was joy and sorrow, where an infant first
 drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing near unto the gates of
 death
 His feeble pulse was failing and his eye was growing dim,—
 He was standing on the threshold when they brought the
 babe to him :
 While to murmur forth a blessing on the little one he tried,
 In his trembling arms he raised it, pressed it to his lips—
 and died !
 An awful darkness resteth on the path they both begin,
 Who thus meet upon the threshold—Going out and Coming
 in !

Going out unto the triumph, coming in unto the fight :
 Coming in unto the darkness, going out unto the light,—
 Although the shadow deepened in the moment of eclipse,
 When he passed through the dread portal with a blessing on
 his lips :
 And to him who bravely conquers as he conquered in the
 strife,
 Life is but the way of dying, death is but the gate of life.
 Yet awful darkness resteth on the path we all begin,
 When we meet upon the threshold—Going out and Coming
 in.

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

For a Timepiece.

NOW!—it is gone. Our brief hours travel post,
 Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How ;—
 But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost,
 To dwell within thee—an eternal Now !

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

Weariness.

O LITTLE feet ! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load ;
I, nearer to the wayside Inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road !

O little hands ! that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask ;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat
With such impatient feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires ;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls ! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine ;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Presumption and Despair.

ONE time I was allowed to steer
Through realms of azure light :
Henceforth, I said, I need not fear
A lower, meaner flight ;
But here shall evermore abide
In light and splendor glorified.

My heart one time the rivers fed,
Large dews upon it lay ;
A freshness it has won, I said,
Which shall not pass away ;
But what it is, it shall remain,
Its freshness to the end retain.

But when I lay upon the shore,
Like some poor wounded thing,
I deemed I should not evermore
Refit my shattered wing ;
Nailed to the ground and fastened there,
This was the thought of my despair.

And when my very heart seemed dried,
And parched as summer dust,
Such still I deemed it must abide,
No hope had I, no trust
That any power again could bless
With fountains that waste wilderness.

But if both hope and fear were vain,
And came alike to naught,
Two lessons we from this may gain,
If aught can teach us aught :—
One lesson rather to divide
Between our fearfulness and pride.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

Extreme Unction.

GO! leave me, Priest; my soul would be
 Alone with the consoler, Death;
 Far sadder eyes than thine will see
 This crumbling clay yield up its breath:
 These shriveled hands have deeper stains
 Than holy oil can cleanse away—
 Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains,
 As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes
 Some faith from youth's traditions wrung;
 This fruitless husk which dustward dries,
 Has been a heart once, has been young;
 On this bowed head the awful Past
 Once laid its consecrating hands;
 The Future in its purpose vast
 Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look! whose shadows block the door?
 Who are those two that stand aloof?
 See! on my hands this freshening gore
 Writes o'er again its crimson proof!
 My looked-for death-bed guests are met;—
 There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
 And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
 The ghost of my Ideal stands!

God bends from out the deep and says—
 "I gave thee the great gift of life
 Wast thou not called in many ways?
 Are not my earth and heaven at strife?
 I gave thee of my seed to sow,
 Bringest thou me my hundred-fold?"
 Can I look up with face aglow,
 And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

I have been innocent ; God knows,
When first this wasted life began,
Not grape with grape more kindly grows
Than I with every brother-man ;
Now here I gasp ; what lose my kind,
When this fast-ebbing breath shall part ?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart ?

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth
Without a place to lay his head ;
He found free welcome at my hearth,
He shared my cup and broke my bread ;
Now, when I hear those steps sublime,
That bring the other world to this,
My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,
Starts sideway with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, " Another man shall be :"
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of himself to fashion me ;
He sunned me with his ripening looks,
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for fourscore years
A spark of the eternal God ;
And to what end ? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses given ?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track
Whereby to crawl away from heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
 To see a soul just set adrift
 On that drear voyage from whose night
 The ominous shadows never lift ;
 But 't is more awful to behold
 A helpless infant newly born,
 Whose little hands unconscious hold
 The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once ; I flung away
 Those keys that might have open set
 The golden sluices of the day,
 But clutch the keys of darkness yet ;—
 I hear the reapers singing go
 Into God's harvest ; I, that might
 With them have chosen, here below
 Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once was mine !
 O high ideal ! all in vain
 Ye enter at this ruined shrine
 Whence worship ne'er shall rise again ;
 The bat and owl inhabit here,
 The snake nests in the altar-stone,
 The sacred vessels moulder near,—
 The image of the god is gone.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From the Persian.

O N parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled,
 So live that, sinking to thy last long sleep,
 Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep !

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Retribution.

ἸΟψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά.

("The mills of the gods grind late, but they grind fine.")

GREEK POET.

THE ABOVE PARAPHRASED.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
exceeding small:
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness
grinds he all.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Careless seems the Great Avenger; history's pages but
record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the
Word:
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim un-
known
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His
own!

JAMES R. LOWELL.

My Life is like the Summer Rose.

MY life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see,—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
 Its hold is frail,—its date is brief,
 Restless and soon to pass away!
 Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree—
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand,
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that low shore loud moans the sea,
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

When I do Count the Clock.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Good Great Man.

HOW seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
 Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains !
 It seems a story from the world of spirits
 When any man obtains that which he merits,
 Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend ! renounce this idle strain !
 What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ?
 Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
 Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain ?
 Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man ? Three treasures—love, and light,
 And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath ;
 And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death ?

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

On His Blindness.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide—
 “Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ?”
 I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies : “God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.”

JOHN MILTON.

To Cyriack Skinner.

CYRIACK, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot :
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man or woman, yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

JOHN MILTON.

*Virtue.*

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky !
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in the grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Lycidas.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due ;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 Begin, then, Sisters of the Sacred Well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse ;
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destined urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud ;
 For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
 Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute ;
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone—
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes, mourn ;
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream—
 Ay me ! I fondly dream !
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal Nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble minds) *
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
 But now my oar proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea;
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
 And questioned every gust of rugged winds
 That blows from off each beakèd promontory;
 They knew not of his story;
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,
 Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.
 Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean Lake;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
 He shook his mitered locks, and stern bespake:
 How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? what need they? they are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said:—
 But that two-handed engine at the door,
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth !
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful Shepherds, weep no more !
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON.

Henry Kirke White.

UNHAPPY White ! while life was in its spring,
 And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
 Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there.
 O what a noble heart was there undone,
 When Science' self destroyed her favorite son !
 Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit ;
 She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit.
 'T was thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
 So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivers at his heart.

Keen were his pangs ; but keener far to feel
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
 While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
 Drank the last life-drop from his bleeding breast !

LORD BYRON.

Hymn to Adversity.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, designed,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern, rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore ;
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend ;
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

O ! gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand,
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,
 (As by the impious thou art seen,)
 With thundering voice and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound, my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THOMAS GRAY.

Resignation.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there ;
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacan: chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient ; these severe afflictions
 Not from the ground arise ;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
 Amid these earthly damps ;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so is transition :
 This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
 But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
 In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
 The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
 For when, with raptures wild,
 In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace ;
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
 And anguish long suppressed,
 The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
 That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We cannot wholly stay ;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
 The grief that must have way.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



My Child.

I CANNOT make him dead !
 His fair sunshiny head
 Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
 Yet when my eyes, now dim
 With tears, I turn to him,
 The vision vanishes—he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,
 And, through the open door,
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;
 I'm stepping toward the hall
 To give the boy a call ;
 And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;
 A satcheled lad I meet,
 With the same beaming eyes and colored hair ;
 And, as he 's running by,
 Follow him with my eye,
 Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid
 Under the coffin lid ;
 Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;
 My hand that marble felt ;
 O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
 Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !
 When passing by the bed
 So long watched over with parental care,
 My spirit and my eye
 Seek him inquiringly,
 Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break
 Of day, from sleep I wake,
 With my first breathing of the morning air
 My soul goes up with joy,
 To Him who gave my boy ;
 Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
 Before we seek repose,
 I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
 Whate'er I may be saying,
 I am in spirit praying
 For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there? Where, then, is he?
 The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not *there*!

He lives! In all the past
 He lives; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair;
 In dreams I see him now;
 And on his angel brow
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there*!"

Yes, we all live to God!
 Father, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 'T will be our heaven to find that—he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

The Alpine Shepherd.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
 And tender sympathy upburst,
 A little spring from memory welled
 Which once had quenched my bitter thirst;

And I was fain to bear to you
 A portion of its mild relief,
 That it might be as cooling dew,
 To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
The little spirit's swift remove—
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To any shelves of pasture green
That hang along the mountain side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams glide.

But naught can lure the timid things,
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
When, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free.
O'er frozen brooks that flow, unsheathed
From icy thraldom, to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
 Would all my happy senses sway,
 Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
 Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lambs asleep—
 And like the murmur of the sea
 Sounded that voice along the deep,
 Saying, " Arise, and follow me !"

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

Only a Curl.

FRIENDS of faces unknown, and a land
 Unvisited over the sea,
 Who tell me how lonely you stand
 With a single gold curl in the hand,
 Held up to be looked at by me,—

While you ask me to ponder, and say
 What a father and mother can do
 With the bright fellow-locks put away,
 Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay,
 Where the violets press nearer than you,—

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
 Into weak woman's tears for relief?
 Oh, children—I never lost one ;
 Yet my arm's round my own little son,
 And Love knows the secret of grief.

And I feel what it must be and is,
 When God draws a new angel so,
 Through the house of a man up to His,
 With a murmur of music you miss,
 And a rapture of light you forego :

How you think, staring on at the door
 Where the face of your angel flashed in,
 That its brightness, familiar before,
 Burns off from you ever the more
 For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

“God lent him and takes him,” you sigh.
 Nay, there let me break with your pain:
 God’s generous in giving, say I,
 And the thing which he gives, I deny
 That he ever can take back again.

He *gives* what he gives: I appeal
 To all who bear babes; in the hour
 When the veil of the body we feel
 Rent around us—while torments reveal
 The motherhood’s advent in power,

And the babe cries—has each of us known
 By apocalypse—God being there
 Full in nature—the child is our own,
 Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
 Through all changes, all times, everywhere,

He’s ours, and forever. Believe,
 O father!—O mother, look back
 To the first love’s assurance. To give
 Means, with God, not to tempt or deceive,
 With a cup thrust in Benjamin’s sack.

He gives what he gives. Be content!
 He resumes nothing given—be sure!
 God lend? Where the usurers lent
 In his temple, indignant he went,
 And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
 As he loves to the end. If it *seem*
 That he draws back a gift, comprehend
 'T is to add to it, rather, amend,
 And finish it up to your dream,—

Or keep, as a mother may, toys
 Too costly, though given by herself,
 Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
 And the children more fit for such joys,
 Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends ! you who indeed
 Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
 Of the heaven which men strive for, must need
 Be more earnest than others are—speed
 Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there,—
 Then, courage. 'T is easy for you
 To be drawn by a single gold hair
 Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair
 To the safe place above us. Adieu.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Spinning of the Shroud.

SLOWLY ravel, threads of doom;
 Slowly lengthen, fatal yarn;
 Death's inexorable gloom
 Stretches like the frozen tarn
 Never thawed by sunbeams kind,
 Ruffled ne'er by wave or wind;
 Man beholds it and is still,
 Daunted by its mortal chill;
 Thither haste my helpless feet,
 While I spin my winding-sheet !

Summer's breath, divinely warm,
 Kindles every pulse to glee :
 Fled are traces of the storm,
 Wintry frost and leafless tree ;
 Shakes the birch its foliage light,
 In the sun the mists are bright ;
 Heaven and earth their hues confound,
 Scattering rainbows on the ground ;
 Life with rapture is replete,
 While I spin my winding-sheet !

Summer's voice is loud and clear,
 Lowing kine and rippling swell ;
 Yet beneath it all I hear
 Something of a funeral knell.
 Sings the linnet on the bough,
 Sings my bridegroom at the plow ;
 Whirrs the grouse along the brake,
 Plash the trout within the lake ;
 Soft the merry lambkins bleat,—
 While I spin my winding-sheet !

Thatched with mosses green and red,
 Blooming as a fairy hill,
 Lifts my home its cheerful head
 By the ever-leaping rill.
 Lo ! its future inmates rise,
 Gathering round with loving eyes ;
 Some my Dugald's features wear,
 Some have mine, but far more fair ;
 Prattling lips my name repeat,—
 While I spin my winding-sheet !

Youth is bright above my track,
 Health is strong within my breast ;
 Wherefore must this shadow black
 On my bridal gladness rest ?

On my happy solitude
 Must the vision still intrude?
 Must the icy touch of Death
 Freeze my song's impassioned breath?
 I am young and youth is sweet;
 Why, then, spin my winding-sheet?

Hark! the solemn winds reply:
 "Woman, thou art born to woe;
 Long ere 'tis thine hour to die,
 Thou shalt be well pleased to go.
 Though the sunshine of to-day
 Blind thine eyeballs with its ray,
 Grief shall swathe thee in its pall,
 Life's beloved before thee fall:
 Bride, the grave hath comfort meet,
 Thankful spin thy winding-sheet!"

MRS. OGILVIE.

The Hour of Death.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?—
 They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS

Where is He?

AND where is he? Not by the side
 Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
 Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
 Where sweetly lost, he oft would wend!
 That form beloved he marks no more;
 Those scenes admired no more shall see—
 Those scenes are lovely as before,
 And she as fair—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim
 That used to gild his favorite hill;
 The pleasures that were dear to him,
 Are dear to life and nature still:
 But ah! his home is not so fair,
 Neglected must his garden be—
 The lilies droop and wither there,
 And seem to whisper, where is he?

His was the pomp, the crowded hall!
 But where is now the proud display?
 His riches, honors, pleasures, all
 Desire could frame; but where are they?
 And he,—as some tall rock that stands
 Protected by the circling sea,—
 Surrounded by admiring bands,
 Seemed proudly strong—and where is he?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
 The fireside shows a vacant chair!
 Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
 And death displays his banner there;
 The life has gone, the breath has fled,
 And what has been no more shall be;
 The well-known form, the welcome tread,
 Oh! where are they? and where is he?

HENRY NEELE.

The Death-bed.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

*Elegy written in a Country Church-
yard.*

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,—
Some mute, inglorious Milton,—here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove ;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne :
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture

OH that those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails—else how distinct they say
 “Grieve not, my child—chase all thy fears away !”
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize :
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it !)—here shines on me still the same,
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear !
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey—not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie :
 A momentary dream that thou art she.
 My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son—
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfe'lt, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell toll on thy burial-day ;
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away ;
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown ;
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more.



“When the gardener, Robin, day by day
Drew me to school along the public way.”

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return ;
 What ardently I wished, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived—
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot ;
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more—
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
 And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way—
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped—
 'T is now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
 A thousand other themes, less deeply traced ;
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionery plum :
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed.
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall—
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
 That humor, interposed, too often makes ;
 All this, still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may—
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere—
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers--
 The violet, the pink, the jessamine, --
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while--
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)--
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart--the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
 But no--what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou--as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast,
 (The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed,)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay,--
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
 "Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar;"
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed,
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet oh, the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise,--
 The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run
 His wonted course: yet what I wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again—
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine:
 And while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft,
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Cowper's Grave.

IT is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's
 decaying,—

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their pray-
 ing:

Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish—
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her
 anguish!

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless
 singing!

O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was
 clinging!

O men! this man, in brotherhood, your weary paths beguil-
 ing,

Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye
 were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears
 his story,

How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
 And how, when one by one sweet sounds and wandering
 lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted;

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration :
Nor ever shall he be in praise by wise or good forsaken :
Named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath
taken !

With sadness that is calm, not gloom, I learn to think upon
him ;
With meekness that is gratefulness, on God whose heaven
hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud toward his love to blind
him ;
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could
find him ;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic
senses,
As hills have language for, and stars harmonious influ-
ences !
'The pulse of dew upon the grass his own did softly number ;
And silent shadows from the trees fell o'er him like a
slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's chill
removing,
Its women and its men became beside him, true and loving !
And timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-
caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses !

But while in blindness he remained unconscious of the
guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of pro-
viding,
He testified this solemn truth, though phrenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created !

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she
 blesses
 And droppeth on his burning brow the coolness of her
 kisses ;
 That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother ! where's
 my mother?"—
 As if such tender words and looks could come from any
 other !—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending o'er
 him ;
 Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she
 bore him !—
 Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever
 gave him,
 Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes which closed in death to
 save him !

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that
 awaking,
 Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him
 breaking ;
 Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted ;
 But felt those eyes alone, and knew "My Saviour ! not
 deserted !"

Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness
 rested,
 Upon the victim's hidden face, no love was manifested ?
 What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops
 averted,
 What tears have washed them from the soul, that one should
 be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate from his own essence rather :
 And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son and
 Father ;

Yea, once Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—

It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the holy lips amid his lost creation,
That of the lost no son should use those words of desolation;

That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,

And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture, in a vision!

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

The Sleep.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows,—
He giveth his beloved sleep!

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake,—
He giveth his beloved sleep.

“ Sleep soft, beloved !” we sometimes say,
 But have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break his happy slumber when
 He giveth his beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
 O men, with wailing in your voices !
 O delvèd gold, the wailers heap !
 O strife and curse that o'er it fall !
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 He giveth his beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill ;
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap ;
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 He giveth his beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
 But angels say—and through the word
 I think their happy smile is *heard*—
 He giveth his beloved sleep !

For me my heart, that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on His love repose
 Who giveth his beloved sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let One most loving of you all
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall ;
 He giveth his belovèd sleep."

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

The Sexton.

N IGH to a grave that was newly made,
 Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade ;
 His work was done, and he paused to wait
 The funeral-train at the open gate.
 A relic of by-gone days was he,
 And his locks were gray as the foamy sea ;
 And these words came from his lips so thin :
 "I gather them in—I gather them in—
 Gather—gather—I gather them in.

"I gather them in ; for man and boy,
 Year after year of grief and joy,
 I've builded the houses that lie around
 In every nook of this burial-ground.
 Mother and daughter, father and son,
 Come to my solitude one by one !
 But come they stranger, or come they kin,
 I gather them in—I gather them in.

"Many are with me, yet I'm alone ;
 I'm King of the Dead, and I make my throne
 On a monument slab of marble cold—
 My scepter of rule is the spade I hold.
 Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
 Mankind are my subjects, all—all—all !
 May they loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
 I gather them in—I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest
 Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!"—
 And the Sexton ceased as the funeral-train
 Wound mutely over that solemn plain;
 And I said to myself: When time is told,
 A mightier voice than that sexton's old,
 Will be heard o'er the last trump's dreadful din:
 "I gather them in—I gather them in:
 Gather—gather—gather them in!"

PARK BENJAMIN.

The Grave.

THE grave, it is deep and soundless,
 And canopied over with clouds;
 And trackless, and dim, and boundless
 Is the unknown land that it shrouds.

In vain may the nightingales warble
 Their songs—the roses of love
 And friendship grow white on the marble
 The living have reared above.

The virgin, bereft at her bridal
 Of him she has loved, may weep;
 The wail of the orphan is idle,
 It breaks not the buried one's sleep.

Yet everywhere else shall mortals
 For peace unavailingly roam;
 Except through the shadowy portals
 Goeth none to his genuine home!

And the heart that tempest and sorrow
 Have beaten against for years,
 Must look for a happier morrow
 Beyond this temple of tears.

Translated by J. CLARENCE MANGAN

J. G. VON SALIS.

If I had Thought.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee ;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be :
 It never through my mind had past
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 't will smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain !
 But when I speak—thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er leftst unsaid ;
 And then I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou couldst stay e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene—
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have
 Thou seemest still my own :
 But there I lay thee in the grave—
 And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking, too, of thee.
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore !

CHARLES WOLFE.

Coronach.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary ,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and forever !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Thoughts while making the Grave of a
New-born Child.*

ROOM, gentle flowers ! my child would pass to
heaven !

Ye looked not for her yet with your soft eyes,
O watchful ushers at Death's narrow door !
But lo ! while you delay to let her forth,
Angels, beyond, stay for her ! One long kiss
From lips all pale with agony, and tears,
Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire
The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life
Held as a welcome to her. Weep ! oh mother !
But not that from this cup of bitterness
A cherub of the sky has turned away.

One look upon thy face ere thou depart !
My daughter ! It is soon to let thee go !
My daughter ! With thy birth has gushed a spring
I knew not of—filling my heart with tears,
And turning with strange tenderness to thee—
A love—oh God ! it seemed so—that must flow
Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt heaven and me,
Henceforward, be a bright and yearning chain
Drawing me after thee ! And so, farewell !

'T is a harsh world, in which affection knows
No place to treasure up its loved and lost
But the foul grave ! Thou, who so late wast sleeping
Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart,
Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving
But it was sent thee with some tender thought,
How can I leave thee—*here* ? Alas for man !
The herb in its humility may fall
And waste into the bright and genial air,

While we—by hands that ministered in life
 Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—
 The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms,
 And the warm sunshine trodden out forever!

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,
 A bank where I have lain in summer hours,
 And thought how little it would seem like death
 To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook,
 Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
 That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,
 Breaking the dread hush of the mourners gone;
 The birds are never silent that build here,
 Trying to sing down the more vocal waters:
 The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers,
 And far below, seen under arching leaves,
 Glitters the warm sun on the village spire,
 Pointing the living after thee. And this
 Seems like a comfort; and, replacing now
 The flowers that have made room for thee, I go
 To whisper the same peace to her who lies—
 Robbed of her child and lonely. 'T is the work
 Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer,
 To bring the heart back from an infant gone.
 Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot
 The images from all the silent rooms,
 And every sight and sound peculiar to her
 Undo its sweetest link—and so at last
 The fountain—that, once struck, must flow forever
 Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile
 Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring
 Wakens the buds above thee, we will come,
 And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,
 Look on each other cheerfully, and say:
*A child that we have loved is gone to heaven,
 And by this gate of flowers she passed away!*

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Casa Wappy.

(THE CHILD'S SELF-CHOSEN PET NAME.)

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
 Our fond, dear boy,—
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,
 Where life is joy?
 Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
 Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
 Casa Wappy!

* * * * *

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline.
 'Twas cloudless joy;
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,
 Beloved boy!
 This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
 That found thee prostrate in decay;
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
 Earth's undefiled,
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
 Our dear, sweet child!
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
 Casa Wappy!

* * * * *

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
 The chamber fills;
 We pine for thee when morn's first light
 Reddens the hills:
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
 All—to the wallflower and wild pea,
 Are changed: we saw the world through thee,
 Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam,
 Of casual mirth,
 It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
 An inward birth ;
 We miss thy small step on the stair ;
 We miss thee at thine evening prayer ;
 All day we miss thee—everywhere,—
 Casa Wappy !

* * * * *

Then be to us, O dear, lost child !
 With beam of love,
 A star, death's uncongenial wild
 Smiling above !
 Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
 The skyward path, the seraph's road,
 That led thee back from man to God,
 Casa Wappy !

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
 Fond, fairest boy,
 That heaven is God's and thou art there
 With him in joy :
 There past are death and all its woes ;
 There beauty's stream forever flows ;
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
 Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then—for awhile farewell,—
 Pride of my heart !
 It cannot be that long we dwell
 Thus torn apart.
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee ;
 And dark howe'er life's night may be,
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
 Casa Wappy !

DAVID M. MOIR

Auf Wiedersehen! (Summer.)

THE little gate was reached at last,
 Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
 She pushed it wide, and as she passed,
 A wistful look she backward cast,
 And said,—“*auf wiedersehen!*”

With hand on latch, a vision white
 Lingered reluctant, and again
 Half doubting if she did aright,
 Soft as the dews that fell that night,
 She said,—“*auf wiedersehen!*”

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair,
 I linger in delicious pain,
 Ah, in that chamber whose rich air
 To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
 Thinks she,—“*auf wiedersehen!*”

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
 The turf that silences the lane;
 I hear the rustle of her dress,
 I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
 I hear, “*auf wiedersehen!*”

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
 The English words had seemed too fain;
 But these—they drew us heart to heart,
 Yet held us tenderly apart;
 She said,—“*auf wiedersehen!*”

JAMES R. LOWELL.

Palinode. (Autumn.)

STILL thirteen years: 'tis Autumn now
 On field and hill, in heart and brain;
 The naked trees at evening sough;
 The leaf to the forsaken bough
 Sighs not,—“We meet again!”

Two watched yon oriole's pendent dome,
 That now is void and dank with rain;
 And one,—O hope more frail than foam!
 The bird to his deserted home
 Sings not,—“We meet again!”

The loath gate swings with rusty creak;
 Once, parting there, we played at pain;
 There *came* a parting, when the weak
 And fading lips essayed to speak
 Vainly,—“We meet again!”

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
 Though thou in outer dark remain;
 One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
 And still for eighteen centuries saith,
 Softly,—“Ye meet again!”

If earth another grave must bear,
 Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
 And something whispers my despair,
 That, from an orient chamber there,
 Floats down, “We meet again!”

JAMES R. LOWELL.

After the Burial.

YES, Faith is a goodly anchor
 When skies are sweet as a psalm
 It lolls at the bows so stalwart
 In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
 The tattered surges are hurled,
 It may keep our head to the tempest,
 With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
 What help in its iron thews,
 Still true to the broken hawser,
 Deep down among seaweed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
 When the helpless feet stretch out,
 And find in the deeps of darkness
 No footing so solid as doubt;

Then better one spar of memory,
 One broken plank of the Past,
 That our human heart may cling to,
 Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
 To the flesh its sweet despair,
 Its tears o'er the thin worn locket
 With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it;
 Who doubts it of such as she?
 But that is the pang's very secret—
 Immortal away from me!

There 's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
 Would scarce stay a child in his race ;
 But to me and my thought it is wider
 Than the star-sown vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
 Your moral 's most drearily true ;
 But since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,
 I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console, if you will ; I can bear it ;
 'Tis a well-meant alms of breath ;
 But not all the preaching since Adam
 Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan : but wait till you feel it,
 That jar of our earth, that dull shock,
 When the ploughshare of deeper passion
 Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit ? Forgive me,
 But I, who am earthly and weak,
 Would give all my incomes from dreamland
 For her rose-leaf palm on my cheek !

That little shoe in the corner,
 So worn and wrinkled and brown—
 Its emptiness confutes you,
 And argues your wisdom down.

JAMES R. LOWELL

The Dead House.

HERE once my step was quickened,
 Here beckoned the opening door,
 And welcome thrilled from the threshold
 To the foot it had known before.

A glow came forth to meet me
 From the flame that laughed in the grate,
 And shadows a-dance on the ceiling,
 Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair
 "This corner, you know, is your seat;"
 "Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender,
 "I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practiced finger,"
 Said the books, "that seems like brain;"
 And the shy page rustled the secret
 It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered
 On nightingales' throats that flew
 Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
 To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's-ease,
 The Present plucks rue for us men!
 I come back: that scar unhealing
 Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered,
 I will go and beg to look
 At the rooms that were once familiar
 To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
 That makes the change but more!
 'T is a dead man I see in the mirrors,
 'T is his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson,
 Need I go to Paris and Rome,
 That the many make the household,
 But only one the home?

'T was just a womanly presence,
 An influence unexpressed,
 But a rose she had worn, on my grave-sod
 Were more than long life with the rest !

'T was a smile, 't was a garment's rustle,
 'T was nothing that I can phrase,
 But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
 And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine, I would close the shutters,
 Like lids when the life is fled,
 And the funeral fire should wind it,
 This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
 When she, its soul, was borne
 To lie all dark on the hillside
 That looks over woodland and corn.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

Fragment.

COLD in earth, and the deep snow piled above thee,
 Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave !
 Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
 Severed at last by time's all severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
 Over the mountains on that northern shore,
 Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
 Thy noble heart forever, evermore ?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers
 From those brown hills have melted into spring;
 Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
 After such years of change and suffering.

Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee
 While the world's tide is bearing me along;
 Other desires and other hopes beset me,
 Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong.

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
 No second morn has ever shone for me;
 All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given;
 All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
 And even despair was powerless to destroy;
 Then did I learn existence could be cherished,
 Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
 Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
 Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
 Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And even yet I dare not let it languish,
 Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain.
 Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish.
 How could I seek the empty world again?

EMILY BRONTË.

An Evening Guest.

IF, in the silence of this lonely eve,
 With the street-lamp pale flickering on the wall,
 An angel were to whisper me, "Believe—
 It shall be given thee. Call!"—whom should I call?

And then I were to see thee gliding in,
 Clad in known garments, that with empty fold
 Lie in my keeping, and my fingers, thin
 As thine were once, to feel in thy safe hold:

I should fall weeping on thy neck, and say
 "I have so suffered since—since."—But my tears
 Would stop, remembering how thou count'st thy day,
 A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then what are these sad days, months, years of mine,
 To thine eternity of full delight?
 What my whole life, when myriad lives divine
 May wait, each leading to a higher height?

I lose myself—I faint. Beloved, best,
 Let me still dream thy dear humanity
 Sits with me here, thy head upon my breast,
 And then I will go back to heaven with thee.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

The Passage.

MANY a year is in its grave
 Since I crossed this restless wave:
 And the evening, fair as ever,
 Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside,
 Sat two comrades old and tried,—
 One with all a father's truth,
 One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
 And his grave in silence sought;
 But the younger, brighter form
 Passed in battle and in storm.

Lo, whene'er I turn mine eye
 Back upon the days gone by,
 Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
 Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
 But that soul with soul can blend?
 Soul-like were those hours of yore;
 Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
 Take, I give it willingly;
 For invisible to thee,
 Spirits twain have crossed with me.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

Translated by SARAH AUSTIN.



Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
 In the old likeness that I knew,
 I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
 I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do:—
 Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!
 My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
 Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
 Not half worthy the like of you;
 Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
 Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
 As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

Footsteps of Angels.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul that slumbered
 To a holy, calm delight—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 Dance upon the parlor wall—

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door ;
 The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more !

He, the young and strong, who cherished
 Noble longings for the strife—
 By the roadside fell and perished,
 Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore—
 Folded their pale hands so meekly—
 Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the being beauteous
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven

With a slow and noiseless footstep
 Comes that messenger divine,
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,
 Lays her gentle hand in mine ;

And she sits and gazes at me,
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
 Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer—
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Heroes.

THE winds that once the Argo bore
 Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines .
 And her hull is the drift of the deep-sea floor,
 Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
 You may seek her crew on every isle
 Fair in the foam of Ægean seas ;
 But out of their rest no charm can wile
 Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more
 By windy Ilion's sea-built walls ;
 Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,
 Cries " O ye gods, 't is Hector falls !"

On Ida's mount is the shining snow ;
But Jove has gone from its brow away ;
And red on the plain the poppies grow
Where the Greek and the Trojan fought that day.

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead ?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more ?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore ?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn ?
Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught ?
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone ?

Gone ? In a grander form they rise !
Dead ? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done,
'T is the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred ;
Wherever the Right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek or the Trojan ever trod :
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above is the smile of God.
So in his isle of calm delight
Jason may sleep the years away ;
For the heroes live, and the skies are bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

The Difference.

A LITTLE river with its rock-laid banks
In sombre elm and laughing linden dressed,
A setting sun behind their highest ranks,
A light skiff floating on the river's breast.

You must remember yet that fair June day !
It was a time when setting suns said less
Of speeding time and glorious things' decay,
And vacant watches through the sunlessness ;

But more of newer sun and fresher dawn,
More of the inner glories hinted through
The orange gates of sunset half withdrawn,
And burning inward as the glory grew.

You know we talked philosophy—or thought
We did ; and flippantly aside we threw
All that the solemn-thoughted prophets taught,
All that the glorious-visioned exile drew,

The untaught record of their simple page
Whose footsteps paced with His the morning-land,
As rude inscriptions of a younger age,
Unworthy of the ripe world's freer hand.

A whiter light should rise upon the years,
A freer wave should break on every strand,
The New assuage the Old World's toils and tears,
The West should tell it to the morning-land.

But many suns since then have died in flame,
And many skies for them been sable-clad :
The quiet stream moves onward still the same,
With shades to chill, and dawns to make it glad.

Much have we seen since then, and much outgrown ;
 The world of may-be broadens on our sight,
 And vaster grows the shadow-clothed unknown—
 And ever grander in the growing light.

But while the world's great possible grows more,
 And wider outlooks face the eternal hills,
 A narrowing vista through the years' dull score
 Becomes the vale our straitened pathway fills.

And suns set earlier now, and twilights have
 A shade of chill we hardly care to own,
 And thinner breaks the water's measured stave,
 And evening skies seem not so brightly sown.

And we, apostles of the new time's youth,
 Are treading in the way our fathers trod,
 Still blest to grasp their store of well-tried truth,
 And follow in their patient path to God.

EVANGELINE M. JOHNSON.

My Psalm.

I MOURN no more my vanished years ;
 Beneath a tender rain,
 An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again,

The west winds blow, and singing low,
 I hear the glad streams run :
 The windows of my soul I throw
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope and fear ;
 But grateful take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim-staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven ;
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given ;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong :
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy ;
Nor less my heart for others feel,
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track ;
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
 His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way
 Which opens into light,
 Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seem at last,
 Through Memory's sunset air,
 Like mountain ranges overpast,
 In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life
 Seem blending in a psalm,
 And all the angles of its strife
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west winds play ;
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



The Three Voices.

WHAT saith the Past to thee ? Weep !
 Truth is departed ;
 Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
 Love is faint-hearted :

Trifles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
 Scare from our spirits God's holy ideal—
 So, as a funeral-bell, slowly and deep,
 So tolls the Past to thee ! Weep !

How speaks the Present hour ? Act !
 Walk, upward glancing :
 So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked,
 Slow, but advancing.
 Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
 Let the great meaning ennoble it ever ;
 Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain ;
 Work, as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the Future say ? Hope !
 Turn thy face sunward !
 Look where light fringes the far-rising slope—
 Day cometh onward.
 Watch ! Though so long be the twilight delaying—
 Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying !
 Fear not, for greater is God by thy side
 Than armies of Satan against thee allied !

ANONYMOUS.

Messiah.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song—
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !
 Rapt into future times the bard begun :
 A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies !
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.

Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid—
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail ;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
 O spring to light ! auspicious babe, be born !
 See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing Spring !
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance ;
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers :
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply—
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye valleys, rise !
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay !
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold—
 Hear Him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day ;
 'T is He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear ;
 The dumb shall sing ; the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear—
 From every face He wipes off every tear.
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,

Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects :
 The tender lambs He raises in His arms—
 Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms :
 Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage—
 The promised Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes ;
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field ;
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods ;
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed ;
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake—
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes !
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,

In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 And heaped with products of Sabeen springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts ; the Light Himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

ALEXANDER POPE.

A Christmas Hymn.

IT was the calm and silent night !
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars—
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night !
 The Senator of haughty Rome
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home ;
 Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
 What recked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight.
 Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor ;
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Fallen through a half-shut stable door
 Across his path. He passed—for naught
 Told what was going on within ;
 How keen the stars, his only thought--
 The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

Oh, strange indifference ! low and high
 Drowsed over common joys and cares ;
 The earth was still—but knew not why ;
 The world was listening, unawares
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world forever !
 To that still moment, none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever--
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !
 A thousand bells ring out and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad and smite
 The darkness—charmed and holy now !

The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given :
 For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

ALFRED DOMETT.

Ring Out, Wild Bells.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Epiphany.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid :
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid :
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

REGINALD HEBER.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone of all the train
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone a Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck—I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and for evermore,
 The Star !—the Star of Bethlehem !

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

The Crucifixion.

BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
 Faint and bleeding—who is He?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb;
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled, burning thirst,
 By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
 Dread and awful—who is He?
 By the sun at noonday pale,
 Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
 By earth that trembles at his doom,
 By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
 By Eden, promised ere he died
 To the felon at his side,
 Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
 Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
 Sad and dying—who is He?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 The ghost given up in agony;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chambers of the dead;
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
 Crucified! we know thee now—
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
 Dread and awful—who is He?
 By the prayer for them that slew—
 “Lord! they know not what they do!”
 By the spoiled and empty grave,
 By the souls he died to save,
 By the conquests he hath won,
 By the saints before his throne,
 By the rainbow round his brow,
 Son of God! ’tis Thou, ’tis Thou!

HENRY HART MILMAN.



The Crucifixion.

From the Italian.

I ASKED the heavens: “What foe to God hath done
 This unexampled deed?” The heavens exclaim,
 “’Twas man, and we in horror snatched the sun
 From such a spectacle of guilt and shame!”
 I asked the sea; the sea in fury boiled,
 And answered with his voice of storm, “’T was man;
 My waves in panic at the crime recoiled,
 Disclosed the abyss, and from the center ran!”
 I asked the earth; the earth replied, aghast,
 “’T was man, and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
 That still I groan and shudder at the past!”
 To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man I went,
 And asked him next; he turned a scornful eye,
 Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Whence and Whither.

THE REIGN OF LAW.

*Ἐτέρα μὲν ἢ τῶν ἐπουρανίων δόξα, ἔτερα
δὲ ἢ τῶν ἐπιγείων.*

THE dawn went up the sky,
Like any other day;
And they had only come
To mourn Him where he lay;
“We ne’er have seen the law
Reversed ’neath which we lie;
Exceptions none are found,
And when we die, we die.
Resigned to fact we wander hither,
We ask no more the whence and whither.

“Vain questions! from the first
Put, and no answer found.
He binds us with the chain
Wherewith himself is bound.
From west to east the earth
Unrolls her primal curve;
The sun himself were vexed
Did she one furlong swerve:
The myriad years have whirled us hither,
But tell not of the whence and whither.

“We know but what we see—
Like cause and like event:
One constant force runs on
Transmuted, but unspent.
Because they are, they are;
The mind may frame a plan;
'Tis from herself she draws
A special thought for man:
The natural choice that brought us hither,
Is silent on the whence and whither.

" If God there be, or gods,
 Without our science lies;
 We cannot see or touch,
 Measure or analyze.
 Life is but what we live,
 We know but what we know,
 Closed in these bounds alone
 Whether God be, or no:
 The self-moved force that bore us hither
 Reveals no whence, and hints no whither.

" Ah, which is likelier truth,
 That law should hold its way,
 Or, for this one of all,
 Life re-assert her sway?
 Like any other morn
 The sun goes up the sky;
 No crisis marks the day,
 For when we die, we die.
 No fair fond hope allures us hither:
 The law is dumb on whence and whither."

—Then wherefore are ye come?
 Why watch a worn-out corse?
 Why weep a ripple past
 Down the long stream of force?
 If life is that which keeps
 Each organism whole,
 No atom may be traced
 Of what ye thought the soul:
 It had its term of passage hither,
 But knew no whence, and knows no whither.

The forces that were Christ
 Have ta'en new forms and fled;
 The common sun goes up,
 The dead are with the dead.

'T was but a phantom-life
 That seemed to think and will,
 Evolving self and God
 By some subjective skill,
 That had its day of passage hither,
 But knew no whence, and knows no whither.

If this be all in all ;
 Life, but one mode of force ;
 Law, but the plan which binds
 The sequences in course :
 All essence, all design
 Shut out from mortal ken,—
 We bow to Nature's fate,
 And drop the style of men !
 The summer dust the wind wafts hither,
 Is not more dead to whence and whither.

But if our life be life,
 And thought, and will, and love
 Not vague unconscious airs
 That o'er wild harp-strings move ;
 If consciousness be aught
 Of all it seems to be,
 And souls are something more
 Than lights that gleam and flee,
 Though dark the road that leads us thither,
 The heart must ask its whence and whither.

To matter or to force
 The All is not confined ;
 Beside the law of things
 Is set the law of mind ;
 One speaks in rock and star,
 And one within the brain ;
 In unison at times,
 And then apart again :
 And both in one have brought us hither,
 That we may know our whence and whither.

The sequences of law
 We learn through mind alone ;
 'T is only through the soul
 That aught we know is known :—
 With equal voice she tells
 Of what we touch and see
 Within these bounds of life,
 And of a life to be ;
 Proclaiming One who brought us hither,
 And holds the keys of whence and whither.

O shrine of God that now
 Must learn itself with awe !
 O heart and soul that move
 Beneath a living law !
 That which seemed all the rule
 Of nature, is but part ;
 A larger, deeper law
 Claims also soul and heart.
 The force that framed and bore us hither
 Itself—at once is whence and whither.

We may not hope to read
 Or comprehend the whole
 Or of the law of things,
 Or of the law of soul :
 E'en in the eternal stars
 Dim perturbations rise ;
 And all the searcher's search
 Does not exhaust the skies :
 He who has framed and brought us hither
 Holds in his hands the whence and whither :

He in his science plans
 What no known laws foretell ;
 The wandering fires and fixed
 Alike are miracle :

The common death of all,
 The life renewed above,
 And both within the scheme
 Of that all-circling love.
 The seeming chance that cast us **hither**,
 Accomplishes his whence and **whither**.

Then, though the sun go up
 His beaten azure way,
 God may fulfill his thought,
 And bless his world to-day ;
 Beside the law of things
 The law of mind enthroned,
 And, for the hope of all,
 Reveal himself in one ;
 Himself the way that leads us thither,
 The All-in-all, the Whence and Whither.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

The Ascension.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay !
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !

"Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
 He claims these mansions as his right ;—
 Receive the King of Glory in !"

Who is the King of Glory, who?—
 The Lord that all our foes o'ercame :
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 " Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !"

Who is the King of Glory, who?—
 The Lord of boundless power possessed ;
 The King of saints and angels too ;
 God over all, forever blessed !

CHARLES WESLEY.

Gethsemane.

I READ how, in Gethsemane,
 The suffering Saviour bowed the knee :
 My tears fell fast upon the book,—
 It was so grandly sad to read
 Of Him, in darkness, grief, and need—
 It seemed to me that I could look
 Through all thy shades, Gethsemane,
 And see the One who died for me.

I too had my Gethsemane :
 The hour of darkness came to me,
 And none was by to watch or aid :
 In grief and fear I drank, alas,
 The bitter cup that would not pass—
 Then like my Lord I knelt and prayed,
 And in my own Gethsemane
 I found the One who died for me.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

Pilgrimage.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staffe of faith to walk upon,
 My scrip of joye—immortal diet—
 My bottle of salvation,
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
 —And thus I take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
 While my soul, like peaceful palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven ;
 Other balm will not be given.

Over the silver mountains,
 Where spring the nectar fountains,
 There will I kiss
 The bowle of blisse,
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken-hill :
 My soul will be a-dry before ;
 But after that will thirst no more.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Litany.

S AVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee ;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes—
 O, by all Thy pains and woe
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years ;
 By Thy life of want and tears ;
 By Thy days of sore distress,
 In the savage wilderness ;
 By the dread, mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power--
 Turn, O turn a favoring eye--
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode ;
 By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within the fold--
 From Thy seat above the sky
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair ;
 By Thine agony of prayer ;
 By the cross, the wail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice--
 Listen to our humble cry :
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
 By the sad sepulchral stone ;
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God !
 O ! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, reascended Lord--
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany !

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

The Stranger.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief
 That I could never answer "Nay."
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came;
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love,—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered. Not a word he spake.
 Just perishing for want of bread,
 I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
 And ate;—but gave me part again.
 Mine was an angel's portion then;
 For while I fed with eager haste,
 That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
 The heedless water mocked his thirst;
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
 I ran to raise the sufferer up;
 Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
 Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
 I drank and never thirsted more.

'T was night; the floods were out,—it blew
 A winter hurricane aloof;
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof;
 I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest—
 Laid him on my own couch to rest;
 Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side ;
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath—
 Revived his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed.
 I had, myself, a wound concealed—
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him midst shame and scorn.
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die ;
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, " I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,
 The stranger darted from disguise ;
 The tokens in his hands I knew—
 My Saviour stood before mine eyes.
 He spake ; and my poor name he named—
 " Of Me thou hast not been ashamed ;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
 Fear not ! thou didst them unto me."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Excellency of Christ.

HE is a path, if any be misled ;
 He is a robe, if any naked be ;
 If any chance to hunger, he is bread ;
 If any be a bondman, he is free ;
 If any be but weak, how strong is he !
 To dead men life he is, to sick men health ;
 To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—
 A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

GILES FLETCHER.

The Seraph throwing off his Disguise.

WILD sparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes,
 He bursts the bonds of fear, and madly cries,
 "Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seemed no longer man.
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
 His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
 Celestial odors fill the empurpled air:
 While wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light!

THOMAS PARNELL

Christus Consolator.

Σὺν Χριστῷ—πολλῷ μᾶλλον κρείσσον.

H OPE of those that have none other,
 Left for life by father, mother,
 All their dearest lost or taken,
 Only not by thee forsaken;
 Comfort thou the sad and lonely,
 Saviour dear, for thou canst only.

When the glooms of night are o'er us,
 Satan in his strength before us:
 When despair, and doubt, and terror
 Drag the blinded heart to error,
 Comfort thou the poor and lonely,
 Saviour dear, for thou canst only.

By thy days of earthly trial,
By thy friend's foreknown denial,
By thy cross of bitter anguish,
Leave not thou thy lambs to languish ;
Comforting the weak and lonely,
Lead them in thy pastures only.

Sick with hope deferred, or yearning
For the never-now-returning,
When the glooms of grief o'ershade us,
Thou hast known, and thou wilt aid us !
To thine own heart take the lonely,
Leaning on thee only, only.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

"How amiable are Thy Tabernacles."

PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love :
Pleasant are thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh my spirit longs and fains
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fullness, God of grace !

Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High !
Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast !
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe :
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies :
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this praise to win
 Guide me through a world of sin :
 Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
 Give me at Thy side a place ;
 Sun and Shield alike Thou art ;
 Guide and guard my erring heart !
 Grace and glory flow from Thee :
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

HENRY F. LYTE.

The Heart's Song.

[N the silent midnight watches,
 List—thy bosom-door !
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore !
 Say not 't is thy pulse's beating ;
 'T is thy heart of sin—
 'T is thy Saviour knocks, and crieth :
 Rise, and let me in !

Death comes down with reckless footstep
 To the hall and hut,
 Think you Death will stand a-knocking
 Where the door is shut ?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
 But thy door is fast !
 Grieved, away the Saviour goeth :
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 't is thine to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in :
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
 Hast thou then forgot ?
 Jesus waited long to know thee,—
 But he knows thee not !

ARTHUR C. COXE.

Christ's Call to the Soul.

FAIR soul, created in the primal hour,
 Once pure and grand,
 And for whose sake I left my throne and power
 At God's right hand,
 By this sad heart pierced through because I love thee,
 Let love and mercy to contrition move thee !

Cast off the sins thy holy beauty veiling,
 Spirit divine !
 Vain against thee the host of hell assailing ;
 My strength is thine !
 Drink from my side the cup of life immortal,
 And love will lead thee back to heaven's portal !

I for thy sake was pierced with many sorrows,
 And bore the cross,
 Yet heeded not the galling of the arrows,
 The shame and loss ;
 So faint not thou, whate'er the burden be :
 But bear it bravely ev'n to Calvary !

Anonymous Translation.

JEROME SAVONAROLA

Consolation.

PILGRIM burdened with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate,
 There, till mercy lets thee in,
 Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
 Knock !—He knows the sinner's cry ;
 Weep !—He loves the mourner's tears ;
 Watch !—for saving grace is nigh ;
 Wait—till heavenly light appears.

Hark ! it is the Bridegroom's voice :
 Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest ;
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe, and sealed, and bought, and blest.
 Safe—from all the lures of vice,
 Sealed—by signs the chosen know,
 Bought by love, and life the price,
 Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

Holy pilgrim ! what for thee
 In a world like this remain ?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain.
 Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,
 Shame—from glory's view retire,
 Doubt—in certain rapture die,
 Pain—in endless bliss expire.

GEORGE CRABBE.

“Christ turned and looked upon Peter.”

I THINK that look of Christ might seem to say—
 “Thou, Peter! art thou then a common stone,
 Which I at last must break my heart upon,
 For all God’s charge to his high angels may
 Guard my foot better? Did I yesterday
 Wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should run
 Quick to deny me ’neath the morning sun?
 And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?
 The cock crows coldly. Go, and manifest
 A late contrition, but no bootless fear!
 For when thy deadly need is bitterest,
 Thou shall not be denied as I am here;
 My voice, to God and angels, shall attest—
Because I knew this man let him be clear!”

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

“Looked upon Peter.”

WHAT might it be that glance could paint?
 Did one deep-touching impress blend
 The more than sage—the more than saint—
 The more than sympathizing friend?

Was it that lightning thought retraced
 Some hallowed hour beneath the moon?
 Or walk, or converse high, that graced
 The temple’s columned shade at noon?

Say, did that face, to memory’s eye,
 With gleams of Tabor’s glory shine?
 Or did the dews of agony
 Still rest upon that brow divine?

I know not;—but I know a will
 That, Lord! might frail as Peter's be!
 A heart that had denied thee still,
 E'en now—without a look from thee!

SAMUEL M. WARING.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,—
 The falling of a tear;—
 The upward glancing of an eye
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gates of death,
 He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels on their wings rejoice,
 And cry,—“Behold, he prays!”

The saints in prayer appear as one
 In word, and deed, and mind,
 When with the Father, Spirit, Son,
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth *alone*:—
 The Holy Spirit pleads,—
 And Jesus on the eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God!
 The Life—the Truth—the Way!
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Strive, Wait, and Pray.

STRIVE: yet I do not promise
 The prize you dream of to-day
 Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
 And melt in your hand away;
 But another and holier treasure,
 You would now perchance disdain,
 Will come when your toil is over,
 And pay you for all your pain.

Wait: yet I do not tell you
 The hour you long for now,
 Will not come with its radiance vanished,
 And a shadow upon its brow;
 Yet, far through the misty future,
 With a crown of starry light,
 An hour of joy you know not
 Is winging her silent flight.

Pray: though the gift you ask for
 May never comfort your fears—
 May never repay your pleading—
 Yet pray, and with hopeful tears:

An answer, not that you long for,
 But diviner will come one day ;
 Your eyes are too dim to see it,
 Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Incompleteness.

NOTHING resting in its own completeness,
 Can have worth or beauty : but alone
 Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness,
 Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
 Gracious though it be, of her blue hours ;
 But is hidden in her tender leaning
 Toward the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair, because her mists fade slowly
 Into day which floods the world with light ;
 Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy,
 Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
 Toward a truer, deeper Life above :
 Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
 To a more divine and perfect love.

Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow,
 From strife that in a far-off future lies ;
 And angel glances veiled now by life's sorrow,
 Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Learn the mystery of progression duly :
 Do not call each glorious change decay ;
 But know we only hold our treasures truly,
 When it seems as if they passed away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness;
 In that want their beauty lies; they roll
 Toward some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
 Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

The Gifts of God.

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,
 "Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can;
 Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
 Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure;
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
 "Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
 So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness;
 Let him be sick and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast."

GEORGE HERBERT.

Imperfection of Human Sympathy.

WHY should we faint and fear to live alone,
 Since all alone, so heaven has willed, we die ;
 Nor e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
 Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh ?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
 Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart ;
 Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow,
 Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

And well it is for us our God should feel
 Alone our secret throbbings ; so our prayer
 May readier spring to heaven, nor spend its zeal
 On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy
 Beat with another, answering love for love,
 Weak mortals all entranced on earth would lie,
 Nor listen for those purer strains above.

Or what if Heaven for once its searching light
 Lent to some partial eye, disclosing all
 The rude bad thoughts that in our bosoms' night
 Wander at large, nor heed love's gentle thrall ?

Who would not shun the dreary uncouth place ?
 As if, fond leaning where her infant slept,
 A mother's arm a serpent should embrace ;
 So might we friendless live, and die unwept.

* * * *

Then keep the softening veil in mercy drawn,
 Thou who canst love us, though thou read us true ;
 As on the bosom of the ærial lawn
 Melts in dim haze each coarse, ungentle hue.

Thou know'st our bitterness—our joys are thine—
 No stranger thou to all our wanderings wild :
 Nor could we bear to think how every line
 Of us, thy darkened likeness and defiled,

Stands in full sunshine of thy piercing eye,
 But that thou call'st us brethren ; sweet repose
 Is in that word—The Lord who dwells on high
 Knows all, yet loves us better than he knows.

JOHN KEBLE.

We are Growing Old.

WE are growing old—how the thought will rise
 When a glance is backward cast
 On some long-remembered spot that lies
 In the silence of the past !
 It may be the shrine of our early vows,
 Or the tomb of early tears ;
 But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
 In the stormy sea of years.

Oh wide and wild are the waves that part
 Our steps from its greenness now ;
 And we miss the joy of many a heart,
 And the light of many a brow.
 For deep o'er many a stately bark
 Have the whelming billows rolled,
 That steered with us from that early mark—
 O friends, we are growing old,—

Old in the dimness and the dust
 Of our daily toils and cares ;
 Old in the wrecks of love and trust,
 Which our burdened memory bears.

Each form may wear to the passing gaze
 The bloom of life's freshness yet,
 And beams may brighten our later days
 Which the morning never met.

But oh, the changes we have seen
 In the far and winding way ;
 The graves that have in our path grown green,
 And the locks that have grown gray !
 The winters still on our own may spare
 The sable or the gold :
 But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
 And, friends, we are growing old !

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
 We have learned to pause and fear ;
 But where are the living founts whose flow
 Was a joy of heart to hear ?
 We have won the wealth of many a clime,
 And the lore of many a page :
 But where is the hope that saw in time
 But its boundless heritage ?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
 And the woods their youth renew ?
 We have stood in the light of sunny brakes
 When the bloom was deep and blue ;
 And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
 But the joy was faint and cold ;
 For it never could give us the youth again
 Of hearts that are growing old.

FRANCES BROWN.

Watching for Dawn.

AS yestermorn my years have flown away ;
 But for lost youth there come no new to-morrows :
 No lure compels the drowsy joys to stay—
 No curtain quite shuts out the bat-winged sorrows.

O my sweet youth ! Left I one fruit untasted,
 One flower not plucked on any farthest bough ?—
 Ashes for beauty, dust for fragrance, wasted :
 All that was sweetest grows most bitter now.

Then plucked I bitter sweets, yet plucked again :
 Fool ! But, O man ! was I alone in folly ?
 Each morn renews the opium-dreamer's pain—
 Each sigh confirms the poet's melancholy.

Self-love is mad—grows madder with indulgence :
 Angels may weep to see it strive and dare.
 Ah ! why was Heaven robbed of your effulgence,
 Swift, Byron, Shelley, Heine, Baudelaire ?

In this dark night of mortal wretchedness
 What stars are fixed ? I see but comets gleaming ;
 Without, are sounds of strife and dull distress—
 Within, I watch a candle's fitful beaming.

Yet stars there are, like fires afar off burning—
 Still, underneath the horizon, there is day :
 Oh for more light to aid my slow discerning !
 What can I do but watch, and weep, and pray ?

Look ! in the east appear some gleams of morn—
 A breath of sweetness floats upon the air ;
 Now, while within my spirit hope is born,
 A still, small voice gives answer to my prayer.

“Put out the candle, for the sun has risen !
 All other lights, above, below, grow dim ;
 Go, Soul ! like Paul and Silas, from thy prison ;
 Christ hath redeemed thee—*be complete in Him.*”
 ANONYMOUS.

The Return of Youth.

MY friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
 For thy fair youthful years, too swift of flight ;
 Thou musest with wet eyes upon the time
 Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light,—
 Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
 And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak
 And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
 Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
 Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep :
 A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
 Slopes downward to the place of common sleep ;
 And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
 Leave, one by one, thy side ; and, waiting near,
 Thou seest the sad companions of thy age,—
 Dull love of rest, and weariness, and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
 Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die ;
 Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
 Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky ;—
 Waits like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
 Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour ;
 Waits like the vanished Spring, that slumbering bides
 Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
 On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
 Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
 Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
 He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
 Life's early glory to thine eyes again ;
 Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
 Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
 Of mountains where immortal morn prevails ?
 Comes there not through the silence, to thine ear,
 A gentle rustling of the morning gales ?
 A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
 Of streams that water banks forever fair ;
 And voices of the loved ones gone before,
 More musical in that celestial air ?

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Labor and Rest.

TWO hands upon the breast,
 And labor's done ;
 Two pale feet crossed in rest,
 The race is run ;
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
 And all tears cease ;
 Two lips where grief is mute,
 And wrath at peace !—
 So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot,—
 God in his mercy answereth not.

Two hands to work addressed
 Aye for his praise ;
 Two feet that never rest,
 Walking his ways ;

Two eyes that look above,
 Still through all tears ;
 Two lips that breathe but love,
 Nevermore fears,
 So pray we afterward low on our knees ;—
 Pardon those erring prayers !
 Father, hear these !

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

God.

“ Whom have I in Heaven but Thee ? ”

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth ;
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good ;
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
 She is my tender nurse ; she gives me food ;
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee ?
 And what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the air ; her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
 Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
 And with their polyphonian notes delight me :
 But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee ?

I love the sea ; she is my fellow-creature,
 My careful purveyor : she provides me store ;
 She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore ;
 But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
 What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me ?

To Heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky;
 But what is Heaven, just God, compared to thee?
 Without thy presence, Heaven's no Heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;
 Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
 Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;
 Without thy presence, Heaven itself's no pleasure.
 If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or Heaven to me?

FRANCIS QUARLES.

The Soul.

A GAIN, how can she but immortal be,
 When with the motions of both will and wit,
 She still aspireth to eternity,
 And never rests till she attain to it?

Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
 Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring;
 Then since to Eternal God she doth aspire,
 She cannot but be an eternal thing.

“All moving things to other things do move
 Of the same kind, which shows their nature such;”
 So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
 Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
 Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
 From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
 And runs a lymph along the grassy plains.

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land
From whose soft side she first did issue make ;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet Nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother Earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things ;
She flies close by the ground and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings :

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree ;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet in honor, health,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had wealth ?
Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind ?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers with lustre fresh and gay,—
She lights on that and this, and tasteth all,
But pleasèd with none, doth rise and soar away—

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And like Noah's dove can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

So, while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
She, wooed and tempted in ten thousand ways,
By these great powers which on the earth bear sway,
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by fibs her fantasy possess ;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness :

But if upon the world's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who, by his picture drawn in everything,
And sacred messages, her love has sought :

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much ;
The honey tasted still, is ever sweet ;
The pleasure of her ravished thought is such,
As almost here she with her bliss doth meet.

But when in heaven she shall his essence see,
This is her sovereign good and perfect bliss :
Her longings, wishes, hopes, all finished be,
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this.

There is she crowned with garlands of content ;
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink ;
That presence doth such high delights present
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

The spacious Firmament on high.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine !"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Son-days.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest ! some shoots of blisse :
 Heaven once a week :
 The next world's gladnesse prepossest in this ;
 A day to seek :
 Eternity in time : the steps by which
 We climb above all ages : lamps that light
 Man through his heap of dark days : and the rich
 And full redemption of the whole week's flight !

The pulleys unto headlong man : time's bower ;
 The narrow way ;
 Transplanted Paradise : God's walking hour :
 The cool o' the day !

The creature's jubilee ; God's parle with dust :
 Heaven here ; man on those hills of myrrh and flowres ;
 Angels descending ; the returns of trust ;
 A gleam of glory after six-days-showres !

The Church's love-feasts : time's prerogative,
 And interest
 Deducted from the whole : the combs and hive,
 And home of rest ;
 The milky-way chalkt out with suns ; a clue,
 That guides through erring homes ; and in full story,
 A taste of heaven on earth : the pledge and cue
 Of a full feast ; and the out-courts of glory.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

The Spiritual Temple.

“ And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither ; so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.”—1 KINGS, vi. 7. See also chap. v. 7-18.

AND whence, then, came these goodly stones 't was
 Israel's pride to raise,
 The glory of the former house, the joy of ancient days ;
 In purity and strength erect, in radiant splendor bright,
 Sparkling with golden beams of noon, or silver smiles of
 night ?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns, each noble slab was
 brought,
 In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn, and on its mountains
 wrought ;

There rung the hammer's heavy stroke among the echoing
 rocks,
 There chased the chisel's keen, sharp edge, the rude, un-
 shapen blocks.

Thence polished, perfected, complete, each fitted to its
 place,
 For lofty coping, massive wall, or deep imbedded base,
 They bore them o'er the waves that rolled their billowy swell
 between
 The shores of Tyre's imperial pride and Judah's hills of
 green.

With gradual toil the work went on, through days and
 months and years,
 Beneath the summer's laughing sun, and winter's frozen
 tears ;
 And thus in majesty sublime and noiseless pomp it rose, —
 Fit dwelling for the God of Peace ! a temple of repose !

Brethren in Christ ! to holier things the simple type apply ;
 Our God himself a temple builds, eternal and on high,
 Of souls elect ; their Zion there—*that* world of light and
 bliss ;
 Their Lebanon—the place of toil—of previous moulding—
this.

From nature's quarries, deep and dark, with gracious aim he
 hews
 The stones, the spiritual stones, it pleaseth him to choose :
 Hard, rugged, shapeless at the first, yet destined each to
 shine,
 Moulded beneath his patient hand, in purity divine.

Oh, glorious process! see the proud grow lowly, gentle,
 meek;
 See floods of unaccustomed tears gush down the hardened
 cheek:
 Perchance the hammer's heavy stroke o'erthrew some idol
 fond;
 Perchance the chisel rent in twain some precious, tender
 bond.

Behold he prays whose lips were sealed in silent scorn
 before;
 Sighs for the closet's holy calm, and hails the welcome door;
 Behold he works for Jesus now, whose days went idly past:
 Oh! for more mouldings of the hand that works a change so
 vast!

Ye looked on one, a well-wrought stone, a saint of God
 matured,—
 What chiselings that heart had felt, what chastening strokes
 endured!
 But marked ye not that last soft touch, what perfect grace it
 gave,
 Ere Jesus bore his servant home, across the darksome wave?—

Home to the place his grace designed that chosen soul to fill,
 In the bright temple of the saved, "upon his holy hill;"
 Home to the noiselessness, the peace of those sweet shrines
 above,
 Whose stones shall never be displaced—set in redeeming
 love.

Lord, chisel, chasten, polish us, each blemish work away,
 Cleanse us with purifying blood, in spotless robes array;
 And thus, thine image on us stamped, transport us to the
 shore,
 Where not a stroke is ever felt, for none is needed more.

J. T.

Soul and Body.

POOOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Foiled by those rebel powers that thee array
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine, to aggravate thy store!
 By terms divine in selling homes of dross!
 Within be fed, without be rich no more!
 So shalt thou feed on death that feeds on men,
 And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Lord the Good Shepherd.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
 I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed
 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
 O! what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God !
 Still follow my steps till I meet thee above :
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love
 JAMES MONTGOMERY.

O Saviour! whose Mercy.

O SAVIOUR! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
 Hath chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
 Adored be the power that illumined my blindness,
 And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
 I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy ;
 And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
 Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below ;
 The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam ;
 Sweet whispered the breeze—but it whispered of woe ;
 And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
 I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed ;
 And still did this eager and credulous heart
 Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
 Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn :—
 Thou show'dst me the path ; it was dark and uneven,
 All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
 I grasped at the triumph that blesses the brave ;
 I asked for the palm-branch, the robe and the crown,
 I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave !

Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will
 My hopes and my wishes I freely resign ;
 O, give me a heart that can wait and be still,
 Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
 But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;
 There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below ;
 There is rest, but 'tis found in the bosom of God.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.



“Tempted like as we are.”

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, who not in vain
 Experienced every human pain :
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the ill I would not do,
 Still He who felt temptation's power
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Deceived by those I prized too well,
 He shall his pitying aid bestow
 Who felt on earth severer woe ;
 At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
 By those who shared his daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
 Still he who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers what was once a friend,
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while,—
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead !

And oh, when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My dying bed, for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

“*Can find out God?*”

I CANNOT find thee ! Still on restless pinion
 My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell :
 I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
 And shrink beneath thy Light ineffable.

I cannot find thee ! Even when, most adoring,
 Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
 Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,
 From furthest quest comes back : Thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
 And folded far within the inmost heart,
 And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
 Thy splendor shineth : there, O God ! thou art.

I cannot lose thee ! Still in thee abiding,
 The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam ;
 The Law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
 And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER.



Faith.

WE will not weep : for God is standing by us,
 And tears will blind us to the blessed sight :
 We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us,
 Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint, if heavy burdens bind us,
 They press no harder than our souls can bear ;
 The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
 We shall be braver for the past despair.

O not in doubt shall be our journey's ending ;
 Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last :
 All its best hopes in glad fulfillment blending,
 Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

Help us, O Father ! when the world is pressing
 On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend ;
 Help us, O Father ! let thy constant blessing
 Strengthen our weakness—till the joyful end.

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT.

Our Saints.

FROM the eternal shadow rounding
 All unsure and starlight here,
 Voices of our lost ones sounding,
 Bid us be of heart and cheer,
 Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the inward
 ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
 Downward, as in sad surprise,
 All our strife of words rebuking
 With their mild and earnest eyes?
 Shall we grieve the holy angels, shall we cloud their blessed
 skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us,
 Which have fallen in our way:
 Let us do the work before us
 Calmly, bravely, while we may,
 Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is not day!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

“Dum vivimus, vivamus.”

“LIVE while you live!” the epicure would say,
 “And seize the pleasures of the present day!”
 “Live while you live!” the sacred Preacher cries,
 “And give to God each moment as it flies!”
 Lord, in my view let both united be,
 I live in pleasure while I live to thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Sonnet.

MARTHA, THY MAIDEN FOOT.

MARTHA, thy maiden foot is still so light
 It leaves no legible trace on virgin snows :
 And yet I ween that busily it goes
 In duty's path, from happy morn to night,
 Thy dimpled cheek is gay and softly bright
 As the fixed beauty of the mossy rose ;
 Yet will it change its hue for others' woes,
 And native red exchange for virgin white.
 Thou bear'st a name by Jesus known and loved,
 And Jesus gently did the maid reprove
 For too much haste to show her eager love :
 But blessed is she that may be so reprov'd :
 Be Martha still in deed, and good endeavor,
 In faith like Mary—at his feet forever.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

*The Chambered Nautilus.*

THIS is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl :
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
 And every chambered cell
Where its dim-dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil :
 Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
 While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings :

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

•

Haste Not! Rest Not.

WITHOUT haste! without rest!
 Bind the motto to thy breast;
 Bear it with thee as a spell;
 Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
 Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
 Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
 Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
 Ponder well, and know the right,
 Onward then, with all thy might!
 Haste not! years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
 Go and dare, before you die;
 Something mighty and sublime
 Leave behind to conquer time!
 Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
 When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
 Meekly bear the storms of fate!
 Duty be thy polar guide;—
 Do the right, whate'er betide!
 Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
 God shall crown thy work at last.

Anonymous Translation.

JOHANN W. VON GOETHE.

Bringing our Sheaves with us.

THE time for toil has passed, and night has come,—
 The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;
 Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
 Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
 Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
 Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
 That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
 As with a heaviness of heart and brain ;—
 Master, behold my sheaves !

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling weight
 Through all my frame a weary aching leaves ;
 For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
 And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late—
 Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—
 Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves ;
 Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
 I kneel down reverently and repeat,
 “ Master, behold my sheaves !”

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
 With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
 Can claim no value or utility,—
 Therefore shall fragrancly and beauty be
 The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew ;
 For well I know thy patient love perceives
 Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—
 And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
 Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

"It is more Blessed."

GIVE ! as the morning that flows out of heaven ;
 Give ! as the waves when their channel is riven ;
 Give ! as the free air and sunshine are given ;
 Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give :—
 Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
 Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
 Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing ;
 Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
 Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
 Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver ;
 Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
 Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring !
 What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring ?
 What if no blossom looks upward adoring ?
 Look to the life that was lavished for thee !

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
 Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
 Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
 Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
 What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses ?
 What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes ?
 Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
 Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over ;
 Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
 Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover ;
 What shall thy longing avail in the grave ?
 Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
 Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
 Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
 Thou shalt know God, and the gift that he gave.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The Teacher Taught.

O'ER wayward children wouldst thou hold firm rule,
 And sun thee in the light of happy faces:
 Love, Hope, and Patience,—these must be the graces.
 And in thy own heart let them first *keep school!*
 For, as old Atlas on his broad neck places
 Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
 Do these upbear the little world below
 Of education—Patience, Hope, and Love!
 Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,—
 The straitened arms upraised,—the palms aslope,—
 And robes that touching, as adown they flow,
 Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
 O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
 Love, too, will sink and die.
 But Love is subtle; and will proof derive,
 From her own life, that Hope is yet alive,
 And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
 And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
 Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies.
 Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love!
 Yet haply there will come a weary day,
 When, overtasked, at length,
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way,
 Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience,—nothing loath;
 And, both supporting, does the work of both.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

“My Times are in Thy Hand.”

Psalm xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me :
 And the changes that are sure to come
 I do not fear to see ;
 But I ask thee for a present mind
 Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thankful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To greet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
 And a heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 Seeking for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know ;
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoever estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts,
 To keep and cultivate ;
 And a lowly work of love to do,
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied ;
 And a mind to blend with outward things
 While keeping at thy side ;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee—
More careful than to serve thee much,
To please thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a crook in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In a service that thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me ;
For my secret heart has learned the truth
That makes thy children free,
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

A Strip of Blue.

I DO not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free :
And more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
 Great fleets and argosies ;
 I have a share in every ship
 Won by the inland breeze
 To loiter on yon airy road
 Above the apple-trees.
 I fright them with my untold dreams,
 Each bears my own picked crew ;
 And nobler cargoes wait for them
 Than ever India knew—
 My ships that sail into the East
 Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes—
 The people of the sky—
 Guests in white raiment coming down
 From Heaven, which is close by :
 I call them by familiar names,
 As one by one draws nigh,
 So white, so light, so spirit-like,
 From violet mists they bloom !
 The aching wastes of the unknown
 Are half reclaimed from gloom,
 Since on life's hospitable sea
 All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
 With nothing else in sight ;
 Its east and west, its north and south,
 Spread out from morn to night :
 We miss the warm, caressing shore,
 Its brooding shade and light.
 A part is greater than the whole ;
 By hints are mysteries told ;
 The fringes of eternity—
 God's sweeping garment-fold,
 In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
 I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
 Float in upon the mist ;
 The waves are broken precious stones—
 Sapphire and amethyst,
 Washed from celestial basement walls
 By suns unsetting kissed.
 Out through the utmost gates of space,
 Past where the gay stars drift,
 To the widening Infinite, my soul
 Glides on a vessel swift ;
 Yet loses not her anchorage
 In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child :
 The threshold of God's door
 Is that clear band of chrysoprase ;
 Now the vast temple floor,
 The blinding glory of the dome
 I bow my head before :
 The universe, O God, is home,
 In height or depth to me ;
 Yet here upon thy footstool green
 Content am I to be ;
 Glad when is opened to my need
 Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

LUCY LARCOM.

The Closing Scene.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy air ;
 Like some tanned reaper in his hours of ease,
 When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
 O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
 Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
 On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
 The hills seemed farther and the stream sang low,
 As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
 His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
 Their banners bright with every martial hue,
 Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight ;
 The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint ;
 And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
 The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew—
 Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before ;
 Silent, till some replying warder blew
 His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
 Made garrulous trouble 'round her unfledged young ;
 And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
 By every light wind like a censer swung ;

Where sung the noisy masons of the eaves,
 The busy swallows, circling ever near—
 Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
 An early harvest and a plenteous year ;

Where every bird that charmed the vernal feast
 Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
 To warn the reaper of the rosy east ;—
 All now was sunless, empty, and forlorn

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail ;
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom ;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers ;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night ;
The thistledown, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch ;

Amid all this—the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust ;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all ;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rest upon her wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow ;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon ;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed ;
 Light drooped the distaff through her hand serene ;
 And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
 While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Ships at Sea.

I HAVE ships that went to sea,
 More than fifty years ago ;
 None have yet come home to me,
 But are sailing to and fro.
 I have seen them in my sleep,
 Plunging through the shoreless deep,
 With tattered sails and battered hulls,
 While around them screamed the gulls,
 Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they strayed
 From me, sailing round the world ;
 And I've said, " I'm half afraid
 That their sails will ne'er be furled."
 Great the treasures that they hold,
 Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold ;
 While the spices that they bear,
 Fill with fragrance all the air,
 As they sail, as they sail.

Ah ! each sailor in the port
 Knows that I have ships at sea,
 Of the waves and winds the sport,
 And the sailors pity me.
 Oft they come and with me walk,
 Cheering me with hopeful talk,
 Till I put my fears aside,
 And, contented, watch the tide
 Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I shall buy then all I need,—
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art, -
Everything—except a heart,
That is lost, that is lost.

Once, when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me
Evermore, evermore.

ROBERT B. COFFIN.

O Doubting Heart.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
 Frozen and dead,
 Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore.—
 O doubting heart!
 Far over purple seas
 They wait in sunny ease,
 The balmy southern breeze
 To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
 Prisoned they lie
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.—
 O doubting heart!
 They only sleep below
 The soft, white, ermine snow
 While winter winds shall blow,
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
 These many days;
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth?—
 O doubting heart!
 The stormy clouds on high
 Veil the same sunny sky
 That soon, for spring is nigh,
 Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
 Is quenched in night:
 What sound can break the silence of despair?—
 O doubting heart!
 The sky is overcast,
 Yet stars shall rise at last,
 Brighter for darkness past,
 And Angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Going and Coming.

GOING—the great round Sun,
 Dragging the captive Day
 Over behind the frowning hill,
 Over beyond the bay—
 Dying:
Coming—the dusky Night,
 Silently stealing in,
 Wrapping himself in the soft warm couch
 Where the golden-haired Day hath been
 Lying.

Going—the bright, blithe Spring;
 Blossoms! how fast ye fall,
 Shooting out of your starry sky
 Into the darkness all
 Blindly!

Coming—the mellow days:
 Crimson and yellow leaves;
 Languishing purple and amber fruits
 Kissing the bearded sheaves
 Kindly!

Going—our early friends;
 Voices we loved are dumb;
 Footsteps grow dim in the morning dew;
 Fainter the echoes come
 Ringing:
Coming to join our march,—
 Shoulder to shoulder pressed,—
 Gray-haired veterans strike their tents
 For the far-off purple West—
 Singing!

Going—this old, old life ;
 Beautiful world ! farewell !
 Forest and meadow ! river and hill !
 Ring ye a loving knell
 O'er us !
 Coming—a nobler life ;
 Coming—a better land ;
 Coming—a long, long, night less day ;
 Coming—the grand, grand
 Chorus !

EDWARD A. JENKS.

The Future Life.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,
 When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
 And perishes among the dust we tread ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there !
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given ?
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
 And wilt thou never utter it in heaven ?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
 And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
 Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
 And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
 And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
 Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same belovèd name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Lines written in a Churchyard.

“It is good for us to be here. If thou wilt, let us make here three graves; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.”

METHINKS it is good to be here;
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pen him below
In a small narrow cave and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
 The charms which she wielded before;
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
 The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
 For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride?
 To the trappings which dizen the proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside,
 And here 's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
 But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 't is in vain!
 Who hid, in their turns have been hid:
 The treasures are squandered again;
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
 But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
 Ah! here is a plentiful board!
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
 Ah no! they have withered and died,
 Or fled with the spirit above.
 Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve;
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
 Which compassion itself could relieve.
 Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
 Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, that insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.



Shall I Fear, O Earth, thy Bosom?

SHALL I fear, O earth, thy bosom?
Shrink and faint to lay me there,
Whence the fragrant lovely blossom
Springs to gladden earth and air?

Whence the tree, the brook, the river,
Soft clouds floating in the sky,
All fair things come, whispering ever
Of the love divine on high?

Yea, whence One arose victorious
O'er the darkness of the grave,
His strong arm revealing, glorious
In its might divine to save?

No, fair Earth! a tender mother
Thou hast been, and yet canst be;
And through him, my Lord and Brother,
Sweet shall be my rest in thee!

THOMAS DAVIS.

To the Southern Cross.

SWEET Empress of the Southern sea,
Hail to thy loveliness once more !
Thou gazest mournfully on me,
As mindful we have met before !

When first I saw the Polar Star
Go down behind the silver sea,
And greeted thy mild light from far,
I did not know its mystery.

My Polar Star was by my side,
The star of hope was on my brow ;
I've lost them both beneath the tide—
The cross alone is left me now.

Not such as thou, sweet Thing of stars,
Moving in queenly state on high,
But wrought of stern, cold iron bars,
And borne, ah me ! so wearily !

Yet something from those soft, warm skies
Seems whispering, " Thou shall yet be blest !"
And gazing in thy tender eyes,
The symbol brightens on my breast.

I read at last the mystery
That slumbers in each starry gem ;
The weary pathway to the sky—
The iron cross—the diadem.

EMILY C. JUDSON

Per Pacem ad Lucem.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load :

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though heart should
bleed,—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night ;
Lead me O Lord—till perfect day shall shine—
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

“Follow Thou Me.”

O WHERE shall we follow thee, Saviour beloved?
To Kedron, where oft thou hast thoughtfully roved?
Each rill of enjoyment that winds through our care,
Is Kedron, if thou wilt but walk with us there.

O where shall we follow thee, Jesus our friend?
To Bethany, whither thy feet loved to tend?
Our fireside is Bethany, peaceful and blest;
And ne'er will we wander, with thee for a guest.

O where shall we follow thee, Master adored?
To the Beautiful City, that knew not her Lord?
Alas for our streets full of evil and pain!
Toil with us for cities wept over in vain!

O where shall we follow thee, Leader divine?
To Tabor, where thou in white glory didst shine?
Thy face in the sin-sick and weary we see,
When Love is the Tabor we stand on with thee.

O where shall we follow thee, tenderest Guide?
To the sweet mournful garden down Olivet's side?
Ah, here is Gethsemane—here where we mourn:
Here strengthen us, thou who our sorrow hast borne!

O where shall we follow thee, dear Lamb of God?
Up Golgotha's death-steep, for us meekly trod?
The thorns pierce our temples; the cross bears us down;
Like thine make our Calvary garland our crown!

O where shall we follow thee, conquering Lord?
To Paradise, unto us outcasts restored?
'T is Paradise, Lord, in thy presence to be:
And, living or dying, we're ever with thee!

LUCY LARCOM.

Enticed.

I.

WITH what clear guile of gracious love enticed,
 I follow forward, as from room to room,
 Through doors that open into light from gloom,
 To find and lose, and find again the Christ !

He stands and knocks, and bids me ope the door ;
 Without he stands, and asks to enter in :
 Why should he seek a shelter sad with sin ?
 Will he but knock and ask, and nothing more ?

He knows what ways I take to shut my heart,
 And if he will he can himself undo
 My foolish fastenings, or by force break through,
 Nor wait till I fulfill my needless part.

But nay, he will not choose to enter so,—
 He will not be my guest without consent,
 Nor, though I say “ Come in,” is he content ;
 I must arise and ope, or he will go.

He shall not go ; I do arise and ope,—
 “ Come in, dear Lord, come in and sup with me,
 Oh, blessèd guest, and let me sup with thee,”—
 Where is the door ? for in this dark I grope,

And cannot find it soon enough ; my hand,
 Shut hard, holds fast the one sure key I need,
 And trembles, shaken with its eager heed ;
 No other key will answer my demand.

The door between is some command undone ;
 Obedience is the key that slides the bar,
 And lets him in, who stands so near, so far ;
 The doors are many, but the key is one.

Which door, dear Lord? knock, speak, that I may know;
 Hark, heart, he answers with his hand and voice--
 Oh, still small sign, I tremble and rejoice,
 Nor longer doubt which way my feet must go.

Full lief and soon this door would open too,
 If once my key might find the narrow slit
 Which, being so narrow, is so hard to hit--
 But lo! one little ray that glimmers through,

Not spreading light, but lighting to the light--
 Now steady, hand, for good speed's sake be slow,
 One straight right aim, a pulse of pressure, so--
 How small, how great, the change from dark to bright!

II.

Now he is here I seem no longer here!
 This place of light is not my chamber dim,
 It is not he with me, but I with him,
 And host, not guest, he breaks the bread of cheer.

I was borne onward at his greeting,—he
 Earthward had come, but heavenward I had gone;
 Drawing him hither, I was thither drawn,
 Scarce welcoming him to hear him welcome me!

I lie upon the bosom of my Lord,
 And feel his heart, and time my heart thereby;
 The tune so sweet, I have no need to try,
 But rest and trust, and beat the perfect chord.

A little while I lie upon his heart,
 Feasting on love, and loving there to feast,
 And then, once more, the shadows are increased
 Around me, and I feel my Lord depart.

Again alone, but in a farther place
 I sit with darkness, waiting for a sign;
 Again I hear the same sweet plea divine,
 And suit, outside, of hospitable grace.

This is his guile,—he makes me act the host
 To shelter him, and lo! he shelters me;
 Asking for alms, he summons me to be
 A guest at banquets of the Holy Ghost.

So, on and on, through many an opening door
 That gladly opens to the key I bring,
 From brightening court to court of Christ, my King,
 Hope-led, love-fed, I journey evermore.

At last I trust these changing scenes will cease;
 There is a court I hear where he abides;
 No door beyond, that further glory hides.—
 My host at home, all change is changed to peace.

WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

The Rose.

GO, lovely Rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her come forth—
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,—
 How small a part of Time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

Yet though thou fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise
 To teach the maid
 That goodness time's rude hand defies,
 That virtue lives when beauty dies.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

[This latter stanza was written by Kirke White on the margin of a borrowed volume of Waller's poems.]

Under the Violets.

HER hands are cold, her face is white ;
 No more her pulses come and go ;
 Her eyes are shut to life and light :
 Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
 And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
 To plead for tears with alien eyes ;
 A slender cross of wood alone
 Shall say that here a maiden lies,
 In peace, beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop the dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And ripening in the autumn sun
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high ;
And every minstrel voice of spring,
That thrills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe to her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies ;
So may the soul that warmed it rise !

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask : What maiden sleeps below ?
Say only this : A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Desiderium.

IN MEMORIAM W. W. A.

THE shattered water plashes down the ledge ;
 The long ledge slants and bends between its walls,
 And shoots the current over many an edge
 Of shelvy rock, in thin and foamy falls,—
 With the same streaming light and numerous sound,
 As when his musing way he duly hither wound.

Up by this path along the streamlet's brink,
 Into the cool ravine his footsteps wore ;
 That was in other days—I bow and think
 In sadness of the wealthy days of yore,
 The fair far days, so wholly gone away,
 When love, and hope, and youth before us boundless lay.

He was a kind of genius of the glen,
 The soul of sunshine in its heart of gloom ;
 Nature's great mansion, wide to other men,
 Here for the gentlest guest reserved a room,
 Where she, in secret from the general throng,
 Welcomed him fleeing oft, and cheered him lingering long.

But hospitable Nature seeks him now,
 Through her wide halls or cloistered cells in vain ;
 The wistful face, the early-wrinkled brow,
 The peace that touched and purified the pain,
 The slender form, dilate with noble thought,
 The woman's welcoming smile for all fair things he brought ;

The light, quick step, elastic but not strong,
 Alert with springing spirit and tempered nerve—
 Type of the heart direct that sped along
 Swiftly where duty led, and did not swerve
 For count of odds, or dread of earthly loss,
 Buoyed with the costliest strength to bear the heaviest cross ;

These tokens of that gracious presence here,
 O Nature, you and I together mourn ;
 But you and I, O Nature, have our cheer
 Concerning him, that helps our loss be borne—
 You mould his dust to keepsake grass and flower,
 What warmed his dust moulds me to forms of finer power.

WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

Our Baby.

WHEN the morning, half in shadow,
 Ran along the hill and meadow,
 And with milk-white fingers parted
 Crimson roses, golden-hearted ;
 Opening over ruins hoary
 Every purple morning-glory,
 And outshaking from the bushes
 Singing larks and pleasant thrushes ;
 That's the time our little baby,
 Strayed from Paradise, it may be,
 Came with eyes like heaven above her,
 Oh we could not choose but love her !

Not enough of earth for sinning,
 Always gentle, always winning,
 Never needing our reproving,
 Ever lively, ever loving ;
 Starry eyes and sunset tresses,
 White arms, made for light caresses,
 Lips, that knew no word of doubting,
 Often kissing, never pouting ;
 Beauty even in completeness,
 Overfull of childish sweetness ;
 That's the way our little baby,
 Far too pure for earth, it may be,
 Seemed to us, who while about her
 Deemed we could not do without her.

When the morning, half in shadow,
 Ran along the hill and meadow,
 And with milk-white fingers parted
 Crimson roses, golden hearted ;
 Opening over ruins hoary
 Every purple morning-glory,
 And outshaking from the bushes
 Singing larks and pleasant thrushes ;
 That's the time our little baby,
 Pining here for heaven, it may be,
 Turning from our bitter weeping,
 Closed her eyes as when in sleeping,
 And her white hands on her bosom
 Folded like a summer blossom.

Now the litter she doth lie on,
 Strewed with roses, bear to Zion ;
 Go, as past a pleasant meadow,
 Through the valley of the shadow ;
 Take her softly, holy angels,
 Past the ranks of God's evangels ;
 Past the saints and martyrs holy
 To the Earth-born, meek and lowly,
 We would have our precious blossom
 Softly laid in Jesus' bosom.

PHŒBE CARY.

The River Path.

NO bird-song floated down the hill,
 The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
 No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
 We felt the falling of the dew :

For, from us ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom ;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of morn or sun ;
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from right ;
The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled :
It bridged the shaded stream with gold :

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side !

“ So,” prayed we, “ when our feet draw near
The river dark with mortal fear,

“ And the night cometh, chill with dew,
O Father, let thy light break through !

“ So let the hills of doubt divide,
To bridge with faith the sunless tide !

“ So let the eyes that fail on earth
O'er thy eternal hills look forth :

“ And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below !”

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



The Golden Street.

THE toil is very long and I am tired :
Oh, Father, I am weary of the way !
Give me that rest I have so long desired ;
Bring me that Sabbath's cool refreshing day,
And let the fever of my world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired,—very tired ! And I at times have seen,
When the far pearly gates were open thrown
For those who walked no more with me, the green
Sweet foliage of the trees that there alone
At last wave over those whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

When the gates open, and before they close—
Sad hours but holy—I have watched the tide
Whose living crystal there forever flows
Before the throne, and sadly have I sighed
To think how long until my world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

They shall not wander from that blessed way ;
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor weariness, nor sin,
 Nor any clouds in that eternal day
 Trouble them more who once have entered in ;
 But all is rest to them whose world-worn feet
 Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Thus the gates close and I behold no more,
 Though, as I walk, they open oftener now
 For those who leave me and go on before ;
 And I am lonely also while I bow
 And think of those dear souls whose world-worn feet
 Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired, very tired !—but I will patient be,
 Nor will I murmur at the weary way :
 I too shall walk beside the crystal sea,
 And pluck the ripe fruit, all that God-lit day,
 When thou, O Lord, shalt let my world-worn feet
 Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



Rest.

Lines supposed to have been found under the pillow of a soldier who died in hospital at Port Royal.

I LAY me down to sleep,
 With little care
 Whether my waking find
 Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head
 That only asks to rest,
 Unquestioning, upon
 A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
 Its cunning now ;
 To march the weary march
 I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
 Nor strong—all that is past ;
 I am ready not to do
 At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
 And this is all my part—
 I give a patient God
 My patient heart ;

And grasp his banner still,
 Though all the blue be dim :
 These stripes as well as stars
 Lead after him.

MRS. ROBERT S. HOWLAND.

The Cloud.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;
 Long had I watched the glory moving on,
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below :
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
 E'en in its very motion there was rest,
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
 Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
 While to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

The Brooklet.

SWEET brooklet, ever gliding,
 Now high the mountains riding,
 The lone vale now dividing,
 Whither away?—
 “With pilgrim course I flow,
 Or in summer’s scorching glow,
 Or o’er moonless wastes of snow,
 Nor stop, nor stay:
 For oh, by high behest,
 To a bright abode of rest,
 In my parent Ocean’s breast,
 I hasten away!”

Many a dark morass,
 Many a craggy mass,
 Thy feeble force must pass;
 Yet, yet delay!—
 “Though the marsh be dire and deep,
 Though the crag be stern and steep,
 On, on my course must sweep;
 I may not stay:
 For oh, be it east or west,
 To a home of glorious rest
 In the bright sea’s boundless breast,
 I hasten away!”

The warbling bowers beside thee,
 The laughing flowers that hide thee,
 With soft accord they chide thee,—
 Sweet brooklet, stay!
 “I taste of the fragrant flowers,
 I respond to the warbling bowers,
 And sweetly they charm the hours
 Of my winding way:

My Ain Countree.

I AM far from my hame an' I'm weary often whiles
 For the longed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles;
 I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
 The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh and gay,
 The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
 But these sights and these soun's will as naething be to me,
 When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day, the
 King,
 To his ain royal palace his banish'd hame will bring;
 Wi' een an' wi' heart running oure we shall see
 "The King in his beauty," an' our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
 His bluid has made me white, his hand shall wipe mine ee,
 When he brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wud fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast;
 For he gathers in his bosom, witless, worthless lambs like
 me,
 An' he carries them himself to his ain countree.

He's faithfu' that has promised, he'll surely come again;
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
 But he bids me still to watch, an' ready ay to be
 To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching aye an' singing o' my hame as I wait,
 For the soun'ing o' his footsteps this side the gowden gate.
 God gie his grace to ilka ane wha listens noo to me,
 That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

MISS M. A. LEE.

Nearer Home.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er—
 I'm nearer my home to-day
 Than I ever have been before :

Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be :
 Nearer the Great White Throne,
 Nearer the jasper sea :

Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down ;
 Nearer leaving the cross,
 Nearer wearing the crown !

But lying darkly between,
 Winding down through the night,
 Is the silent unknown stream
 That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
 Come to the dread abysm ;
 Closer Death to my lips
 Presses the awful chrism.

Father, perfect my trust !
 Strengthen my feeble faith !
 Let me feel as I would, when I stand
 On the shore of the river of Death.

Feel as I would, when my feet
 Are slipping over the brink ;
 For it may be I'm nearer home,
 Nearer now than I think.

PHŒBE CARY.

The Genius of Death.

WHAT is Death? 't is to be free !
 No more to love or hope or fear—
 To join the great equality :
 All alike are humbled here !
 The mighty grave
 Wraps lord and slave :
 Nor pride nor poverty dares come
 Within that refuge house, the tomb !

Spirit with the drooping wing,
 And the ever-weeping eye,
 Thou of all earth's kings art King !
 Empires at thy footstool lie !
 Beneath thee strewed
 Their multitude
 Sink like waves upon the shore :
 Storms shall never rouse them more !

What's the grandeur of the earth
 To the grandeur round thy throne ?
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
 To thy kingdom all have gone.
 Before thee stand
 The wondrous band,—
 Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
 Who darkened nations when they died !

Earth hath hosts; but thou canst show
 Many a million for her one;
 Through thy gates the mortal flow
 Has for countless years rolled on:
 Back from the tomb
 No step has come;
 There fixed, till the last thunder's sound
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

GEORGE CROLY.

A Dirge.

“**E**ARTH to earth, and dust to dust!”
 Here the evil and the just,
 Here the youthful and the old,
 Here the fearful and the bold,
 Here the matron and the maid,
 In one silent bed are laid;
 Here the vassal and the king
 Side by side lie withering;
 Here the sword and sceptre rust—
 “Earth to earth, and dust to dust!”

Age on age shall roll along
 O'er this pale and mighty throng;
 Those that wept them, they that weep,
 All shall with these sleepers sleep;
 Brothers, sisters of the worm,—
 Summer's sun, or Winter's storm,
 Song of peace, or battle's roar
 Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
 Death shall keep his sullen trust—
 “Earth to earth, and dust to dust!”

But a day is coming fast—
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!

It shall come in fear and wonder,
 Heralded by trump and thunder;
 It shall come in strife and toil,
 It shall come in blood and spoil;
 It shall come in empires' groans,
 Burning temples, ruined thrones;
 Then Ambition, rue thy lust!
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
 In the east the King shall shine,
 Flashing from heaven's golden gate—
 Thousands, thousands, round his stat—
 Spirits with the crown and plume;
 Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
 Heaven shall open on thy sight,
 Earth be turned to living light—
 Kingdom of the ransomed just—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
 Shall be gorgeous as a gem!
 Then shall in the desert rise
 Fruits of more than Paradise;
 Earth by angel feet be trod—
 One great garden of her God!
 Till are dried the martyr's tears,
 Through a thousand glorious years!
 Now in hope of him we trust—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

GEORGE CROLY.

Time and Eternity.

IT is not Time that flies ;
 'Tis we, 'tis we are flying :
 It is not Life that dies ;
 'Tis we, 'tis we are dying.
 Time and Eternity are one ;
 Time is Eternity begun ;
 Life changes, yet without decay ;
 'Tis we alone who pass away.

It is not Truth that flies ;
 'Tis we, 'tis we are flying :
 It is not Faith that dies ;
 'Tis we, 'tis we are dying.
 O ever-during faith and truth,
 Whose youth is age, whose age is youth !
 Twin stars of immortality,
 Ye cannot perish from our sky.

It is not Hope that flies ;
 'Tis we, 'tis we are flying :
 It is not Love that dies ;
 'Tis we, 'tis we are dying.
 Twin streams, that have in heaven your birth,
 Ye glide in gentle joy through earth,
 We fade, like flowers beside you sown ;
 Ye are still flowing, flowing on.

Yet we but die to live :
 It is from death we're flying :
 Forever lives our Life ;
 For us there is no dying.
 We die but as the Spring-bud dies,
 In Summer's golden glow to rise.
 These be our days of April bloom ;
 Our Summer is beyond the tomb.

HORATIUS BONAR.

As down in the Sunless Retreats.

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee,
 My God, silent to thee,—
 Pure, warm, silent to thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,—
 So dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,
 My God, trembling to thee,
 Pure, warm, trembling to thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

In View of Death.

THE hour, the hour, the parting hour,
 That takes from this dark world its power,
 And lays at once the thorn and flower
 On the same withering bier, my soul !
 The hour that ends all earthly woes,
 And gives the wearied soul repose,—
 How soft, how sweet that last long close
 Of mortal hope and fear, my soul !

How sweet, while on this broken lyre
 The melodies of time expire,
 To feel it strung with chords of fire
 To praise the Immortal One, my soul !
 And while our farewell tears we pour
 To those we leave on this cold shore,
 To feel that we shall weep no more,
 Nor dwell in heaven alone, my soul !

How sweet, while, waning fast away,
 The stars of this dim world decay,
 To hail, prophetic of the day,
 The golden dawn above, my soul !
 To feel we only sleep to rise
 In sunnier lands and fairer skies,
 To bind again our broken ties
 In ever-living love, my soul !

The hour, the hour so pure and calm,
 That bathes the wounded soul in balm,
 And round the pale brow twines the palm
 Which shuns this wintry clime, my soul !
 The hour that draws o'er earth and all
 Its briars and blooms the mortal pall,—
 How soft, how sweet, that evening-fall
 Of fears, and grief, and time, my soul !

ANONYMOUS.

The Soul's Passing.

IT is ended! All is over!
 Lo! the weeping mourners come—
 Mother, father, friend, and lover—
 To the death-encumbered room.
 Lips are pressèd to the blessèd
 Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine—
 Hand that no more answereth kindly;
 See the eyes that wont to shine,
 Uttering love, now staring blindly
 Tender-hearted speech departed—
 Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
 Warming, brightening every part ;
 There it slumbereth cold forever—
 No more merry leap and start ;
 No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
 In its silent home, the heart.

Hope not answer to your praying !
 Cold, responseless lies she there :
 Death, that ever will be slaying
 Something gentle, something fair,
 Came with numbers soft as slumbers- -
 She is with him elsewhere !

Mother ! yes, you scarce would chide her
 Had you seen the form he bore,
 Heard the words he spoke beside her,
 Tender as the look he wore,
 While he proved her how he loved her
 More than mother—ten times more !

Earthly father ! weep not o'er her !
 To another Father's breast,
 On the wings of love he bore her,
 To the kingdom of the blest,
 Where no weeping eyelids keeping,
 Dwells she now in perfect rest.

Friend ! he was a friend that found her
 Amid blessings poor and scant,
 With a wicked world around her,
 And within a heavenly want ;
 And supplied her, *home* to guide her,
 Wings for which the weary pant.

Lover ! yes, she loved thee dearly !
 When she left thee loved thee best !
 Love, she knew, alone burns clearly
 In the bosoms of the blest ;
 Love she bore thee, watches o'er thee,
 Is the angel in thy breast !

Mourners all ! have done with weeping !
 I will tell you what he said,
 When he came and found her sleeping ;
 On her heart his hand he laid :—
 “ Sleep is, maiden, sorrow-laden ;
 Peace dwells only with the dead.

“ Wend with me across the river,
Seems so bitter, *is* so sweet ;
 On whose other shore forever
 Happy, holy spirits greet ;
 Grief all over, friend and lover
 In a sweet communion meet.

“ It is better, father, mother,
 Lover, friend, to leave behind ;
 All their blessèd loves and other,
 Come with me, and thou shalt find,
 Where thy spirit shall inherit
 Perfect love and perfect mind.

“ Love that is to mortals given
 Struggles with imperfect will ;
 Love alone that homes in heaven
 Can its perfect self fulfill ;
 Where possessing every blessing,
 Still it grows and greatens still !

“ See, I bring thee wings to bear thee,
 To the blessèd angel-home ;
 Dear ones dead forever near thee,
 From thy side no more to roam ;
 Love increasèd, wait, thou blessèd,
 Till the living loved ones come !

“ O'er the river !” Lo ! she faltered,
 While he took her by the hand ;
 And her blessèd face grew altered
 As she heard the sweet command.
 Father ! lover ! all was over !
 So she passed to Spirit-Land !

CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit, this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper : angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul ! can this be death ?

The world recedes—it disappears ;
 Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring ;
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

ALEXANDER POPE.

Farewell Life, Welcome Life.

FAREWELL Life! My senses swim,
 And the world is growing dim;
 Thronging shadows crowd the light,
 Like the advent of the night;
 Colder, colder, colder still,
 Upward steals a vapor chill;
 Strong the earthy odor grows—
 I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! the spirit strives!
 Strength returns, and hope revives!
 Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
 Fly like shadows at the morn:
 O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
 Sunny light for sullen gloom,
 Warm perfume for vapor cold—
 I smell the rose above the mould!

THOMAS HOOD.

Life's "Good-Morning."

LIFE! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good-Night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good-Morning.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Palms of Glory.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light,
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors **they**.
 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amidst the throne;
 And proclaim in joyful psalms,
 Victory through his cross alone!

Kings their crowns for harps resign,
 Crying as they strike the chords,
 "Take the kingdom—it is thine:
 King of kings, and Lord of lords!"
 Round the altar priests confess,
 If their robes are white as snow,
 'T was the Saviour's righteousness,
 And his blood that made them so.

Who were *these*?—On earth they dwelt,
 Sinners once, of Adam's race;
 Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
 But were saved from all by grace.
 They were mortal too, like us;
 Ah! when we like them shall die,
 May our souls, translated thus,
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

Heaven.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,—
 Beyond death's cloudy portal—
 There is a land where beauty never dies,
 And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
 Whose fields are ever vernal,
 Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
 But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
 How bright and fair its flowers ;
 We may not hear the songs that echo there,
 Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
 With our dim earthly vision :
 For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
 That opes those gates elysian.

But sometimes, where adown the western sky
 The fiery sunset lingers,
 Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
 Unlocked by silent fingers :

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
 Gleams from the inner glory
 Stream lightly through the azure vault afar,
 And half reveal the story.

O land unknown ! O land of love divine !
 Father all-wise, eternal,
 Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
 Unto those pastures vernal.

NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

Thou art gone to the Grave.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee ;

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 't were wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

REGINALD HEBER.

I know Thou hast Gone.

I KNOW thou hast gone to the house of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad ?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad !
Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this ;
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss !

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred
 With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
 Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
 Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal ;
 I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
 Through a land where they do not forget,
 That sheds over memory only repose,
 And takes from it only regret.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
 I believe thou hast visions of mine,
 And the love that made all things a music to me
 I have not yet learnt to resign ;
 In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea
 Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
 I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
 And my spirit lies down and is still !

Mine eye must be dark, that so long has been dim,
 Ere again it may gaze upon thine :
 But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
 In many a token and sign ;
 I never look up with a vow to the sky,
 But a light like thy beauty is there—
 And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
 When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
 I am wrapped in a mantle of care—
 Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom,—
 Is not the black grief of despair ;
 By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
 Far off a bright vision appears,
 And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
 Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

THOMAS K. HERVEY

My Friend.

* * * *

SIDE by side we are still, though a shadow
Between us doth fall ;
We are parted, yet are not parted,
Not wholly and all.

For still you are round and about me,
Almost in my reach ;
Though I miss the old pleasant communion
Of smile and of speech.

And I long to hear what you are seeing,
And what you have done,
Since the earth faded out from your vision,
And the heavens begun ;

Since you dropped off the darkening fillet
Of clay from your sight,
And opened your eyes upon glory
Ineffably bright.

Though little my life has accomplished,
My poor hands have wrought,
I have lived what seemed to be ages
In feeling and thought

Since the time when our path grew so narrow
So near the unknown,
That I turned back from following after,
And you went on alone.

For we speak of you cheerfully, always,
 As journeying on :
 Not as one who is dead do we name you—
 We say you are gone.

For how could we speak of you sadly,
 We who watched while the grace
 Of eternity's wonderful beauty
 Grew over your face ?

Do we call the star lost that is hidden
 In the great light of morn ?
 Do we fashion a shroud for the young child
 In the day it is born ?

Yet behold ! this were wise to their folly
 Who mourn, sore distressed
 When a soul that is summoned believing
 Enters into its rest !

* * * *

PHŒBE CARY.

A Year in Heaven.

A YEAR uncalendared ; for what
 Hast thou to do with mortal time ?
 Its dole of moments entereth not
 That circle, mystic and sublime,
 Whose unreached center is the throne
 Of Him, before whose awful brow
 Meeting eternities are known
 As but an everlasting now.
 The thought removes thee far away,—
 Too far,—beyond my love and tears ;
 Ah, let me hold thee as I may,
 And count thy time by earthly years !

A year of blessedness ; wherein
 Not one dim cloud hath crossed thy soul ;
 No sigh of grief, no touch of sin,
 No frail mortality's control :
 Nor once hath disappointment stung,
 Nor care world-weary made thee pine ;
 But rapture, such as human tongue
 Hath found no language for, is thine.
 Made perfect at thy passing, who
 Can sum thy added glory now ?
 As on, and onward, upward, through
 The angel ranks that lowly bow,
 Ascending still from height to height,
 Unfaltering, where rapt spirits trod,
 Nor pausing 'mid their circles bright,
 Thou tendest inward unto God.

A year of progress in the lore
 That 's only learned in Heaven ; thy mind
 Unclogged of clay, and free to soar,
 Hath left the realms of doubt behind ;
 And wondrous things which finite thought
 In vain essayed to solve, appear
 To thy untasked inquiries, fraught
 With explanations strangely clear.
 Thy reason owns no forced control,
 As held it here in needful thrall :
 God's mysteries court thy questioning soul,
 And thou may'st search and know them all.

A year of love ; thy yearning heart
 Was always tender, e'en to tears
 With sympathies, whose sacred art
 Made holy all thy cherished years ;
 But love, whose speechless ecstasy
 Had overborne the finite, now
 Throbs through thy being, pure and free,
 And burns upon thy radiant brow :

For thou those hands' dear clasp hast felt,
 Where still the nail-prints are displayed ;
 And thou before that face hast knelt,
 Which wears the scars the thorns have made.

A year without thee ; I had thought
 My orphaned heart would break and die
 Ere time had meek quiescence brought,
 Or soothed the tears it could not dry.
 And yet I live to faint and quail
 Before the human grief I bear ;
 To miss thee so, then drown the wail
 That trembles on my lips in prayer ;
 Thou glorying, while I weakly pine ;
 Thou praising, while I vainly thrill ;
 And thus between thy heart and mine
 The distance ever widening still.

A year of tears to me ; to thee,
 The end of thy probation's strife,
 The archway to eternity,
 The portal of immortal life :
 To me the pall, the bier, the sod ;
 To thee the palm of victory given.—
 Enough, my heart ! thank God ! thank God !
 That thou hast been a year in Heaven.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

A Year in Heaven.

ONE year among the angels, beloved, thou hast been,
 One year has heaven's white portal shut back the
 sound of sin ;
 And yet no voice, no whisper, comes floating down from
 thee,
 To tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven may be.

Our hearts before it listen,—the beautiful closed gate :
The silence yearns around us : we listen and we wait.
It is thy heavenly birthday, on earth thy lilies bloom ;
In thine immortal garland canst find for these no room ?

Thou lovedst all things lovely when walking with us here :
Now from the heights of heaven seems earth no longer
 dear ?

We cannot paint thee moving in white-robed state afar,
Nor dream our flower of comfort a cool and distant star.

Heaven is but life made richer ; therein can be no loss :
To meet our love and longing thou hast no gulf to cross :
No adamant between us uprears its rocky screen ;
A veil before us only :—thou in the light serene.

That veil 'twixt earth and heaven a breath might waft aside :
We breathe one air, beloved, we follow one dear Guide :
Passed into open vision, out of our mist and rain,
Thou seest how sorrow blossoms, how peace is won from
 pain.

And half we feel thee leaning from thy deep calm of bliss,
To say of earth, “Belovèd, how beautiful it is !
The lilies in this splendor,—the green leaves in this dew ;—
O earth is also heaven, with God's light clothed anew !”

So, when the sky seems bluer, and when the blossoms wear
Some tender mystic shading we never knew was there,
We'll say “We see things earthly by light of sainted eyes :
She bends where we are gazing, to-day, from paradise.”

Because we know thee near us and nearer still to Him
Who fills thy cup of being with glory to the brim,
We will not stain with grieving our fair, though fainter light,
But cling to thee in spirit as if thou wert in sight.

And as in waves of beauty the swift years come and go,
 Upon celestial currents our deeper life shall flow,
 Hearing, from that sweet country where blighting never
 came,
 Love chime the hours immortal, in earth and heaven the
 same.

LUCY LARCOM.

A Little While.

O FOR the peace which floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile !
 O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright " forever,"
 Amid the shadows of earth's " little while !"

A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
 To face the stern, to battle with the strong ;
 A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song.

A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,
 To pace with weary steps through noisy ways ;
 Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
 And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

A little while midst shadow and illusion
 To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell :
 Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,—
 Then hail sight's verdict, " He doth all things well."

A little while the earthen pitcher taking
 To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed ;
 Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
 Beside the fullness of the fountain-head.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
 A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim,
 And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
 To haste to meet him with the bridal-hymn.

And he who is himself the Gift and Giver—
 The future glory and the present smile,
 With the bright promise of the glad forever
 Will light the shadows of the "little while."

JANE CREWDSON.

What Then?

WHAT then? Why, then another pilgrim song;
 And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
 And then a thirsty stage (ah me, so long!)
 And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent;
 And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;
 And then some sweet and tender message, sent
 To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,
 A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching;
 And then a little water-cruise to find
 Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire;
 I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow;
 And then, a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
 And saying "I will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins, his pardoning grace;
 For all my wants and woes, his loving-kindness;
 For darkest shades, the shining of God's face,
 And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
 And then, a deep and darkly rolling river;
 And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
 And God's own smile forever and forever!

JANE CREWDSON.

The Lord will come.

THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
 The hills their fixèd seat forsake ;
 And, withering from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come ! but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came,
 A silent lamb to slaughter led,
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of human kind !

Can this be he who wont to stray,
 A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?
 O God ! is this the Crucified ?

Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !
 Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain !
 But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come !

REGINALD HEBER.

Dies Iræ.

DIES IRÆ ! DIES ILLA !
 Solvet sæclum in favilla,
 Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus
 Quando Judex est venturus,
 Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit ;
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser ! tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus ?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis !

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ ;
Ne me perdas illa die !

Quærrens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus :
Supplicanti parce, Deus !

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
 Et latronem exaudisti,
 Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ:
 Sed Tu bonus fac benigne
 Ne perenni cremer igne !

Inter oves locum præsta,
 Et ab hædis me sequestra,
 Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
 Flammis acribus addictis,
 Voca me cum benedictis !

Oro supplex et acclints,
 Cor contritum quasi cinis,
 Gere curam mei finis !

Lacrymosa dies illa !
 Qua resurget ex favilla
 Judicandus homo reus ;
 Huic ergo parce, Deus !

THOMAS DE CELANO.



Dies Iræ.

DAY of wrath ! That day of mourning
 Sees our earth to ashes turning ;—
 Such the seer's and sibyl's warning.

Ah ! the dread each bosom rending,
 When the Judge in flame descending,
 Shall his glance through all be sending !

When the trumpet's blast appalling,
Midst earth's charneled millions falling,
All before the throne is calling !

Death's stern heart what fear surprises,
As from dust creation rises
To the last and great assizes !

Opened are the awful pages,
Where the record of all ages
Man's eternal doom presages.

When the Judge shall take his station,
Full shall be the revelation,
Naught escape his stern probation.

What shall I, poor wretch, be pleading?
Ask what patron's interceding,
When the righteous help is needing?

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Save me, Source of love stupendous !

Think, O Jesus, kind and tender !
Why thou leftst thy throne of splendor,
Nor to death my soul surrender.

Me thou sought'st with travail sorest ;
Crown of thorns for me thou worest ;
Be not vain the toil thou borest.

Righteous Judge of dread decision,
Freely grant my sin's remission,
Ere the day of inquisition.

Deep my guilty spirit sigheth ;
Shame my cheek with crimson dyeth ;
Spare the suppliant when he crieth !

Thou who Mary hast acquitted,
 And the robber's guilt remitted,
 Thou e'en me hast kindly pitied.

Though my prayers can naught avail me,
 Yet let not thy goodness fail me,
 Lest the endless fire assail me.

Midst thy sheep, O Saviour, hide me;
 From the goats afar divide me;
 On thy right a place decide me.

When thy wrath the accursed is branding,
 And to fiercest flames commanding,
 Let me with the blest be standing.

Lowly bowed in deep submission,
 Heart like ashes, all contrition,
 Care, I pray, for my condition.

Ah! that day so sad and tearful!
 When, from dust arising fearful,
 Man in judgment stands before thee,
 Spare the culprit, Lord of glory!

A. C. KENDRICK.



Dies Iræ.

DAY of wrath! that day of burning,
 Seer and sibyl speak concerning,
 All the world to ashes turning!

Oh, what fear shall it engender,
 When the Judge shall come in splendor,
 Strict to mark and just to render!

Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchers asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

Book, where actions are recorded,
All the ages have afforded,
Shall be brought and dooms awarded.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

What shall *I* say, that time pending?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

Dreadful King, all power possessing,
Saving freely those confessing,
Save thou me, O Fount of Blessing!

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season!

Seeking me thy worn feet hasted;
On the cross thy soul death tasted,—
Let such travail not be wasted!

Righteous Judge of retribution?
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution!

Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token:
Let the pardoning word be spoken!

Thou, who Mary gav'st remission,
 Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
 Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
 What is needful, thou confer it,
 Lest I endless fire inherit !

Be then, Lord, my place decided
 With thy sheep, from goats divided,
 Kindly to thy right hand guided !

When the accursed away are driven,
 To eternal burnings given,
 Call me with the blessed to heaven !

I beseech thee, prostrate lying,
 Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
 Care for me when I am dying !

Day of tears and late repentance !
 Man shall rise to hear his sentence :
 Him, the child of guilt and error,
 Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror !

ABRAHAM COLES.



God.

From the Russian.

O THOU eternal One ! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide ;
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight ;
 Thou only God ! There is no God beside !
 Being above all beings ! Mighty One !
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore ;
 Who fill'st existence with thyself alone ;
 Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er.—
 Being whom we call God,—and know no more !

GOD.

In its sublime research, philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God ! for thee
 There is no weight nor measure :—none can mount
Up to thy mysteries ; Reason's brightest spark,
 Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark :
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First chaos, then existence ;—Lord, in thee
Eternity had its foundation ;—all
 Sprung forth from thee :—of light, joy, harmony
Sole Origin :—all life, all beauty thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine ;
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious ! Great !
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround :
 Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath !
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death !
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee ;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise,

A million torches lighted by thy hand
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss

What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
 A glorious company of golden streams—
 Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright—
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
 But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in thee is lost:—
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
 And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
 Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
 Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
 Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Naught! but I live and on hope's pinions fly,
 Eager towards thy presence; for in thee
 I live and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
 E'en to the throne of thy divinity.
 I am, O God! and surely thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
 Direct my understanding then to thee;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
 Though but an atom midst immensity,
 Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me ;
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is spirit—deity !
 I can command the lightning, and am dust !
 A monarch and a slave ; a worm, a god !
 Whence came I here, and how ? so marvellously
 Constructed and conceived ? unknown ! this clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy ;
 For from itself alone it could not be !

Creator, yes ! Thy wisdom and thy word
 Created me ! Thou source of life and good !
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
 Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source—to thee—its author there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !
 Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to thy Deity.
 God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar ;
 Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good !
 Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore ;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

GABRIEL ROMANOWITCH DERZHAVIN.

Translated by JOHN BOWRING.



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*A SELECTION FROM THE BEST MINOR POEMS
OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE*

Second Series

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OUR POETICAL FAVORITES.

SECOND SERIES.

LONGER POEMS.

From the Merchant of Venice.

HOW sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

* * * * *
Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is your spirits are attentive.
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood :
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods :
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
 How far that little candle throws his beams !
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by ; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
 When neither is attended : and, I think,
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren.
 How many things by season seasoned are
 To their right praise and true perfection !—
 Peace ! How the moon sleeps with Endymion,
 And would not be awaked !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Exequy.

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
 Instead of dirges, this complaint ;
 And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse
 Receive a strew of weeping verse
 From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
 Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss ! since thy untimely fate,
 My task hath been to meditate
 On thee, on thee ; thou art the book,
 The library whereon I look,
 Though almost blind ; for thee (loved clay)
 I languish out, not live, the day,
 Using no other exercise
 But what I practice with mine eyes ;
 By which wet glasses I find out
 How lazily Time creeps about
 To one that mourns : this, only this,
 My exercise and business is :
 So I compute the weary hours
 With sighs dissolvèd into showers.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
 Backward and most preposterous ;
 Thou hast benighted me ; thy set
 This eve of blackness did beget,
 Who wast my day (though overcast
 Before thou hadst thy noontide passed),
 And I remember must in tears
 Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
 As day tells hours : by thy clear Sun
 My love and fortune first did run :

But thou wilt never more appear
 Folded within my hemisphere,

Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fallen and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposed is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne'er was read in Almanac.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me, and my sad clime :
Were it a month, or year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then.
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou would'st promise to return,
And, putting off thy ashy shroud,
At length disperse this sable cloud.

But woe is me ! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes : never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My little world !) : that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss : then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Mean*time thou hast her, Earth : much good
May my harm do thee ! Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her whom living I loved best.

With a most free and bounteous grief
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and, prithee, look
Thou write into thy doom's-day book
Each parcel of this Rarity
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie.
See that thou make thy reckoning straight,
And yield her back again by weight :
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this dust,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent,
Not gave thee, my dear monument.
So, close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw : my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted !
My last good-night ! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake :
Till age or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there : I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay ;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the Sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears :

Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield ;
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark ! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear. (forgive
The crime) I am content to live,
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

HENRY KING.

Wishes to his supposed Mistress.

WHO'E'ER she be,
That not impossible She,
That shall command my heart and me ;

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny ;

Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth ;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine ;

Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glistening shoe tie ;

* * * * *

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile :

A face, that's best
By its own beauty dressed,
And can alone command the rest ;

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope :

A cheek, where youth
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th :

* * * * *

Looks, that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness :

Eyes, that displace
The neighbor diamond, and out-face
That sunshine by their own sweet grace :

Tresses, that wear
 Jewels, but to declare
 How much themselves more precious are ;

Whose native ray
 Can tame the wanton day
 Of gems that in their bright shades play ;

Each ruby there,
 Or pearl that dare appear,
 Be its own blush, be its own tear :

A well-tamed heart,
 For whose more noble smart
 Love may be long choosing a dart :

Eyes, that bestow
 Full quivers on love's bow,
 Yet pay less arrows than they owe :

Smiles, that can warm
 The blood, yet teach a charm,
 That chastity shall take no harm :

Blushes, that bin
 The burnish of no sin,
 Nor flames of aught too hot within :

* * * * *

Days, that need borrow
 No part of their good morrow,
 From a fore-spent night of sorrow ;

Days, that, in spite
 Of darkness, by the light
 Of a clear mind are day all night :

* * * * *

Life, that dares send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend !

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers :

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers,
'Bove all—nothing within that lowers :

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night :

In her whole frame
Have Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame :

Her flattery,
Picture and poesy :
Her counsel, her own virtue be :

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish—no more.

Now if Time knows,
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows ;

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise ;

Her, that dares be
What these lines wish to see ;
I seek no further, it is she.

You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.
Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles—chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise.
Here is a friend shall fight for you ;
Hold but this book before your heart—
Let prayer alone to play his part.

But O ! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong—
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings—
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is alone
The Spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come,
Shall find the wandering heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode
To gad abroad—
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies
To take her pleasures, and to play,
And keep the devil's holiday—
To dance in the sunshine of some smiling,
But beguiling

Sphere of sweet and sugared lies—
 Some slippery pair
 Of false, perhaps as fair,
 Flattering but forswearing eyes—

Doubtless some other heart
 Will get the start,
 And, stepping in before,
 Will take possession of the sacred store
 Of hidden sweets and holy joys—
 Words which are not heard with ears,
 (These tumultuous shops of noise)
 Effectual whispers, whose still voice
 The soul itself more feels than hears—

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
 Sights which are not seen with eyes—
 Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,
 Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
 Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,
 And melts it down in sweet desire ;
 Yet doth not stay
 To ask the windows leave to pass that way—

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
 Of soul, dear and divine annihilations—
 A thousand unknown rites
 Of joys, and rarified delights—
 An hundred thousand loves and graces,
 And many a mystic thing
 Which the divine embraces
 Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring,
 For which it is no shame
 That dull mortality must not know a name.
 Of all this hidden store
 Of blessings, and ten thousand more,
 If, when He come,

He find the heart from home,
Doubtless he will unload
Himself some otherwhere,
And pour abroad
His precious sweets
On the fair soul whom first He meets.

O fair ! O fortunate ! O rich ! O dear !
O happy and thrice happy she—
Dear silver-breasted dove,
Whoe'er she be—
Whose early love
With winged vows
Makes haste to meet her Morning Spouse,
And close with His immortal kisses !
Happy soul ! who never misses
To improve that precious hour,
And every day
Seize her sweet prey—
All fresh and fragrant as He rises,
Dropping, with a balmy shower,
A delicious dew of spices !

O ! let that happy soul hold fast
Her heavenly armful ; she shall taste
At once ten thousand paradises :
She shall have power
To rifle and deflower
The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets
Which, with a swelling bosom, there she meets—
Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures :
Happy soul ! she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once, it is
To have a God become her lover !

RICHARD CRASHAW.

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
 Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring—
 For so the holy sages once did sing—
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
 Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside ; and here with us to be
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heavenly Muse ! shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God ?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome Him to this His new abode—
 Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet !
 O run ! prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
 Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel Choir,
 From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies—
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize ;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw—
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace :
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :

The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began ;
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence ;
 And will not take their flight
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new-enlightened world no more should need ;
 He saw a greater sun appear
 Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,

Harping in loud and solemn choir,
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir—

XII.

Such music (as 't is said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time,
 And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow ;
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
 Inwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,

Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says No—
This must not yet be so ;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both Himself and us to glorify.
Yet first to those ychained in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake ;
The aged earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake—
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is—
But now begins ; for from this happy day
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb ;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving ;
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving ;
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the flamens at their service quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälím
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine ;
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn ;
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
 mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud.
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

XXV.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand ;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

XXVI.

So, when the Sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave ;

And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

XXVII.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

JOHN MILTON.

L'Allegro.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born !
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth ;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr, with Aurora playing—
 As he met her once a-Maying—
 There, on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful Jollity ;
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek—
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter, holding both his sides.
 Come ! and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free ;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to comé, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine ;
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before ;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerily rouse the slumbering Morri,

From the side of some hoar hill
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscaps round it measures
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray—
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest—
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale
With stories told of many a feat :
How fairy Mab the junkets eat :
She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy num of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,

And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream :
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON.

Il Penseroso.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred !
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams ;
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy !
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue—
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;
 Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore ;
 His daughter she ; (in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain
 Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn ;
Come ! but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad, leaden, downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet ;
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne—
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird ! that shunn'st the noise of folly.
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing emblems through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom—
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O, sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower !
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek !

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold—
Of Camball, and of Algarsife—
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass—
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride !
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear ;
Not tricked and flounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring

With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid ;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowered roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy ground and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

JOHN MILTON.

*From Comus.**Enter COMUS.*

COM. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night—
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smiled! I oft have heard
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause:
 Yet, they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself.
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now!—I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
 Whom, certain, these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwellest here with Pan or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood!

LAD. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is addressed to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my severed company,
 Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COM. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus ?

LAD. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COM. Could that divide you from near ushering guides ?

LAD. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy ? or why ?

LAD. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

COM. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady ?

LAD. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

COM. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

LAD. How easy my misfortune is to hit !

COM. Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

LAD. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COM. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

LAD. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

COM. Two such I saw, what time the labored ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swinked hedger at his supper sat ;
 I saw them, under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
 Their port was more than human, as they stood ;
 I took it for a fairy vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colors of the rainbow live,
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck ;
 And as I passed, I worshipped. If those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to heaven
 To help you find them.

LAD. Gentle villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LAD. To find that out, good shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side—

My daily walks and ancient neighborhood ;
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodged,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
 From her thatched pallat rouse ; if otherwise,
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest.

LAD. Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,
 And yet is most pretended ; in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportioned strength. Shepherd, lead on !

Enter The TWO BROTHERS.

1 BR. Unmuffle, ye faint stars ! and thou, fair moon,
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades ;
 Or if your influence be quite dammed up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush candle from the wicker-hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long-levelled rule of streaming light !
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian cynosure.

2 BR. Or if our eyes
 Be barred that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penned in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock

Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister !
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles ?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now ;
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears ;
 What if in wild amazement and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

I BR. Peace, brother ! be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;
 For grant they be so—while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion !
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise,
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not),
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day ;
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;

Himself is his own dungeon.

2 BR. 'Tis most true,
 That musing Meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate house ;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence ?
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not ;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

1 BR. I do not, brother,
 Infer as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy ;
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint Suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
 Which you remember not.

2 BR. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that ?

1 BR. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own :

'T is Chastity, my brother, Chastity :
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbored heaths,
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity ;
Yea there, where very Desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shagged with horrid shapes,
She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue, meagre hag, or stubborn, unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity ?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, forever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught
The frivolous bolt of Cupid ; gods and men
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dashed brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe ?
So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,

Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal : but when Lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in Defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it loved,
 And linked itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 BR. How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

JOHN MILTON.

The Garden.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze,
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays ;
 And their incessant labors see
 Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
 Whose short and narrow-verged shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
 While all the flowers, and trées, do close,
 To weave the garlands of repose !

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name ;
Little, alas ! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed !
Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow :
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.

The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun,
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers ?

ANDREW MARVELL.

Alexander's Feast;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.—AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST.
CECILIA'S DAY.

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;
(So should desert in arms be crowned) ;
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.*

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre ;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty Love).

A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And while he sought her snowy breast ;
 Then, round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound—
 A present deity ! they shout around ;
 A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

*With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.*

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung—
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young ;
 The jolly god in triumph comes :
 Sound the trumpets ! beat the drums !
 Flushed with a purple grace,
 He shows his honest face ;
 Now give the hautboys breath—he comes, he comes !
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain*

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise—
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he Heaven and Earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse ;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen—
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

*Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.*

The mighty master smiled, to see
 That Love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honor but an empty bubble—

Never ending, still beginning—
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;

If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !

Lovely Thais sits beside thee—

Take the goods the gods provide thee.

The many rend the sky with loud applause ;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,

Sighed and looked, and sighed again.

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,

The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,

Sighed and looked, and sighed again.

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,

The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again !

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head !
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries ;
 See the Furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious, on the plain !
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods !
 The princes applaud with a furious joy,
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

*And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.*

Thus, long ago—
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute—
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

*At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.*

JOHN DRYDEN.

Edwin of the Green.

A FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

I N Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
 When midnight fairies danced the maze,
 Lived Edwin of the Green ;
 Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
 Endowed with courage, sense, and truth,
 Though badly shaped he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
 And lift itself above :
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
 This creature dared to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
 Could ladies look within ;
But one Sir Topaz dressed with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
 He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion paced along
 All in the moony light ;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
 To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was crossed,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
 That reached the neighbor-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolved, the darkling dome he treads,
 And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
 And trembling rocks the ground :
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
 On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachèd near
 And now the sounds increase :

And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay,
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles !) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before ;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gazed, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried ;
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presumed to hide ?"

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanced in open sight ;
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign ;
Now take the pleasure of thy chance ;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
 Light music floats in wanton air ;
 The monarch leads the queen :
 The rest their fairy partners found :
 And Mable trimly tript the ground
 With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
 And siker such a feast was made,
 As heart and lip desire ;
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairy king,
 Full every deal they laugh and sing,
 And antic feats devise ;
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,
 And other some transmute their shape
 In Edwin's wondering eyes.

•
 Till one at last, that Robin hight,
 Renowned for pinching maids by night,
 Has bent him up aloof :
 And full against the beam he flung,
 Where by the back the youth he hung
 To sprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
 "And let it fairly now suffice
 The gambol has been shown."
 But Oberon answers with a smile,
 "Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
 The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play ;
 They smelt the fresh approach of day,
 And heard a cock to crow ;

The whirling wind that bore the crowd
 Has clapped the door, and whistled loud,
 To warn them all to go.

Then, screaming, all at once they fly,
 And all at once the tapers die ;
 Poor Edwin falls to floor ;
 Forlorn his state, and dark the place ;
 Was never wight in such a case
 Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
 Full jolly creature home he goes,
 He feels his back the less ;
 His honest tongue, and steady mind,
 Had rid him of the lump behind,
 Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
 He seems a dauncing as he walks ;
 His story soon took wind ;
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth
 Endowed with courage, sense, and truth.
 Without a bunch behind.

The story told Sir Topaz moved,
 The youth of Edith erst approved,
 To see the revel scene :
 At close of eve he leaves his home,
 And wends to find the ruined dome
 All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
 The wind came rustling down a deli
 A shaking seized the wall ;
 Up spring the tapers as before,
 The fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
 Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
 His spirits in him die :
 When Oberon cries, " A man is near ;
 A mortal passion, cleepèd fear,
 Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth !
 In accents faltering ay for ruth,
 Entreats them pity graunt ;
 For als he been a mister wight
 Betrayed by wandering in the night
 To tread the circled haunt ;

" Ah, losel vile," at once they roar :
 " And little skilled of fairie lore !
 Thy cause to come, we know :
 Now has thy kestrel courage fell ;
 And fairies, since a lie you tell,
 Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the whispy fire
 To trail the swains among the mire,
 The caitiff upward flung ;
 There, like a tortoise, in a shop,
 He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
 They sit, they drink, and eat ;
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
 Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
 And down y-drops the knight :

For never spell by fairie laid
 With strong enchantment bound a glade,
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
 Till up the welkin rose the day,
 Then deemed the dole was o'er :
 But wot ye well his harder lot ?
 His seely back the bunch had got
 Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sibyl-nurse ared ;
 She softly strok'd my youngling head,
 And when the tale was done,
 "Thus some are borrr, my son," she cries,
 "With base impediments to rise,
 And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
 To what the favorite fools of chance
 By fortune seem designed ;
 Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
 And from itself shake off the weight
 Upon the unworthy mind."

THOMAS PARNELL.

The Hermit.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a reverend hermit grew :
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :

Remote from men, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow :
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the Sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern Sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, " Father, hail !" he cried,
" And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied :
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road ;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the Sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
When near the road a stately palace rose :
There by the Moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home :
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive : the liveried servants wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
An early banquet decked the splendid hall :
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :
His cup was vanished ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seemed the sire ; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part :
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warned by the signs the wandering pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimproved around ;
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
 At length some pity warmed the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first received a guest) ;
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair :
 One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
 And Nature's fervor through their limbs recalls :
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) served them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit viewed,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
 "And why should such," within himself he cried,
 "Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?"
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
 In every settling feature of his face,
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly !
 The Sun, emerging, opes an azure sky ;

A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day :
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now Night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh ;
 The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
 It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
 Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

“ Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part :
 From him you come, for him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.”
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose ;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
 And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasped, and died.
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How looked our hermit when the fact was done ?
 Not Hell, though Hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart !

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way :
A river crossed the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch !"—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air ;
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

“The Maker justly claims that world he made—
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends.
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The power exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

“What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?
 Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
 And where you can't unriddle learn to trust !

“The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
 Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
 And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor ;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon his head ;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross the silver runs below.

“Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-weaned his heart from God ;
 (Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
 And measured back his steps to Earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run ?
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow ;)
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

“ But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back !
 This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail !
 Thus heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.”

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
 Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;
 The fiery pomp ascending left to view ;
 The prophet gazed and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
 “*Lord ! as in Heaven, on Earth thy will be done :*”
 Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
 And passed a life of piety and peace.

THOMAS PARNELL.

On the Spring.

AN ODE.

L O ! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year !
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of Spring ;
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
 Cool zephyrs, through the clear blue sky,
 Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade,
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,
 Beside some water's rushing brink
 With me the muse shall sit and think

(At ease reclined, in rustic state,)

How vain the ardor of the crowd,

How low, how little are the proud,

How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;

The panting herds repose ;

Yet hark, how through the peopled air,

The busy murmur glows !

The insect youth are on the wing,

Eager to taste the honied spring,

And float amid the liquid noon ;

Some lightly o'er the current skim,

Some show their gaily-gilded trim,

Quick-glancing to the sun.

To contemplation's sober eye

Such is the race of man ;

And they that creep, and they that fly,

Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay

But flutter through life's little day,

In fortune's varying colors dressed :

Brushed by the hand of rough mischance,

Or chilled by age, their airy dance

They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,

The sportive kind reply :

Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?

A solitary fly !

Thy joys no glittering female meets,

No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display :

On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;

Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—

We frolic while 'tis May.

THOMAS GRAY.

The Progress of Poesy.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings !
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take.
 The laughing flowers that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign :
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

O Sovereign of the willing soul !
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curbed the fury of his car,
 And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing ;
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Tempered to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day,
 With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;

Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet :
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay :
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
 Labor and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
 Night and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky ;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Illissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute but to the voice of Anguish !
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Every shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
 And coward Vice that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, O Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless Child
 Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
 " This pencil take (she said), whose colors clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears."

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of the Abyss to spy.
 He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time :

The living Throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw : but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
 Two Coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But ah ! tis heard no more—
 O Lyre divine ! what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
 With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun :
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far !—but far above the Great.
 THOMAS GRAY.

The Bard.

I. 1.

“ R UIN seize thee, ruthless King !
 Confusion on thy banners wait !
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.

Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !”
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance :
 “ To arms !” cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering
 lance.

I. 2.

On a rock whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed like a meteor, to the troubled air),
 And with a Master's hand and Prophet's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 “ Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
 O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

“ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hushed the stormy main :
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famished eagle screams, and passes by.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit ; they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

“ Weave the warp and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race :
 Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death through Berkley's roofs that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing king !
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait !
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord !
 Low on his funeral couch he lies !
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled ?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born ?
 Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
 Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare,
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
 And spare the meek Usurper's holy head !
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
 The bristled Boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. I.

“ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)
 Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail !

III. 2.

“Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine !
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
 What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colored wings.

III. 3.

“The verse adorn again
 Fierce War and faithful Love
 And Truth severe—by fairy Fiction drest.
 In buskined measures move
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day ?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nation with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me : with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign :

Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care ;
 To triumph and to die are mine."
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.
 THOMAS GRAY.



Ode.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

"Ἀνθρώπος ἰκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

Menander.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's* holy shade ;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
 Ah, fields beloved in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

* King Henry the Sixth, founder of the college.

Say, father Thames,—for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace,—
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthal?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murmuring labors ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
 Less pleasing, when possessed;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast;
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue;
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer of vigor born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day.

Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
 Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,

Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.



The Passions.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell :
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting—
 Possessed beyond the Muse's painting ;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound ;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed ; his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings owned his secret stings :
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
 Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled—
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair—
 What was thy delightful measure ?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still, through all the song ;
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And Hope enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose ;
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
 And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mein,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his
head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;
And now it courted Love—now, raving, called on
Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired ;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of Peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how altered was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !
The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address ;

But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
 Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learned an all commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard ;
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page ;
 'Tis said—and I believe the tale—
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age—
 E'en all at once together found—
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
 O bid our vain endeavors cease ;
 Revive the just designs of Greece !
 Return in all thy simple state—
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

The Traveller,

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee :
 Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend.
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;
 Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
 And, placed on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies ;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease :
The naked Negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
 As different good, by Art or Nature given
 To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call ;
 With food as well the peasant is supplied
 On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side ;
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
 From art more various are the blessings sent ;
 Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content :
 Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
 And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone :
 Each to the favorite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
 Here for a while, my proper cares resigned,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
 Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
 With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear ;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs ; not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state,
At her command the palace learnt to rise ;
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies ;
The canvas glowed, beyond e'en Nature warm ;
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form ;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail ;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade :
 Processions formed for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,—
 The sports of children satisfy the child :
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May :
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;

With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous plowshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labor sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
 And even those hills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest :
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
 That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
 Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,

In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run ;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest :
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain :
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please !
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew :
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancers' skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burthen of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here :
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land :

From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year :
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow :
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :
While the pent Ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile :
The slow canal, the yellow blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.

Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here displayed. Their much loved wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts !
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 Even liberty itself is bartered here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
 A land of tyrants and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
 And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide ;
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind ;
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great ;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human-kind pass by ;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control ;
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear :
 Too blest indeed were such without alloy ;
 But fostered even by freedom, ills annoy.

That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled ;
 Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
 Repest ambition struggles round her shore ;
 Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honor, fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire !
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, the tyrant's angry steel ;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun ;
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure !
 I only would repress them to secure ;
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil ;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
 Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
 Calm is my soul nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms :
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
 Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power ;
 And thus, polluting honor in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ?
 Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose ?
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main,
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound ?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways :

While beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim ;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind.
 Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows ?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



The Deserted Village.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed !
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease —
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please !
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !

How often have I paused on every charm—
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade—
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed ;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground.
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;
 The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
 By holding out, to tire each other down ;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove :
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed ;
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet-smiling village, loveliest of the lawn !
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green ;
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintained its man :
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store—
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more ;
 His best companions, innocence and health ;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered : trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green—
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,

And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline !
Retreats from care, that never must be mine !
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below :
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail ;
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale ;
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread—
 But all the bloomy blush of life is fled.
 All but one widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize—
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talked the night away—
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children followed, with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given—
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view—
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind— or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame ; the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlor splendors of that festive place :
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay—
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay ;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendor ! could not all
 Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm than all the gloss of art :
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,

Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined ;
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay !
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
 Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish, abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name,
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss : the man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied—
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds—
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth ;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies ;
 While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
 In barren splendor, feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight's every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
 But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress :

Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed ;
 But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
 While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah ! where, shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If, to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.
 If to the city sped, what waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies his sickly trade ;
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train :
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square—
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure, these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah ! turn thine eyes
 Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies :
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
 Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled—

Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn—thine the loveliest train—
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there, from all that charmed before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore :
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crowned,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murderous still than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene—
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
 That called them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain

For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep !
 The good old sire the first prepared to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose ;
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
 Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
 That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale—
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness are there ;

And piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade—
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame !
 Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride !
 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe—
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so !
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel !
 Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well !
 Farewell !—and O ! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side—
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow—
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime ;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
 Teach him that states, of native strength possessed,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labored mole away ;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

MY loved, my honored, much-respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways—
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween !

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh ;
 The shortening winter day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose.
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes—
 This night his weekly moil is at an end—
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend ;
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward
 bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 The expectant wee things, todlin, stacher thro'
 To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and glee.
 His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in—
 At service out, amang the farmers roun ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town.
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers ;

The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years—
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' and their mistresses' command'
 The youngers a' are warned to obey,
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
 An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek :
 Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleased the mother hears its nae wild, worthless
 rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben—
 A strappan youth, he taks the mother's eye ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye ;
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles can spy,
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave—
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name :
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page :
How Abraham was the friend of God on high ;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme :
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head ;
How His first followers and servants sped—
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear—
Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace—except the heart !
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;—
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide—
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings—
“ An honest man 's the noblest work of God ; ”
And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !

And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart—
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part—
 (The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art—
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot and the patriot bard
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!
 ROBERT BURNS.

Tam O'Shanter.

A TALE.

Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke.
 GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' gettin fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,

(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam ! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober ;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
That at the L—d's house, e'en on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon ;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
And at his elbow souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;
And aye the ale was growing better ;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious ;
The souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :

The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy ;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure ;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever ;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide ;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
The rattling showers rose on the blast ;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed ;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed :
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet :
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares ;

Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and howlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored ;
 And past the birks an' meikle stane,
 Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
 And through the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.—
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars through the woods :
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;
 Through ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play,—he cared na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
 Till by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light ;
 And, vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge ;

He screwed the pipes, and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantraip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns ;
 A thief new cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted ;
 Five cimeters, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowred, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans,
 A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach !

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenned on Carrick shore !
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perished mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the county side in fear.)
 Her cuttie sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude though sorely scanty,
 It was her best and she was vauntie.—
 Ah ! little kenned thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches !

But here my muse her wing maun cour ;
 Sic flights are far beyond her power ;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang,)
 And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
 And thought his very een enriched ;
 E'en Satan glowred, and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main :
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"—
 And in an instant all was dark :
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke ;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief !" resounds aloud ;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin !
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin !
 Kate soon will be a wofu' woman !
 Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane of the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale
 But left behind her ain gray tail :
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

'Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed :
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,—
 Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare.

ROBERT BURNS.

Yarrow.

I. YARROW UNVISITED.

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravelled ;
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travelled ;
 And when we came to Clovenford,
 Then said my " winsome marrow :"
 " Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the braes of Yarrow."

" Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
 Who have been buying, selling,
 Go back to Yarrow ; 'tis their own—
 Each maiden to her dwelling !
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !
 But we will downward with the Tweed,
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

" There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
 Both lying right before us ;
 And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
 The lintwhites sing in chorus ;
 There's pleasant Teviot-dale, a land
 Made blithe with plough and harrow :
 Why throw away a needful day
 To go in search of Yarrow ?

" What's Yarrow but a river bare,
 That glides the dark hills under ?
 There are a thousand such elsewhere,
 As worthy of your wonder."

Strange words they seemed, of slight and scorn ;
 My true-love sighed for sorrow,
 And looked me in the face to think
 I thus could speak of Yarrow !

“ O, green,” said I, “ are Yarrow’s holms,
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing !
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 But we will leave it growing.
 O’er hilly path, and open Strath,
 We’ll wander Scotland thorough ;
 But, though so near, we will not tur
 Into the dale of Yarrow.

“ Let beeves and homebred kine partake
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
 The swan on still St. Mary’s Lake
 Float double, swan and shadow !
 We will not see them ; will not go
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;
 Enough, if in our hearts we know
 There’s such a place as Yarrow.

“ Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
 It must, or we shall rue it :
 We have a vision of our own ;
 Ah ! why should we undo it ?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We’ll keep them, winsome Marrow !
 For when we’re there, although ’tis fair,
 ’Twill be another Yarrow !

“ If care with freezing years should come,
 And wandering seem but folly,—
 Should we be loath to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy,—

Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
 That earth has something yet to show—
 The bonny holms of Yarrow !”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

II. YARROW VISITED.

AND is this—Yarrow ?—This the stream
 Of which my fancy cherished,
 So faithfully, a waking dream ?
 An image that hath perished !
 O that some minstrel's harp were near,
 To utter notes of gladness,
 And chase this silence from the air,
 That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why ?—a silvery current flows
 With uncontrolled meanderings ;
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
 Is visibly delighted ;
 For not a feature of those hills
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
 Save where that pearly whiteness
 Is round the rising sun diffused—
 A tender, hazy brightness ;
 Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes
 All profitless dejection ;
 Though not unwilling here to admit
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?

His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding ;
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers—
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers :
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love :
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.
Meek loveliness is round thee spread—
A softness still and holy,
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary !
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in ;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in !

Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there,—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my true-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own !
'Twere no offence to reason ;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see,—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
A ray of fancy still survives,—
Her sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure ;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights ;
They melt, and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine :
Sad thought, which I would banish
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow,
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

III. YARROW REVISITED.

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other friends, visiting the banks of the Yarrow under his guidance—immediately before his departure from Abbotsford for Naples.

THE gallant youth, who may have gained,
 Or seeks, a "winsome marrow,"
 Was but an infant in the lap
 When first I looked on Yarrow ;
 Once more, by Newark's castle-gate—
 Long left without a warder—
 I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,
 Great Minstrel of the Border !

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
 Their dignity installing
 In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
 Were on the bough, or falling ;
 But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed,
 The forest to embolden ;
 Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
 Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts, the stream flowed on
 In foamy agitation :
 And slept in many a crystal pool
 For quiet contemplation.
 No public and no private care
 The freeborn mind enthralling,
 We made a day of happy hours,
 Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the morn of youth,
 With freaks of graceful folly,—
 Life's temperate noon, her sober eve,
 Her night not melancholy ;

Past, present, future, all appeared
 In harmony united,
 Like guests that meet, and some from far,
 By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
 And down the meadow ranging,
 Did meet us with unaltered face,
 Though we were changed and changing—
 If, then, some natural shadows spread
 Our inward prospect over,
 The soul's deep valley was not slow
 Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
 And her divine employment !
 The blameless Muse, who trains her sons
 For hope and calm enjoyment ;
 Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
 Has o'er their pillow brooded ;
 And care waylays their steps,—a sprite
 Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT ! compelled to change
 Green Eildon Hill and Cheviot
 For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes ;
 And leave thy Tweed and Teviot
 For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;
 May classic fancy, linking
 With native fancy her fresh aid,
 Preserve thy heart from sinking !

O, while they minister to thee,
 Each vying with the other,
 May health return to mellow age,
 With strength, her venturous brother ;
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill
 Renowned in song and story,

With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory !

For thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow !
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they invite thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call
With gladness must requite thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine—
Such looks of love and honor
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her—
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer ?
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self—
Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localized romance
Plays false with our affections ;
Unsanctifies our tears,—made sport
For fanciful dejections.
Ah, no ! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is,—our changeful life,
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, ye, whose thoughts that day
 In Yarrow's groves were centred ;
 Who through the silent portal arch
 Of mouldering Newark entered ;
 And clomb the winding stair that once
 Too timidly was mounted
 By the " last Minstrel," (not the last !)
 Ere he his tale recounted !

Flow on forever, Yarrow stream !
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,
 Well pleased that future bards should chant
 For simple hearts thy beauty ;
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
 Dear to the common sunshine,
 And dearer still, as now I feel,
 To memory's shadowy moonshine !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



Laodamia.

"WITH sacrifice, before the rising morn,
 Vows have I made, by fruitless hope inspired ;
 And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
 Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required :
 Celestial pity I again implore ; —
 Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore !"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
 With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands ;
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
 Her countenance brightens and her eye expands ;
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;
 And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived ?—O joy !
 What doth she look on ?—whom doth she behold ?
 Her hero, slain upon the beach of Troy ?
 His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?
 It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he !
 And a god leads him—winged Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
 That calms all fear : “Such grace hath crowned thy prayer
 Laodamia ! that at Jove's command
 Thy husband walks the paths of upper air ;
 He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space ;
 Accept the gift, behold him face to face !”

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp ;
 Again that consummation she essayed ;
 But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp,
 As often as that eager grasp was made.
 The phantom parts—but parts to reunite,
 And reassume his place before her sight.

“Protesilaus, lo ! thy guide is gone !
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice :
 This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne ;
 Speak ! and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
 Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
 This precious boon, and blest a sad abode.”

“Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave
 His gifts imperfect :—spectre though I be,
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ;
 But in reward of thy fidelity.
 And something also did my worth obtain ;
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

“Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold
 That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
 Should die ; but me the threat could not withhold—
 A generous cause a victim did demand ;

And forth I leaped upon the sandy plain ;
A self-devoted chief, by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes ! bravest, noblest, best !
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were depressed
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore ;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;
And he whose power restores thee hath decreed
Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave ;
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me,—no vain shadow this ;
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side !
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day a second time thy bride !"
Jove frowned in heaven ; the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells me that my doom is past ;
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains ;
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion : for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

“ Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

“ The gods to us are merciful, and they
Yet further may relent ; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast,

“ But if thou goest, I follow—” “ Peace !” he said ;—
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered ;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled ;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive, though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued :

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. “ Ill,” said he,
“ The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry

Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night ;

“ And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained,
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained,

“ The wished-for wind was given ;—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea ;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

“ Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife !
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers—
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

“ But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
‘ Behold, they tremble !—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die ’ ?
In soul I swept the indignity away.
Old frailties then recurred ;—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

“ And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow ;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized :
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

“ Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled—her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.”

Aloud she shrieked ! for Hermes reappears !
Round the dear shade she would have clung—’tis vain ;
The hours are past—too brief had they been years ;
And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corpse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished ; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just gods, whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet ’mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o’erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium’s walls were subject to their view,
The trees’ tall summits withered at the sight ;
A constant interchange of growth and blight !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Fire King.

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
 Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear ;
 And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
 At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high ?
 And see you that lady, the tear in her eye ?
 And see you that palmer from Palestine's land,
 The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand ?

“ Now, palmer, gray palmer, O tell unto me,
 What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie ?
 And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand ?
 And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land ? ”

“ O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,
 For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have ;
 And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
 For the heathen have lost, and the Christians have won.”

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung ;
 O'er the palmer's gray locks the fair chain has she flung ;
 “ O palmer, gray palmer, this chain be thy fee,
 For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

“ And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
 O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave ?
 When the crescent went back, and the red-cross rushed on,
 O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon ? ”

“ O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows ;
 O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows :
 Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high ;
 But lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

“The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorched walls ;
The pure stream runs muddy ; the gay hope is gone ;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.”

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed ;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need ;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith or his knighthood had he ;
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

“O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou be,
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee ;
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take ;
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

“And next, in the cavern, where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Kurdmans adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake ;
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

“And last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land ;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake.”

He has thrown by his helmet and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord ;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep, deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watched until daybreak, but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed ;
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep, deep under ground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled round ;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burned unmoved, and naught else did he spy.

Loud murmured the priests, and amazed was the king,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing ;
They searched Albert's body, and, lo ! on his breast
Was the sign of the cross, by his father impressed.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant returned to the cavern again ;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell—
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell !

High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,
And he turned him five steps, half resolved to retreat ;
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trod,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were
abroad ;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rocked the cavern whene'er he drew nigh ;
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high ;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the monarch of flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguished in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm ;

I ween the stout heart of Count Albert grew tame,
When he saw in his terrors the monarch of flame.

In his hand a broad falchion blue glimmered through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke :
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and no
more,
Till thou bend to the cross, and the Virgin adore."

The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon ; and see !
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee :
The thunders grow distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on his whirlwind, the Phantom retires.

Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among ;
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong ;
And the red-cross waxed faint, and the crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forest to Galilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave ;
Till the knights of the Temple and knights of St. John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couched, and they closed on each side ;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did wield,
The fence had been vain of the king's red-cross shield ;
But a page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddle-bow ;
And scarce had he bent to the red-cross his head,
" *Bonne grace, notre dame,*" he unwittingly said.

Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er ;
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more :
But true men have said, that the lightning's red wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand ;
He stretched, with one buffet, that page on the strand ;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eye-balls, and blood-clotted hair ;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Kurdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crosletted shield ;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain—
O! who is yon Paynim lies stretched 'mid the slain ?
And who is yon page lying cold at his knee ?
O! who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie ?

The lady was buried in Salem's blessed bound ;
The Count he was left to the vulture and hound :
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring ;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the red-cross it conquered, the crescent it fell ;
And lords and gay ladies have sighed, 'mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Wild Huntsmen.

THE wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse ! halloo, halloo !
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake :
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful men to pray,
Loud, long, and deep, the bell had tolled :

But still the wildgrave onward rides ;
Halloo, halloo ! and hark again !
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right ?
Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;
The right hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May ;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, " Welcome, welcome, noble lord !
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford ? "

“Cease thy loud bugle’s clanging knell,”
 Cried the fair youth, with silver voice ;
 “And for devotion’s choral swell
 Exchange the rude unhallowed noise.

“To-day the ill-omened chase forbear,
 Yon bell yet summons to the fane ;
 To-day the warning spirit hear,
 To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain.”

“Away, and sweep the glades along !”
 The sable hunter hoarse replies ;
 “To muttering monks leave matin song,
 And bells, and books, and mysteries.”

The wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
 And, launching forward with a bound,
 “Who, for thy drowsy priest-like rede,
 Would leave the jovial horn and hound ?

“Hence, if our manly sport offend !
 With pious fools go chant and pray :
 Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend ;
 Halloo, halloo ! and, hark away !”

The wildgrave spurred his courser light,
 O’er moss and moor, o’er holt and hill ;
 And on the left, and on the right,
 Each stranger horseman followed still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
 A stag more white than mountain snow :
 And louder rung the wildgrave’s horn,
 “Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho !”

A heedless wretch had crossed the way ;
 He gasps the thundering hoofs below :
 But, live who can, or die who may,
 Still, “Forward, forward !” on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessings crowned ;
See, prostrate at the wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman, with toil embrowned :

“O, mercy, mercy, noble lord !
Spare the poor's pittance,” was his cry,
“Earned by the sweat these brows have poured,
In scorching hour of fierce July !”

Earnest the right hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey,
Th' impetuous earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

“Away, thou hound so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow !”
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
“Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !”

So said, so done : a single bound
Clears the poor laborer's humble pale :
Wild follow man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along ;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
Scours moss, and moor, and holt, and hill ;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared ;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd ;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss, and moor, and holt, and hill,
 His track the steady bloodhounds trace ;
 O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
 The furious earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall ;
 " O, spare, thou noble baron, spare
 These herds, a widow's little all ;
 These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care ! "

Earnest the right hand stranger pleads,
 The left still cheering to the prey ;
 The earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
 But furious keeps the onward way.

" Unmannered dog ! to stop my sport
 Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
 Though human spirits, of thy sort,
 Were tenants of these carrion kine ! "

Again he winds his bugle horn,
 " Hark forward, forward, holla, ho ! "
 And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
 He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall ;
 Down sinks their mangled herdsman near.
 The murderous cries the stag appal—
 Again he starts, new nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
 While big the tears of anguish pour,
 He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
 The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn, and hound,
 Fast rattling on his traces go ;
 The sacred chapel rung around
 With, " Hark away ! and, holla, ho ! "

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit poured his prayer,
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain!
Revere his altar and forbear!"

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wronged by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head:
Be warned at length, and turn aside."

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads;
The black, wild whooping, points the prey:
Alas! the earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
Not sainted martyr's sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"—
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse, and man, and horn, and hound,
And clamor of the chase was gone;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn;
In vain, to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reached his ears:
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
 Dark as the darkness of the grave ;
 And not a sound the still invades,
 Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
 At length the solemn silence broke ;
 And from a cloud of swarthy red,
 The awful voice of thunder spoke.

“ Oppressor of creation fair !
 Apostate spirits' hardened tool !
 Scornor of God ! Scourge of the poor !
 The measure of thy cup is full.

“ Be chased forever through the wood ;
 Forever roam the affrighted wild :
 And let thy fate instruct the proud,
 God's meanest creature is his child.”

'Twas hushed : one flash, of sombre glare,
 With yellow tinged the forest brown :
 Up rose the wildgrave's bristling hair,
 And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill ;
 A rising wind began to sing ;
 And louder, louder, louder still,
 Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call ! Her entrails rend ;
 From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
 Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
 The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
 Well may I guess, but dare not tell :
 His eye like midnight lightning glows,
 His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
 With many a shriek of helpless wo ;
 Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
 And, " Hark away, and holla, ho ! "

With wild despair's reverted eye,
 Close, close behind, he marks the throng ;
 With bloody fangs, and eager cry,
 In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
 Till time itself shall have an end :
 By day they scour earth's caverned space,
 At midnight's witching hour ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
 That oft the lated peasant hears ;
 Appalled he signs the frequent cross,
 When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
 For human pride, for human wo,
 When, at his midnight mass, he hears
 The infernal cry of " Holla, ho ! "

Lochinvar.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west ;
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
 And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none ;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone ;
 He swam the Eske river, where ford there was none ;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
 'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all ;
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine ;
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet—the knight took it up ;
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
 "Now, tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near ;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !

"She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



Christabel.

PART I.

'TIS the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock :
Tu-whit !—Tu-whoo !
And hark, again ! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew !

Sir Leoline, the baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour ;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over-loud ;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark ?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers, but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full ;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray :

'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest misletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.
The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near as near could be,
But what it is she cannot tell.—
On the other side, it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there ?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone :
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly !

Mary mother, save me now !
(Said Christabel), And who art thou ?
The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet :—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness :
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear !
Said Christabel, How camest thou here ?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet :—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine ;
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white ;
And once we crossed the shade of night.

As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
 I have no thought what men they be ;
 Nor do I know how long it is
 (For I have lain entranced, I wis)
 Since one, the tallest of the five,
 Took me from the palfrey's back,
 A weary woman, scarce alive.
 Some muttered words his comrades spoke :
 He placed me underneath this oak,
 He swore they would return with haste :
 Whither they went I cannot tell—
 I thought I heard, some minutes past,
 Sounds as of a castle-bell.
 Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
 And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
 And comforted fair Geraldine :
 O well, bright dame ! may you command
 The service of Sir Leoline ;
 And gladly our stout chivalry
 Will he send forth, and friends withal,
 To guide and guard you safe and free
 Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose ; and forth with steps they passed
 That strove to be, and were not, fast.
 Her gracious *stars* the lady blessed,
 And thus spake on sweet Christabel :—
 All our household are at rest,
 The hall as silent as the cell ;
 Sir Leoline is weak in health,
 And may not well awakened be,
 But we will move as if in stealth ;
 And I beseech your courtesy,
 This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
 Took the key that fitted well ;

A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate ;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate :
Then the lady rose again,
And moved as she were not in pain.

So, free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they were
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !
Alas, alas ! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So, free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make !
And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch ;
For what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will !
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying :
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;

And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread ! said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare ;
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair :
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom—
And now they pass the baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath !
And now have reached her chamber door ;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet :
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim :
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight
Sank down upon the floor below.
O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine
It is a wine of virtuous powers :
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered—Wo is me,
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon, with altered voice said she—
“Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee.”
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
“Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.”

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, “'Tis over now!”

Again the wild-flower wine she drank;
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countree.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
All they, who live in the upper sky,

Do love you, holy Christabel !
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degrees will try,
Fair maiden ! to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself ; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, So let it be !
And as the lady bade, did she ;
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and wo
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close ;
So halfway from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the Lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around ;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast.
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropped to her feet, and full in view,
Behold ! her bosom and half her side——
A sight to dream of, not to tell !
O shield her ! shield sweet Christabel !

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs ;
Ah ! what a stricken look was hers !
Deep from within she seems halfway
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay ;

Then suddenly, as one defied,
 Collects herself in scorn and pride,
 And lay down by the maiden's side!—
 And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah well-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:
 In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell
 Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
 But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heard'st a low moaning,
 And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
 And didst bring her home with thee in love and in
 charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I.

It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel, when she
 Was praying at the old oak tree.
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows;
 Her slender palms together pressed,
 Heaving sometimes on her breast;
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
 Her face—O call it fair, not pale!
 And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
 Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, wo is me!)
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,

Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
 Dreaming that alone, which is—
 O sorrow and shame ! Can this be she,
 The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree ?
 And lo ! the worker of these harms,
 That holds the maiden in her arms,
 Seems to slumber still and mild,
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine ! since arms of thine
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.
 O Geraldine ! one hour was thine—
 Thou'st had thy will ! By tairn and rill,
 The night-birds all that hour were still.
 But now they are jubilant anew
 From cliff and tower, tu-who ! tu-who !
 Tu-who ! tu-who ! from wood and fell !

And see, the Lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance ;
 Her limbs relax, her countenance
 Grows sad and soft ; the smooth thin lids
 Close o'er her eyes ; and tears she sheds—
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright !
 And oft the while she seems to smile
 As infants at a sudden light !

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
 Like a youthful hermitess,
 Beauteous in a wilderness,
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep,
 And, if she move unquietly,
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
 Comes back and tingles in her feet.
 No doubt, she hath a vision sweet :
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere ?
 What if she knew her mother near ?

But this she knows, in joys and woes
That saints will aid if men will call :
For the blue sky bends over all !

PART II.

Each matin-bell, the baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead,
These words Sir Leoline will say,
Many a morn to his dying day !

And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five-and-forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell !
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can !
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair
And dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother ;
And oft, too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one ! two ! three ! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borodale.

The air is still ! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud ;

And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed ;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And, nothing doubting of her spell.
Awakens the lady Christabel,
“Sleep you, sweet Lady Christabel ?
I trust that you have rested well.”

And Christabel awoke, and spied
The same who lay down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak-tree !
Nay, fairer yet ! and yet more fair !
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep !
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
“Sure I have sinned,” said Christabel,
“Now Heaven be praised, if all be well ;”
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet,
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And, pacing on through page and groom,
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he pressed
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The Lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame !

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine ?

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between :
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.
Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face :
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again. 3

O then the Baron forgot his age !
His noble heart swelled high with rage ;

He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy !
“ And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men ! ”
He spake : his eye in lightning rolls !
For the lady was ruthlessly seized ; and he kened
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend !

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look,
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain !
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
(Ah, woe is me ! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid ! such sights to see !)

Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound ;
Whereat the knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay.

Had put a rapture in her breast,
 And on her lips and o'er her eyes
 Spread smiles like light !

With new surprise,
 "What ails then my beloved child?"
 The Baron said.—His daughter mild
 Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
 I ween, she had no power to tell
 Aught else; so mighty was the spell.

Yet he who saw this Geraldine
 Had deemed her sure a thing divine,
 Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
 As if she feared she had offended
 Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
 And with such lowly tones she prayed,
 She might be sent without delay
 Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!

Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
 "Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
 Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
 And take two steeds with trappings proud,
 And take the youth whom thou lovest best
 To bear thy harp and learn thy song,
 And clothe you both in solemn vest,
 And over the mountains haste along,
 Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
 Detain you on the valley road.
 And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
 My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
 Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth wood,
 And reaches soon that castle good
 Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

"Bard Bracy, bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
 Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,

More loud than your horses' echoing feet !
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall !
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array ;
And take thy lovely daughter home :
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array,
White with their panting palfreys' foam :
And by mine honor ! I will say
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of high disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine !—
For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone ;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing ;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing :—
" Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my heart can tell ;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me,
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest !
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline ! I saw the same,
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone,

Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wondered what might ail the bird
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

“And in my dreams methought I went
To search out what might there be found ;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry ;
But yet, for her dear lady's sake,
I stooped, methought, the dove to take.
When lo ! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched !
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers !
I woke ; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower ;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seems to live upon my eye !
And thence I vowed this selfsame day,
With music strong and saintly song,
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there.”

Thus Bracy said : the Baron, the while,
Half-listening, heard him with a smile ;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love ;
And said, in courtly accents fine,
“Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake !”
He kissed her forehead as he spake,

And Geraldine, in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline ;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again,
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel——
Jesu Maria, shield her well !

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head ;
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice and more of dread
At Christabel she looked askance :—
One moment and the sight was fled !
But Christabel, in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground,
Shuddered aloud with a hissing sound ;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas ! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one !
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind :
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate !
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance,

With forced, unconscious sympathy,
 Full before her father's view—
 As far as such a look could be
 In eyes so innocent and blue—
 And when the trance was o'er, the maid
 Paused a while, and inly prayed :
 Then, falling at the Baron's feet,
 " By my mother's soul do I entreat
 That thou this woman send away !"
 She said : and more she could not say ;
 For what she knew she could not tell,
 O'ermastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
 Sir Leoline ? Thy only child
 Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
 So fair, so innocent, so mild ;
 The same, for whom thy lady died.
 O by the pangs of her dear mother,
 Think thou no evil of thy child !
 For her, and thee, and for no other,
 She prayed the moment ere she died ;
 Prayed that the babe for whom she died
 Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride !
 That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
 Sir Leoline !
 And wouldst thou wrong thy only child
 Her child and thine ?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
 If thoughts like these had any share,
 They only swelled his rage and pain,
 And did but work confusion there.
 His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
 His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild—
 Dishonored thus in his old age ;
 Dishonored by his only child,

And all his hospitality
 To the insulted daughter of his friend
 By more than woman's jealousy
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end !
 He rolled his eye with stern regard
 Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
 And said in tones abrupt, austere,
 " Why, Bracy ! dost thou loiter here ?
 I bade thee hence ! " The bard obeyed ;
 And, turning from his own sweet maid,
 The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
 Led forth the Lady Geraldine !

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II.

A little child, a limber elf,
 Singing, dancing to itself,
 A fairy thing with red round cheeks
 That always finds and never seeks,
 Makes such a vision to the sight
 As fills a father's eyes with light ;
 And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
 Upon his heart that he at last
 Must needs express his love's excess
 With words of unmeant bitterness.
 Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
 Thoughts so all unlike each other ;
 To mutter and mock a broken charm,
 To dally with wrong that does no harm.
 Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
 At each wild word to feel within
 A sweet recoil of love and pity.
 And what, if in a world of sin
 (O sorrow and shame should this be true !)
 Such giddiness of heart and brain
 Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
 So talks as it's most used to do.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I.

IT is an Ancient Mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three :
 ' By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

An Ancient
 Mariner meet-
 eth three gal-
 lants bidden
 to a wedding
 feast, and de-
 taineth one.

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
 And I am next of kin ;
 The guests are met, the feast is set—
 May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand :
 " There was a ship," quoth he.
 " Hold off ! unhand me, gray-beard loon !"
 Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
 The Wedding-Guest stood still ;
 He listens like a three years' child :
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-
 Guest is spell-
 bound by the
 eye of the old
 sea-faring
 man, and con-
 strained to
 hear his tale.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone—
 He cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

" The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared ;
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the light-house top.

" The sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he ;
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea ;

The Mariner
 tells how the
 ship sailed
 southward
 with a good
 wind and fair
 weather, till it
 reached the
 Line.

“ Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon— ”
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall—
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner :

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong ;
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

“ With sloping masts and dipping prow—
As who, pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head—
The ship drove fast ; loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

“ And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold ;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

“ And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen ;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

“The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around ;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

“At length did cross an Albatross—
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

Till a great sea-bird, call-
ed the Alba-
tross, came
through the
snow-fog, and
was received
with great joy
and hospital-
ity.

“It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

“And a good south wind sprang up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners’ hollo !

And lo! the
Albatross pro-
veth a bird of
good-omen,
and followeth
the ship as it
returned
northward
through fog
and floating
ice.

“In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.”

“God save thee, Ancient Mariner !
From the fiends that plague thee thus !—
Why look’st thou so ?”—“With my cross-bow,
I shot the Albatross.”

The Ancient
Mariner in-
hospitably
killeth the
pious bird of
good omen.

PART II.

“The sun now rose upon the right—
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

“And the good south wind still blew behind ;
But no sweet bird did follow,

Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo.

His shipmates cry out against the Ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

“ And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe ;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow :
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

“ Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious sun uprist ;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist :
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward even till it reached the Line.

“ The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
“ Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped
down—

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed ;

'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

“ All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

“ Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

“ Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;

Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

“The very deep did rot ; O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea !

“About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch’s oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

“And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

“And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

“Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

“There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye—
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !—
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

A Spirit had followed them—one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantino-politan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

The ship-mates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the Ancient Mariner : in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

The Ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

“ At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist ;
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist—

“ A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
 And still it neared and neared ;
 As if it dodged a water-sprite,
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach it
 seemeth him to be a ship;
 and at a dear ransom he
 freeth his speech from
 the bonds of thirst.

“ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail ;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail ! a sail !

“ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call ;
 Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
 A flash of joy. And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For
 can it be a ship that
 comes onward without wind
 or tide?

“ See ! see ! I cried, she tacks no more !
 Hither to work us weal—
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel !

“ The western wave was all aflame ;
 The day was well nigh done ;
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright sun,
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

“ And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's mother send us grace !)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
 With broad and burning face.

“ Alas, thought I—and my heart beat loud—
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

“ Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that woman all her crew ?
Is that a death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman's mate ?

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the set-
ting sun. The
spectre-wo-
man and her
deathmate,
and no other
on board the
skeleton ship.

“ Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold ;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare, Life-in-Death, was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Like vessel,
like crew !

“ The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice :
'The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and
Life-in-Death
have diced for
the ship's
crew, and she
(the latter)
winneth the
Ancient Mari-
ner.

“ The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out ;
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre bark.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
Sun.

“ We listened, and looked sideways up ;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip ;
The stars were dim and thick the night—
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising
of the moon,

One after another, " One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates drop down dead. " Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan !)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the Ancient Mariner. " The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

PART IV.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him. " I fear thee, Ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

" I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—

But the Ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance. " Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest ?
This body dropped not down.
" Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm. " The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie ;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on—and so did I.

And envied that they should live, and so many lie dead. " I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

“ I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
 But or ever a prayer had gushed
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust.

“ I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat ;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.

“ The cold sweat melted from their limbs—
 Nor rot nor reek did they ;
 The look with which they looked on me
 Had never passed away.

But the curse
 liveth for him
 in the eye of
 the dead men.

“ An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high ;
 But O ! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse—
 And yet I could not die.

In his lonel-
 ness and fixed-
 ness he yearn-
 eth towards
 the journeying
 moon, and the
 stars that still
 sojourn, yet
 still move on-
 ward ; and
 everywhere
 the blue sky
 belongs to
 them, and is
 their appoint-
 ed rest, and
 their native
 country, and
 their own nat-
 ural homes,
 which they
 enter unan-
 nounced, as
 lords that are
 certainly ex-
 pected ; and
 yet there is a
 silent joy at
 their arrival.

“ The moving moon went up the sky,
 And nowhere did abide ;
 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside—

“ Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay
 The charmed water burnt away,
 A still and awful red.

“ Beyond the shadow of the ship
 I watched the water-snakes ;
 They moved in tracks of shining white ;
 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light
 of the moon
 he beholdeth
 God's crea-
 tures of the
 great calm.

“ Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire—
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled and swam ; and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty
 and their hap-
 piness.

“ O happy living things ! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare ;
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He bleaseth
 them in his
 heart.

And I blessed them unaware—
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

The spell be-
 gins to break.

“ The selfsame moment I could pray ;
 And from my neck so free
 The Albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

“ O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole !
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
 That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
 holy Mother,
 the Ancient
 Mariner is re-
 freshed with
 rain.

“ The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
 And when I awoke, it rained.

“ My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank ;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams
 And still my body drank.

“ I moved, and could not feel my limbs ;
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

“ And soon I heard a roaring wind—
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth
sounds and
seeth strange
sights and
commotions in
the sky and
the element.

“ The upper air burst into life ;
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about ;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

“ And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud—
The moon was at its edge.

“ The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side ;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag—
A river steep and wide.

“ The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of
the ship's crew
are inspired,
and the ship
moves on ;

“ They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

“ The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

“The body of my brother’s son
 Stood by me, knee to knee ;
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me.”

But not by
 the souls of
 the men, nor
 by demons of
 earth or mid-
 dle air, but by
 a blessed troop
 of angelic
 spirits, sent
 down by the
 invocation of
 the guardian
 saint.

“I fear thee, Ancient Mariner !”
 “Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
 ’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corpses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest ;
 For when it dawned they dropped their arms,
 And clustered round the mast ;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

“Around, around flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the sun ;
 Slowly the sounds came back again—
 Now mixed, now one by one.

“Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
 I heard the sky-lark sing ;
 Sometimes all little birds that are—
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning !

“And now ’twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute ;
 And now it is an angel’s song,
 That makes the heavens be mute.

“It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon—
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

“ Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe ;
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
 Moved onward from beneath.

“ Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and snow
 The spirit slid ; and it was he
 That made the ship to go.
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop ; but still requireth vengeance.

“ The sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean ;
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length,
 With a short uneasy motion.

“ Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound—
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swound.

“ How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare ;
 But ere my living life returned ;
 I heard, and in my soul discerned,
 Two voices in the air :

“ ‘ Is it he ? ’ quoth one. ‘ Is this the man ?
 By him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low
 The harmless Albatross !

The polar spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong ; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance, long and heavy, for the Ancient Mariner, hath been accorded to the polar spirit, who returneth south ward.

“ ‘ The spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 ‘ Who shot him with his bow.’

“ The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew :
 Quoth he, ‘ The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do.’

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

“ ‘ But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
 Thy soft response renewing—
 What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
 What is the ocean doing ?’

SECOND VOICE.

“ ‘ Still as a slave before his lord,
 The ocean hath no blast ;
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the moon is cast—

“ ‘ If he may know which way to go ;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see ! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.’

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner
 hath been cast
 into a trance ;
 for the an-
 gelic power
 causeth the
 vessel to drive
 northward fas-
 ter than hu-
 man life could
 endure.

“ ‘ But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind ?’

SECOND VOICE.

“ ‘ The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

“ ‘ Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
 Or we shall be belated ;
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner’s trance is abated.’

“ I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather ;
 Twas night, calm night—the moon was high ;
 The dead men stood together.

The supernat-
 ural motion is
 retarded; the
 Mariner
 awakes, and
 his penance
 begins anew.

“ All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the moon did glitter.

“ The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away ;
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.

“ And now this spell was snapped ; once more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And looked far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen—

The curse is
 finally expia-
 ted.

“ Like one that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And, having once turned round, walks on,
 And turns no more his head ;
 Because he knows a frightful fiend
 Doth close behind him tread.

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me,
 Nor sound nor motion made ;
 Its path was not upon the sea,
 In ripple or in shade.

“ It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
 Like a meadow-gale of Spring—
 It mingled strangely with my fears,
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

“ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
 Yet she sailed softly too ;
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
 On me alone it blew.

And the An-
 cient Mariner
 beholdeth his
 native coun-
 try.

“ Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
 The lighthouse top I see ?
 Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
 Is this mine own countree ?

“ We drifted o’er the harbor-bar,
 And I with sobs did pray—
 O, let me be awake, my God !
 Or let me sleep away !

“ The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn !
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
 And the shadow of the moon.

“ The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
 That stands above the rock ;
 The moonlight steeped in silentness
 The steady weathercock.

The angelic
 spirits leave
 the dead bod-
 ies,

“ And the bay was white with silent light,
 Till, rising from the same,
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,
 In crimson colors came.

And appear in
 their own
 forms of light.

“ A little distance from the prow
 Those crimson shadows were ;
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—
 O Christ ! what saw I there ?

“ Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat ;
 And, by the holy rood !
 A man all light, a seraph-man,
 On every corse there stood !

“ This seraph band, each waved his hand—
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

“ This seraph band, each waved his hand ;
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but O ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

“ But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot’s cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

“ The pilot and the pilot’s boy,
I heard them coming fast ;
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

“ I saw a third—I heard his voice ;
It is the hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood ;
He’ll shrive my soul—he’ll wash away
The Albatross’s blood.

PART VII.

“ This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

The hermit of
the wood

“ He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump ;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

“ The skiff-boat neared—I heard them talk :
 ‘ Why, this is strange, I trow !
 Where are those lights, so many and fair,
 That signal made but now ? ’

Approacheth
 the ship with
 wonder.

“ ‘ Strange, by my faith ! ’ the hermit said—
 ‘ And they answered not our cheer !
 The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
 How thin they are and sere !
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

“ ‘ Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest brook along,
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf’s young.’

“ ‘ Dear Lord ! It hath a fiendish look,’
 The pilot made reply—
 ‘ I am a-feared ’—‘ Push on, push on ! ’
 Said the hermit cheerily.

“ The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred ;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard ;

The ship sud-
 denly sinketh.

“ Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread ;
 It reached the ship, it split the bay—
 The ship went down like lead.

The Ancient
 Mariner is
 saved in the
 pilot’s boat.

“ Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat ;
 But, switt as dreams, myself I found
 Within the pilot’s boat.

“ Upon the whirl where sank the ship
The boat span round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

“ I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

“ I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long ; and all the while
His eyes went to and fro :
‘ Ha ! ha ! ’ quoth he, ‘ full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.’

“ And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

“ ‘ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man ! ’—
The hermit crossed his brow :
‘ Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘ I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ? ’

The Ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

“ Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale—
And then it left me free.

“ Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.

“ I pass, like night, from land to land ;
 I have strange power of speech ;
 That moment that his face I see
 I know the man that must hear me—
 To him my tale I teach.

“ What loud uproar bursts from that door !
 The wedding-guests are there ;
 But in the garden-bower the bride
 And bride-maids singing are,
 And hark, the little vesper bell,
 Which biddeth me to prayer !

“ O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea—
 So lonely 't was, that God himself
 Scarce seemed there to be.

“ O, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company !—

“ To walk together to the kirk
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends—
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay !

And to teach
 by his own ex-
 ample, love
 and reverence
 to all things
 that God made
 and loveth.

“ Farewell ! farewell ! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

“ He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone. And now the Wedding-Guest
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn ;
 A sadder and a wiser man
 He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Dejection :

AN ODE.

Late, late yestreen, I saw the new Moon,
 With the old Moon in her arms ;
 And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
 We shall have a deadly storm.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

I.

WELL ! if the bard was weather-wise, who made
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
 Unroused by winds that ply a busier trade
 Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
 Or the dull sobbing draught, that moans and rakes
 Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
 Which better far were mute.
 For lo ! the new moon winter-bright !
 And overspread with phantom light,
 (With swimming phantom light o'erspread,
 But rimmed and circled by a silver thread),
 I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling
 The coming on of rain and squally blast.

And O ! that even now the gust were swelling,
 And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast !
 Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
 And sent my soul abroad,
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
 Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live !

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
 In word, or sigh, or tear—
 O lady ! in this wan and heartless mood,
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green ;
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye !
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars ;
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen :
 Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;
 I see them all so excellently fair,—
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are !

III.

My genial spirits fail,
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?
 It were a vain endeavor,
 Though I should gaze forever
 On that green light that lingers in the west :
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV.

O lady ! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live :
 Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud !
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the earth—
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

V.

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be !
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful, and beauty-making power.
 Joy, virtuous lady ! Joy that ne'er was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
 Joy, lady ! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding nature to us gives in dower,
 A new earth and new heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud ;
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
 We in ourselves rejoice !
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colors a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
 This joy within me dallied with distress,
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
 Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness :

For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth ;
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth.

But O ! each visitation
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
 My shaping spirit of imagination.
 For not to think of what I needs must feel,
 But to be still and patient, all I can ;
 And haply by abstruse research to steal
 From my own nature all the natural man—
 This was my sole resource, my only plan ;
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
 And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
 Reality's dark dream !
 I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
 Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
 Of agony by torture lengthened out
 That lute sent forth ! Thou wind, that rav'st without,
 Bare crag, or mountain tairn, or blasted tree,
 Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
 Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
 Mad lutanist ! who in this month of showers,
 Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
 Mak'st devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
 Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds !
 Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold !
 What tell'st thou now about ?
 'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
 With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
 At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold !
 But hush ! there is a pause of deepest silence !
 And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,

With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
 It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
 A tale of less affright,
 And tempered with delight,
 As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,
 'Tis of a little child
 Upon a lonesome wild,
 Not far from home, but she hath lost her way,
 And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
 Visit her, gentle sleep! with wings of healing,
 And may this storm be but a mountain-birth!
 May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
 Silent as though they watched the sleeping earth!
 With light heart may she rise,
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice:
 To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
 Their life the eddying of her living soul!
 O simple spirit, guided from above,
 Dear lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
 Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

From the Piccolomini.

COUNTESS. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?

My highest privilege has been to snatch
 A side glance and away!

THEKLA. It was a strange
 Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
 From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now

The narrowing line of daylight that ran after
 The closing door, was gone ; and all about me
 'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
 Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
 Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
 In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
 A sceptre bore, and on his head a star ;
 And in the tower no other light was there
 But from these stars ; all seemed to come from them.
 " These are the planets," said that low old man ;
 " They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
 Are imaged here as kings. He, farthest from you,
 Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
 With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
 He opposite, the king with the red light,
 An armed man for the battle, that is Mars ;
 And both these bring but little luck to man."
 But at his side a lovely lady stood,
 The star upon her head was soft and bright,
 And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
 On the left hand, lo ! Mercury with wings.
 Quite in the middle glittered, silver bright,
 A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien ;
 And this was Jupiter, my father's star ;
 And 'at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX. O never rudely will I blame his faith
 In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
 The human being's Pride that peoples space
 With life and mystical predominance ;
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
 This visible nature, and this common world
 Is all too narrow ; yea, a deeper import
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years
 Than lies upon that truth we live to learn ;
 For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place ;
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
 And spirits ; and delightedly believes
 Divinities, being himself divine.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
 That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
 Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms, and watery depths ; all these have vanished ;
 They live no longer in the faith of reason !
 But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend, and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down ; and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

SCHILLER.

Translation of SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



O'Connor's Child ;

OR, THE

“ FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.”

I.

OH ! once the harp of Innisfail
 Was strung full high to notes of gladness :
 But yet it often told a tale
 Of more prevailing sadness.
 Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
 As winds that moan at night forlorn
 Along the isles of Fion-Gael,
 When for O'Connor's child to mourn,
 The harper told, how lone, how far
 From any mansion's twinkling star,
 From any path of social men,
 Or voice, but from the fox's den,

The lady in the desert dwelt :
 And yet no wrongs, nor fear, she felt :
 Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
 O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

II.

Sweet lady ! she no more inspires
 Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
 As, in the palace of her sires,
 She bloomed a peerless flower.
 Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
 The royal brooch, the jewelled ring,
 That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
 Like dews on lilies of the spring.
 Yet why, though fallen her brother's kerne,
 Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
 While yet in Leinster unexplored,
 Her friends survive the English sword ;
 Why lingers she from Erin's host,
 So far on Galway's shipwrecked coast ?
 Why wanders she a huntress wild—
 O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

III.

And fixed on empty space, why burn
 Her eyes with momentary wildness ?
 And wherefore do they then return
 To more than woman's mildness ?
 Dishevelled are her raven locks ;
 On Connocht Moran's name she calls :
 And oft amidst the lonely rocks
 She sings sweet madrigals.
 Placed in the foxglove and the moss,
 Behold a parted warrior's cross !
 That is the spot where, evermore,
 The lady, at her shieling door,

Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
 The living and the dead can meet :
 For, lo ! to love-lorn fantasy,
 The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
 In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
 A son of light—a lovely form,
 He comes and makes her glad :
 Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
 His tasselled horn beside him laid ;
 Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
 The hunter and the deer a shade !
 Sweet mourner ! those are shadows vain
 That cross the twilight of her brain ;
 Yet she will tell you she is blessed,
 Of Connocht Moran's tomb possessed,
 More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
 When bards high praised her beauty's power,
 And kneeling pages offered up
 The morat in a golden cup.

V.

' A hero's bride ! this desert bower,
 It ill befits thy gentle breeding !
 And wherefore dost thou love this flower
 To call—' My love lies bleeding' ?'
 " This purple flower my tears have nursed :
 A hero's blood supplied its bloom :
 I love it, for it was the first
 That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
 Oh ! hearken, stranger, to my voice !
 This desert mansion is my choice !
 And blest, though fatal, be the star
 That led me to its wilds afar ;
 For here these pathless mountains free
 Gave shelter to my love and me ;

And every rock and every stone
 Bear witness that he was my own.

VI.

“O'Connor's child, I was the bud
 Of Erin's royal tree of glory ;
 But woe to them that wrapt in blood
 The tissue of my story !
 Still as I clasp my burning brain,
 A death scene rushes on my sight ;
 It rises o'er and o'er again,
 The bloody feud—the fatal night,
 When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
 They called my hero basely born ;
 And bade him choose a meaner bride
 Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
 Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
 Was sung in Tara's psaltery ;
 Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
 And Cathal of the bloody hand ;
 Glory (they said) and power and honor
 Were in the mansion of O'Connor :
 But he, my loved one, bore in field
 A meaner crest upon his shield.

VII.

“ Ah, brothers ! what did it avail,
 That fiercely and triumphantly
 Ye fought the English of the Pale,
 And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry ?
 And what was it to love and me,
 That barons by your standard rode ;
 Or beal-fires for your jubilee,
 Upon a hundred mountains glowed ?
 What though the lords of tower and dome
 From Shannon to the North-sea foam ?—

Thought ye your iron hands of pride
 Could break the knot that love had tied ?
 No :—let the eagle change his plume,
 The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom ;
 But ties around this heart were spun,
 That could not, would not, be undone !

VIII.

“ At bleating of the wild watch-fold
 Thus sang my love—‘ Oh, come with me !
 Our bark is on the lake, behold,
 Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
 Come far from Castle-Connor’s clans—
 Come with thy belted forestere ;
 And I, beside the lake of swans,
 Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer ;
 And build thy hut, and bring thee home
 The wild-fowl and the honeycomb :
 And berries from the wood provide,
 And play my clarshech by thy side ;
 Then come, my love !’—How could I stay ?
 Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way ;
 And I pursued, by moonless skies,
 The light of Connocht Moran’s eyes.

IX.

“ And fast and far, before the star
 Of day-spring, rushed we through the glade,
 And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
 Of Castle-Connor fade.
 Sweet was to us the hermitage
 Of this unploughed, untrodden shore ;
 Like birds all joyous from the cage,
 For man’s neglect we loved it more.
 And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
 To search the game with hawk and spear ;
 While I, his evening food to dress,
 Would sing to him in happiness.

But, oh ! that midnight of despair,
 When I was doomed to rend my hair !
 The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow !
 The night, to him, that had no morrow !

X.

“ When all was stilled at eventide,
 I heard the baying of their beagle :
 Be hushed ! my Connocht Moran cried,
 'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
 Alas ! 'twas not the eyrie's sound ;
 Their bloody bands had tracked us out ;
 Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
 And, hark ! again, that nearer shout
 Brings faster on the murderers.
 Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce !
 In vain—no voice the adder charms ;
 Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms :
 Another's sword has laid him low—
 Another's and another's ;
 And every hand that dealt the blow—
 Ah me ! it was a brother's !
 Yes, when his moanings died away,
 Their iron hands had dug the clay ;
 And o'er his burial turf they trod,
 And I beheld—O God ! O God !
 His life-blood oozing from the sod !

XI.

“ Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
 Alas ! my warrior's spirit brave,
 Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
 Lamenting, soothe his grave.
 Dragged to their hated mansion back,
 How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
 I know not, for my soul was black,
 And knew no change of night or day.
 One night of horror round me grew ;
 Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,

'Twas but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eyeball's aching throb,
And checked my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear,
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII.

"But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire :
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat ;
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came ;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay.
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave,—that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

"And go ! (I cried,) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go !—and return no more !
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, then ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unrolled.
O stranger ! by my country's loss !
And by my love ! and by the cross

I swear I never could have spoke
 The curse that severed nature's yoke ;
 But that a spirit o'er me stood,
 And fired me with the wrathful mood ;
 And frenzy to my heart was given,
 To speak the malison of heaven.

XIV.

" They would have crossed themselves all mute ;
 They would have prayed to burst the spell ;
 But, at the stamping of my foot,
 Each hand down powerless fell !
 And go to Athunree ! (I cried,)
 High lift the banner of your pride !
 But know that where its sheet unrolls,
 The weight of blood is on your souls !
 Go where the havoc of your kerne
 Shall float as high as mountain fern !
 Men shall no more your mansion know ;
 The nettles on your hearth shall grow !
 Dead as the green oblivious flood
 That mantles by your walls, shall be
 The glory of O'Connor's blood !
 Away ! away to Athunree !
 Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
 The raven's wing shall be your pall !
 And not a vassal shall unlace
 The visor from your dying face !

XV.

" A bolt that overhung our dome,
 Suspended till my curse was given,
 Soon as it passed these lips of foam,
 Pealed in the blood-red heaven.
 Dire was the look that o'er their backs
 The angry parting brothers threw :
 But now, behold ! like cataracts,
 Come down the hills in view

O'Connor's plumed partisans :
 Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
 Were marching to their doom :
 A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
 A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
 And all again was gloom !

XVI.

“Stranger ! I fled the home of grief,
 At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall :
 I found the helmet of my chief,
 His bow still hanging on our wall,
 And took it down, and vowed to rove
 This desert place a huntress bold ;
 Nor would I change my buried love
 For any heart of living mould.
 No ! for I am a hero's child ;
 I'll hunt my quarry in the wild ;
 And still my home this mansion make,
 Of all unheeded and unheeding,
 And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
 ‘The flower of love lies bleeding.’ ”

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Hallowed Ground.

WHAT'S hallowed ground ? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod,
 To bow the knee ?

That 's hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed :—
 But where 's their memory's mansion ? Is 't
 Yon churchyard's bowers ?
 No ! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound :
 The spot where love's first links were wound,
 That ne'er are riven,
 Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
 And up to Heaven !

For time makes all but true love old ;
 The burning thoughts that then were told
 Run molten still in memory's mould ;
 And will not cool
 Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
 'T is not the sculptured piles you heap !—
 In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom,
 Or genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
 And is he dead whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high ?—
 To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right ?
 He 's dead alone that lacks her light !

And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws :—
 What can alone ennoble fight ?
 A noble cause !

Give that ! and welcome War to brace
 Her drums, and rend Heaven's reeking space !
 The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
 Though Death 's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
 To Heaven !—But Heaven rebukes my zeal.
 The cause of truth and human weal,
 O God above !
 Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To peace and love.

Peace ! love !—the cherubim that join
 Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine !
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not ;
 The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
 And pompous rites in domes august ?
 See mouldering stones and metal's rust
 Belie the vaunt,
 That men can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
 Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan !
 But there 's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
 Its space is Heaven !

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
 Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
 And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
 Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars ! are not your beings pure ?
 Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure ?
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above ?
 Ye must be Heavens, that make us sure
 Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time :
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And Reason, on his mortal clime,
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground ? 'T is what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !—
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth,
 Earth's compass round ;
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Caroline.

PART I.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
 I'll teach my grotto green to be ;
 And sing my true love, all below
 The holly bower and myrtle-tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime ;
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain-heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,
Whatever isles of ocean fanned,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould ;

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endeared, undoubting, undeceived ;

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never crossed.

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
 That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
 A fairer form than cherub loves,
 And let the name be Caroline.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-colored Even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
 Beloved star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
 When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
 So due thy plighted love returns,
 To chambers brighter than the rose ;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
 Sure some enamored orb above
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
 When all unheavenly passions fly,
 Chased by the soul-subduing power
 Of Love's delicious witchery.

O ! sacred to the fall of day,
 Queen of propitious stars, appear,
 And early rise, and long delay,
 When Caroline herself is here !

Shine on her chosen green resort,
 Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
 And wanton flowers, that well may court
 An Angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou Star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine, where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnowed by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



The Light of the Haram.

(FROM LALLA ROOKH.)

WHO has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave ?

Oh ! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes !
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,

And here at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
 Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
 Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;
 When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet.
 Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
 Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun.
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
 From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away ;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
 The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
 Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world !

But never yet, by night or day,
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,
 Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
 As now it shines—all love and light,
 Visions by day and feasts by night !
 A happier smile illumines each brow,
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
 And all is ecstasy,—for now
 The Valley holds its Feast of Roses ;
 The joyous time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and, in their shower,
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—
 The Floweret of a hundred leaves,
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
 And every leaf its balm receives.
 'Twas when the hour of evening came
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,

When Day had hid his sultry flame
 Behind the palms of BARAMOULE,
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refreshed, from their embroidered beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And waked to moonlight and to play.
All were abroad—the busiest hive
On BELA'S hills is less alive,
When saffron beds are full in flower,
Than looked the Valley in that hour.
A thousand restless torches played
Through every grove and island shade ;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret ;
And fields and pathways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
That you could see, in wandering round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home that brilliant eve ;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 'twas night.
And all were free, and wandering,
 And all exclaimed to all they met,
That never did the summer bring
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet :—
The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which blessed them there ;
The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
 Nor they themselves looked half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers !
It seemed as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scattered here.

The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths
 Had fallen upon it from the sky !
 And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
 Of tabors and of dancing feet ;—
 The minaret-crier's chant of glee
 Sung from his lighted gallery,
 And answered by a ziralet
 From neighboring Haram, wild and sweet ;—
 The merry laughter, echoing
 From gardens, where the silken swing
 Wafts some delighted girl above
 The top leaves of the orange-grove ;
 Or from those infant groups at play
 Among the tents that line the way,
 Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
 Handfuls of roses at each other.—

Then, the sounds from the Lake,—the low whispering in boats,
 As they shoot through the moonlight ;—the dipping of oars,
 And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats,
 Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores,
 Like those of KATHAY, uttered music, and gave
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.
 But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing—
 Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
 Oh ! best of delights as it everywhere is,
 To be near the loved *One*,—what a rapture is his
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
 O'er the Lake of CASHMERE, with that *One* by his side !
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think what a Heaven she must make of CASHMERE !

So felt the magnificent Son of ACBAR,
 When from power and pomp and the trophies of war

He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
With the light of the HARAM, his young NOURMAHAL.
When free and uncrowned as the Conqueror roved
By the banks of that Lake, with his only beloved,
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And preferred in his heart the least ringlet that curled
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world.

There's a beauty, forever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.
This *was* not the beauty—oh, nothing like this,
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss !
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes ;
Now melting in mist, and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heaven in his dreams.
When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face !
And when angry,—for even in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
The short, passing anger but seemed to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.
Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring ;
Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul ;

And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brightened all over,—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave
 NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East for her slave :
 And though bright was his Haram,—a living parterre
 Of the flowers of this planet—though treasures were there,
 For which SOLIMAN'S self might have given all the store
 That the navy from OPHIR e'er winged to his shore,
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
 And the Light of his Haram was young NOURMAHAL !

But where is she now, this night of joy,
 When bliss is every heart's employ ?—
 When all around her is so bright,
 So like the visions of a trance,
 That one might think, who came by chance
 Into the vale this happy night,
 He saw that City of Delight
 In Fairy-Land, whose streets and towers
 Are made of gems and light and flowers !
 Where is the loved Sultana ? where,
 When mirth brings out the young and fair,
 Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
 In melancholy stillness now ?

Alas !—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love !
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity !
 A something, light as air—a look ;
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken

And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part forever !

Oh, you that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the Fields of Bliss above
 He sits, with flowerets fettered round ;
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings ;
 For even an hour, a minute's flight
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.
 Like that celestial bird, whose nest
 Is found beneath far Eastern skies—
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
 Lose all their glory when he flies !

Some difference, of this dangerous kind—
 By which, though light, the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven ;
 Some shadow in Love's summer heaven,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst ;—
 Such cloud it is that now hangs over
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,
 And far hath banished from his sight
 His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light !

Hence is it, on this happy night,
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves
 Has let loose all her world of loves,
 And every heart has found its own,
 He wanders, joyless and alone,
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
 This Eden of the Earth supplies
 Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
 The eyes are dim :—though rich the spot
 With every flower this earth has got,
 What is it to the nightingale,
 If there his darling Rose is not ?
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng
 Worship him as he moves along ;
 He heeds them not—one smile of hers
 Is worth a world of worshippers.
 They but the Star's adorers are,
 She is the Heaven that lights the Star !

Hence is it, too, that NOURMAHAL,
 Amid the luxuries of this hour,
 Far from the joyous festival,
 Sits in her own sequestered bower,
 With no one near to soothe or aid,
 But that inspired and wondrous maid,
 NAMOUNA, the Enchantress ;—one,
 O'er whom his race the golden sun
 For unremembered years has run,
 Yet never saw her blooming brow
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
 Nay, rather—as the west wind's sigh
 Freshens the flower it passes by—
 Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,
 To leave her lovelier than before.

Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believed nor man nor earth
Were conscious of NAMOUNA'S birth !

All spells and talismans she knew,
From the great Mantra, which around
The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
To the gold gems of AFRIC, bound
Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siltim's harm.
And she had pledged her powerful art—
Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
What 'twas to lose a love so dear—
To find some spell that should recall
Her Selim's smile to NOURMAHAL !

'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreathed
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds, that keep
Their odor to themselves all day,
But, when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about ;—
When thus NAMOUNA :—“ 'Tis the hour
That scatters spells on herb and flower,
And garlands might be gathered now,
That, twined around the sleeper's brow,
Would make him dream of such delights,
Such miracles and dazzling sights,
As Genii of the Sun behold,
At evening, from their tents of Gold
Upon the horizon—where they play
Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
Their sunny mansions melt away.

Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
 Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
 Which worn by her whose love has strayed,
 Might bring some Peri from the skies,
 Some sprite, whose very soul is made
 Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
 And who might tell——"

“For me, for me,”

Cried NOURMAHAL impatiently—
 “Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night.”
 Then, rapidly, with foot as light
 As the young musk-roe's, out she flew,
 To cull each shining leaf that grew
 Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,
 For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
 Anemones and Seas of Gold,
 And new-blown lilies of the river,
 And those sweet flowerets, that unfold
 Their buds on CAMADEVA'S quiver ;—
 The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
 That in the Gardens of Malay
 Is called the Mistress of the Night,
 So like a bride, scented and bright,
 She comes out when the sun's away ;—
 Amaranths, such as crown the maids
 That wander through ZAMARA'S shades ;
 And the white moon-flower, as it shows,
 On SERENDIB'S high crags, to those
 Who near the isle at evening sail,
 Scenting her clove-trees in the gale ;
 In short, all flowerets and all plants,
 From the divine Amrita tree,
 That blesses heaven's inhabitants
 With fruits of immortality,
 Down to the basil tuft, that waves
 Its fragrant blossoms over graves,

And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead—
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gathered by young NOURMAHAL,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more ;
Then to NAMOUNA flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight the Enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dews
And beams of that blest hour !—her glance
Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,
She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mixed her soul with theirs.
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame, that fed
Her charmed life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
Filled with the cool inspiring smell,
The Enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves :—

I know where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play ;
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade !

The image of love, that nightly flies
 To visit the bashful maid,
 Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
 Its soul, like her, in the shade.
 The dream of a future, happier hour,
 That alights on misery's brow,
 Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
 That blooms on a leafless bough.
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid :
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade !

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
 The glitter of mines unfold,
 Inhabit the mountain-herb, that dyes
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.
 The phantom shapes—oh, touch not them,
 That appal the murderer's sight,
 Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem,
 That shrieks, when plucked at night !
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade !

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
 That smiles with the wrongs of men,
 Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade !

No sooner was the flowery crown
 Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
 Gently as nights of summer fall,
 Upon the lids of NOURMAHAL ;—
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
 As full of small, rich harmonies

As ever wind, that o'er the tents
 Of AZAB blew, was full of scents,
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
 Like the first air of morning creeping
 Into those wreathy Red Sea shells,
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping ;
 And now a Spirit—formed, 'twould seem,
 Of music and of light,—so fair,
 So brilliantly his features beam,
 And such a sound is in the air
 Of sweetness when he waves his wings—
 Hovers around her, and thus sings :

From CHINDARA'S warbling fount I come,
 Called by that moonlight garland's spell ;
 From CHINDARA'S fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long,
 And every sigh the heart breathes out
 Is turned, as it leaves the lips, to song !
 Hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly :—
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
 The Spirits of past Delight obey ;—
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song that bears
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon-seed from grove to grove.
 'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;
 When Memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear ;
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touched by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath !
 And, O, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
 When Music has reached her inward soul,
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
 While Heaven's eternal melodies roll !
 So hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again !

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,
 As if the morn had waked, and then
 Shut close her lids of light again.
 And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
 O bliss !—now murmur like the sighing
 From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.

And then, her voice, 'tis more than human—

Never, till now, had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven ;

Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
When angel sighs are most divine.

“Oh ! let it last till night,” she cries,
“And he is more than ever mine.”

And hourly she renews the lay,

So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
Should, ere the evening, fade away,—

For things so heavenly have such fleetness !

But, far from fading, it but grows
Richer, diviner as it flows ;

Till rapt she dwells on every string,

And pours again each sound along,
Like Echo, lost and languishing,

In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening (trusting that his soul

Might be from haunting love released
By mirth, by music, and the bowl),

The imperial SELIM held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar ;—

In whose Saloons, when the first star

Of evening o'er the waters trembled,

The Valley's loveliest all assembled ;

All the bright creatures that, like dreams,

Glide through its foliage, and drink beams

Of beauty from its founts and streams ;

And all those wandering minstrel-maids,

Who leave—how *can* they leave ?—the shades
Of that dear Valley, and are found

Singing in gardens of the South

Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound

As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile ;—

Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,

And from the Garden of the NILE,
 Delicate as the roses there ;—
 Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks ;—
 Light PERI forms, such as they are
 On the gold meads of CANDAHAR ;
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
 In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,
 That they might fancy the rich flowers,
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,
 Had been by magic all set flying.

Everything young, everything fair
 From East and West is blushing there,
 Except—except—oh, NOURMAHAL !
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one ;
 Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star on starry nights,
 The seaman singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark forever by !
 Thou wert not there—so SELIM thought,
 And everything seemed drear without thee,
 But, ah ! thou wert, thou wert—and brought
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee !
 Mingling unnoticed with a band
 Of lutanists from many a land,
 And veiled by such a mask as shades
 The features of young Arab maids—
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,
 To do its best in witchery—
 She roved, with beating heart, around,
 And waited, trembling, for the minute,
 When she might try if still the sound
 Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine ;
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine
 On CASBIN'S hills ;—pomegranates full

Of melting sweetness, and the pears,
 And sunniest apples that CAUBUL

In all its thousand gardens bears ;—
 Plantains, the golden and the green,
 MALAYA'S nectared mangusteen ;
 Prunes of BOKHARA, and sweet nuts

From the far groves of SAMARCAND,
 And BASRA dates, and apricots,

Seed of the sun, from IRAN'S land ;—
 With rich conserve of Visna cherries,
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries
 That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
 Feed on in ERAC'S rocky dells.

All these in richest vases smile,

In baskets of pure santal-wood,
 And urns of porcelain from that isle

Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.

Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
 Around their liquid lustre threw ;
 Amber Rosolli—the bright dew

From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing—
 And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran

As if that jewel, large and rare,
 The ruby for which KUBLAI-KHAN
 Offered a city's wealth, was blushing,

Melted within the goblets there !

And amply SELIM quaffs of each,
 And seems resolved the flood shall reach
 His inward heart—shedding around

A genial deluge, as they run,
 That soon shall leave no spot undrowned,
 For Love to rest his wings upon.

He little knew how well the boy
 Can float upon a goblet's streams,
 Lighting them with his smile of joy ;—
 As bards have seen him in their dreams,
 Down the blue GANGES laughing glide
 Upon a rosy lotus wreath,
 Catching new lustre from the tide
 That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid
 Of song to speed them as they flow ?
 And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
 With all the bloom, the freshened glow
 Of her own country maidens' looks,
 When warm they rise from TEFLIS' brooks;
 And with an eye, whose restless ray,
 Full, floating, dark—oh, he, who knows
 His heart is weak, of Heaven should pray
 To guard him from such eyes as those !
 With a voluptuous wildness flings
 Her snowy hand across the strings
 Of a syrinda, and thus sings :—

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
 We linger in pleasures that never are gone :
 Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
 Another as sweet and as shining comes on !
 And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
 To a new one as warm, as unequalled in bliss,
 And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this !

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
 As the flower of the Amra just oped by a bee ;
 And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
 Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
 Oh ! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
 When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss ;
 And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this !

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallowed by love,
 Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
 Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,
 And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
 And, blessed with the odor our goblet gives forth,
 What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss ?
 For, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this !

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
 When the same measure, sound for sound,
 Was caught up by another lute,
 And so divinely breathed around,
 That all stood hushed and wondering,
 And turned and looked into the air,
 As if they thought to see the wing
 Of ISRAFIL, the Angel, there ;—
 So powerfully on every soul
 That new, enchanted measure stole.
 While now a voice, sweet as the note
 Of the charmed lute, was heard to float
 Along its chords, and so entwine
 Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether
 The voice or lute was most divine,
 So wondrously they went together :—

There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
 When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
 With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !
 One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
 And, oh ! if there *be* an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this !

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
 But that deep magic in the chords

And in the lips, that gave such power
 As Music knew not till that hour.
 At once a hundred voices said,
 "It is the masked Arabian maid!"
 While SELIM, who had felt the strain
 Deepest of any, and had lain
 Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
 After the fairy sounds were o'er,
 Too inly touched for utterance,
 Now motioned with his hand for more :—

Fly to the desert, fly with me!
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
 But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
 Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
 The acacia waves her yellow hair,
 Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
 For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
 The silvery-footed antelope
 As gracefully and gaily springs
 As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
 The loved and lone acacia-tree;
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless
 With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
 An instant sunshine through the heart,—
 As if the soul that minute caught
 Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,
 Predestined to have all our sighs,

And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then !

So came thy every glance and tone
When first on me they breathed and shone ;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years.

Then fly with me—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipped image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place ;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine !

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, even without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into SELIM'S burning heart.
But, breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's Spirit,—'twas too much !
Starting, he dashed away the cup,—
Which, all the time of this sweet air,

His hand had held, untasted, up,
 As if 'twere fixed by magic there,—
 And naming her, so long unnamed,
 So long unseen, wildly exclaimed,
 “Oh, NOURMAHAL ! oh, NOURMAHAL !
 Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
 I could forget—forgive thee all,
 And never leave those eyes again.”

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
 And SELIM to his heart has caught,
 In blushes, more than ever bright,
 His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's light !
 And well do vanished frowns enhance
 The charm of every brightened glance ;
 And dearer seems each dawning smile
 For having lost its light awhile ;
 And, happier now for all her sighs,
 As on his arm her head reposes,
 She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
 “ Remember, love, the Feast of Roses.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Araby's Daughter.

FAREWELL ! Farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea) ;
 No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

O ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
 How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
 Like the wind of the South o'er a summer-lute blowing,
 And hushed all its music, and withered its frame !

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom

Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her Hero! forget thee,
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start;
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell! be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow,
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine thy sleep.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell! farewell! until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain;
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

The Song of the Cossack.

COME, rouse thee up, my gallant horse,
 And bear thy rider on !
 The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow,
 Of the dweller on the Don.
 Pillage and death have spread their wings !
 'Tis the hour to hie thee forth,
 And with thy hoofs an echo wake
 To the trumpets of the North !
 Nor gems nor gold do men behold
 Upon thy saddle-tree ;
 But earth affords the wealth of lords,
 For thy master and for thee.
 Then fiercely neigh, my charger gray—
 O ! thy chest is broad and ample ;
 And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France,
 And the pride of her heroes trample !

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—
 Her bulwarks are laid low ;
 She is loath to hear the blast of war—
 She shrinketh from a foe.
 Come, in our turn let us sojourn
 In her goodly haunts of joy,
 In her pillared porch to wave the torch,
 And her palaces destroy.
 Proud as when first thou slak'dst thy thirst
 In the flow of conquered Seine,
 Aye shalt thou lave within that wave
 Thy blood-red flanks again.
 Then fiercely neigh, my gallant gray—
 O ! thy chest is strong and ample ;
 And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France,
 And the pride of her heroes trample !

Kings are beleaguered on their thrones
 By their own vassal crew ;

And in their den quake noblemen,
 And priests are bearded too ;
 And loud they yelp for the Cossack's help,
 To keep their bondsmen down ;
 And they think it meet while they kiss *our* feet,
 To wear a tyrant's crown !
 The sceptre now to my lance shall bow,
 And the crosier, and the cross ;
 All shall bend alike when I lift my pike,
 And aloft THAT SCEPTRE toss !
 Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray—
 O ! thy chest is broad and ample ;
 And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France,
 And the pride of her heroes trample !

In a night of storm I have seen a form !
 And the figure was a GIANT,
 And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent,
 And his look was all defiant :
 Kingly his crest—and toward the west
 With his battle-axe he pointed ;
 And the form I saw *was* Attila !
 Of this earth the scourge anointed.
 From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp
 The coming crash announce ;
 Let the vulture whet his beak sharp-set,
 On the carrion field to pounce.
 And proudly neigh, my charger gray—
 O ! thy chest is broad and ample ;
 And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France,
 And the pride of her heroes trample !

What boots old Europe's boasted fame,
 On which she builds reliance,
 When the North shall launch its *avalanche*
 On her works of art and science ?
 Hath she not wept her cities swept
 By our hordes of swarming horses ?

And tower and arch crushed in the march
 Of our barbarian courses ?
 Can *we* not wield our father's shield ?
 The same war-hatchet handle ?
 Do our blades want length, or the reapers strength,
 For the harvest of the Vandal ?
 Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray—
 For thy chest is strong and ample ;
 And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France,
 And the pride of her heroes trample !

BERANGER.

Paraphrased by WILLIAM MAGINN.

The Prisoner of Chillon.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar ; for 'twas trod—
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod—
 By Bonnivard ! may none those marks efface,
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears.
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,

But rusted with a vile repose ;
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are banned, and barred—*forbidden fare.*
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffered chains and courted death ;
 That father perished at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake ;
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place.
 We were seven—who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finished as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage :
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have sealed !
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied :
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old ;
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,
 Dim with a dull imprisoned ray—
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way ;
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left—
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp :
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain ;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away
 Till I have done with this new day,

Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er ;
 I lost their long and heavy score
 When my last brother drooped and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column stone :
 And we were three—yet, each alone.
 We could not move a single pace ;
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight ;
 And thus together, yet apart—
 Fettered in hand but joined in heart ;
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be ;
 It might be fancy—but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three ;
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do, and did, my best—
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given

To him—with eyes as blue as heaven—
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free),
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone—
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun :
 And thus he was, as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for naught but other's ills ;
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the wo
 Which he abhorred to view below.

v.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy ; but not in chains to pine.
 His spirit withered with their clank ;
 I saw it silently decline—
 And so, perchance, in sooth, did mine !
 But yet I forced it on, to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

vi.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls.
 A thousand feet in depth below,
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;

Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthrals ;
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay ;
We heard it ripple night and day ;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked :
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky ;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked ;
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined ;
I said his mighty heart declined.
He loathed and put away his food ;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat ;
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men,
Like brutes, within an iron den.
But what were these to us or him ?
These wasted not his heart or limb ;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth ?—he died.

I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlocked his chain,
 And scooped for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begged them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought ;
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laughed,—and laid him there,
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love ;
 His empty chain above it leant—
 Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
 Most cherished since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyred father's dearest thought,
 My latest care—for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free—
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was withered on the stalk away.
 O God ! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood :
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood ;

I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swollen, convulsive motion ;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread ;
But these were horrors—this was wo
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright ;
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope, my own to raise ;
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most.
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him : I found him not.
I only stirred in this black spot ;
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.

One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
 I took that hand which lay so still—
 Alas! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why .

I could not die,

I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew.
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too.
 I had no thought, no feeling—none :
 Among the stones I stood a stone ;
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
 It was not night—it was not day ;
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight ;
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness,—without a place ;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime ;
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death—
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

X.

A light broke in upon my brain—
 It was the carol of a bird ;

It ceased, and then it came again—
The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ;
But then, by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track :
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before :
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done ;
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree—
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me !
I never saw its like before—
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate ;
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine ;
But, knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird !—I could not wish for thine !
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For—Heaven forgive that thought, the while
Which made me both to weep and smile !—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal well I knew ;

For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone—
 Lone as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate—
 My keepers grew compassionate.
 I know not what had made them so—
 They were inured to sights of wo ;
 But so it was—my broken chain
 With links unfastened did remain ;
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part ;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun—
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves, without a sod ;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall :
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all
 Who loved me in a human shape ;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me ;

No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery.
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more upon the mountains high
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same ;
 They were not changed, like me, in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high—their wide, long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channelled rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-walled distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ;
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile—
 The only one in view ;
 A small, green isle, it seemed no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor ;
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing
 Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seemed joyous, each and all ;
 The eagle rode the rising blast—
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly ;
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled, and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And when I did descend again,

The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load ;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save :
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days—
I kept no count, I took no note—
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote ;
At last came men to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where ;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be ;
I learned to love despair.
And thus, when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a sacred home.
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade ;
Had seen the mice by moonlight play—
And why should I feel less than they ?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill ; yet, strange to tell !
In quiet we had learned to dwell.
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are :—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

The Dream.

I.

OUR life is twofold : sleep hath its own world—
 A boundary between the things misnamed
 Death and existence : sleep hath its own world,
 And a wide realm of wild reality ;
 And dreams in their development have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts ;
 They take a weight from off our waking toils ;
 They do divide our being ; they become
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,
 And look like heralds of Eternity ;
 They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
 Like sibyls of the future ; they have power—
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
 They make us what we were not—what they will ;
 They shake us with the vision that's gone by,
 The dread of vanished shadows—are they so ?
 Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?
 Creations of the mind ?—the mind can make
 Substance, and people planets of its own
 With beings brighter than have been, and give
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
 I would recall a vision, which I dreamed
 Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
 A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
 And curdles a long life into an hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity, the last,
 As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base ;

But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs : the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her :
And both were young, and one was beautiful :
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him ; he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass away ;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers :
She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words : she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects ;—he had ceased
To live within himself ; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all ; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share :
Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more ; 'twas much ;
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him—
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honored race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why ?

Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
 Another. Even now she loved another ;
 And on the summit of that hill she stood
 Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 There was an ancient mansion ; and before
 Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.
 Within an antique oratory stood
 The Boy of whom I spake ;—he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to and fro. Anon
 He sate him down, and seized a pen and traced
 Words which I could not guess of ; then he leaned
 His bowed head on his hands, and shook, as 'twere
 With a convulsion—then arose again ;
 And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
 What he had written ; but he shed no tears.
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
 Into a kind of quiet. As he paused,
 The lady of his love re-entered there ;
 She was serene and smiling then ; and yet
 She knew she was by him beloved ; she knew—
 How quickly comes such knowledge !—that his heart
 Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
 That he was wretched ; but she saw not all.
 He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
 He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face
 A tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced ; and then it faded as it came.
 He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
 Retired, but not as bidding her adieu ;
 For they did part with mutual smiles. He passed
 From out the massy gate of that old Hall ;
 And, mounting on his steed, he went his way ;
 And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood. In the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams ; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all ; and in the last he lay,
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them ; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain ; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around ;
And they were canopied by the blue sky—
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better. In her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home—
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty. But behold !
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—She had all she loved ;
And he who had so loved her was not there

To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
 Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.
 What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
 Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved ;
 Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
 Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Wanderer was returned—I saw him stand
 Before an altar, with a gentle bride ;
 Her face was fair ; but was not that which made
 The starlight of his Boyhood. As he stood,
 Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
 The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
 That in the antique oratory shook
 His bosom in its solitude ; and then—
 As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
 The tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced—and then it faded as it came ;
 And he stood calm and quiet ; and he spoke
 The fitting vows, but heard not his own words ;
 And all things reeled around him ; he could see
 Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
 But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
 And the remembered chambers, and the place,
 The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade—
 All things pertaining to that place and hour,
 And her who was his destiny—came back
 And thrust themselves between him and the light :
 What business had they there at such a time ?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Lady of his love—O ! she was changed,
 As by the sickness of the soul : her mind

Had wandered from its dwelling ; and her eyes,
 They had not their own lustre, but the look
 Which is not of the earth ; she was become
 The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts
 Were combinations of disjointed things ;
 And forms impalpable, and unperceived
 Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
 And this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise
 Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
 Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;
 What is it but the telescope of truth ?
 Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,
 Making the cold reality too real !

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Wanderer was alone, as heretofore ;
 The beings which surrounded him were gone,
 Or were at war with him ; he was a mark
 For blight and desolation—compassed round
 With Hatred and Contention ; Pain was mixed
 In all which was served up to him ; until,
 Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
 He fed on poisons ; and they had no power,
 But were a kind of nutriment. He lived
 Through that which had been death to many men ;
 And made him friends of mountains. With the stars,
 And the quick spirit of the Universe,
 He held his dialogues ! and they did teach
 To him the magic of their mysteries ;
 To him the book of Night was opened wide,
 And voices from the deep abyss revealed
 A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past : it had no further change.
 It was of a strange order, that the doom

Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
 Almost like a reality—the one
 To end in madness—both in misery.

LORD BYRON.

Waterloo.

(FROM CHILDE HAROLD.)

STOP!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None: but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
 How in an hour the power which gave annuls
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
 In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
 Ambition's life and labors all were vain;
 He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall,
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness !
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come!
they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,

And partly that bright names will hallow song !
 And his was of the bravest, and when showered
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
 They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant
 Howard !

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 Which, living, waves where thou didst cease to live,
 And saw around me the wild field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring !
 LORD BYRON.

Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte.

'TIS done—but yesterday a King !
 And armed with Kings to strive—
 And now thou art a nameless thing ;
 So abject—yet alive !
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,
 Who strewed our earth with hostile bones ?
 And can he thus survive ?
 Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind
 Who bowed so low the knee ?
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.
 With might unquestioned—power to save,—
 Thine only gift hath been the grave,
 To those that worshipped thee ;

Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness !

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks, never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life ;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled !—Dark Spirit ! what must be
The madness of thy memory !

The Desolator desolate !
The Victor overthrown !
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own !
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope ?
Or dread of death alone ?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dreamed not of the rebound ;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how looked he round ?

Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found ;
He fell, the forest prowler's prey :
But thou must eat thy heart away !

The Roman, when his burning heart,
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
 In savage grandeur, home—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
 Yet left him such a doom !
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
 Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
 An empire for a cell ;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
 His dotage trifled well :
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung ;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung ;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean !

And earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own !

And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
 And thanked him for a throne !
 Fair Freedom ! we may hold thee dear,
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
 Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind !

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain—
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain :
 If thou hadst died as honour dies,
 Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again—
 But who would soar the solar height,
 To set in such a starless night ?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay ;
 Thy scales, Mortality ! are just
 To all that pass away :
 But yet methought the living great
 Some higher sparks should animate,
 To dazzle and dismay ;
 Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth
 Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.*

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
 Thy still imperial bride ;
 How bears her breast the torturing hour ?
 Still clings she to thy side ?
 Must she, too, bend,—must she, too, share,
 Thy late repentance, long despair,
 Thou throneless Homicide ?
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem ;
 'Tis worth thy vanished diadem !

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
 And gaze upon the sea :
 That element may meet thy smile—
 It ne'er was ruled by thee !
 Or trace with thine all idle hand,
 In loitering mood upon the sand,
 That Earth is now as free !
 That Corinth's pedagogue hath now,
 Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour ! in his captive's cage—
 What thoughts will there be thine,
 While brooding in thy prisoned rage ?
 But one—"The world *was* mine !"
 Unless, like he of Babylon,
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
 Life will not long confine
 That spirit poured so widely forth—
 So long obeyed—so little worth !

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
 Wilt thou withstand the shock ?
 And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock ?
 Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,
 And that last act, though not thy worst,
 The very Fiend's arch mock !
 He, in his fall preserved his pride,
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died !

There was a day—there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
 When that immeasurable power,
 Unsated, to resign,
 Had been an act of purer fame,
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou, forsooth, must be a king,
 And don the purple vest,
 As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is the faded garment? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star—the string—the crest?
 Vain froward child of empire! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose,
 When gazing on the Great,
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeath the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one!

LORD BYRON.

Hassan's Desolated Palace.

THE steed is vanished from the stall;
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
 The lonely Spider's thin grey pall
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
 The Bat builds in his Haram bower;
 And in the fortress of his power
 The Owl usurps the beacon tower.
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
 With baffled thirst and famine grim:
 For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
 'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
 And chase the sultriness of day,
 As, springing high, the silver dew
 In whirls fantastically flew,

And flung luxurious coolness round
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
 'Twas sweet when cloudless stars were bright,
 To view the wave of watery light,
 And hear its melody by night.
 And oft had Hassan's childhood played
 Around the verge of that cascade ;
 And oft upon his mother's breast
 That sound had harmonized his rest ;
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along
 Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song ;
 And softer seemed each melting tone
 Of Music mingled with its own.
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
 Along the brink at twilight's close :
 The stream that filled that font is fled—
 The blood that warmed his heart is shed !
 And here no more shall human voice
 Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
 The last sad note that swelled the gale
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail ;
That quenched in silence, all is still,
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill ;
 Though raves the gust and floods the rain,
 No hand shall close its clasp again.

LORD BYRON.

To Thyrsa.

WITHOUT A STONE.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
 And say, what Truth might well have said,
 By all, save one, perchance, forgot,
 Ah ! wherefore art thou lowly laid ?
 By many a shore and many a sea
 Divided, yet beloved in vain !

The past, the future fled to thee,
 To bid us meet—no—ne'er again !

Could this have been—a word, a look,
 That softly said, " We part in peace,"
 Had taught my bosom how to brook,
 With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.
 And didst thou not, since Death for thee
 Prepared a light and pangless dart,
 Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
 Who held and holds thee in his heart ?

Oh ! who like him had watched thee here ?
 Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,
 In that dread hour ere death appear,
 When silent sorrow fears to sigh,
 Till all was past ! But when no more
 'Twas thine to reckon of human woe,
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
 Had flowed as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
 In these, to me, deserted towers,
 Ere called but for a time away,
 Affection's mingling tears were ours ?
 Ours too the glance none saw beside ;
 The smile none else might understand ;
 The whispered thought of hearts allied ;
 The pressure of the thrilling hand ;

The kiss so guiltless and refined,
 That Love each warmer wish forbore ;
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
 Even passion blushed to plead for more.
 The tone that taught me to rejoice,
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine ;
 The song, celestial from thy voice,
 But sweet to me from none but thine ;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
 But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
 But never bent beneath till now!
 Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
 The cup of woe for me to drain.
 If rest alone be in the tomb,
 I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,
 To wean me from mine anguish here.
 Teach me—too early taught by thee!
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
 On earth thy love was such to me,
 It fain would form my hope in heaven!

AWAY, AWAY.

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!
 Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
 Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!
 I dare not trust those sounds again.
 To me they speak of brighter days—
 But lull the chords; for now, alas!
 I must not think, I may not gaze,
 On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
 Is hushed, and all their charms are fled:
 And now their softest notes repeat
 A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
 Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
 Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
 And all that once was harmony
 Is worse than discord to my heart.

'Tis silent all !—but on my ear
 The well-remembered echoes thrill—
 I hear a voice I would not hear,
 A voice that now might well be still.
 Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake ;
 Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
 Till consciousness will vainly wake
 To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza ! waking as in sleep,
 Thou art but now a lovely dream ;
 A star that trembled o'er the deep,
 Then turned from earth its tender beam.
 But he who through life's dreary way
 Must pass, when heaven is veiled in wrath,
 Will long lament the vanished ray
 That scattered gladness o'er his path.

ONE STRUGGLE MORE.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain ;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.
 It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleased before :
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more ?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring !
 Man was not formed to live alone ;
 I'll be that light unmeaning thing,
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
 It was not thus in days more dear,
 It never would have been, but thou
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here ;
 Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe !
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill :
 Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart is lonely still !

On many a lone and lovely night
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky ;
 For then I deemed the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye ;
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
 " Now Thyrza gazes on that moon "—
 Alas, it gleamed upon her grave !

When stretched on fever's sleepless bed,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
 " 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
 " That Thyrza cannot know my pains."
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
 A boon 'tis idle then to give,
 Relenting Nature vainly gave
 My life, when Thyrza ceased to live !

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
 When love and life alike were new !
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze !
 How tinged by time with sorrow's hue !
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still !
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge ! thou mournful token !
 Though painful, welcome to my breast !

Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt pressed !
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallowed when its hope is fled :
 Oh ! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead ?

LORD BYRON.

Adonais.

[ON THE DEATH OF KEATS.]

I WEEP for ADONAI—he is dead !
 Oh, weep for Adonais ! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow ; say : With me
 Died Adonais : till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity !

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
 When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
 In darkness ? where was lorn Urania
 When Adonais died ? With veiled eyes,
 'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
 She sate, while one, with soft enamored breath,
 Rekindled all the fading melodies,
 With which, like flowers that mock the corpse beneath,
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead !
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep !
 Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep ;

For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
 Descend :—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air ;
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !
 Lament anew, Urania !—He died,
 Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
 The priest, the slave, and the liberticide
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
 Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified
 Into the gulf of death ; but his clear Sprite
 Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb :
 And happier they their happiness who knew,
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
 In which suns perished ; others more sublime,
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime ;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished,
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
 And fed with true love tears instead of dew ;
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
 The bloom, whose petals, nipt before they blew,
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste :
 The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,

He came ; and bought, with price of purest breath
 A grave among the eternal.—Come away !
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof ! while still
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay ;
 Awake him not, surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more !
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place ;
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
 So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
 Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais !—The quick Dreams,
 The passion-winged Ministers of thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music, wander not,—
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung ; and mourn their
 lot

Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
 They ne'er will gather strength, nor find a home again.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
 “ Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead ;
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
 A tear some Dream hath loosened from his brain.”
 Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise !
 She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
 Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them ;
 Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ;
 Another in her wilful grief would break
 Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
 A greater loss with one which was more weak ;
 And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendor on his mouth alit,
 That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
 Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
 And pass into the panting heart beneath
 With lightning and with music ; the damp death
 Quenched its caress upon its icy lips ;
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
 Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came,—Desires and Adorations,
 Winged Persuasions, and veiled Destinies,
 Splendors and Glooms and glimmering Incarnations
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies ;
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
 Came in slow pomp ;—the moving pomp might seem
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved and moulded into thought,
 From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
 Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day ;
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
 And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
 And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
 And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose disdain she pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds :—a drear

Murmur between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
 Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown,
 For whom should she have waked the sullen year ?
 To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
 Thou, Adonais ; wan they stand and sere,
 Amid the faint companions of their youth,

With dew all turned to tears, odor to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain ;
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
 Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
 As Albion wails for thee ; the curse of Cain
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,

And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest !

Ah, woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,
 But grief returns with the revolving year ;
 The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;
 The ants, the bees, the swallows, re-appear ;
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier ;
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and brere ;
 And the green lizard and the golden snake,

Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean
 A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
 As it has ever done with change and motion,
 From the great morning of the world, when first
 God dawned on Chaos ; in its stream immersed,
 The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light ;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
 Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath ;
 Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
 By sightless lightning ? th' intense atom glows
 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas ! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal ! Woe is me !
 Whence are we, and why are we ? of what scene
 The actors or spectators ? Great and mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sor-
 row.

He will awake no more, oh, never more !
 "Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
 A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
 And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
 Had held in holy silence, cried : "Arise !"
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night that springs
 Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Has left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania,
 So saddened round her like an atmosphere
 Of stormy mist, so swept her on her way,
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with stone and steel,
 And human hearts, which to her aery tread
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell ;
 And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment, Death,
 Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
 Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
 " Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night !
 Leave me not ! " cried Urania : her distress
 Roused Death ; Death rose and smiled, and met her vain
 caress.

" Stay yet awhile ! speak to me once again ;
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live ;
 And in my heartless breast and burning brain
 That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
 With food of saddest memory kept alive,
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
 Of thee, my Adonais ! I would give
 All that I am to be as thou now art !
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart !

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
 Too soon, and with weak hands, though mighty heart,
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
 Defenceless as thou wert, oh! where was then
 Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
 The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue,
 The obscene ravens clamorous o'er the dead,
 The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
 And whose wings rain contagion,—how they fled,
 When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
 The Pythan of the age one arrow sped
 And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow;
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,
 And the immortal stars awake again;
 So it is in the world of living men;
 A god-like mind soars forth in its delight,
 Making earth bare and veiling Heaven, and when
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light,
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

Thus ceased she; and the mountain shepherds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
 A phantom among men, companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
 Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,
 Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness,
 Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pard-like Spirit, beautiful and swift—
 A love in desolation masked—a Power
 Girt round with weakness—it can scarce uplift
 The weight of the superincumbent hour ;
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
 A breaking billow ;—even whilst we speak
 Is it not broken ? On the withering flower
 The killing sun smiles brightly ; on a cheek
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
 And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue ;
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew
 Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,
 Vibrated as the ever-beating heart
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it ; of that crew
 He came the last, neglected and apart ;
 A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
 Smiled through their tears ; well knew that gentle band
 Who in another's fate now wept his own ;
 As in the accents of an unknown land
 He sang new sorrow ; sad Urania scanned
 The Stranger's mien, and murmured : " Who art thou ?"
 He answered not, but with a sudden hand
 Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
 Which was like Cain's or Christ's. Oh ! that it should be so !

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?
 Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?
 What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
 In mockery of monumental stone,
 The heavy heart heaving without a moan ?
 If it be he who, gentlest of the wise,
 Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one ;
 Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
 The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh !
 What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
 Life's early cup with such a draught of woe ?
 The nameless worm would now itself disown ;
 It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
 But what was howling in one breast alone,
 Silent with expectation of the song,
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame !
 Live ! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name !
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be !
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow ;
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee ;
 Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
 Far from these carrion-kites that scream below ;
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead ;
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
 Dust to the dust ! but the pure spirit shall flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
 Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings—*We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has out-soared the shadow of our night ;
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not, and torture not again ;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
 Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn !

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he ;
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair !

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
 Which wields the world with never wearied love
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
 All new successions to the forms they wear,
 Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
 And move like wings of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
 Yet faded from him ; Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
 Arose ; and Lucan by his death approved ;
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry ;
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid a Heaven of song.
 Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng !"

Who mourns for Adonais? oh, come forth,
 Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright,
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pēndulous Earth;
 As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
 Sate the void circumference: then shrink
 Even to a point within our day and night;
 And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
 Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
 That ages, empires, and religions, there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
 For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
 Glory from those who made the world their prey;
 And he is gathered to the kings of thought
 Who waged contention with their time's decay,
 And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
 And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
 Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And grey walls moulder round on which dull Time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand:
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
 A field is spread on which a newer band
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause : these graves are all too young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
 Its charge to each : and if the seal is set,
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.

What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

The One remains, the many change and pass ;
 Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
 Life, like a dome of many colored glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
 Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak

The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?
 Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
 They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !
 A light is passed from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman ; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near :
 'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,

No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which, through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,

Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;
 The massy earth and sphered skies are riven !
 I am borne darkly, fearfully afar,
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.

THE awful shadow of some unseen power
 Floats, though unseen, among us—visiting
 This various world with as inconstant wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;
 Like moonbeams, that behind some piny mountain shower,
 It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance,
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
 Like memory of music fled,
 Like aught that for its grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of beauty, that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form, where art thou gone ?
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
 This dim, vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?
 Ask why the sunlight not for ever
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river ;
 Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown ;
 Why fear, and dream, and death, and birth
 Cast on the daylight of this earth
 Such gloom ; why man has such a scope
 For love and hate, despondency and hope.

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given ;
Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavor—
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever
From all we hear and all we see
Doubt, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds, depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes !
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame !
Depart not as thy shadow came !
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed ;
I was not heard ; I saw them not.
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me—
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
 To thee and thine ; have I not kept the vow ?
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
 Each from his voiceless grave. They have in visioned
 bowers
 Of studious zeal or love's delight
 Outwatched with me the envious night ;
 They know that never joy illumed my brow
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
 This world from its dark slavery—
 That thou, O awful loveliness,
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past ; there is a harmony
 In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been !
 Thus let thy power, which, like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply
 Its calm—to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee—
 Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Arethusa.

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.

She leapt down the rocks
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams ;—
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams ;
 And, gliding and springing,
 She went, ever singing
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
 The Earth seemed to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
 On his glacier cold,
 With his trident the mountains strook ;
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks ;—with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook.
 And the black south wind,
 It concealed behind
 The urns of the silent snow ;
 And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder
 The bars of the springs below ;
 The beard and the hair
 Of the river-god were
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,
 As he followed the light
 Of the fleet nymph's flight
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“ Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair ! ”
 The loud Ocean heard,
 To its blue depth stirred,
 And divided at her prayer ;

And under the water
 The Earth's white daughter
 Fled like a sunny beam ;
 Behind her descended
 Her billows, unblended
 With the brackish Dorian stream.
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main,
 Alpheus rushed behind,—
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
 Where the Ocean powers
 Sit on their pearly thrones ;
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods,
 Over heaps of unvalued stones ;
 Through the dim beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a net-work of colored light ;
 And under the caves,
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest's night—
 Outspeeding the shark,
 And the sword-fish dark,
 Under the ocean foam ;
 And up through the rifts
 Of the mountain cliffs
 They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
 In Enna's mountains,
 Down one vale where the morning basks,
 Like friends once parted,
 Grown single-hearted,
 They ply their watery tasks.

At sunrise they leap
 From their cradle steep
 In the cave of the shelving hill ;
 At noon-tide they flow
 Through the woods below,
 And the meadows of Asphodel ;
 And at night they sleep
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore ;
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky,
 When they love but live no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Nunquam Audituræ.

HOW can I leave thee all unsung
 While my heart owns thy dear control,
 And heaven and love have o'er thee flung
 The softest moonlight of the soul ?
 O! I have longed for thee to call
 Soft echo from the west wind's hall,
 Some notes as blithely wild to seek,
 As the wild music of thy voice,
 As the wild roses that rejoice
 In thine eyes' sunshine on thy glowing cheek.

For not the path of mortal praise
 Thine artless beauty dares profane ;
 For thee wild nature wakes her lays,
 And thy soul feels the blessed strain,
 The song that breaks the grove's repose,
 The shower-drop nestling in the rose,
 The brooklet's morning melody—
 To these, with soft and solemn tone,
 Thy spirit stirs in unison,
 Owning the music of its native sky.

And when, in some fair golden hour,
 Thy harp-strings shall give back the sigh
 Of love's wild harp, no earthly bower
 Shall lend such hues as bloom to die ;
 But, earnest of the eternal spring,
 Their amaranth wreaths shall angels bring ;
 And, prelude the choir of heaven,
 Soft Eden gales shall sweep the lyre,
 And star-like points of guiltless fire,
 From God's own altar-flame, to gem thy brow be
 given.

It is my pride that I can deem,
 Though faintly, of that being's worth,
 Who to the All-gracious mind shall seem
 Meet help for thee in heaven and earth.
 Long as before Life's gale I drive
 Shall holiest hope within me live,
 Thee fair, thee blessed while I view ;
 And when the post of endless rest
 Receives me, may my soul be blest
 With everlasting upward gaze on you.

JOHN KEBLE.

Alnwick Castle.

HOME of the Percy's high-born race,
 Home of their beautiful and brave,
 Alike their birth and burial place,
 Their cradle and their grave !
 Still sternly o'er the castle gate
 Their house's Lion stands in state,
 As in his proud departed hours ;
 And warriors frown in stone on high,
 And feudal banners "flout the sky"
 Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene
As silently and sweetly still
As when at evening, on that hill,
While summer winds blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katherine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile ;
Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
As o'er a loved one sleeping ?
One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
The Percy's proudest border story.
That day its roof was triumph's arch ;
Then rang from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
The music of the trump and drum ;
And babe and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
Welcomed her warrior home !

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom ;
They were born of a race of funeral flowers,
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
A Templar's knightly tomb.
He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,
Where the Cross was damp with his dying breath,
When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
 What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
 These giant oaks could tell,
 Of beings born and buried here ;
 Tales of the peasant and the peer,
 Tales of the bridal and the bier,
 The welcome and farewell,
 Since on their boughs the startled bird
 First in her twilight slumbers heard
 The Norman's curfew-bell.

I wandered through the lofty halls
 Trode by the Percys of old fame,
 And traced upon the chapel walls
 Each high, heroic name ;
 From him who once his standard set,
 Where now o'er mosque and minaret,
 Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons,
 To him who, when a younger son,
 Fought for King George at Lexington,
 A major of dragoons.

That last half-stanza,—it has dashed
 From my warm lip the sparkling cup ;
 The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
 The power that bore my spirit up
 Above this bank-note world, is gone ;
 And Alnwick's but a market town,
 And this, alas ! its market day ;
 And beasts and borderers throng the way ;
 Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
 Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
 Men in the coal and cattle line ;
 From Teviot's bard and hero land,
 From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
 From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
 So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
 So dazzling to the dreaming boy ;
 Ours are the days of fact, not fable—
 Of knights, but not of the Round Table—
 Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy ;
 'Tis what " Our President," Monroe,
 Has called " the era of good feeling ;"
 The Highlander, the bitterest foe
 To modern laws, has felt their blow,
 Consented to be taxed, and vote,
 And put on pantaloons and coat,
 And leave off cattle-stealing ;
 Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
 The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
 The Douglass in red herrings ;
 And noble name and cultured land,
 Palace, and Park, and vassal band,
 Are powerless to the notes of hand
 Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,
 Has come : to-day the turbaned Turk
 (Sleep, Richard of the lion heart !
 Sleep on, nor from your cerements start)
 Is England's friend and fast ally ;
 The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
 And on the Cross and altar-stone ;
 And Christendom looks tamely on,
 And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
 And sees the Christian father die ;
 And not a sabre-blow is given
 For Greece and fame, for faith and Heaven,
 By Europe's craven chivalry !

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
 In the armed pomp of feudal state ?

The present representatives
 Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate,"
 Are some half-dozen serving-men
 In the drab coat of William Penn ;
 A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,
 And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
 Spoke nature's aristocracy ;
 And one, half groom, half seneschal,
 Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
 From donjon keep to turret wall,
 For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

A Poet's Daughter.

[FOR AN ALBUM.]

A LADY asks the minstrel's rhyme."
 A lady asks ? There was a time
 When, musical as play-bell's chime
 To wearied boy,
 That sound would summon dreams sublime
 Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway ;
 Life's first-born fancies first decay ;
 Gone are the plumes and pennons gay
 Of young Romance :
 There linger but her ruins gray,
 And broken lance.

'Tis a new world—no more to maid,
 Warrior, or bard, is homage paid ;
 The bay tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
 Men's thoughts resign :
 Heaven placed us here to vote and trade—
 Twin tasks divine !

" 'Tis youth, 'tis beauty asks ; the green
And growing leaves of seventeen
Are round her ; and half-hid, half-seen,
 A violet flower,
Nursed by the graces, she hath been
 From childhood's hour."

Blind passion's picture !—Yet for this,
We woo the life-long bridal kiss,
And blend our every hope of bliss
 With hers we love ;
Unmindful of the serpent's hiss
 In Eden's grove.

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride !
Youth—'twas the charm of her who died
At dawn, and by her coffin's side
 A grandsire stands,
Age-strengthened, like the oak, storm-tried,
 Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin—hush the tale it tells !
Be silent, memory's funeral-bells !
Lone in one heart, her home, it dwells
 Untold till death,
And where the grave-mound greenly swells
 O'er buried faith.

" But what if hers are rank and power,
Armies her train, a throne her bower,
A kingdom's gold her marriage-dower,
 Broad seas and lands ?
What, if from bannered hall and tower
 A queen commands ? "

A queen ? Earth's regal moons have set.
Where perished Marie Antoinette ?

Where's Bordeaux's mother ? where the jet-
 Black Haytian dame ?
 And Lusitania's coronet ?
 And Angoulême ?

Empires to-day are upside down :
 The castle kneels before the town ;
 The monarch fears a printer's frown,
 A brick-bat's range :
 Give me in preference to a crown,
 Five shillings change.

“ But her who asks, though first among
 The good, the beautiful, the young,
 The birthright of a spell more strong
 Than these hath brought her ;
 She is your kinswoman in song,
 A Poet's daughter.”

A Poet's daughter ?—Could I claim
 The consanguinity of fame,
 Veins of my intellectual frame !
 Your blood would glow
 Proudly to sing that gentlest name
 Of all below !

A Poet's daughter ! Dearer word
 Lip hath not spoke nor listener heard ;
 Fit theme for song of bee and bird
 From morn till even,
 And wind-harp, by the breathing stirred
 Of star-lit heaven !

My spirit's wings are weak—the fire
 Poetic comes but to expire :

Her name needs not my humble lyre,
 To bid it live :
 She hath already from her sire
 All bard can give.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Love.

The imperial votaress passed on
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

I.

WHEN the tree of love is budding first,
 Ere yet its leaves are green,
 Ere yet by shower and sunbeam nursed
 Its infant life has been ;
 The wild bee's slightest touch might wring
 The buds from off the tree,
 As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
 Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

II.

But when its open leaves have found
 A home in the free air,
 Pluck them, and there remains a wound
 That ever rankles there,
 The blight of hope and happiness
 Is felt when fond ones part ;
 And the bitter tear that follows is
 The life-blood of the heart.

III.

When the flame of love is kindled first,
 'Tis the fire-fly's light at even ;
 'Tis dim as the wandering stars that burst
 In the blue of a summer heaven.

A breath can bid it burn no more,
Or if, at times, its beams
Come on the memory, they pass o'er
Like shadows in our dreams.

IV.

But when that flame has blazed into
A being and a power,
And smiled in scorn upon the dew
That fell in its first warm hour,
'Tis the flame that curls round the martyr's head,
Whose task is to destroy :
'Tis the lamp on the altars of the dead,
Whose light but darkens joy.

V.

Then crush, even in their hour of birth,
The infant buds of Love ;
And tread his glowing fire to earth,
Ere 'tis dark in clouds above.
Cherish no more a cypress-tree
To shade thy future years ;
Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be
Quenched only with thy tears.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The Culprit Fay.

“MY visual orbs are purged from film, and, lo!
 Instead of Anster’s turnip-bearing vales,
 I see old fairyland’s miraculous show!
 Her trees of tinsel kissed by freakish gales,
 Her ouphs that, cloaked in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,
 And fairies, swarming —————.”

TENNANT’S ANSTER FAIR.

I.

’TIS the middle watch of a Summer’s night—
 The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
 Nought is seen in the vault on high
 But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
 And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
 A river of light, on the welkin blue.
 The moon looks down on old Cronest;
 She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw
 In a silver cone on the wave below.
 His sides are broken by spots of shade,
 By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
 And through their clustering branches dark
 Glimmers and dies the fire-fly’s spark—
 Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
 Through the rifts of the gathering tempest’s rack.

II.

The stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
 A burnished length of wavy beam
 In an eel-like, spiral line below;

The winds are whist, and the owl is still ;
 The bat in the shelvy rock is hid ;
 And nought is heard on the lonely hill
 But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
 Of the gauze-winged katydid ;
 And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
 Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
 Ever a note of wail and woe,
 Till Morning spreads her rosy wings,
 And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell :
 The wood-tick has kept the minutes well ;
 He has counted them all with click and stroke
 Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,
 And he has awakened the sentry elfe
 Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the fays to their revelry ;
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
 ('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell—)
 "Midnight comes, and all is well !
 Hither, hither, wing your way !
 'Tis the dawn of the fairy-day."

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green ;
 They creep from the mullen's velvet screen ;
 Some on the backs of beetles fly
 From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
 Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
 And rocked about in the evening breeze ;
 Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
 They had driven him out by elfin power,
 And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
 Had slumbered there till the charmed hour ;

Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;
 And some had opened the four-o'clock,
 And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
 Above—below—on every side,
 Their little minim forms arrayed
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride !

V.

They come not now to print the lea,
 In freak and dance around the tree,
 Or at the mushroom board to sup,
 And drink the dew from the buttercup ;—
 A scene of sorrow waits them now,
 For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow ;
 He has loved an earthly maid,
 And left for her his woodland shade ;
 He has lain upon her lip of dew,
 And sunned him in her eye of blue,
 Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
 Played in the ringlets of her hair,
 And, nestling on her snowy breast,
 Forgot the lily-king's behest.
 For this the shadowy tribes of air
 To the elfin court must haste away ;—
 And now they stand expectant there,
 To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

VI.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
 Of spice-wood and of sassafras ;
 On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
 Hung the burnished canopy—
 And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
 Of the tulip's crimson drapery.

The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
 On his brow the crown imperial shone,
 The prisoner fay was at his feet,
 And his peers were ranged around the throne.
 He waved his sceptre in the air,
 He looked around and calmly spoke ;
 His brow was grave and his eye severe,
 But his voice in a softened accent broke :

VII.

“ Fairy ! Fairy ! list and mark :
 Thou hast broke thine elfin chain ;
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
 And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—
 Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
 In the glance of a mortal maiden’s eye ;
 Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
 And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.
 But well I know her sinless mind
 Is pure as the angel forms above,
 Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind—
 Such as a spirit well might love.
 Fairy ! had she spot or taint,
 Bitter had been thy punishment :
 Tied to the hornet’s shardy wings ;
 Tossed on the pricks of nettles’ stings ;
 Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
 With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell ;
 Or every night to writhe and bleed
 Beneath the tread of the centipede ;
 Or bound in a cobweb-dungeon dim,
 Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,
 Amid the carrion-bodies to lie
 Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly :
 These it had been your lot to bear,
 Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
 Now list, and mark our mild decree—
 Fairy, this your doom must be :

VIII.

“Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land ;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine,
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine ;
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms,
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits’ charms ;
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might :
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX.

“If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away ;
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye :
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark.
Thou must re-illumine its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven’s blue canopy ;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, fay ;
Hence ! to the water-side, away !”

X.

The goblin marked his monarch well ;
He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.

The way is long : he cannot fly ;
 His soiled wing has lost its power,
 And he winds adown the mountain high,
 For many a sore and weary hour.
 Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
 Through groves of nightshade, dank and dern,
 Over the grass and through the brake,
 Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake ;
 Now o'er the violet's azure flush
 He skips along in lightsome mood ;
 And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
 Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
 He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,
 He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
 Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
 And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
 He had fallen to the ground outright,
 For rugged and dim was his onward track ;
 But there came a spotted toad in sight,
 And he laughed as he jumped upon her back ;
 He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,
 He lashed her sides with an osier thong ;
 And now, through evening's dewy mist,
 With leap and spring they bound along,
 Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
 And the beach of sand is reached at last.

XI.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
 Moveless still the glassy stream ;
 The wave is clear, the beach is bright
 With snowy shells and sparkling stones ;
 The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
 In murmurings faint and distant moans ;
 And ever afar in the silence deep
 Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
 And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
 A glittering arch of silver sheen,

Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

XII.

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser-toad ;
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode ;
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

XIII.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves ;
With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste.
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong ;
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier-crab ;
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings ;
They cut the wave with the living oar,
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading fay.

XIV.

Fearlessly he skims along ;
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong ;
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling ;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-bees rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.

But the water-sprites are gathering near,
 To check his course along the tide ;
 Their warriors come, in swift career,
 And hem him round on every side ;
 On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
 The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
 The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
 And the squab has thrown his javelin ;
 The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
 And the crab has struck with his giant claw ;
 He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain ;
 He strikes around, but his blows are vain ;
 Hopeless is the unequal fight,
 Fairy ! naught is left but flight.

xv.

He turned him round, and fled amain
 With hurry and dash to the beach again ;
 He twisted over from side to side,
 And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide ;
 The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
 And with all his might he flings his feet ;
 But the water-sprites are round him still,
 To cross his path and work him ill.
 They bade the wave before him rise ;
 They flung the sea-fire in his eyes ;
 And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,
 With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.
 O ! but a weary wight was he
 When he reached the foot of the dogwood tree.
 —Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
 He laid him down on the sandy shore ;
 He blessed the force of the charmed line,
 And he banned the water-goblins' spite,
 For he saw around in the sweet moonshine
 Their little wee faces above the brine,
 Giggling and laughing with all their might
 At the piteous hap of the fairy wight.

XVI.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane-bud :
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb lint he stanch'd the blood.
The mild west wind was soft and low,—
It cooled the heat of his burning brow ;
And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
As he drank the juice of the calamus root ;
And now he treads the fatal shore,
As fresh and vigorous as before.

XVII.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite :
'Tis the middle wane of night ;
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
And rolls her chariot-wheels of light ;
And vain are the spells of fairy-land—
He must work with a human hand.

XVIII.

He cast a saddened look around ;
But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple muscle-shell ;
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within ;
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade ;

Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

XIX.

The imps of the river yell and rave ;
They had no power above the wave ;
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
 And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
 Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She whimped about to the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream ;
And momentarily athwart her track
The quarl upreared his island-back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And patter the water about the boat ;
But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,
 And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
While on every side like lightning fell
 The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

XX.

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
And saw beneath the surface dim
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim ;
Around him were the goblin train—
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head ;
Then he dropped his paddle-blade,
And held his colen-goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin
 Through the wave the sturgeon flew,

And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
 He sprung above the waters blue.
 Instant as the star-fall light,
 He plunged him in the deep again,
 But he left an arch of silver bright,
 The rainbow of the moony main.
 It was a strange and lovely sight
 To see the puny goblin there ;
 He seemed an angel-form of light,
 With azure wing and sunny hair,
 Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
 Circl'd with blue and edged with white,
 And sitting at the fall of even
 Beneath the bow of summer-heaven.

XXII.

A moment, and its lustre fell ;
 But ere it met the billow blue,
 He caught within his crimson bell
 A droplet of its sparkling dew—
 Joy to thee, fay ! thy task is done,
 Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—
 Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,
 And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII.

He turns, and, lo ! on either side
 The ripples on his path divide ;
 And the track o'er which his boat must pass
 Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.
 Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
 With snowy arms half-swelling out,
 While on the glossed and gleamy wave
 Their sea-green ringlets loosely float ;
 They swim around with smile and song ;
 They press the bark with pearly hand,

And gently urge her course along,
 Toward the beach of speckled sand ;
 And, as he lightly leaped to land,
 They bade adieu with nod and bow ;
 They gayly kissed each little hand,
 And dropped in the crystal deep below.

XXIV.

A moment stayed the fairy there ;
 He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer ;
 Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
 And on to the elfin court he flew ;
 As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
 And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
 Till, lessening far, through ether driven,
 It mingles with the hues of heaven ;
 As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
 The lance-fly spreads its silken sail,
 And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
 Till lost in the shades of fading night ;
 So rose from earth the lovely fay—
 So vanished, far in heaven, away !

* * * * *

Up, fairy ! quit thy chick-weed bower ;
 The cricket has called the second hour :
 Twice again, and the lark will rise
 To kiss the streaking of the skies—
 Up ! thy charmed armor don,
 Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

XXV.

He put his acorn-helmet on ;
 It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down ;
 The corset-plate that guarded his breast
 Was once the wild bee's golden vest ;
 His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
 Was formed of the wings of butterflies ;

His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,—
 Studs of gold on a ground of green ;
 And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
 Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
 Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed ;
 He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue ;
 He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
 And away like a glance of thought he flew,
 To skim the heavens, and follow far
 The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
 Crept under the leaf, and hid her there ;
 The katy-did forgot its lay,
 The prowling gnat fled fast away,
 The fell mosquito checked his drone
 And folded his wings till the fay was gone,
 And the wily beetle dropped his head,
 And fell on the ground as if he were dead ;
 They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
 They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
 For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
 And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear.
 Many a time, on a summer's night,
 When the sky was clear, and the moon was bright,
 They had been roused from the haunted ground
 By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound ;
 They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
 They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,
 When the vine-twigg bows were tightly drawn,
 And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
 Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.
 And now they deemed the courier ouphe,
 Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground ;
 And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
 That canopies the world around ;

Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind ;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.

But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast ;

He cannot see through the mantle murk ;
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast ;

Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed, and spurs amain—

For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,

And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye

Glared with a fell malignity,

And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare ;
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,

He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind ;
Howling the misty spectres flew,

They rend the air with frightful cries ;

For he has gained the welkin blue,

And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift,
 In breathless motion fast,
 Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
 Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
 The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
 The sphered moon is past,
 The earth but seems a tiny blot
 On a sheet of azure cast.
 O ! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
 To tread the starry plain of even !
 To meet the thousand eyes of night,
 And feel the cooling breath of heaven !
 But the elfin made no stop or stay
 Till he came to the bank of the Milky Way,
 Then he checked his courser's foot,
 And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide
 That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
 The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
 Attired in sunset's crimson pall ;
 Around the fay they weave the dance,
 They skip before him on the plain,
 And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
 And one upholds his bridle-rein ;
 With warblings wild they lead him on
 To where, through clouds of amber seen,
 Studded with stars, resplendent shone
 The palace of the sylphid queen.
 Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
 Were streamers of the Northern Light ;
 Its curtain's light and lovely flush
 Was of the morning's rosy blush ;
 And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,
 The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI.

But, O ! how fair the shape that lay
 Beneath a rainbow bending bright ;
She seemed to the entranced fay
 The loveliest of the forms of light ;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
 At twilight in the west afar ;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
 And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
 That veils the vestal planet's hue ;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
 Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,
 And they leaped with smiles ; for well I ween
Never before in the bowers of light
 Had the form of an earthly fay been seen.
Long she looked in his tiny face ;
 Long with his butterfly-cloak she played ;
She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
 And handled the tassel of his blade ;
And as he told, in accents low,
The story of his love and wo,
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
And the tear-drop started in her eyes.
And "O, sweet spirit of earth," she cried,
 "Return no more to your woodland height ;
But ever here with me abide
 In the land of everlasting light !
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,
 We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim ;

And all the jewels of the sky
 Around thy brow shall brightly beam !
 And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
 That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
 And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
 And dance upon the orb'd moon !
 We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
 We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
 And I will bid my sylphs to sing
 The song that makes the dew-mist melt.
 Their harps are of the umber shade
 That hides the blush of waking day,
 And every gleamy string is made
 Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray ;
 And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
 While heavenly breathings float around,
 And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
 Forget the joys of fairy ground."

XXXIII.

She was lovely and fair to see,
 And the elfin's heart beat fitfully ;
 But lovelier far, and still more fair,
 The earthly form imprinted there.
 Naught he saw in the heavens above
 Was half so dear as his mortal love ;
 For he thought upon her looks so meek,
 And he thought of the light flush on her cheek.
 Never again might he bask and lie
 On that sweet cheek and moonlight-eye ;
 But in his dreams her form to see,
 To clasp her in his revery,
 To think upon his virgin-bride,
 Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

XXXIV.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
 On the word of a fairy knight,

To do my sentence-task aright ;
 My honor scarce is free from stain—
 I may not soil its snows again ;
 Betide me weal, betide me wo,
 Its mandate must be answered now.
 Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
 The tear was in her drooping eye ;
 But she led him to the palace-gate,
 And called the sylphs who hovered there,
 And bade them fly and bring him straight,
 Of clouds condensed, a sable car.
 With charm and spell she blessed it there,
 From all the fiends of upper air ;
 Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
 And tied his steed behind the cloud ;
 And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
 Far to the verge of the northern sky,
 For by its wan and wavering light
 There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
 Northward away, he speeds him fast,
 And his courser follows the cloudy wain
 Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
 The clouds roll backward as he flies ;
 Each flickering star behind him lies,
 And he has reached the northern plain,
 And backed his fire-fly steed again,
 Ready to follow in its flight
 The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
 But it rocks in the summer gale ;
 And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
 And now 'tis deadly pale ;

And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur-smoke,
 And quenched is its rayless beam ;
 And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
 It bursts in flash and flame.
 As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
 That the storm-spirit flings from high,
 The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
 As it fell from the sheeted sky.
 As swift as the wind in its train behind
 The elfin gallops along :
 The fiends of the cloud are bellowing loud,
 But the sylphid charm is strong ;
 He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
 While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze ;
 He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
 And rides in the light of its rays.
 But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
 And caught a glimmering spark ;
 Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
 And sped through the midnight dark.

* * * * *

Ouphe and goblin ! imp and sprite !
 Elf of eve ! and starry fay !
 Ye that love the moon's soft light,
 Hither—hither wend your way ;
 Twine ye in a jocund ring,
 Sing and trip it merrily,
 Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
 With dance and song, and lute and lyre ;
 Pure his wing and strong his chain,
 And doubly bright his fairy fire.
 Twine ye in an airy round,
 Brush the dew and print the lea ;
 Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
 He flies about the haunted place,
 And if mortal there be found,
 He hums in his ears and flaps his face ;
 The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
 The owlet's eyes our lanterns be ;
 Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But, hark ! from tower on tree-top high,
 The sentry-elf his call has made ;
 A streak is in the eastern sky,
 Shapes of moonlight ! flit and fade !
 The hill-tops gleam in Morning's spring,
 The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
 The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
 The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Fancy.

EVER let the Fancy roam ;
 Pleasure never is at home :
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;
 Then let winged Fancy wander
 Through the thought still spread beyond her ;
 Open wide the mind's cage-door—
 She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
 O sweet Fancy ! let her loose !
 Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
 And the enjoying of the Spring
 Fades as does its blossoming.
 Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
 Blushing through the mist and dew,
 Cloys with tasting. What do then ?
 Sit thee by the ingle, when

The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commissioned :—send her !
She has vassals to attend her ;
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
She will bring thee all together,
All delights of summer weather ;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
All the heaped autumn's wealth ;—
With a still, mysterious stealth ;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it,—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear—
Rustle of the reaped corn ;
Sweet birds antheming the morn ;
And, in the same moment—hark !
'Tis the early April lark,—
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold ;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.

Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
 Meagre from its celled sleep ;
 And the snake, all winter-thin,
 Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest ;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering
 While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose !
 Every thing is spoilt by use.
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
 Too much gazed at ? Where's the maid
 Whose lip mature is ever new ?
 Where's the eye, however blue,
 Doth not weary ? Where's the face
 One would meet in every place ?
 Where's the voice, however soft,
 One would hear so very oft ?
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let, then, winged Fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind :
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the god of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide ;
 With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's when her zone
 Split its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
 Of the Fancy's silken leash ;



“Thou light-winged Dryad of the trees,
... Singest of summer in full-throated case.”

Quickly break her prison-string,
 And such joys as these she'll bring.—
 Let the winged Fancy roam ;
 Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS.

Ode to a Nightingale.

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk ;
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk.
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burned mirth !
 Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth—
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim !

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known—
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret ;
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan—
 Where palsy shakes a few sad, last grey hairs—
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies—

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
 And leaden-eyed despairs—
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow !

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee !
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards ;
 Already with thee tender is the night,
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I can not see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs ;
 But, in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild :
 White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast-fading violets, covered up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's oldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of bees on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn :
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell,
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the Fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf !
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep ?

JOHN KEATS.

To Autumn.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun !
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run—
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core—
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel—to set budding, more
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last ooziings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them—thou hast thy music too :
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

Hymn to Hesperus.

*Εσπερε πάντα φέρεις.

BRIGHT solitary beam, fair speck,
 That, calling all the stars to duty,
 Through stormless ether gleam'st to deck
 The fulgent west's unclouded beauty ;
 All silent are the fields, and still
 The umbrageous wood's recesses dreary,
 As if calm came at thy sweet will,
 And Nature of Day's strife were weary.

Blent with the season and the scene,
 From out her treasured stores, Reflection
 Looks to the days when Life was green,
 With fond and thrilling retrospection ;
 The earth again seems haunted ground :
 Youth smiles, by Hope and Joy attended
 And bloom afresh young flowers around,
 With scent as rich, and hues as splendid.

This is a chilling world—we live
 Only to see all round us wither ;
 Years beggar ; age can only give .
 Bare rocks to frail feet wandering thither.
 Friend after friend, joy after joy,
 Have like night's boreal gleams departed ;
 Ah ! how unlike the impassioned boy
 Is Eld, white-haired and broken-hearted !

How oft, 'mid eves as clear and calm,
 These wild-wood pastures have I strayed in,
 When all these scenes of bliss and balm
 Blue Twilight's mantle were arrayed in !
 How oft I've stole from bustling man
 From Art's parade, and city riot,
 The sweets of Nature's reign to scan,
 And muse on Life in rural quiet !

Fair Star ! with calm repose and peace
 I hail thy vesper beam returning ;
 Thou seem'st to say that troubles cease
 In the calm sphere where thou art burning.
 Sweet 'tis on thee to gaze and muse ;
 Sure, angel wings around thee hover,
 And from Life's fountain scatter dews
 To freshen Earth, Day's fever over.

Star of the Mariner ! thy car,
 O'er the blue waters twinkling clearly,

Reminds him of his home afar,
 And scenes he loves, ah ! still how dearly !
 He sees his native fields, he sees
 Gray twilight gathering o'er his mountains ;
 And hears the murmuring of green trees,
 The bleat of flocks, and gush of fountains.

How beautiful, when through the shrouds
 The fierce presaging storm-winds rattle,
 Thou glitterest clear amid the clouds,
 O'er waves that lash, and winds that battle !
 And as, athwart the billows driven,
 He turns to thee in fond devotion,
 Star of the Sea ! thou tell'st that heaven
 O'erlooks alike both land and ocean.

Star of the Mourner ! 'mid the gloom,
 When droops the West o'er Day departed,
 The widow bends above the tomb
 Of him who left her broken-hearted ;
 Darkness within, and Night around—
 The joys of life no more can move her ;
 When lo ! thou lightest the profound
 To tell that Heaven's eye glows above her.

Star of the Lover ! oh, how bright
 Above the copsewood dark thou shinest,
 As longs he for those eyes of light,
 For him whose lustre burns divinest :
 Earth and the things of Earth depart,
 Transformed to scenes and sounds Elysian ;
 Warm rapture gushes o'er his heart,
 And Life seems like a faëry vision.

Yes, thine the hour when, daylight done,
 Fond Youth to Beauty's bower thou lightest
 Soft shines the moon, bright shines the sun,
 But thou of all things, softest, brightest.

Still is thy beam as fair and young,
The torch illuming Evening's portal,
As when of thee lorn Sappho sung,
With burning soul, in lays immortal.

Star of the Poet ! thy pale fire,
Awakening kindling inspiration,
Burns in blue ether, to inspire
The loftiest themes of meditation ;
He deems some holier, happy race
Dwells in the orbit of thy beauty,—
Pure spirits who have purchased grace
By walking in the paths of duty.

Beneath the Earth turns Paradise,
To him all radiant, rich, and tender ;
And dreams, arrayed by thee, arise
'Mid Twilight's dim and dusky splendor ;
Blest or accursed each spot appears ;
A frenzy fine his fancy seizes ;
He sees unreal shapes, and hears
The wail of spirits on the breezes.

Bright leader of the hosts of Heaven !
When day from darkness God divided,
In silence through Empyrean driven,
Forth from the East thy chariot glided :
Star after Star, o'er night and earth,
Shone out in brilliant revelation ;
And all the Angels sang for mirth
To hail the finished fair creation.

Star of the bee ! with laden thigh,
Thy twinkle warns its homeward winging ;
Star of the bird ! thou bid'st her lie
Down o'er her young, and hush her singing ;

Star of the pilgrim, travel-sore !
 How sweet, reflected in the fountains,
 He hails thy circlet gleaming o'er
 The shadow of his native mountains !

Thou art the star of Freedom ; thou
 Undo'st the bonds which gall the sorest ;
 Thou bring'st the ploughman from his plough ;
 Thou bring'st the woodman from his forest :
 Thou bring'st the wave-worn fisher home
 With all his scaly wealth around him ;
 And bid'st the hearth-sick school-boy roam,
 Freed from the lettered tasks that bound him.

Star of declining day, farewell !—
 Ere lived the Patriarchs thou wast yonder ;
 Ere Isaac, 'mid the piny dell,
 Went forth at even-tide to ponder ;
 And when to Death's stern mandate bow
 All whom we love, and all who love us,
 Thou shalt arise, as thou dost now,
 To shine, and shed thy tears above us.

Star that proclaims eternity !
 When o'er the lost sun Twilight weepeth,
 Thou light'st thy beacon-tower on high,
 To say, " He is not dead, but sleepeth ;"
 And forth with Dawn thou comest too,
 As all the hosts of night surrender,
 To prove thy sign of promise true,
 And usher in Day's orient splendor.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

The Dream of Eugene Aram.

'T WAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school ;
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can ;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease ;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside ;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide ;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;
 With a fast and fervent grasp
 He strained the dusky covers close,
 And fixed the brazen hasp :
 "O God ! could I so close my mind,
 And clasp it with a clasp !"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
 Some moody turns he took—
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
 And past a shady nook—
 And, lo ! he saw a little boy
 That pored upon a book !

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
 Romance or fairy fable ?
 Or is it some historic page,
 Of kings and crowns unstable ?"
 The young boy gave an upward glance—
 "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
 As smit with sudden pain—
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,
 Then slowly back again ;
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
 Whose deeds tradition saves ;
 And lonely folk cut off unseen,
 And hid in sudden graves ;
 And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
 And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men
 Shriek upward from the sod ;
 Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
 To show the burial clod ;

And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain ;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life’s sacred stream !
For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream !

“ One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old ;
I led him to a lonely field—
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still ;
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

“ And, lo ! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame ;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name !

“ O God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain !
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

“ My head was like an ardent coal—
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew
Was at the Devil's price.
A dozen times I groaned—the dead
Had never groaned but twice !

“ And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost height
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite :
'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight !'

“ And I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
The sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme :
My gentle Boy, remember ! this
Is nothing but a dream !

“ Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool ;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,

And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

“O Heaven ! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn ;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim !

“And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red !

“All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep ;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep !

“All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime ;
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime—

“One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave !
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in-his grave !

“ Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

“ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight—
I never heard it sing ;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began—
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man !

“ And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there—
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

“ Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep—
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“ So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Aye, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,

And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones !

“ O God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“ And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now ! ”
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin’s eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

Horatius.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF ROME CCCLX.

I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,

And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome !

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
 From many a stately market-place,
 From many a fruitful plain ;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beech and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
 Of purple Apennine ;

IV.

From lordly Volaterrae,
 Where scowls the far-famed hold
 Piled by the hands of giants
 For godlike kings of old ;
 From sea-girt Populonia,
 Whose sentinels descry
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
 Fringing the southern sky ;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisae,
 Queen of the western waves,

Where ride Massilia's triremes,
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers ;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill ;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill ;
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear,
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill ;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill ;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer ;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap ;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
 The wisest of the land,
 Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand.
 Evening and morn the thirty
 Have turned the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore ;

X.

And with one voice the thirty
 Have their glad answer given :
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena—
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven !
 Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome,
 And hang round Nurscia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome !"

XI.

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men ;
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten ;
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array ;
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting-day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
 Were ranged beneath his eye,
 And many a banished Roman,
 And many a stout ally ;

And with a mighty following,
To join the muster, came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright ;
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers, sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled ;
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves ;

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons,
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy

The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
 The fathers of the city,
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands,
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot,
 In Crustumerium stands.
 Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain ;
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis, in all the Senate
 There was no heart so bold
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the fathers all ;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council, standing
 Before the River-Gate ;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 Out spake the Consul roundly :
 " The bridge must straight go down ;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Nought else can save the town."

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear :
"To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul—
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpets' war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine ;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all—
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo :

There Cilnius of Arretium
 On his fleet roan was seen ;
 And Astur of the fourfold shield,
 Girt with the brand none else may wield ;
 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
 And dark Verbenna from the hold
 By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,
 Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car.
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name ;
 And by the left false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
 Was seen among the foes,
 A yell that rent the firmament
 From all the town arose.
 On the housetops was no woman
 But spat towards him and hissed,
 No child but screamed out curses,
 And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe :
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down ;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town ?"

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods ?

XXVIII.

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame—
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame ?

XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play—
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?"

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
A Ramnian proud was he :
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius—
 Of Titian blood was he :
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party—
 Then all were for the State ;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great ;
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;
 Then spoils were fairly sold :
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold :
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe ;
And Fathers, mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

XXXVII.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;

And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath ;
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth ;
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust,
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman Three ;
 And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The rover of the sea :
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar—
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns ;
 Lartius laid Ocnus low ;
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow :

“Lie there,” he cried, “fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark ;
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns, when they spy
 Thy thrice-accursed sail !”

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes ;
 A wild and wrathful clamor
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 win the narrow way.

XLII.

But, hark ! the cry is Astur :
 And lo ! the ranks divide ;
 And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
 A smile serene and high ;
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, “The she-wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay ;
 But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way ?”

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh,
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh—
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.

“ And see,” he cried, “ the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits you here !
 What noble Lucumo comes next
 To taste our Roman cheer ? ”

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
 A sullen murmur ran,
 Mingled with wrath, and shame, and dread,
 Along that glittering van.
 There lacked not men of prowess,
 Nor men of lordly race ;
 For all Etruria’s noblest
 Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria’s noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three !
 And from the ghastly entrance,
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank—like boys who, unaware,
 Ranging a wood to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack ;
 But those behind cried “ Forward ! ”
 And those before cried “ Back ! ”
 And backward now, and forward,

Wavers the deep array ;
 And on the tossing sea of steel
 To and fro the standards reel,
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
 Strode out before the crowd ;
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud :
 " Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
 Now welcome to thy home !
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
 Here lies the road to Rome."

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city ;
 Thrice looked he at the dead ;
 And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread ;
 And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied ;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 " Come back, come back, Horatius !"
 Loud cried the Fathers all—
 " Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius—
Herminius darted back ;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more ;

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free ;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius
But constant still in mind—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face ;
 “Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
 “Now yield thee to our grace !”

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see ;
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he ;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home ;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome :

LIX.

“O Tiber : Father Tiber !
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day !”
 So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank,
 But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank ;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain ;
 And fast his blood was flowing ;
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows ;
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing place ;
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good Father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.

LXIII.

“Curse on him !” quoth false Sextus,—
 “Will not the villain drown ?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town !”
 “Heaven help him !” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “And bring him safe to shore ;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom ;
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands ;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night ;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high—
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see,—
 Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee ;
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home ;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

The Awakening of Endymion.

LONE upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round
 him,
 Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid ;
 Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
 Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecayed.
 When will he awaken ?

When will he awaken ? a loud voice hath been crying
 Night after night, and the cry has been in vain ;
 Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying,
 But the tones of the beloved ones were never heard again.
 When will he awaken ?
 Asked the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping ;
 Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned for him as
 dead ;
 By day the gathered clouds have had him in their keeping,
 And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.
 When will he awaken ?

Long has been the cry of faithful Love's imploring ;
 Long has Hope been watching, with soft eyes fixed above ;
 When will the Fates, the Life of life restoring,
 Own themselves vanquished by much-enduring Love ?
 When will he awaken ?
 Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watched untiring,
 Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
 Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
 Softened by a woman's meek and loving sigh.
 When will he awaken ?

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
And the Poet's world has entered in his soul ;
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
When sages and when kings first upheld the mind's control.

When will he awaken ?

Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight ! the present hour is fated !
It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air ;
How long, how tenderly his goddess love has waited,
Waited with a love too mighty for despair !
Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers
depart ;
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos but is bringing
Music that is murmured from Nature's inmost heart.
Soon he will awaken
To his and midnight's queen !

Lovely is the green earth,—she knows the hour is holy ;
Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy ;
Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming
boy.
Soon he will awaken !

Red as the red rose towards the morning turning,
Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own ;
While the dark eyes open, bright, intense, and burning
With a life more glorious than, ere they closed, was
known.
Yes, he has awakened
For the midnight's happy queen !

What is this old history, but a lesson given,
 How true love still conquers by the deep strength of truth—
 How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
 Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith, and youth?
 'Tis for such they waken!

When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
 Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted few;
 Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
 To a being more intense, more spiritual, and true.
 So doth the soul awaken,
 Like that youth to night's fair queen!

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH MACLEAN.

Her Name.

THE lily's perfume pure, fame's crown of light;
 The latest murmur of departing day;
 Fond friendship's plaint, that melts in pity's sight;
 The mystic farewell of each hour in flight;
 The kiss which beauty grants with coy delay;—

The seven-fold scarf that parting storms bestow,
 A trophy to the proud, triumphant sun;
 The thrilling accent of a voice we know;
 The love enthralled maiden's secret vow;
 An infant's dream, ere life's first sands are run;

The chant of distant choirs; the morning's sigh,
 Which erst inspired the fabled Memnon's frame;
 The melodies that, murmured, trembling die;
 The sweetest gems that 'mid thought's treasures lie,
 Have naught of sweetness that can match *Her Name!*

Low be its utterance like a prayer divine,
 Yet in each warbled song be heard the sound!
 Be it the light in darksome fanes to shine,
 The sacred word which at some hidden shrine
 The self-same voice forever makes resound!

O friends ! ere yet, in living words of flame,
 My Muse, bewildered in her soarings wide,
 With names the vaunting lips of pride proclaim,
 Shall dare to blend the *one*, the purer name,
 Which love a treasure in my breast doth hide,

Must the wild lay my faithful harp can sing,
 Be like the hymns which mortals, kneeling, hear !
 To solemn harmonies attuned the strings—
 As, music shaking from his viewless wings,
 On heavenly airs some angel hovered near !

VICTOR HUGO.

Anonymous Translation.

The Grandmother.

MOTHER of our own dear mother, good old grandam,
 wake and smile !

Commonly your lips keep moving when you're sleeping all
 the while ;

For between your prayer and slumber scarce the difference
 is known ;

But to-night you're like the image of Madonna cut in stone,
 With your lips without a motion or a breath—a single one.

Why more heavily than usual dost thou bend thy old gray
 brow ?

What is it we've done to grieve thee that thou'lt not caress
 us now ?

Grandam, see, the lamp is paling, and the fire burns fast
 away ;

Speak to us, or fire and lamp-light will not any longer stay,
 And thy two poor little children, we shall die as well as they.

Ah ! when thou shalt wake and find us near the lamp that's
 ceased to burn,

Dead, and when thou speakest to us, deaf and silent in our
 turn—

Then how great will be thy sorrow ! then thou'lt cry for us
in vain,
Call upon thy saint and patron for a long, long time, and
fain,
And a long, long time embrace us ere we come to life
again !

Only feel how warm our hands are ; wake and place thy
hands in ours ;
Wake, and sing us some old ballad of the wandering trouba-
dours.
Tell us of those knights whom fairies used to help to love
and fame ;
Knights who brought, instead of posies, spoils and trophies
to their dame,
And whose war-cry in the battle was a lady's gentle name.

Tell us what's the sacred token wicked shapes and sprites to
scare !
And of Lucifer—who was it saw him flying through the
air ?
What's the gem that's on the forehead of the King of
Gnomes displayed ?
Does Archbishop Turpin's psalter, or Roland's enormous
blade,
Daunt the great black King of Evil ?—say, which makes him
most afraid ?

Or thy large old Bible reach us, with its pictures bright and
blue,
Heaven all gold, and saints a-kneeling, and the infant Jesus
too,
In the manger with the oxen ; and the kings ; and soft and
slow
O'er the middle of the pages guide our fingers as we go,
Reading some of that good Latin, speaks to God from us,
you know.

Grandam, see, the light is failing—failing ; and upon the
hearth,

And around the blackened ingle, leaps the shadow in its
mirth.

Ha ! perhaps the sprites are coming ! yes, they'll soon be at
the door ;

Wake, oh, wake ! and if you're praying, dearest grandam,
pray no more ;

Sure, you do not wish to fright us, you who cheered us aye
before !

But thine arms are colder, colder ; and thine eyes so closed
are :

'Twas but lately you did tell us of another world afar ;
And of heaven you were discoursing, and the grave where
people lie—

Told us life was short and fleeting, and of death—that all
must die.

What *is* death ? dear grandam, tell us what it is.—You don't
reply !

Long time did those slender voices moan and murmur all
alone ;

Still the aged dame awaked not, though the golden morning
shone.

Soon was heard the dismal tolling of the solemn funeral
bell ;

Mournfully the air resounded ; and, as silent evening fell,
One who passed that door half-opened those two little ones
espied,

With the holy book before them, kneeling at the lone bed-
side.

VICTOR HUGO.

Anonymous Translation.

Dædalus.

WAIL for Dædalus, all that is fairest !
 All that is tuneful in air or wave !
 Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,
 Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave !

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,
 Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,
 That know not a past, nor expect a morrow,
 On many a moonlight Grecian wold !

By sculptured cave and speaking river,
 Thee, Dædalus, oft the nymphs recall ;
 The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
 Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
 Of all that crowd on the tear-dimmed eye,
 Though, Dædalus, thou no more commandest
 New stars to that ever-widening sky.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
 Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;
 By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
 With looks of beauty, and words of good.

Calmly they show us mankind victorious
 O'er all that is aimless, blind, and base ;
 Their presence has made our nature glorious,
 Unveiling our night's illumined face.

Thy toil has won them a god-like quiet ;
 Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely sphere ;
 Their eyes to peace rebuke our riot,
 And shape us a home of refuge here.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit ;
 In them their sire his beauty sees ;
 We too, a younger brood, inherit
 The gifts and blessing bestowed on these.

But ah ! their wise and graceful seeming,
 Recalls the more that the sage is gone ;
 Weeping we wake from deceitful dreaming,
 And find our voiceless chamber lone.

Dædalus, thou from the twilight fleest,
 Which thou with vision hast made so bright,
 And when no more those shapes thou seest,
 Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

Even in the noblest of man's creations,
 Those fresh worlds round this old of ours,
 When the seer is gone the orphaned nations
 See but the tombs of perished powers.

Wail for Dædalus, earth and ocean !
 Stars and sun, lament for him !
 Ages quake, in strange commotion !
 All ye realms of life, be dim !

Wail for Dædalus, awful voices !
 From earth's deep centre mankind appal !
 Seldom ye sound, and then Death rejoices,
 For he knows that then the mightiest fall.

JOHN STERLING.

Plato and Christ.

METHINKS, O sage, a nobler lore than thine
 More steadfast comfort gives and holier peace ;
 And I am fed by wisdom more divine
 Than e'er inspired melodious tongues of Greece.

On other shores, beneath more eastern skies,
Thy faith was once proclaimed from age to age ;
Not sealed, a treasure for the proudly wise,
Nor spread, a people's common heritage ;

In saint and prophet burnt with keener flame
Than e'er illumed thy gracious soul's delight ;
In children's words, in songs of ancient fame
Was known, ennobled many a festal rite.

And all that Athens breathed of high and true,
With soaring thought and finely-moulded speech,
In our dear Lord to act and being grew,
Whose life was more than words could ever teach.

A heart that beat for every human woe,
A choice in holiest purpose pure and strong,
A truth, sole morning-light of all below,
A love triumphant over deadliest wrong.

In Him thy God, O Plato, dwelt on earth,
An open presence, clear of earthly ill ;
The life which drew from him its heavenly birth,
In all who seek renews his perfect will.

So have we sufferings, so a trust like his,
So large repentance, born with many a throe,
So zeal untired to better all that is,
And peace of spirit even here below.

Then be it mine the cross with him to bear,
And leave the flowery shades of Academe—
With him go mourning through the infected air
Of grief and sin, and drink his bitter stream.

So clearness, meekness, and unfaltering might,
Ungained, though bravely sought, O sage ! by thee,
Shall be my starry chaplet in the night,
And in the coming dawn thy crown shall be.

JOHN STERLING.

The Happy Hour.

THE life of man has wondrous hours
 Revealed at once to heart and eye,
 When wake all being's kindled powers,
 And joy, like dew on trees and flowers,
 With freshness fills the earth and sky.
 With finer scent and softer tone
 The breezes wind through waving leaves ;
 By friendlier beams new tints are thrown
 On furrowed stem and mouldering stone :
 The gorgeous grapes, the jewelled sheaves
 To living glories turn ;
 And eyes that look from cottage eaves,
 Through shadows grim that jasmine weaves,
 With love and fancy burn.

The broad smooth river flames with waves,
 Where floats the swan, an opal sprite,
 And marble shapes on silent graves,
 Seem starting towards the light.
 The distant landscape glows serene ;
 The dark old tower, with tremulous sheen,
 Pavilion of a seraph stands ;
 The mountain rude, with steeps of gold,
 And mists of ruby o'er them rolled,
 Up toward the evening star expands.
 The ocean streaks, in distance gray,
 With sapphire radiance sparkling play,
 And silver sails hold on their way
 To unseen fairy lands.

And those who walk within the sphere,
 The plot of earth's transfigured green,
 Like angels walk, so high, so clear,
 With ravishment in eye and mien.

For this one hour no breath of fear,
 Of shame or weakness, wandering near,
 Can trusting hearts annoy :
 Past things are dead, or only live
 The life that hope alone can give,
 And all is faith and joy.

'Tis not that beauty forces then
 Her blessings on reluctant men,
 But this great globe with all its might,
 Its awful depth and heavenward height,
 Seems but my heart with wonder thrilling,
 And beating in my human breast ;
 My sense with inspiration filling,
 Myself beyond my nature blest.

Well for all such hours who know,
 All who hail, not bid them go,
 If the spirit's strong pulsation
 After keeps its nobler tone,
 And no helpless lamentation
 Dulls the heart when rapture's flown :
 If the rocky field of Duty,
 Built around with mountains hoar,
 Still is dearer than the Beauty
 Of the sky-land's colored shore.

JOHN STERLING.

The Skeleton in Armor.

[Lines suggested by the Round Tower at Newport, in connection with the fact of an armed skeleton having been dug up at Fall River.]

SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
 Who, with thy hollow breast,
 Still in rude armor drest,
 Comest to daunt me !

Wrapt not in eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me ?”

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the northern skies
 Gleam in December ;
And like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart's chamber :

“I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee !
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse !
 For this I sought thee.

‘Far in the Northern land,
By the wide Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the ger-falcon ;
And, with my skates fast bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow ;

Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail bout
Wore the long winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Bersek's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail
Filled to o'erflowing.

“Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender ;
And, as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.

Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.

“ Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chanting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story.

“ While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And, as the wind-gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
 Blew the foam lightly.

“ She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew’s flight ?
Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded ?

“ Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me—
Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen !—

When, on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

“ Then launched they to the blast ;
Bent like a reed each mast ;
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

“ And as, to catch the gale,
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death was the helmsman's hail—
 Death without quarter !
Mid-ships, with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water !

“ As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
 Bore I the maiden.

“ Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward ;

There, for my lady's bower,
 Built I the lofty tower
 Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

“ There lived we many years ;
 Time dried the maiden's tears ;
 She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother.
 Death closed her mild blue eyes ;
 Under that tower she lies ;
 Ne'er shall the sun arise
 On such another !

“ Still grew my bosom then,
 Still as a stagnant fen !
 Hateful to me were men—
 The sunlight hateful !
 In the vast forest here,
 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon my spear ;
 O, death was grateful !

“ Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting its prison bars,
 Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended !
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland ! *skoal!*” *
 Thus the tale ended.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

* A customary salutation in Scandinavia, when drinking a health.

Barclay of Ury.

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
 By the kirk and college-green,
 Rode the Laird of Ury ;
 Close behind him, close beside,
 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
 Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
 Jeered at him the serving girl,
 Prompt to please her master ;
 And the begging carlin, late
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
 Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet with calm and stately mien
 Up the streets of Aberdeen
 Came he slowly riding ;
 And, to all he saw and heard,
 Answering not with bitter word,
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
 Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
 Loose, and free, and froward :
 Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !
 Push him ! prick him ! Through the town
 Drive the Quaker coward ! "

But from out the thickening crowd
 Cried a sudden voice and loud :
 " Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay ! "
 And the old man at his side
 Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
 Scarred and sunburned darkly ;

Who, with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
 Cried aloud : " God save us !
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle-deep in Lützen's blood,
 With the brave Gustavus ? "

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;
 " Put it up, I pray thee :
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
 Even though He slay me."

" Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
 Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
 Now so meekly pleaded.

" Woe's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly-shaking head,
 And a look of pity ;
" Ury's honest lord reviled !
Mock of knave and sport of child,
 In his own good city !

" Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
 And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst, we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
 To these boyish prancers ! "

" Marvel not, mine ancient friend—
Like beginning, like the end,"
 Quoth the Laird of Ury ;

“Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

“Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer ;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

“Happier I, with loss of all—
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me—
Than when reeve and squire were seen
Riding out from Aberdeen
With bared heads to meet me ;

“When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door ;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

“Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friends' falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving !
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords—
Warm, and fresh, and living.

“Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking ;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking !”

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial !
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter ;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this—that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow ;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow—
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

*Meeting of the Alumni of Harvard
College.*

1857.

I THANK you, MR. PRESIDENT, you've kindly broke the
ice ;
Virtue should always be the first,—I'm only SECOND VICE—
(A vice is something with a screw that's made to hold its
jaw
Till some old file has played away upon an ancient saw.)

Sweet brothers by the Mother's side, the babes of days gone
by,
All nurslings of her Juno breasts, whose milk is never dry,
We come again, like half-grown boys, and gather at her
beck
About her knees, and on her lap, and clinging round her
neck.

We find her at her stately door, and in her ancient chair,
Dressed in the robes of red and green she always loved to
wear.
Her eye has all its radiant youth, her cheek its morning
flame ;
We drop our roses as we go, hers flourish still the same.

We have been playing many an hour, and far away we've
strayed,
Some laughing in the cheerful sun, some lingering in the
shade ;
And some have tired, and laid them down where darker
shadows fall,—
Dear as her loving voice may be, they cannot hear its call.

What miles we've travelled since we shook the dew-drops
from our shoes
We gathered on this classic green, so famed for heavy dues!

How many boys have joined the game, how many slipped
away,
Since we've been running up and down, and having out our
play!

One boy at work with book and brief, and one with gown
and band,
One sailing vessels on the pool, one digging in the sand,
One flying paper kites on change, one planting little pills,—
The seeds of certain annual flowers well known as little
bills.

What maidens met us on our way, and clasped us hand in
hand!
What cherubs,—not the legless kind, that fly, but never
stand!
How many a youthful head we've seen put on its silver
crown!
What sudden changes back again to youth's empurpled
brown!

But fairer sights have met our eyes, and broader lights have
shone,
Since others lit their midnight lamps where once we trimmed
our own;
A thousand trains that flap the sky with flags of rushing
fire!
And, throbbing in the Thunderer's hand, Thought's million-
chorded lyre

We've seen the sparks of Empire fly beyond the mountain
bars,
Till, glittering o'er the Western wave, they joined the set-
ting stars;
And ocean trodden into paths that trampling giants ford,
To find the planet's vertebræ and sink its spinal cord.

We've tried reform,—and chloroform,—and both have turned
 our brain ;
 When France called up the photograph, we roused the foe to
 pain ;
 Just so those earlier sages shared the chaplet of renown,—
 Hers sent a bladder to the clouds, ours brought their light-
 ning down.

We've seen the little tricks of life, its varnish and veneer,
 Its stucco-fronts of character flake off and disappear ;
 We've learned that oft the brownest hands will heap the big-
 gest pile,
 And met with many a "perfect brick" beneath a rimless
 "tile."

What dreams we've had of deathless name, as scholars,
 statesmen, bards,
 While Fame, the lady with the trump, held up her picture
 cards !
 Till, having nearly played our game, she gayly whispered,
 " Ah !
 I said you should be something grand,—you'll soon be
 grandpapa."

Well, well, the old have had their day, the young must take
 their turn ;
 There's something always to forget, and something still to
 learn ;
 But how to tell what's old or young, the tap-root from the
 sprigs,
 Since Florida revealed her fount to Ponce de Leon Twiggs ?

The wisest was a Freshman once, just freed from bar and
 bolt,
 As noisy as a kettle-drum, as leggy as a colt ;
 Don't be too savage with the boys,—the Primer does not say,
 The kitten ought to go to church because "the cat doth
 prey."

The law of merit and of age is not the rule of three ;
Non constat that A. M. must prove as busy as A. B.
 When Wise the father tracked the son, ballooning through
 the skies,
 He taught a lesson to the old,—go thou and do like Wise !

Now then, old boys, and reverend youth, of high or low de-
 gree,
 Remember how we only get one annual out of three ;
 And such as dare to simmer down three dinners into one
 Must cut their salads mighty short, and pepper well with
 fun.

I've passed my zenith long ago, it's time for me to set ;
 A dozen planets wait to shine, and I am lingering yet,
 As sometimes in the blaze of day a milk-and-watery moon
 Stains with its dim and fading ray the lustrous blue of noon.

Farewell ! yet let one echo rise to shake our ancient hall ;
 God save the Queen,—whose throne is here,—the Mother of
 us all !
 Till dawns the great commencement-day on every shore
 and sea,
 And “Expectantur” all mankind, to take their last Degree !
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

An Evening Hymn.

HOW many days, with mute adieu,
 Have gone down yon untrodden sky !
 And still it looks as clear and blue
 As when it first was hung on high.
 The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
 That drew the lightning in its rear,
 The thunder, trampling deep and loud,
 Have left no dark impression there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
 Come softened by the distant shore ;
 Though I have heard them many a time,
 They never rang so sweet before.
 And silence rests upon the hill ;
 A listening awe pervades the air ;
 The very flowers are shut, and still,
 And bowed, as if in silent prayer.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
 The grasshopper's faint feeble sound,
 The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
 All leave the stillness more profound.
 The twilight takes a deeper shade,
 The dusky pathways blacker grow,
 And silence reigns in glen and glade,
 And all is mute below.

Now shine the starry hosts of night,
 Gazing on earth with golden eyes ;
 Bright guardians of the blue-browed night,
 What are ye in your native skies ?
 I know not ! neither can I know,
 Nor on what leader ye attend ;
 Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
 Nor what your aim, nor what your end.

Yet there ye shine, and there have shone,
 In one eternal "hour of prime,"
 Each rolling burningly alone,
 Through boundless space and countless time.
 Ay, there ye shine, the golden dew
 That pave the realms by seraphs trod ;
 There, through yon echoing vaults diffuse
 The song of choral worlds to God.

Gold wears to dust—yet there ye are ;
 Time rots the diamond—there ye roll,

In primal light, as if each star
 Enshrined an everlasting soul !
 And does it not—since your bright throngs
 One all-enlightening spirit own,
 Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,
 Eternal, glorious, blest alone ?

Could men but see what you have seen—
 Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
 From all that is, to what has been,
 The glance how rich ! the range how vast !
 The birth of time, the rise, the fall
 Of empires, myriads, ages flown,
 Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships—all
 The things whose echoes are not gone !

And there ye shine, as if to mock
 The children of a mortal sire,
 The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
 The red volcano's cataract fire,
 Drought, famine, plague, and blood and flame,
 All nature's ills, and life's worst woes,
 Are nought to you ; ye smile the same,
 And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Not only doth the voiceful day
 Thy loving-kindness, Lord, proclaim—
 But night, with its sublime array
 Of worlds doth magnify thy name :
 Yea—while adoring seraphim
 Before thee bend the willing knee,
 From every star a choral hymn
 Goes up unceasingly to thee !

Oh, Holy Father ! 'mid the calm
 And stillness of this evening hour,
 We here would lift our solemn psalm
 To praise thy goodness and thy power !

And worlds beyond the furthest star
 Whose light hath reached the human eye,
 Shall catch the anthem from afar,
 And roll it through immensity !

Kept by thy goodness through the day,
 Thanksgivings to thy name we pour ;
 Night o'er us, with its tears, we pray
 Thy love to guard us evermore !
 In grief console—in gladness bless—
 In darkness guide—in sickness cheer—
 Till, in the Saviour's righteousness,
 Before thy throne our souls appear !

THOMAS MILLER.

Rhyme of the Duchess May.

TO the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun,
Toll slowly.
 And the oldest ringer said, " Ours is music for the Dead,
 When the Rebecks are all done."

Six abeles i' the churchyard grow on the northside in a row,
Toll slowly.
 And the shadows of their tops rock across the little slopes
 Of the grassy graves below.

On the south side and the west, a small river runs in haste,
Toll slowly.
 And between the river flowing and the fair green trees a
 growing
 Do the dead lie at their rest.

On the east I sate that day, up against a willow gray :
Toll slowly.
 Through the rain of willow-branches, I could see the low
 hill-ranges,
 And the river on its way.

There I sate beneath the tree, and the bell tolled solemnly,
Toll slowly.

While the trees and river's voices flowed between the solemn
 noises,—
 Yet death seemed more loud to me.

There I read this ancient rhyme, while the bell did all the
 time

Toll slowly.

And the solemn knell fell in with the tale of life and sin,
 Like a rhythmic fate sublime.



THE RHYME.

Broad the forest stood (I read) on the hills of Linteged—
Toll slowly.

And three hundred years had stood mute adown each hoary
 wood,
 Like a full heart having prayed.

And the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly.

And but little thought was theirs of the silent antique
 years,
 In the building of their nest.

Down the sun dropt large and red on the towers of Linte-
 ged—
Toll slowly.

Lance and spear upon the height, bristling strange in fiery
 light,
 While the castle stood in shade.

There, the castle stood up black, with the red sun at its
 back,—
Toll slowly.

Like a sullen smoldering pyre, with a top that flickers fire,
 When the wind is on its track.

And five hundred archers tall did besiege the castle wall,
Toll slowly.

And the castle, seethed in blood, fourteen days and nights
 had stood,
 And to-night was near its fall.

Yet thereunto, blind to doom, three months since a bride
 did come,—

Toll slowly.

One who proudly trod the floors, and softly whispered in
 the doors,

“May good angels bless our home.”

Oh, a bride of queenly eyes, with a front of constancies ;

Toll slowly.

Oh, a bride of cordial mouth,—where the untired smile of
 youth

Did light outward its own sighs.

'Twas a Duke's fair orphan-girl, and her uncle's ward, the
 Earl,

Toll slowly.

Who betrothed her, twelve years old, for the sake of dowry
 gold,

To his son Lord Leigh, the churl.

But what time she had made good all her years of woman-
 hood,

Toll slowly.

Unto both those Lords of Leigh spake she out right sov-
 ranly,

“My will runneth as my blood.

“And while this same blood makes red this same right hand's
 veins,” she said,

Toll slowly.

“'Tis my will as lady free not to wed a Lord of Leigh
 But Sir Guy of Linteged.”

The old Earl he smiled smooth, then he sighed for wilful youth.—

Toll slowly.

“Good my niece, that hand withal looketh somewhat soft and small,
For so large a will, in sooth.”

She, too, smiled by that same sign,—but her smile was cold and fine,—

Toll slowly.

“Little hand clasps muckle gold, or it were not worth the hold
Of thy son, good uncle mine !

Then the young lord jerked his breath, and sware thickly in his teeth,

Toll slowly.

“He would wed his own betrothed, an she loved him, and she loathed,
Let the life come or the death.”

Up she rose with scornful eyes, as her father’s child might rise,

Toll slowly.

“Thy hound’s blood, my Lord of Leigh, stains thy knightly heel,” quoth she,
“And he moans not where he lies :

“But a woman’s will dies hard, in the hall or on the sward !—

Toll slowly.

By that grave, my lords, which made me orphaned girl and dowered lady,
I deny you wife and ward.”

Unto each she bowed her head, and swept past with lofty tread.

Toll slowly.

Ere the midnight-bell had ceased, in the chapel had the priest
Blessed her, bride of Linteged.

Fast and fain the bridal train along the night-storm rode
 amain :

Toll slowly.

Hard the steeds of lord and serf struck their hoofs out on the
 turf,
 In the pauses of the rain.

Fast and fain the kinsmen's train along the storm pursued
 amain—

Toll slowly.

Steed on steed-track, dashing off—thickening, doubling hoof
 on hoof,
 In the pauses of the rain.

And the bridegroom led the flight on his red-roan steed of
 might,

Toll slowly.

And the bride lay on his arm, still as if she feared no harm,
 Smiling out into the night.

“Dost thou fear?” he said at last ;—“Nay !” she answered
 him in haste,—

Toll slowly.

“Not such death as we could find—only life with one be-
 hind—
 Ride on fast as fear—ride fast !”

Up the mountain wheeled the steed—girth to ground, and
 fetlocks spread,—

Toll slowly.

Headlong bounds, and rocking flanks,—down he staggered
 —down the banks,
 To the towers of Linteged.

High and low the serfs looked out, red the flambeaux tossed
 about,—

Toll slowly.

In the courtyard rose the cry—“Live the Duchess and Sir
 Guy !”
 But she never heard them shout.

On the steed she dropt her cheek, kissed his mane and kissed
his neck,—

Toll slowly.

“I had happier died by thee than lived on a Lady Leigh,”
Were the first words she did speak.

But a three months' joyaunce lay 'twixt that moment and to-
day,

Toll slowly.

When five hundred archers tall stand beside the castle wall,
To recapture Duchess May.

And the castle standeth black, with the red sun at its back,—

Toll slowly.

And a fortnight's siege is done—and, except the Duchess,
none
Can misdoubt the coming wrack.

Then the captain, young Lord Leigh, with his eyes so gray of
blee,

Toll slowly.

And thin lips that scarcely sheath the cold white gnashing
of his teeth,
Gnashed in smiling, absently,

Cried aloud—“So goes the day, bridegroom fair of Duchess
May!—

Toll slowly.

Look thy last upon that sun! if thou seest to-morrow's one,
'Twill be through a foot of clay.

“Ha, fair bride! Dost hear no sound save that moaning of
the hound?—

Toll slowly.

Thou and I have parted troth,—yet I keep my vengeance
oath,
And the other may come round.

“Ha! thy will is brave to dare, and thy new love past compare,—

Toll slowly.

Yet thine old love's falchion brave is as strong a thing to have
As the will of lady fair.

“Peck on blindly, netted dove!—if a wife's name thee be-
hove,

Toll slowly.

Thou shalt wear the same to-morrow, ere the grave has hid
the sorrow
Of thy last ill-mated love.

“O'er his fixed and silent mouth thou and I will call back
troth,

Toll slowly.

He shall altar be and priest,—and he will not cry at least,
‘I forbid you,—I am loath!’

“I will wring thy fingers pale in the gauntlet of my mail:

Toll slowly.

‘Little hand and muckle gold’ close shall lie within my hold,
As the sword did to prevail.”

O the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,

Toll slowly.

O, and laughed the Duchess May, and her soul did put
away
All his boasting, for a jest.

In her chamber did she sit, laughing low to think of it,—

Toll slowly.

“Tower is strong and will is free—thou canst boast, my
Lord of Leigh,
But thou boastest little wit.”

In her tire-glass gazed she, and she blushed right womanly,
Toll slowly.

She blushed half from her disdain—half, her beauty was so
 plain,
 —“Oath for oath, my Lord of Leigh!”

Straight she called her maidens in—“Since ye gave me blame
 herein,

Toll slowly.

That a bridal such as mine should lack gauds to make it
 fine,
 Come and shrive me from that sin.

“It is three months gone to-day, since I gave mine hand
 away,

Toll slowly.

Bring the gold and bring the gem, we will keep bride state
 in them,
 While we keep the foe at bay.

“On your arms I loose my hair;—comb it smooth and crown
 it fair,

Toll slowly.

I would look in purple-pall from this lattice down the wall,
 And throw scorn to one that's there!”

O, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly.

On the tower the castle's lord leant in silence on his sword,
 With an anguish in his breast.

With a spirit-laden weight, did he lean down passionate.
Toll slowly.

They have almost sapped the wall,—they will enter there
 withal,
 With no knocking at the gate.

Then the sword he leant upon, shivered—snapped upon the
stone,

Toll slowly.

“Sword,” he thought, with inward laugh, “ill thou servest for
a staff

When thy nobler use is done !

“Sword, thy nobler use is done !—tower is lost, and shame
begun ;

Toll slowly.

If we met them in the breach, hilt to hilt or speech to
speech,

We should die there, each for one.

“If we met them at the wall, we should singly, vainly fall,—

Toll slowly.

But if *I* die here alone,—then I die, who am but one,

And die nobly for them all.

“Five true friends lie for my sake—in the moat and in the
brake,—

Toll slowly.

Thirteen warriors lie at rest, with a black wound in the
breast,

And not one of these will wake.

“And no more of this shall be !—heart-blood weighs too
heavily—

Toll slowly.

And I could not sleep in grave, with the faithful and the
brave

Heaped around and over me.

“Since young Clare a mother hath, and young Ralph a
plighted faith ;

Toll slowly.

Since my pale young sister’s cheeks blush like rose when
Ronald speaks,

Albeit never a word she saith—

"These shall never die for me—life-blood falls too heavily :
Toll slowly.

And if I die here apart—o'er my dead and silent heart
 They shall pass out safe and free.

"When the foe hath heard it said—' Death holds Guy of
 Linteged,'—

Toll slowly.

That new corse new peace shall bring ; and a blessed,
 blessed thing
 Shall the stone be at its head.

"Then my friends shall pass out free, and shall bear my
 memory,—

Toll slowly.

Then my foes shall sleek their pride, soothing fair my wid-
 owed bride
 Whose sole sin was love of me.

"With their words all smooth and sweet they will front her
 and entreat,

Toll slowly.

And their purple pall will spread underneath her fainting
 head,
 While her tears drop over it.

"She will weep her woman's tears, she will pray her woman's
 prayers,—

Toll slowly.

But her heart is young in pain, and her hopes will spring
 again
 By the suntime of her years.

"Ah! sweet May—ah, sweetest grief!—once I vowed thee my
 belief,

Toll slowly.

That thy name expressed thy sweetness—May of poets, in
 completeness !
 Now my May-day seemeth brief."

All these silent thoughts did swim o'er his eyes grown
strange and dim,—

Toll slowly.

Till his true men in the place wished they stood there face
to face

With the foe instead of him.

“One last oath, my friends that wear faithful hearts to do
and dare !—

Toll slowly.

Tower must fall, and bride be lost!—swear me service
worth the cost:”

—Bold they stood around to swear.

“Each man clasp my hand and swear, by the deed we failed
in there,

Toll slowly.

Not for vengeance, not for right, will ye strike one blow to-
night !”

Pale they stood around—to swear.

“One last boon, young Ralph and Clare ! faithful hearts to
do and dare !

Toll slowly.

Bring that steed up from his stall, which she kissed before
you all :

Guide him up the turret stair.

“Ye shall harness him aright, and lead upward to this
height !

Toll slowly.

Once in love and twice in war, hath he borne me strong and
far,

He shall bear me far to-night.”

Then his men looked to and fro, when they heard him speak-
ing so.

Toll slowly.

—“Las! the noble heart!” they thought,—“he in sooth is
grief-distraught.
Would we stood here with the foe!”

But a fire flashed from his eye, 'twixt their thought and their
reply,—

Toll slowly.

“Have ye so much time to waste? We who ride here, must
ride fast,
As we wish our foes to fly.”

They have fetched the steed with care, in the harness he did
wear,

Toll slowly.

Past the court and through the doors, across the rushes of
the floors;
But they goad him up the stair.

Then from out her bower chambère, did the Duchess May
repair.

Toll slowly.

“Tell me now what is your need,” said the lady, “of this
steed,
That ye goad him up the stair?”

Calm she stood; unbodkined through, fell her dark hair to
her shoe,—

Toll slowly.

And the smile upon her face, ere she left the tiring-glass,
Had not time enough to go.

“Get thee back, sweet Duchess May! hope is gone like yes-
terday,—

Toll slowly.

One half-hour completes the breach; and thy lord grows
wild of speech:
Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray.

“In the east tower, highest of all,—loud he cries for steed
from stall.

Toll slowly.

‘He would ride as far,’ quoth he, “as for love and victory,
Though he rides the castle wall.’

“And we fetch the steed from stall, up where never a hoof
did fall.

Toll slowly.

Wifely prayer meets deathly need! may the sweet Heavens
hear thee plead,
If he rides the castle-wall.”

Low she dropt her head, and lower, till her hair coiled on
the floor,

Toll slowly.

And tear after tear you heard fall distinct as any word
Which you might be listening for.

“Get thee in, thou soft ladie!—here is never a place for
thee!—

Toll slowly.

Braid thy hair and clasp thy gown, that thy beauty in its
moan
May find grace with Leigh of Leigh.”

She stood up in bitter case, with a pale yet stately face,

Toll slowly.

Like a statue thunderstruck, which, though quivering, seems
to look
Right against the thunder-place.

And her foot trod in, with pride, her own tears i’ the stone
beside,—

Toll slowly.

“Go to, faithful friends, go to!—Judge no more what ladies
do,—
No, nor how their lords may ride!”

Then the good steed's rein she took, and his neck did kiss
and stroke :

Toll slowly.

Soft he neighed to answer her ; and then followed up the
stair,

For the love of her sweet look.

Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up the narrow stair around,—

Toll slowly.

Oh, and closely, closely speeding, step by step beside her
treading,

Did he follow, meek as hound.

On the east tower, high'st of all,—there, where never a hoof
did fall,—

Toll slowly.

Out they swept, a vision steady,—noble steed and lovely
lady,

Calm as if in bower or stall !

Down she knelt at her lord's knee, and she looked up
silently,—

Toll slowly.

And he kissed her twice and thrice, for that look within her
eyes

Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, “Get thee from this strife,—and the sweet saints
bless thy life !

Toll slowly.

In this hour I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed—
But no more of my noble wife.”

Quoth she, “Meekly have I done all thy biddings under sun :

Toll slowly.

But by all my womanhood,—which is proved so true and
good,

I will never do this one.

“Now, by womanhood’s degree, and by wifehood’s verity,
Toll slowly.

In this hour if thou hast need of thy noble red-roan steed,
 Thou hast also need of *me*.

“By this golden ring ye see on this lifted hand pardie,
Toll slowly.

If, this hour, on castle-wall can be room for steed from stall,
 Shall be also room for *me*.

“So the sweet saints with me be” (did she utter solemnly),
Toll slowly.

“If a man, this eventide, on this castle wall will ride,
 He shall ride the same with *me*.”

Oh, he sprang up in the selle, and he laughed out bitter
 well,—

Toll slowly.

“Wouldst thou ride among the leaves, as we used on other
 eves,
 To hear chime a vesper bell?”

She clang closer to his knee—“Ay, beneath the cypress
 tree!—

Toll slowly.

Mock me not; for otherwhere than along the green-wood
 fair,
 Have I ridden fast with thee!

“Fast I rode, with new-made vows, from my angry kinsman’s
 house!

Toll slowly.

What! and would you men should reckon that I dared more
 for love’s sake
 As a bride than as a spouse?

“What, and would you it should fall, as a proverb, before
all,

Toll slowly.

That a bride may keep your side while through castlegate
you ride,
Yet eschew the castle-wall?”

Ho! the breach yawns into ruin, and roars up against her
suing,—

Toll slowly.

With the inarticulate din, and the dreadful falling in—
Shrieks of doing and undoing!

Twice he wrung her hands in twain; but the small hands
closed again.

Toll slowly.

Back he reined the steed—back, back! but she trailed along
his track
With a frantic clasp and strain!

Evermore the foemen pour through the crash of window and
door,—

Toll slowly.

And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh, and the shrieks of “Kill!”
and “Flee!”
Strike up clear amid the roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain,—but they closed and
clung again,—

Toll slowly.

Wild she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a Christ upon the
rood,
In a spasm of deathly pain.

She clung wild and she clung mute,—with her shuddering
lips half shut,

Toll slowly.

Her head fallen as half in swoond,—hair and knee swept on
the ground,
She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

Back he reined his steed back-thrown on the slippery coping-stone.

Toll slowly.

Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battlement behind,
Whence a hundred feet went down.

And his heel did press and goad on the quivering flank bestrode,

Toll slowly.

“ Friends and brothers, save my wife !—Pardon, sweet, in
change for life,—
But I ride alone to God.”

Straight as if the Holy name had upbreathed her like a
flame,

Toll slowly.

She upsprang, she rose upright,—in his selle she sat in
sight ;
By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at
rest,—

Toll slowly.

“ Ring,” she cried, “ O vesper-bell, in the beech-wood’s old
chappelle !
But the passing-bell rings best.”

They have caught out at the rein which Sir Guy threw loose
—in vain,—

Toll slowly.

For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in
air,
On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between—and his nostrils curdle
in,—

Toll slowly.

And he shivers head and hoof—and the flakes of foam fall
off ;
And his face grows fierce and thin !

And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go,
Toll slowly.

And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony
 Of the headlong death below.

And "Ring, ring,—thou passing-bell," still she cried, "i' the
 old chapelle!"—
Toll slowly.

Then back-toppling, crushing back, a dead weight flung out
 to wrack,
 Horse and riders overfell!

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,—
Toll slowly.

And I read this ancient Rhyme in the churchyard, while the
 chime
 Slowly tolled for one at rest.

The abeles moved in the sun, and the river smooth did run,
Toll slowly.

And the ancient Rhyme rang strange, with its passion and
 its change,
 Here, where all done lay undone.

And beneath a willow tree I a little grave did see,
Toll slowly.

Where was graved,—HERE UNDEFILED, LIETH MAUD, A
 THREE-YEAR CHILD,
 EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE.

Then, O Spirits—did I say—ye who rode so fast that day,—
Toll slowly.

Did star-wheels and angel-wings, with their holy winnow-
 ings,
 Keep beside you all the way?

Though in passion ye would dash, with a blind and heavy
 crash,
Toll slowly.

Up against the thick-bossed shield of God's judgment in the
field,
Though your heart and brain were rash,

Now, your will is all unwilled—now your pulses are all
stilled,—

Toll slowly.

Now, ye lie as meek and mild (whereso laid) as Maud the
child,
Whose small grave was lately filled.

Beating heart and burning brow, ye are very patient now,
Toll slowly.

And the children might be bold to pluck the kingcups from
your mold
Ere a month had let them grow.

And you let the goldfinch sing in the alder near in spring,
Toll slowly.

Let her build her nest and sit all the three weeks out on it,
Murmuring not at anything.

In your patience ye are strong ; cold and heat ye take not
wrong :

Toll slowly.

When the trumpet of the angel blows eternity's evangel,
Time will seem to you not long.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly.

And I said in underbreath,—all our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best ?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west.
Toll slowly.

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our
incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, His rest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Lady Geraldine's Courtship.

A ROMANCE OF THE AGE.

A poet writes to his friend. Place—A room in Wycombe Hall. Time—Late in the evening.

DEAR my friend and fellow student, I would lean my spirit o'er you ;
 Down the purple of this chamber tears should scarcely run at will :
 I am humbled who was humble ! Friend,—I bow my head before you !
 You should lead me to my peasants :—but their faces are too still !

There's a lady—an earl's daughter ; she is proud and she is noble :
 And she treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the perfumed air ;
 And a kingly blood sends glances up her princely eye to trouble,
 And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her hair.

She has halls among the woodlands, she has castles by the breakers,
 She has farms and she has manors, she can threaten and command ;
 And the palpitating engines snort in steam across her acres,
 As they mark upon the blasted heaven the measure of her land.

There are none of England's daughters who can show a prouder presence :
 Upon princely suitors praying she has looked in her disdain ;

She has sprung of English nobles, I was born of English
peasants ;
What was *I* that I should love her—save for competence
to pain ?

I was only a poor poet, made for singing at her casement,
As the finches or the thrushes, while she thought of other
things.
Oh, she walked so high above me she appeared to my abase-
ment,
In her lovely silken murmur, like an angel clad in wings !

Many vassals bow before her as her carriage sweeps their
door-ways ;
She has blest their little children,—as a priest or queen
were she.
Far too tender or too cruel far, her smile upon the poor was,
For I thought it was the same smile which she used to
smile on me.

She has voters in the commons, she has lovers in the palace—
And of all the fair court-ladies few have jewels half as
fine :
Oft the prince has named her beauty 'twixt the red wine and
the chalice :
Oh, and what was *I* to love her ? my Beloved, my Geral-
dine !

Yet I could not choose but love her—I was born to poet
uses—
To love all things set above me, all of good and all of fair ;
Nymphs of mountain, not of valley, we are wont to call the
Muses—
And in nympholeptic climbing poets pass from mount to
star.

And because I was a poet, and because the people praised me—

With their critical deduction for the modern writer's fault!—

I could sit at rich men's tables,—though the courtesies that raised me

Still suggested clear between us the pale spectrum of the salt.

And they praised me in her presence:—"Will your book appear this summer?"

Then, returning to each other—"Yes, our plans are for the moors;"

Then with whisper dropped behind me—"There he is! the latest comer!

Oh, she only likes his verses! what is over, she endures.

"Quite low born! self-educated! somewhat gifted though by nature;

And we make a point of asking him,—of being very kind; You may speak, he does not hear you; and besides, he writes no satire,—

All these serpents kept by charmers leave their natural sting behind."

I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I stood up there among them,

Till, as frost intense will burn you, the cold scorning scorched my brow;

When a sudden silver speaking, gravely cadenced, overrung them,

And a sudden silken stirring touched my inner nature through.

I looked upward and beheld her! With a calm and regnant spirit,

Slowly round she swept her eyelids, and said clear before them all—

“Have you such superfluous honor, sir, that, able to confer it,
 You will come down, Mr. Bertram, as my guest, to Wycombe Hall?”

Here she paused—she had been paler at the first word of her speaking ;

But because a silence followed it, blushed somewhat as for shame ;

Then, as scorning her own feeling, resumed calmly—“I am seeking

More distinction than these gentlemen think worthy of my claim.

“Nevertheless, you see I seek it—not because I am a woman,”

(Here her smile sprang like a fountain, and so overflowed her mouth)

“But because my woods in Sussex have some purple shades at gloaming

Which are worthy of a king in state, or poet in his youth.

“I invite you, Mr. Bertram, to no scene for worldly speeches—

Sir, I scarce should dare—but only where God asked the thrushes first—

And if *you* will sing beside them in the covert of my beeches,

I will thank you for the woodlands,—for the human world at worst.”

Then she smiled around right childly, then she gazed around right queenly ;

And I bowed—I could not answer ! Alternated light and gloom—

While, as one who quells the lions, with a steady eye serenely,
 She, with level fronting eyelids, passed out stately from the room.

Oh, the blessed woods of Sussex ! I can hear them still around
me,

With their leafy tide of greenery still rippling up the wind !
Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex ! where the hunter's arrow
found me,

When a fair face and a tender voice had made me mad
and blind !

In that ancient hall of Wycombe thronged the numerous
guests invited,

And the lovely London ladies trod the floors with gliding
feet ;

And their voices, low with fashion, not with feeling, softly
freighted

All the air about the windows with elastic laughters
sweet.

For at eve, the open windows flung their light out on the
terrace,

Which the floating orbs of curtains did with gradual
shadow sweep ;

While the swans upon the river, fed at morning by the
heiress,

Trembled downward through their snowy wings at music
in their sleep.

And there evermore was music, both of instrument and
singing ;

Till the finches of the shrubberies grew restless in the
dark ;

But the cedars stood up motionless, each in a moonlight
ringing,

And the deer, half in the glimmer, strewed the hollows of
the park.

And though sometimes she would bind me with her silver-corded speeches,
 To commix my words and laughter with the converse and the jest,
 Oft I sat apart, and gazing on the river through the beeches,
 Heard, as pure the swans swam down it, her pure voice o'erfloat the rest.

In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof of steed, and laugh of rider,
 Spread out cheery from the court-yard till we lost them in the hills ;
 While herself and other ladies, and her suitors left beside her,
 Went a-wandering up the gardens through the laurels and abeles.

Thus her foot upon the new-mown grass—bareheaded—
 with the flowing
 Of the virginal white vesture gathered closely to her throat ;
 With the golden ringlets in her neck just quickened by her going,
 And appearing to breathe sun for air, and doubting if to float,—

With a branch of dewy maple which her right hand held above her,
 And which trembled a green shadow in betwixt her and the skies,
 As she turned her face in going, thus she drew me on to love her,
 And to worship the divineness of the smile hid in her eyes.

For her eyes alone smile constantly : her lips have serious
sweetness ;

And her front is calm—the dimple rarely ripples on her
cheek ;

But her deep blue eyes smile constantly,—as if they in dis-
creetness

Kept the secret of a happy dream she did not care to
speak.

Thus she drew me the first morning out across into the gar-
den :

And I walked among her noble friends, and could not keep
behind ;

Spake she unto all and unto me—“ Behold, I am the war-
den

Of the song birds in these lindens, which are cages to
their mind.

“ But within this swarded circle into which the lime-walk
brings us—

Whence the beeches rounded greenly stand away in rev-
erent fear ;

I will let no music enter, saving what the fountain sings
us,

Which the lilies round the basin may seem pure enough
to hear.

“ The live air that waves the lilies waves this slender jet of
water

Like a holy thought sent feebly up from soul of fasting
saint !

Whereby lies a marble Silence, sleeping ! (Lough, the
sculptor, wrought her,)

So asleep she is forgetting to say *Hush!*—a fancy
quaint !

“ Mark how heavy white her eyelids ! not a dream between them lingers !

And the left hand's index droppeth from the lips upon the cheek :

And the right hand,—with the symbol rose held slack within the fingers,—

Has fallen back within the basin—yet this Silence will not speak !

“ That the essential meaning, growing, may exceed the special symbol,

Is the thought as I conceive it : it applies more high and low.

Our true noblemen will often through right nobleness grow humble,

And assert an inward honor by denying outward show.”

“ Nay, your Silence,” said I, “ truly holds her symbol rose but slackly,

Yet *she holds it*—or would scarcely be a Silence to our ken !

And your nobles wear their ermine on the outside, or walk blackly

In the presence of the social law as most ignoble men.

“ Let the poets dream such dreaming ! Madam, in these British Islands,

'Tis the substance that wanes ever, 'tis the symbol that exceeds ;

Soon we shall have nought but symbol ! and for statues like this Silence,

Shall accept the rose's image—in another case, the weed's.”

“ Not so quickly !” she retorted,—“ I confess where'er you go, you

Find for things names—shows for actions, and pure gold for honor clear ;

But when all is run to symbol in the Social, I will throw
you

The world's book which now reads drily, and sit down
with Silence here."

Half in playfulness she spoke, I thought, and half in indig-
nation ;

Friends who listened laughed her words off, while her
lovers deemed her fair.

A fair woman—flushed with feeling, in her noble-lighted
station,

Near the statue's white reposing—and both bathed in
sunny air !

With the trees round, not so distant but you heard their ver-
nal murmur,

And beheld in light and shadow the leaves in and outward
move ;

And the little fountain leaping toward the sun-heart to be
warmer,

And recoiling in a tremble from the too much light above.

'Tis a picture for remembrance ! and thus, morning after
morning,

Did I follow as she drew me by the spirit to her feet—

Why, her greyhound followed also ! dogs—we both were
dogs for scorning—

To be sent back when she pleased it and her path lay
through the wheat.

And thus, morning after morning, spite of vows and spite of
sorrow,

Did I follow at her drawing, while the week-days passed
along ;

Just to feed the swans this noontide, or to see the fawns to-
morrow,

Or to teach the hill-side echo some sweet Tuscan in a
song.

Ay, for sometimes on the hill-side, while we sat down in the
 gowans,
 With the forest green behind us, and its shadow cast
 before ;
 And the river running under, and across it from the
 rowans
 A brown partridge whirring near us, till we felt the air it
 bore—

There, obedient to her praying, did I read aloud the poems
 Made by Tuscan flutes, or instruments more various of our
 own ;
 Read the pastoral parts of Spenser—or the subtle interflow-
 ings
 Found in Petrarch's sonnets—here's the book—the leaf is
 folded down !—

Or at times a modern volume,—Wordsworth's solemn-
 thoughted idyl,
 Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,—
 Or from Browning some " Pomegranate," which, if cut deep
 down the middle,
 Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined human-
 ity.

Or at times I read there, hoarsely, some new poem of my
 making—
 Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to their
 worth,—
 For the echo in you breaks upon the words which you are
 speaking,
 And the chariot-wheels jar in the gate through which you
 drive them forth.

After, when we were grown tired of books, the silence round
 us flinging
 A slow arm of sweet compression, felt with beatings at
 the breast,

She would break out on a sudden in a gush of woodland
singing,
Like a child's emotion in a god—a naiad tired of rest.

Oh, to see or hear her singing! scarce I know which is
divinest—
For her looks sing too—she modulates her gestures on the
tune ;
And her mouth stirs with the song, like song ; and when the
notes are finest,
'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal light and seem to swell
them on.

Then we talked—oh, how we talked ! her voice, so cadenced
in the talking,
Made another singing—of the soul ! a music without
bars—
While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where
we were walking,
Brought interposition worthy sweet—as skies about the
stars.

And she spake such good thoughts natural, as if she always
thought them—
And had sympathies so rapid, open, free as bird on branch ;
Just as ready to fly east as west, whichever way besought
them,
In the birchen wood a chirrup, or a cock-crow in the
grange.

In her utmost lightness there is truth—and often she speaks
lightly,
Has a grace in being gay, which even mournful souls
approve ;
For the root of some grave earnest thought is under-struck
so rightly,
As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers above.

And she talked on—*we* talked, rather ! upon all things—sub-
stance—shadow—

Of the sheep that browsed the grasses—of the reapers in
the corn—

Of the little children from the schools, seen winding through
the meadow—

Of the poor rich world beyond them, still kept poorer by
its scorn.

So of men and so of letters—books are men of higher stat-
ure,

And the only men that speak aloud for future times to
hear ;

So, of mankind in the abstract, which grows slowly into
nature,

Yet will lift the cry of “progress,” as it trod from sphere
to sphere !

And her custom was to praise me when I said,—“The Age
culls simples,

With a broad clown’s back turned broadly to the glory of
the stars :

We are gods by our own reckoning,—and may well shut up
the temples,

And wield on, amid the incense-steam, the thunder of our
cars.

“For we throw out acclamations of self-thanking, self-admir-
ing,

With, at every mile run faster,—‘O the wondrous, won-
drous age !’

Little thinking if we work our SOULS as nobly as our iron,
Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pilgrim-
age.

“Why, what *is* this patient entrance into nature’s deep resources,
But the child’s most gradual learning to walk upright without bane ?
When we drive out from the cloud of steam majestic white horses,
Are we greater than the first men who led black ones by the mane ?

“If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the stars in rising,
If we wrapped the globe intensely with one hot electric breath,
’Twere but power within our *tether*—no new spirit-power comprising
And in life we were not greater men, nor bolder men in death.”

She was patient with my talking ; and I loved her—loved her, certes,
As I loved all Heavenly objects, with uplifted eyes and hands !
As I loved pure inspirations—loved the graces, loved the virtues,
In a Love content with writing his own name on desert sands.

Or at least I thought so purely !—thought no idiot Hope was raising
Any crown to crown Love’s silence—silent Love that sat alone—
Out, alas ! the stag is like me—he, that tries to go on grazing
With the great deep gun-wound in his neck,—then reels with sudden moan !

It was thus I reeled ! I told you that her hand had many
 suitors ;
 But she smiles them down imperially, as Venus did the
 waves :
 And with such a gracious coldness that they cannot press
 their futures
 On the present of her courtesy, which yieldingly enslaves.

And this morning, as I sat alone within the inner chamber,
 With the great saloon beyond it, lost in pleasant thought
 serene—
 For I had been reading Camoens—that poem you remem-
 ber,
 Which his lady's eyes are praised in, as the sweetest ever
 seen.

And the book lay open, and my thought flew from it, taking
 from it
 A vibration and impulsion to an end beyond its own,
 As the branch of a green osier, when a child would over-
 come it,
 Springs up freely from his claspings and goes swinging in
 the sun.

As I mused I heard a murmur,—it grew deep as it grew
 longer—
 Speakers using earnest language—"Lady Geraldine, you
would !"
 And I heard a voice that pleaded ever on in accents stronger,
 As a sense of reason gave it power to make its rhetoric
 good.

Well I knew that voice—it was an earl's, of soul that matched
 his station—
 Soul completed into lordship—might and right read on his
 brow :

Very finely courteous—far too proud to doubt his domination

Of the common people,—he atones for grandeur by a bow.

High straight forehead, nose of eagle, cold blue eyes, of less expression

Than resistance, coldly casting off the looks of other men,
As steel, arrows,—inelastic lips, which seem to taste possession,

And be cautious lest the common air should injure or distract.

For the rest, accomplished, upright—ay, and standing by his order

With a bearing not ungraceful ; fond of art, and letters too ;

Just a good man made a proud man,—as the sandy rocks that border

A wild coast, by circumstances, in a regnant ebb and flow.

Thus I knew that voice—I heard it—and I could not help the hearkening :

In the room I stood up blindly, and my burning heart within

Seemed to seethe and fuse my senses, till they ran on all sides darkening,

And scorched, weighed like melted metal round my feet that stood therein.

And that voice, I heard it pleading, for love's sake—for wealth, position,

For the sake of liberal uses, and great actions to be done—

And she interrupted gently, “Nay, my lord, the old tradition
Of your Normans, by some worthier hand than mine is,
should be won.”

“Ah, that white hand,” he said quickly,—and in his he either
 drew it,
 Or attempted—for with gravity and instance she re-
 plied—
 “Nay, indeed, my lord, this talk is vain, and we had best
 eschew it,
 And pass on like friends, to other points less easy to de-
 cide.”

What he said again, I know not. It is likely that his trou-
 ble
 Worked his pride up to the surface, for she answered in
 slow scorn—
 “And your lordship judges rightly. Whom I marry shall be
 noble,
 Ay, and wealthy. I shall never blush to think how he was
 born.”

There, I maddened! her words stung me! Life swept
 through me into fever,
 And my soul sprang up astonished; sprang full-statured
 in an hour:
 Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic
 NEVER,
 To a Pythian height dilates you,—and despair sublimes to
 power?

From my brain the soul-wings budded!—waved a flame
 about my body,
 Whence conventions coiled to ashes; I felt self-drawn out
 as man,
 From amalgamate false natures; and I saw the skies grow
 ruddy
 With the deepening feet of angels, and I knew what spirits
 can!

I was mad—inspired—say either ! anguish worketh inspiration—

Was a man or beast—perhaps so ; for the tiger roars when speared ;

And I walked on, step by step, along the level of my passion—

Oh my soul !—and passed the doorway to her face, and never feared !

He had left her,—peradventure, when my footstep proved my coming—

But for *her*—she half arose, then sat—grew scarlet and grew pale :

Oh she trembled !—'tis so always with a worldly man or woman

In the presence of true spirits—what else *can* they do but quail ?

Oh she fluttered like a tame bird in among its forest brothers

Far too strong for it ! then drooping, bowed her face upon her hands—

And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal truths of her and others !

I, she planted in the desert, swathed her, windlike, with my sands !

I plucked up her social fictions, bloody-rooted though leaf-verdant,

Trod them down with words of shaming,—all the purple and the gold,

All the “ landed stakes ” and lordships—all that spirits pure and ardent

Are cast out of love and honor because chancing not to hold !

“For myself I do not argue,” said I, “though I love you,
 madam ;
 But for better souls that nearer to the height of yours have
 trod ;
 And this age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to
 Adam,
 Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.

“Yet, O God,” I said, “O Grave,” I said, “O mother’s heart
 and bosom,
 With whom first and last are equal, saint and corpse and
 little child !
 We are fools to your deductions, in these figments of heart-
 closing !
 We are traitors to your causes, in these sympathies de-
 filed !

“Learn more reverence, madam, not for rank or wealth—
that needs no learning ;
That comes quickly—quick as sin does, ay, and culminates
 to sin ;
 But for Adam’s seed, MAN ! Trust me, ’tis a clay above your
 scorning,
 With God’s image stamped upon it, and God’s kindling
 breath within !

“What right have you, madam, gazing in your palace mir-
 ror daily,
 Getting so by heart your beauty which all others must
 adore,
 While you draw the golden ringlets down your fingers, to
 vow gaily
 You will wed no man that’s only good to God,—and noth-
 ing more ?

“Why, what right have you, made fair by that same God
—the sweetest woman

Of all women He has fashioned—with your lovely spirit-
face,

Which would seem too near to vanish if its smile were not
so human,

And your voice of holy sweetness, turning common words
to grace,

“What right *can* you have, God's other works to scorn, de-
spise, revile them

In the gross, as mere men, broadly,—not as *noble* men,
forsooth,—

As mere Pariahs of the outer world, forbidden to assoil
them

In the hope of living, dying, near that sweetness of your
mouth ?

“Have you any answer, madam ? If my spirit were less
earthy,

If its instrument were gifted with a better silver string,
I would kneel down where I stand, and say—Behold me ! I
am worthy

Of thy loving, for I love thee ! I am worthy as a king.

“As it is—your ermined pride, I swear, shall feel this stain
upon her—

That *I*, poor, weak, tost with passion, scorned by me and
you again,

Love you, Madam—dare to love you—to my grief and your
dishonor—

To my endless desolation, and your impotent disdain !”

More mad words like these—more madness ! friend, I need
not write them fuller ;

And I hear my hot soul dropping on the lines in showers
of tears—

Oh, a woman ! friend, a woman ! Why, a beast had scarce
been duller
Than roar bestial loud complaints against the shining of
the spheres !

But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrating with
thunder
Which my soul had used. The silence drew her face up
like a call.
Could you guess what word she uttered ? She looked up, as
if in wonder,
With tears beaded on her lashes, and said " Bertram !"—it
was all.

If she had cursed me—and she might have—or if even, with
queenly bearing
Which at needs is used by women, she had risen up and
said,
" Sir, you are my guest, and therefore I have given you a full
hearing—
Now, beseech you, choose a name exacting somewhat less
instead"—

I had borne it !—but that " Bertram !"—why, it lies there on
the paper
A mere word, without her accent,—and you cannot judge
the weight
Of the calm which crushed my passion ! I seemed drowning
in a vapor—
And her gentleness destroyed me whom her scorn made
desolate.

So, struck backward and exhausted by that inward flow of
passion
Which had rushed on, sparing nothing, into forms of ab-
stract truth,

With a logic agonizing through unseemly demonstration,
And with youth's own anguish turning grimly gray the
hairs of youth,—

By the sense accursed and instant, that, if even I spake wisely,
I spake basely—using truth,—if what I spake indeed was
true—
To avenge wrong on a woman—*her*, who sat there weighing
nicely
A full manhood's worth, found guilty of such deeds as I
could do !—

With such wrong and wo exhausted—what I suffered and
occasioned,—
As a wild horse through a city runs with lightning in his
eyes,
And then dashing at a church's cold and passive wall, im-
passioned,
Strikes the death into his burning brain, and blindly drops
and dies—

So I fell, struck down before her !—Do you blame me, friend,
for weakness ?
'Twas my strength of passion slew me !—fell before her
like a stone ;
Fast the dreadful world rolled from me on its roaring wheels
of blackness !
When the light came I was lying in this chamber—and
alone.

Oh, of course, she charged her lacqueys to bear out the sick-
ly burden,
And to cast it from her scornful sight—but not *beyond* the
gate—

She was too kind to be cruel, and too haughty not to pardon

Such a man as I—'twere something to be level to her hate.

But for *me*—you now are conscious why, my friend, I write this letter,

How my life is read all backward, and the charm of life undone !

I shall leave her house at dawn—I would to-night, if I were better—

And I charge my soul to hold my body strengthened for the sun.

When the sun has dyed the oriel I depart with no last gazes,

No weak moanings—one word only left in writing for her hands,

Out of reach of all derision, and some unavailing praises,

To make front against this anguish in the far and foreign lands.

Blame me not, I would not squander life in grief—I am abstemious ;

I but nurse my spirit's falcon that its wings may soar again :

There's no room for tears of weakness in the blind eyes of a Phemius :

Into work the poet kneads them,—and he does not die *till then*.

CONCLUSION.

Bertram finished the last pages, while along the silence ever

Still in*hot and heavy splashes fell the tears on every leaf :

Having ended, he leans backward in his chair, with lips that
quiver
From the deep unspoken, ay, and deep unwritten thoughts
of grief.

Soh ! how still the lady standeth ! 'tis a dream !—a dream of
mercies !

'Twixt the purple lattice-curtains how she standeth still
and pale !

'Tis a vision, sure, of mercies, sent to soften his self-
curses—

Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er the tossing of his wail.

“Eyes,” he said, “now throbbing through me ! are ye eyes
that did undo me ?

Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in Parian statue-
stone !

Underneath that calm white forehead, are ye ever burning
torrid

O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and life un-
done ?”

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air, the purple cur-
tain

Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale
brows ;

While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise for
ever

Through the open casement whitened by the moonlight's
slant repose.

Said he—“Vision of a lady ! stand there silent, stand there
steady !

Now I see it plainly, plainly ; now I cannot hope or
doubt !

There, the brows of mild repression—there, the lips of silent
 passion,
 Curvèd like an archer's bow to send the bitter arrows
 out ! ”

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,
 And approached him slowly, slowly, in a gliding measured
 pace ;
 With her two white hands extended, as if praying one of-
 fended,
 And a look of supplication, gazing earnest in his face.

Said he—“ Wake me by no gesture,—sound of breath or stir
 of vesture ;
 Let the blessed apparition melt not yet to its divine !
 No approaching—hush ! no breathing ! or my heart must
 swoon to death in
 That too utter life thou bringest—O thou dream of GERALDINE ! ”

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,
 But the tears ran over lightly from her eyes, and tenderly ;
 “ Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me ? Is no woman far above
 me
 Found more worthy of thy poet-heart than such a one as
 I ? ”

Said he—“ I would dream so ever, like the flowing of that
 river,
 Flowing ever in a shadow greenly onward to the sea ;
 So, thou vision of all sweetness—princely to a full complete-
 ness,—
 Would my heart and life flow onward—deathward—
 through this dream of THEE ! ”

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,
 While the silver tears ran faster down the blushing of her
 cheeks ;
 Then with both her hands enfolding both of his, she softly
 told him,
 "Bertram, if I say I love thee, . . . 'tis the vision only
 speaks !"

Softened, quickened to adore her, on his knee he fell before
 her—
 And she whispered low in triumph—"It shall be as I have
 sworn !
 Very rich he is in virtues,—very noble—noble, certes ;
 And I shall not blush in knowing that men call him lowly
 born !"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Bertha in the Lane.

PUT the broidery-frame away,
 For my sewing is all done !
 The last thread is used to-day,
 And I need not join it on.
 Though the clock stands at the noon,
 I am weary ! I have sewn,
 Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,
 And stand near me, dearest-sweet !
 Do not shrink nor be afraid,
 Blushing with a sudden heat !
 No one standeth in the street ?—
 By God's love I go to meet,
 Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down ! drop it in
 These two hands, that I may hold
 'Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,
 Stroking back the curls of gold.
 'Tis a fair, fair face, in sooth—
 Larger eyes and redder mouth
 Than mine were in my first youth !

Thou art younger by seven years—
 Ah ! so bashful at my gaze
 That the lashes, hung with tears,
 Grow too heavy to upraise ?
 I would wound thee by no touch
 Which thy shyness feels as such—
 Dost thou mind me, dear, so much ?

Have I not been nigh a mother
 To thy sweetness ?—tell me, dear,
 Have we not loved one another
 Tenderly, from year to year ;
 Since our dying mother mild
 Said, with accents undefiled,
 " Child, be mother to this child ? "

Mother, mother, up in heaven,
 Stand up on the jasper sea,
 And be witness I have given
 All the gifts required of me ;—
 Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,
 Love that left me with a wound,
 Life itself, that turned around !

Mother, mother, thou art kind,
 Thou art standing in the room,—
 In a molten glory shrined,
 That rays off into the gloom !

But thy smile is bright and bleak,
Like cold waves—I cannot speak ;
I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof
One hour longer from my soul—
For I still am thinking of
Earth's warm-beating joy and dole !
On my finger is a ring
Which I still see glittering,
When the night hides everything.

Little sister, thou art pale !
Ah, I have a wandering brain—
But I lose that fever hale,
And my thoughts grow calm again.
Lean down closer—closer still !
I have words thine ear to fill,—
And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,
Thee and Robert—through the trees,—
When we all went gathering
Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.
Do not start so ! think, instead,
How the sunshine overhead
Seemed to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day !
Hills and vales did openly
Seem to heave and throb away,
At the sight of the great sky ;
And the silence, as it stood
In the glory's golden flood,
Audibly did bud—and bud !

Through the winding hedgerows green,
 How we wandered, I and you,—
 With the bowery tops shut in,
 And the gates that showed the view !
 How we talked there ! thrushes soft
 Sang our pauses out,—or oft
 Bleatings took them, from the croft.

Till the pleasure, grown too strong,
 Left me muter evermore ;
 And, the winding road being long,
 I walked out of sight, before ;
 And so, wrapt in musings fond,
 Issued (past the wayside pond)
 On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech
 Which leans over to the lane,
 And the far sound of your speech
 Did not promise any pain ;
 And I blessed you full and free ;
 With a smile stooped tenderly
 O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word
 As the speakers drew more near—
 Sweet, forgive me that I heard
 What you wished me not to hear.
 Do not weep so—do not shake—
 Oh,—I heard thee, Bertha, make
 Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and he too ! let him stand
 In thy thoughts, untouched by blame.
 Could he help it, if my hand
 He had claimed with hasty claim ?

That was wrong perhaps—but then
Such things be—and will, again !
Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee, when he swore
He would love but me alone ?
Thou wert absent—sent before
To our kin in Sidmouth town.
When he saw thee, who art best,
Past compare, and loveliest,
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,
Thou and I, dear, if we might ?
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds
Flying straightway to the light ;
Mine are older.—Hush !—look out—
Up the street ! Is none without ?
How the poplar swings about !

And that hour—beneath the beech—
When I listened in a dream,
And he said, in his deep speech,
That he owed me all esteem—
Each word swam in on my brain
With a dim, dilating pain,
Till it burst with that last strain.

I fell flooded with a dark,
In the silence of a swoon ;
When I rose, still, cold, and stark,
There was night,—I saw the moon ;
And the stars, each in its place,
And the May-blooms on the grass,
Seemed to wonder what I was.

And I walked as if apart
From myself, when I could stand,
And I pitied my own heart,
As if I held it in my hand,
Somewhat coldly, with a sense
Of fulfilled benevolence,
And a "Poor thing!" negligence.

And I answered coldly too,
When you met me at the door ;
And I only heard the dew
Dripping from me to the floor ;
And the flowers I bade you see
Were too withered for the bee,—
As my life, henceforth, for me.

Do not weep so—dear—heart-warm !
It was best as it befell !
If I say he did me harm,
I speak wild,—I am not well.
All his words were kind and good,—
He esteemed me ! Only blood
Runs so faint in womanhood !

Then I always was too grave,
Liked the saddest ballads sung,
With that look, besides, we have
In our faces who die young.
I had died, dear, all the same,—
Life's long, joyous, jostling game
Is too loud for my meek shame.

We are so unlike each other,
Thou and I, that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
But for mutual tenderness.

Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
And meant, verily, to hold
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows
Close beside a rose-tree's root !
Whosoe'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus underfoot ;
I like May-bloom on thorn-tree,
Thou like merry summer-bee !
Fit, that I be plucked for thee.

Yet who plucks me ?—no one mourns ;
I have lived my season out,
And now die of my own thorns,
Which I could not live without.
Sweet, be merry ! How the light
Comes and goes ! If it be night,
Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door ?
Look out quickly. Yea, or nay ?
Some one might be waiting for
Some last word that I might say.
Nay ? So best !—So angels would
Stand off clear from deathly road,
Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet,—
When I wear the shroud I made,
Let the folds lie straight and neat,
And the rosemary be spread,
That if any friend should come,
(To see thee, sweet !) all the room
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
 On my hand this little ring,
 Which at nights, when others sleep,
 I can still see glittering.
 Let me wear it out of sight,
 In the grave,—where it will light
 All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave drop not a tear !
 Else, though fathom-deep the place,
 Through the woolen shroud I wear
 I shall feel it on my face.
 Rather smile there, blessed one,
 Thinking of me in the sun,—
 Or forget me, smiling on !

Art thou near me ? nearer ? so !
 Kiss me close upon the eyes,
 That the earthly light may go
 Sweetly as it used to rise,
 When I watched the morning gray
 Strike, betwixt the hills, the way
 He was sure to come that day.

So—no more vain words be said !
 The hosannas nearer roll—
 Mother, smile now on thy dead,—
 I am death-strong in my soul !
 Mystic Dove, alit on cross,
 Guide the poor bird of the snows
 Through the snow-wind above loss !

Jesus, victim, comprehending
 Love's divine self-abnegation,
 Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
 And absorb the poor libation !

Wind my thread of life up higher,
 Up through angels' hands of fire!—
 I aspire while I expire!—

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The Day-Dream.

THE SLEEPING PALACE.

THE varying year with blade and sheaf
 Clothes and re-clothes the happy plains ;
 Here rests the sap within the leaf ;
 Here stays the blood along the veins.
 Faint shadows, vapors lightly curled,
 Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
 Like hints and echoes of the world
 To spirits folded in the womb.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
 On every slanting terrace-lawn ;
 The fountain to his place returns,
 Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.
 Here droops the banner on the tower,
 On the hall-hearths the festal fires,
 The peacock in his laurel bower,
 The parrot in his gilded wires.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs ;
 In these, in those the life is stayed.
 The mantles from the golden pegs
 Droop sleepily. No sound is made—
 Not even of a gnat that sings.
 More like a picture seemeth all,
 Than those old portraits of old kings
 That watch the sleepers from the wall.

Here sits the butler with a flask
 Between his knees, half-drained ; and there
The wrinkled steward at his task ;
 The maid-of-honor blooming fair,
The page has caught her hand in his ;
 Her lips are severed as to speak ;
His own are pouted to a kiss ;
 The blush is fixed upon her cheek.

Till all the hundred summers pass,
 The beams, that through the oriel shine,
Make prisms in every carven glass,
 And beaker brimmed with noble wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps ;
 Grave faces gathered in a ring.
His state the king reposing keeps :
 He must have been a jolly king.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
 At distance like a little wood ;
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
 And grapes with bunches red as blood ;
All creeping plants, a wall of green
 Close-matted, burr and brake and briar,
And glimpsing over these, just seen,
 High up, the topmost palace-spire.

When will the hundred summers die,
 And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
 Bring truth that sways the soul of men ?
Here all things in their place remain,
 As all were ordered, ages since.
Come Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
 And bring the fated fairy Prince !

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

YEAR after year, unto her feet,
She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purple coverlet,
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl ;
The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould,
Languidly ever ; and, amid
Her full black ringlets, downward rolled,
Gloweth forth each softly-shadowed arm,
With bracelets of the diamond bright.
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps ; her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps ; on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow, lightly prest ;
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE ARRIVAL.

ALL precious things, discovered late,
To those that seek them issue forth ;
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.
He travels far from other skies—
His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those
 That strove in other days to pass,
 Are withered in the thorny close,
 Or scattered blanching in the grass.
 He gazes on the silent dead :
 "They perished in their daring deeds."
 This proverb flashes through his head :
 "The many fail ; the one succeeds."

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks.
 He breaks the hedge ; he enters there ;
 The color flies into his cheeks ;
 He trusts to light on something fair ;
 For all his life the charm did talk
 About his path, and hover near
 With words of promise in his walk,
 And whispered voices in his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind ;
 The magic music in his heart
 Beats quick and quicker, till he find
 The quiet chamber far apart.
 His spirit flutters like a lark,
 He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee :
 "Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
 How dark those hidden eyes must be !"

THE REVIVAL.

A TOUCH, a kiss ! the charm was snapt.
 There rose a noise of striking clocks,
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks ;
 A fuller light illumined all ;
 A breeze through all the garden swept ;
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall ;
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
 The butler drank, the steward scrawled,
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,
 The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled ;
 The maid and page renewed their strife ;
 The palace banged, and buzzed and clackt ;
 And all the long-pent stream of life
 Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,
 And in his chair himself upreared,
 And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke ;
 " By holy rood, a royal beard !
 How say you ? we have slept, my lords ;
 My beard has grown into my lap."
 The barons swore, with many words,
 'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

" Pardy !" returned the king, " but still
 My joints are something stiff or so.
 My lord, and shall we pass the bill
 I mentioned half an hour ago ?"
 The chancellor, sedate and vain,
 In courteous words returned reply ;
 But dallied with his golden chain,
 And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
 And round her waist she felt it fold ;
 And far across the hills they went
 In that new world which is the old.
 Across the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 And deep into the dying day,
 The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
 O love, for such another kiss!"
 "O wake for ever, love," she hears,
 "O love, 'twas such as this and this."
 And o'er them many a sliding star,
 And many a merry wind was borne,
 And, streamed through many a golden bar,
 The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
 "O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
 "O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
 "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
 And o'er them many a flowing range
 Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark;
 And, rapt through many a rosy change,
 The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
 And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
 "O seek my father's court with me,
 For there are greater wonders there."
 And o'er the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Through all the world she followed him.
ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ulysses.

IT little profits that, an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed

Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honored of them all ;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
 Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
 Forever and forever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use !
 As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and through soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail :
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,

Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with
me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old.
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something, ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides ; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Lord of Burleigh.

IN her ear he whispers gayly,
“If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well.”
She replies, in accents fainter,
“There is none I love like thee.”
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.

He to lips that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof :
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
"I can make no marriage present ;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."
They, by parks and lodges going,
See the lordly castles stand ;
Summer winds, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes, by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers ;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer :
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly !
He shall have a cheerful home ;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns,
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before :

Many a gallant gay domestic
 Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
 When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
 Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
 Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
 “ All of this is mine and thine.”
Here he lives in state and bounty,
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
 Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the color flushes
 Her sweet face from brow to chin ;
As it were with shame she blushes,
 And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
 Pale again as death did prove ;
But he clasped her like a lover,
 And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
 Though at times her spirits sank :
Shaped her heart with woman’s meekness
 To all duties of her rank :
And a gentle consort made he,
 And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
 And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
 And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honor
 Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
 As she murmured, “ O, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
 Which did win my heart from me ! ”

So she drooped and drooped before him,
 Fading slowly from his side :
 Three fair children first she bore him,
 Then before her time she died.
 Weeping, weeping late and early,
 Walking up and pacing down,
 Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
 Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
 And he came to look upon her,
 And he looked at her and said,
 " Bring the dress and put it on her,
 That she wore when she was wed."
 Then her people, softly treading,
 Bore to earth her body, drest
 In the dress that she was wed in,
 That her spirit might have rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ænone.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
 The long brook falling through the cloven ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
 Stands up and takes the morning : but in front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas and Ilion's columned citadel,
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
 Mournful Ænone, wandering forlorn

Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
 Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
 Sloped downward to her seat in the upper cliff.

“O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 For now the noonday quiet holds the hill :
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
 The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
 Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps :
 The purple flowers droop : the golden bee
 Is lily-cradled : I alone awake.
 My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love ;
 My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
 And I am all aweary of my life.

“O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
 That house the cold-crowned snake ! O mountain brooks,
 I am the daughter of a River-God :
 Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
 My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
 Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
 A cloud that gathered shape : for it may be
 That, while I speak of it, a little while
 My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

“O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 I waited underneath the dawning hills.
 Aloft, the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
 And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine :
 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
 Leading a jet-black goat white-horned, white-hooved,
 Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

“O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Far-off the the torrent called me from the cleft :
 Far up the solitary morning smote
 The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
 I sat alone : white-breasted like a star
 Fronting the dawn, he moved : a leopard skin
 Drooped from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
 Clustered about his temples like a God's ;
 And his cheek brightened as the foam-bow brightens
 When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
 Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
 Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
 That smelt ambrosially, and while I looked
 And listened, the full flowing river of speech
 Came down upon my heart.

“ ‘My own Ænone,
 Beautiful-browed Ænone, my own soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind engraven
 “For the most fair,” would seem to award it thine,
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows.’

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
 And added, ‘This was cast upon the board,
 When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus ; whereupon
 Rose feud, with question unto whom ’twere due :
 But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
 Delivering, that to me, by common voice
 Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
 Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each

This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave,
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
 Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 It was the deep midnight : one silvery cloud
 Had lost his way between the piny sides
 Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
 Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
 And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
 Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
 Lotus and lilies : and a wind arose,
 And overhead the wandering ivy vine,
 This way and that, in many a wild festoon
 Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
 With bunch and berry and flower through and through.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
 And o'er him flowed a golden cloud, and leaned
 Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
 Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
 Coming through Heaven, like a light that grows
 Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
 Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
 Proffer of royal power, ample rule
 Unquestioned, overflowing revenue
 Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
 And river-sundered champaign clothed with corn,
 Or labored mines undrainable of ore.
 Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax, and toll,
 From many an inland town and haven large,
 Mast-thronged beneath her shadowing citadel
 In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Still she spake on and still she spake of power,

‘Which in all action is the end of all ;
 Power fitted to the season ; wisdom-bred
 And throned of wisdom—from all neighbor crowns
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
 Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
 From me, Heaven’s Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
 A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-born,
 Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
 Only, are likest gods, who have attained
 Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss
 In knowledge of their own supremacy.’

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
 Out at arm’s-length, so much the thought of power
 Flattered his spirit ; but Pallas where she stood
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
 O’erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

“‘Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,
 Acting the law we live by without fear ;
 And, because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.’

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Again she said : ‘I woo thee not with gifts.
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
 So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
 If, gazing on divinity disrobed,
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
 Unbiased by self-profit, oh ! rest thee sure
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
 So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
 To push thee forward through a life of shocks,
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
 Sinewed with action, and the full-grown will,
 Circled through all experiences, pure law,
 Commeasure perfect freedom.'

“Here she ceased,
 And Paris pondered, and I cried, ‘O Paris,
 Give it to Pallas !’ but he heard me not,
 Or hearing would not hear me ! wo is me !

“O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
 With rosy slender fingers backward drew
 From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
 Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
 And shoulder : from the violets her light foot
 Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
 Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
 Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
 The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
 Half-whispered in his ear, ‘I promise thee
 The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.’
 She spoke and laughed : I shut my sight for fear :
 But when I looked, Paris had raised his arm,
 And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,

As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
 And I was left alone within the bower ;
 And from that time to this I am alone,
 And I shall be alone until I die.

“ Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Fairest—why fairest wife ? am I not fair ?
 My love hath told me so a thousand times.
 Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
 When I passed by, a wild and wanton pard,
 Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
 Crouched fawning in the weed. Most loving is she ?
 Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
 Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
 Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
 Of fruitful kisses, thick as autumn rains
 Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

“ O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
 My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
 High over the blue gorge, and all between
 The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
 Fostered the callow eaglet—from beneath
 Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
 The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
 Low in the valley. Never, never more
 Shall lone Ænone see the morning mist
 Sweep through them ; never see them overlaid
 With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
 Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

“ O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 I wish that somewhere in the ruined folds,
 Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
 Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
 The Abominable, that uninvited came

Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change ; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

“ O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Even on this hand, and sitting on this stone ?
Sealed it with kisses ? watered it with tears ?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these !
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face ?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight ?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live :
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within ;
Weigh heavy on my eyelids : let me die.

“ O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born : her child ! a shudder comes
Across me : never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes !

“ O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth ! I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me

Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

ALFRED TENNYSON.



*Ode on the Death of the Duke of
Wellington.*

I.

BURY the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones forevermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,

And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow ;
 The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
 Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is dead :
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
 Great in council and great in war,
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew,
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fallen at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
 Such was he whom we deplore.
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V.

All is over and done :
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son.
 Let the bell be tolled.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold

That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest forever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be tolled :
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with his blazoned deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be tolled :
And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled
Through the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom,
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom ;
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-tempered frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

VI.

Who is he that cometh like an honored guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
Mighty seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine ; he kept us free.
O give him welcome, this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun ;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labored rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown

On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dashed on every rocky square,
Their surging charges foamed themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Through the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray.
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And through the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.

VII.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret

To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control :
 O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind,
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
 Remember him who led your hosts ;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall :
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 Forever ; and whatever tempests lower,
 Forever silent ; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent : yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor paltered with Eternal God for power ;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
 Through either babbling world of high and low ;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
 Who never spoke against a foe ;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,

Followed by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honor showered all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that, ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory ;
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see :
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere.
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane :
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will :
Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :

The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
 He is gone who seemed so great.—
 Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in state,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 But speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.
 God accept him, Christ receive him !

ALFRED TENNYSON.



From In Memoriam.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain ; a favorable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thou comest, much wept for ; such a breeze
Compelled thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

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

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

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

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

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

And we with singing cheered the way,
And crowned with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May ;

But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man ;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who trusted God was love indeed,
 And love Creation's final law,—
 Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravin, shrieked against his creed,—

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
 Who battled for the True, the Just,
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or sealed within the iron hills ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long :
Thou dost expectant nature wrong ;
Delaying long, delay no more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who throve and branched from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he types this work of time

Within himself, from more to more ;
And crowned with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not an idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom

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

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Gray Forest Eagle.

WITH storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
 The Gray Forest Eagle is king of the sky !
 Oh, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
 Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours :
 For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
 But rippling of waters and waving of trees ;
 There the red-robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
 The timid quail whistles, the shy partridge drums ;
 And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,
 There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song ;
 The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,
 And there's nought but his shadow black gliding across ;
 But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the
 roam
 Of the fierce, rocky torrent, he claims as his home :
 There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,
 And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood ;
 From the fir's lofty summit, where morn hangs its wreath,
 He views the mad waters white writhing beneath.
 On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock, far down,
 With bright azure mantle, and gay mottled crown,
 The kingfisher watches, while o'er him his foe,
 The hawk saileth circling, each moment more low ;
 Now poised are those pinions and pointed that beak,
 His dread swoop is ready, when—hark ! with a shriek,
 His eyeballs red-blazing, high bristling his crest,
 His snake-like neck arched, talons drawn to his breast,—

With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,
The Gray Forest Eagle shoots down in his flight !
One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,
The hawk hangs all lifeless, a blood-dripping wreck ;
And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like on high,
With his prey soars the Eagle, and melts in the sky.
A fitful red glaring, a low rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm Demon yet raging afar.
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,
And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread ;
A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair.
The lightning darts zigzag and forked through the gloom,
And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom ;
The Gray Forest Eagle, where, where has he sped ?
Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread ?
Does the glare blind his eye ? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the Sky-King a fear-fetter cast ?
No, no, the brave Eagle ! he thinks not of fright ;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight ;
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away !
Away, O away, soars the fearless and free !
What recks he the sky's strife ?—its monarch is he !
The lightning darts round him—undaunted his sight ;
The blast sweeps against him—unwavered his flight :
High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form
Is lost in the black, scowling gloom of the storm.
The tempest sweeps o'er with its terrible train,
And the splendor of sunshine is glowing again ;
Again smiles the soft, tender blue of the sky,
Waked bird-voices warble, fanned leaf-voices sigh ;
On the green grass dance shadows, streams sparkle and run,
The breeze bears the odor its flower-kiss has won,
And full on the form of the Demon in flight
The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight !

The Gray Forest Eagle ! oh, where is he now,
 While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow ?
 There's a dark, floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,
 With the speed of the arrow 'tis shooting beneath ;
 Down, nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,
 Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze :
 To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,
 A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad pinion are there !
 'Tis the Eagle—the Gray Forest Eagle—once more
 He sweeps to his eyrie ; his journey is o'er !

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,
 But the Gray Forest Eagle minds little his sway ;
 The child spurns its buds for Youth's thorn-hidden bloom,
 Seeks Manhood's bright phantoms, finds Age and a tomb ;
 But the Eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !

The green tiny pine-shrub points up from the moss,
 The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across ;
 The beech-nut down dropping, would crush it beneath,
 But 'tis warmed with heaven's sunshine, and fanned by its
 breath ;
 The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,
 Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky ;
 On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates,
 And the deer from his antlers the velvet-down grates.
 Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air
 A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagged and bare,
 Till it rocks in the breeze and then crashes to earth,
 Its brown fragments strewing the place of its birth.
 The Eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight,
 He has seen it defying the storm in its might,
 Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting o'er ;—
 But the Gray Forest Eagle is still as of yore.
 His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !

He has seen from his eyrie the forest below
In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow ;
The thickets, deep wolf-lairs, the high crag his throne,
And the shriek of the panther has answered his own.
He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,
And the smokes of his wigwams curled thick in the glades ;
He has seen the proud forest melt, breath-like, away,
And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day ;
He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,
And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air ;
And his shriek is now answered, while sweeping along,
By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song ;
He has seen the wild red man swept off by his foes,
And he sees dome and roof where those smokes once arose ;
But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !

An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,
Is the Gray Forest Eagle, that king of the sky !
It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth—
By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth,
There, rocked by the wild wind, baptized in the foam,
It is guarded and cherished, and there is its home !
When its shadow steals black o'er the empires of kings,
Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror it brings ;
Where wicked oppression is armed for the weak,
There rustles its pinion, there echoes its shriek ;
Its eye flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way,
And its talons are bathed in the blood of its prey.

Oh, that Eagle of Freedom ! when cloud upon cloud
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud ;
When lightnings gleamed fiercely, and thunderbolts rung,
How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung !
Though the wild blast of battle swept fierce through the air,
With darkness and dread, still the Eagle was there :
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,
Till the rainbow of Peace crowned the victory won.

Oh, that Eagle of Freedom ! age dims not his eye,
 He has seen Earth's mortality spring, bloom, and die !
 He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish, and fall,
 He mocks at Time's changes, he triumphs o'er all ;
 He has seen our own land with wild forests o'erspread,
 He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head ;
 And his presence will bless this his own chosen clime,
 Till the Archangel's fiat is set upon Time.

ALFRED B. STREET.

The Statue and the Bust.

THERE'S a palace in Florence the world knows well,
 And a statue watches it from the square ;
 And this story of both do the townsmen tell.

Ages ago, a lady there,
 At the furthest window facing the east,
 Asked, " Who rides by with the royal air ? "

The bridesmaids' prattle around her ceased ;
 She leaned forth, one on either hand ;
 They saw how the blush of the bride increased—

They felt by its beats her heart expand—
 As one at each ear and both in a breath
 Whispered, " The Great Duke Ferdinand."

That self-same instant, underneath,
 The Duke rode past in his idle way,
 Empty and fine, like a swordless sheath.

Gay he rode, with a friend as gay,
 Till he threw his head back—" Who is she ? "
 —" A bride the Riccardi brings home to-day."

Hair in heaps laid heavily
Over a pale brow spirit-pure,
Carved like the heart of the coal-black tree,

Crisped like a war-steed's encolure—
Which vainly sought to dissemble her eyes
Of the blackest black our eyes endure.

And lo ! a blade for a knight's emprise
Filled the fine empty sheath of a man,—
The Duke grew straightway brave and wise.

He looked at her, as a lover can ;
She looked at him, as one who awakes,—
The past was a sleep, and her life began.

As love so ordered for both their sakes,
A feast was held that self-same night
In the pile which the mighty shadow makes.

(For Via Larga is three-parts light,
But the Palace overshadows one,
Because of a crime which may God requite !

To Florence and God the wrong was done,
Through the first republic's murder there
By Cosimo and his cursed son.)

The Duke (with the statue's face in the square)
Turned, in the midst of his multitude,
At the bright approach of the bridal pair.

Face to face the lovers stood,
A single minute and no more,
While the bridegroom bent as a man subdued—

Bowed till his bonnet brushed the floor—
For the Duke on the lady a kiss conferred,
As the courtly custom was of yore.

In a minute can lovers exchange a word ?
 If a word did pass, which I do not think,
 Only one out of the thousand heard.

That was the bridegroom. At day's brink,
 He and his bride were alone at last,
 In a bed-chamber by a taper's blink.

Calmly he said that her lot was cast,
 That the door she had passed was shut on her
 Till the final catafalk repassed.

The world meanwhile, its noise and stir,
 Through a certain window facing the east
 She might watch like a convent's chronicler.

Since passing the door might lead to a feast,
 And a feast might lead to so much beside,
 He, of many evils chose the least.

"Freely I choose, too," said the bride ;
 "Your window and its world suffice."
 So replied the tongue, while the heart replied—

"If I spend the night with that devil twice,
 May his window serve as my loop of hell
 Whence a damned soul looks on Paradise !

"I fly to the Duke who loves me well,
 Sit by his side and laugh at sorrow
 Ere I count another ave-bell.

"'Tis only the coat of a page to borrow,
 And tie my hair in a horse-boy's trim,
 And I save my soul—but not to-morrow"—

(She checked herself and her eye grew dim)—
 "My father tarries to bless my state :
 I must keep it one day more for him.

“Is one day more so long to wait!
Moreover, the Duke rides past I know—
We shall see each other, sure as fate.”

She turned on her side and slept. Just so!
So we resolve on a thing and sleep—
So did the lady, ages ago.

That night the Duke said, “Dear or cheap
As the cost of this cup of bliss may prove
To body or soul, I will drain it deep.”

And on the morrow, bold with love,
He beckoned the bridegroom (close on call,
As his duty bade, by the Duke’s alcove)

And smiled, “’Twas a very funeral,
Your lady will think, this feast of ours,—
A shame to efface, whate’er befall!

“What if we break from the Arno bowers,
And let Petraja, cool and green,
Cure last night’s fault with this morning’s flowers?”

The bridegroom, not a thought to be seen
On his steady brow and quiet mouth,
Said, “Too much favor for me so mean!

“Alas! my lady leaves the south.
Each wind that comes from the Apennine
Is a menace to her tender youth.

“No way exists, the wise opine,
If she quits her palace twice this year,
To avert the flower of life’s decline.”

Quoth the Duke, “A sage and a kindly fear,
Moreover, Petraja is cold this spring—
Be our feast to-night as usual here!”

And then to himself—"Which night shall bring
Thy bride to her lover's embraces, fool—
Or I am the fool, and thou art his king !

"Yet my passion must wait a night, nor cool—
For to night the Envoy arrives from France,
Whose heart I unlock with thyself, my tool.

"I need thee still and might miss, perchance.
To-day is not wholly lost, beside,
With its hope of my lady's countenance—

"For I ride—what should I do but ride ?
And passing her palacè, if I list,
May glance at its window—well betide !"

So said, so done ; nor the lady missed
One ray that broke from the ardent brow,
Nor a curl of the lips where the spirit kissed.

Be sure that each renewed the vow—
No morrow's sun should arise and set,
And leave them then as it left them now.

But next day passed, and next day yet,
With still fresh cause to wait one more
Ere each leaped over the parapet.

And still, as love's brief morning wore,
With a gentle start, half smile, half sigh,
They found love not as it seemed before.

They thought it would work infallibly,
But not in despite of heaven and earth—
The rose would blow when the storm passed by.

Meantime they could profit in winter's dearth
By winter's fruits that supplant the rose.
The world and its ways have a certain worth ;

And to press a point while these oppose
Were a simple policy—best wait,
And lose no friends and gain no foes.

Meanwhile worse fates than a lover's fate
Who daily may ride, and lean, and look,
Where his lady watches behind the grate !

And she—she watched the square like a book,
Holding one picture and only one,
Which daily to find she undertook.

When the picture was reached the book was done,
And she turned from it all night to scheme
Of tearing it out for herself next sun.

Weeks grew months, years—gleam by gleam
The glory dropped from youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream.

Which hovered as dreams do, still above,—
But who can take a dream for truth ?
O, hide our eyes from the next remove !

One day, as the lady saw her youth
Depart, and the silver thread that streaked
Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so peaked,—
And wondered who the woman was,
So hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

Fronting her silent in the glass—
"Summon here," she suddenly said,
"Before the rest of my old self pass,

"Him, the carver, a hand to aid,
Who moulds the clay no love will change,
And fixes a beauty never to fade.

“ Let Robbia’s craft, so apt and strange,
Arrest the remains of young and fair,
And rivet them while the seasons range.

“ Make me a face on the window there
Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square !

“ And let me think that it may beguile
Dreary days which the dead must spend
Down in their darkness under the aisle,

“ To say,—‘ What matters at the end ?
I did no more while my heart was warm,
Than does that image, my pale-faced friend.’

“ Where is the use of the lip’s red charm,
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm—

“ Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine ?
A lady of clay is as good, I trow.”

But long ere Robbia’s cornice, fine
With flowers and fruits which leaves enlace,
Was set where now is the empty shrine—

(With, leaning out of a bright blue space,
As a ghost might from a chink of sky,
The passionate pale lady’s face—

Eyeing ever with earnest eye,
And quick-turned neck at its breathless stretch;
Some one who ever passes by—)

The Duke sighed like the simplest wretch
In Florence : “ So, my dream escapes !
Will its record stay ? ” And he bade them fetch

Some subtle fashioner of shapes—
“Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
Ere his body find the grave that gapes?”

“John of Douay shall work my plan,
Mould me on horseback here aloft,
Alive—(the subtle artisan !)

“In the very square I cross so oft !
That men may admire, when future suns
Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft—

“While the mouth and the brow are brave in bronze—
Admire and say, ‘When he was alive,
How he would take his pleasure once !’

“And it shall go hard but I contrive
To listen meanwhile, and laugh in my tomb
At indolence which aspires to strive.”

So ! while these wait the trump of doom,
How do their spirits pass, I wonder,
Nights and days in the narrow room ?

Still, I suppose, they sit and ponder
What a gift life was, ages ago,
Six steps out of the chapel yonder.

Surely they see not God, I know,
Nor all that chivalry of His,
The soldier-saints who, row on row,

Burn upward each to his point of bliss—
Since, the end of life being manifest,
He had cut his way thro' the world to this.

I hear your reproach—" But delay was best,
For their end was a crime!"—O, a crime will do
As well, I reply, to serve for a test,

As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself
And prove its worth at a moment's view.

Must a game be played for the sake of pelf?
Where a button goes, 'twere an epigram
To offer the stamp of the very Guelph :

The true has no value beyond the sham ;
As well the counter as coin, I submit,
When your table's a hat, and your prize, a dram.

Stake your counter as boldly every whit,
Venture as truly, use the same skill,
Do your best, whether winning or losing it,

If you choose to play—is my principle !
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will !

The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin ;
And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost.

Was the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a crime, I say.
You of the virtue, (we issue join)
How strive you? *De te, fabula!*

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

I.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city ;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
 But when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats !
 They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking :
 " 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy ;
 . And as for our Corporation—shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin !
 You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease ?

Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sate in counsel—
 At length the Mayor broke silence :
 " For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
 I wish I were a mile hence !
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again,
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !"
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
 " Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what's that ?"
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little, though wondrous fat ;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
 For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous,)
 " Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !"

V.

" Come in !" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
 And in did come the strangest figure !
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;
 And he himself was tall and thin ;
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin ;
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin ;
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,

But lips where smiles went out and in—
 There was no guessing his kith and kin !
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire.
 Quoth one : “ It’s as my great-grandsire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tombstone ! ”

VI.

He advanced to the council-table :
 And, “ Please your honours,” said he, “ I’m able,
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw !
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm—
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper—
 And people call me the Pied Piper.”
 (And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same check ;
 And at the scarf’s end hung a pipe ;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 “ Yet,” said he, “ poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats ;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats ;
 And, as for what your brain bewilders—
 If I can rid your town of rats,
 Will you give me a thousand guilders ? ”
 “ One ? fifty thousand ! ”—was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while ;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered ;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers ;
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished
 —Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary,
 Which was : “ At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press’s gripe—
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;

And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havock
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty ;
 A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !”

X.

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
 “No trifling ! I can't wait ! beside,
 I've promised to visit by dinner time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
 With him I proved no bargain-driver ;
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion.”

XI.

“How ?” cried the Mayor, “d'ye think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a cook ?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
 You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst !”

XII.

Once more he stept into the street ;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering ;
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.
“ He never can cross that mighty top !
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop ! ”
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed ;
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all ? No ! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way !
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me;
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And everything was strange and new;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were born with eagles' wings;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more!"

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's gate
 Opes to the rich at as easy a rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
 The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
 To offer the piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
 But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
 And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly

If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear,
 " And so long after what happened here

On the Twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six :"
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat
 They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the Great Church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away ;
 And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people, that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterranean prison,
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago, in a mighty band,
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers :
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
 If we promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

One Word More.

TO E. B. B.

I.

THERE they are, my fifty men and women
 Naming me the fifty poems finished!
 Take them, Love, the book and me together.
 Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

II.

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
 Made and wrote them in a certain volume
 Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
 Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
 These, the world might view—but One, the volume.
 Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
 Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
 Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
 Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
 Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
 Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
 Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
 Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

III.

You and I would rather read that volume,
 (Taken to his beating bosom by it)
 Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
 Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas—
 Her, San Sisto named, and Her, Foligno,
 Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
 Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—
 Seen by us and all the world in circle.

IV.

You and I will never read that volume.
 Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
 Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.
 Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
 Cried, and the world with it, "Ours—the treasure!"
 Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

V.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
 Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."
 While he mused and traced it and retraced it,
 (Peradventure with a pen corroded
 Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
 When, his left-hand in the hair o' the wicked,
 Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
 Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
 Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,
 Let the wretch go festering through Florence)—
 Dante, who loved well because he hated,
 Hated wickedness, that hinders loving,
 Dante standing, studying his angel,—
 In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
 Says he—"Certain people of importance"
 (Such he gave his daily, dreadful line to)
 "Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet."
 Says the poet—"Then I stopped my painting."

VI.

You and I would rather see that angel,
 Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
 Would we not?—than read a fresh Inferno.

VII.

You and I will never see that picture.
 While he mused on love and Beatrice,

While he softened o'er his outlined angel,
 In they broke, those "people of importance :"
 We and Bice bear the loss forever.

VIII.

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture ?

IX.

This : no artist lives and loves that longs not
 Once, and only once, and for One only,
 (Ah, the prize !) to find his love a language
 Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
 Using nature, that's an art to others,
 Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
 Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
 None but would forego his proper dowry.—
 Does he paint ? he fain would write a poem,—
 Does he write ? he fain would paint a picture,
 Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
 Once, and only once, and for One only,
 So to be the man and leave the artist,
 Save the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

X.

Wherefore ? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement !
 He who smites the rock and spreads the water,
 Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him,
 Even he, the minute makes immortal,
 Proves, perchance, his mortal in the minute,
 Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing.
 While he smites, how can he but remember,
 So he smote before, in such a peril,
 When they stood and mocked—" Shall smiting help
 us ?"
 When they drank and sneered—" A stroke is easy !"
 When they wiped their mouths and went their jour-
 ney,

Throwing him for thanks—"But drought was pleasant."

Thus old memories mar the actual triumph ;
 Thus the doing savours of disrelish ;
 Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat ;
 O'er-impertuned brows becloud the mandate,
 Carelessness or consciousness, the gesture.
 For he bears an ancient wrong about him,
 Sees and knows again those phalanxed faces,
 Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed prelude—
 "How shouldst thou, of all men, smite, and save us?"
 Guesses what is like to prove the sequel—
 "Egypt's flesh-pots—nay, the drought was better."

XI.

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic warrant !
 Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance,
 Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial fiat.
 Never dares the man put off the prophet.

XII.

Did he love one face from out the thousands,
 (Were she Jethro's daughter, white and wifely,
 Were she but the Æthiopian bonds slave,)
 He would envy yon dumb patient camel,
 Keeping a reserve of scanty water
 Meant to save his own life in the desert ;
 Ready in the desert to deliver
 (Kneeling down to let his breast be opened)
 Hoard and life together for his mistress.

XIII.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
 Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
 Make you music that should all-express me :
 So it seems : I stand on my attainment.

This of verse alone, one life allows me :
 Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
 Other heights in other lives, God willing—
 All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love !

XIV.

Yet a semblance of resource avails us—
 Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.
 Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
 Lines I write the first time and the last time.
 He who works in fresco, steals a hair-brush,
 Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
 Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
 Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
 Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets.
 He who blows thro' bronze, may breathe thro' silver,
 Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.
 He who writes, may write for once, as I do.

XV.

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
 Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,
 Enter each and all, and use their service,
 Speak from every mouth,—the speech, a poem.
 Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
 Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving :
 I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's,
 Karshook, Cleon, Norbert and the fifty.
 Let me speak this once in my true person,
 Not as Lippo, Roland or Andrea,
 Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence—
 Pray you, look on these my men and women,
 Take and keep my fifty poems finished ;
 Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also !
 Poor the speech ; be how I speak, for all things.

XVI.

Not but that you know me ! - Lo, the moon's self !
 Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
 Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured.
 Curving on a sky imbrued with color,
 Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
 Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.
 Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
 Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
 Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
 Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
 Hard to greet, she traverses the houseroofs,
 Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,
 Goes dispiritedly,—glad to finish.

XVII.

What, there's nothing in the moon note-worthy ?
 Nay—for if that moon could love a mortal,
 Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy)
 All her magic ('tis the old sweet mythos)
 She would turn a new side to her mortal,
 Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman—
 Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
 Blind to Galileo on his turret,
 Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even !
 Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mortal—
 When she turns round, comes again in heaven,
 Opens out anew for worse or better ?
 Proves she like some portent of an ice-berg
 Swimming full upon the ship it founders,
 Hungry, with huge teeth of splintered crystals ?
 Proves she as the paved-work of a sapphire
 Seen by Moses when he climbed the mountain ?—
 Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu
 Climbed and saw the very God, the Highest,
 Stand upon the paved-work of a sapphire.
 Like the bodied heaven in his clearness

Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved-work,
When they ate and drank and saw God also !—

XVIII.

What were seen? None knows, none ever shall know
Only this is sure—the sight were other ;
Not the moon's same side, born late in Florence,
Dying now impoverished here in London.
God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

XIX.

This I say of me, but think of you, Love !
This to you—yourself my mock of poets !
Ah, but that's the world's side—there's the wonder—
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you.
There, in turn, I stand with them and praise you,
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

XX.

O, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
O, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it ;
Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom !

ROBERT BROWNING.

Hervé Riel.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French—woe to France !
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville ;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all ;

And they signaled to the place,

“ Help the winners of a race !

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or,
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will ! ”

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board ;

“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass ? ” laughed they :

“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,

Shall the Formidable here with her twelve and eighty guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside ?

Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide,

Reach the mooring ? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay ! ”

Then was called a council straight ;

Brief and bitter the debate :

“ Here’s the English at our heels ; would you have them
take in tow

All that’s left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?

Better run the ships aground ! ”

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

“ Not a minute more to wait !

Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach !

France must undergo her fate.”

“ Give the word ! ” But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard ;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all
these—

A captain ? A lieutenant ? A mate—first, second, third ?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete !

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
fleet—

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And “ What mockery or malice have we here ? ” cries Hervé
Riel ;

“ Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you cowards, fools,
or rogues ?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,
tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

“ Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disem-
bogues ?

Are you bought by English gold ? Is it love the lying’s for ?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hogue's!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me,
there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this Formidable clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them most and least by a passage I know
well,

Right to Solidor, past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave—

Keel so much as grate the ground—

Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries
Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried
its chief.

"Captains, give the sailor place!

He is admiral, in brief."

Still the North wind, by God's grace.

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock.

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,

All are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollers "Anchor!"—sure as fate,

Up the English come, too late.

So, the storm subsides to calm :

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève :

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

“ Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance,

As they cannonade away !

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance ! ”

How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance !

Out burst all with one accord,

“ This is Paradise for Hell !

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing ! ”

What a shout, and all one word,

“ Hervé Riel ! ”

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes—

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, “ My friend,

I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard :

Praise is deeper than the lips ;

You have saved the king his ships,

You must name your own reward.

'Faith our sun was near eclipse !

Demand whate'er you will,

France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content, and have ! or my name's not Damfreville.”

Then a beam of fun outbroke

On the bearded mouth that spoke,

As the honest heart laughed through

Those frank eyes of Breton blue :

“ Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
 run?—

Since 'tis ask and have, I may—

Since the others go ashore—

Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore!”

That he asked, and that he got and—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing-smack,

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
 the bell.

Go to Paris ; rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank ;

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

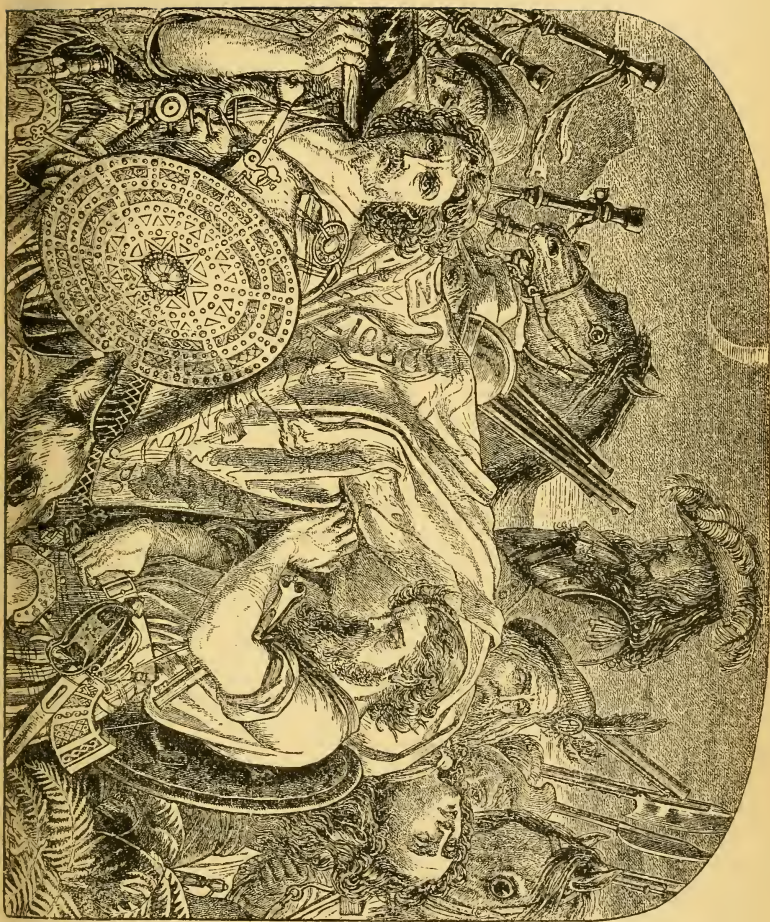
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle
 Aurore !

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Burial-March of Dundee.

I.

SOUND the fife, and cry the slogan—
 Let the pibroch shake the air
 With its wild triumphal music,
 Worthy of the freight we bear!
 Let the ancient hills of Scotland
 Hear once more the battle-song
 Swell within their glens and valleys
 As the clansmen march along!
 Never from the field of combat,
 Never from the deadly fray,
 Was a nobler trophy carried
 Than we bring with us to-day;
 Never since the valiant Douglas
 On his dauntless bosom bore
 Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
 To our dear Redeemer's shore!
 Lo! we bring with us the hero—
 Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
 Crowned as best beseems a victor
 From the altar of his fame;
 Fresh and bleeding from the battle
 Whence his spirit took its flight,
 Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
 And the thunder of the fight!
 Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
 As we march o'er moor and lea!
 Is there any here will venture
 To bewail our dead Dundee?
 Let the widows of the traitors
 Weep until their eyes are dim!
 Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
 Let none dare to mourn for him!



See ! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—
See ! his valiant blood is mingled
With its crimson and its gold.
See how calm he looks and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle-field !
See—Oh never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh !
Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country,
Bade us win the field, or fall !

II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay :
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way ;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true :
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die !
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight !—

And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose ;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
“Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow :
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his Country and King James !
Think upon the Royal Martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think on him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir :—
By his sacred blood I charge ye—
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland—
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they Covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle !
Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth :
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honor
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike ! and when the fight is over,
If you look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest
Search for him that was Dundee !”

III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath ;
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe ;
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum :
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the field beneath ;
Then we bounded from our covert.—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men !
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiell !

Vainly sped the withering volley
 'Mongst the foremost of our band—
 On we poured until we met them,
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
 Horse and man went down like drift-wood
 When the floods are black at Yule,
 And their carcasses are whirling
 In the Garry's deepest pool.
 Horse and man went down before us—
 Living foe there tarried none
 On the field of Killiecrankie,
 When that stubborn fight was done !

IV.

And the evening star was shining
 On Schehallion's distant head,
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
 And returned to count the dead.
 There we found him, gashed and gory,
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
 As he told us where to seek him,
 In the thickest of the slain.
 And a smile was on his visage,
 For within his dying ear
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer :
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Græme !

V.

Open wide the vaults of Athol,
 Where the bones of heroes rest—
 Open wide the hallowed portals
 To receive another guest !

Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
 Last of all that dauntless race
 Who would rather die unsullied
 Than outlive the land's disgrace !
 O thou lion-hearted warrior !
 Reck not of the after-time :
 Honor may be deemed dishonor,
 Loyalty be called a crime.
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
 Of the noble and the true,
 Hands that never failed their country,
 Hearts that never baseness knew.
 Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
 Scotland shall not boast a braver
 Chieftain than our own Dundee !

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

The Widow of Glencoe.

I.

DO not lift him from the bracken,
 Leave him lying where he fell—
 Better bier ye cannot fashion :
 None beseems him half so well
 As the bare and broken heather,
 And the hard and trampled sod,
 Whence his angry soul ascended
 To the judgment-seat of God !
 Winding-sheet we cannot give him—
 Seek no mantle for the dead,
 Save the cold and spotless covering
 Showered from heaven upon his head.

Leave his broadsword as we found it,
 Bent and broken with the blow,
 Which, before he died, avenged him
 On the foremost of the foe.
 Leave the blood upon his bosom—
 Wash not off that sacred stain ;
 Let it stiffen on the tartan ;
 Let his wounds unclosed remain,
 Till the day when he shall show them
 At the throne of God on high,
 When the murderer and the murdered
 Meet before their Judge's eye !

II.

Nay—ye shall not weep, my children !
 Leave it to the faint and weak ;
 Sobs are but a woman's weapon—
 Tears befit a maiden's cheek.
 Weep not, children of Macdonald !
 Weep not thou, his orphan heir—
 Not in shame, but stainless honor,
 Lies thy slaughtered father there.
 Weep not—but when years are over,
 And thine arm is strong and sure,
 And thy foot is swift and steady
 On the mountain and the muir—
 Let thy heart be hard as iron,
 And thy wrath as fierce as fire,
 Till the hour when vengeance cometh
 For the race that slew thy sire !
 Till in deep and dark Glenlyon
 Rise a louder shriek of woe,
 Than at midnight from their eyrie,
 Scared the eagles of Glencoe :
 Louder than the screams that mingled
 With the howling of the blast,
 When the murderer's steel was clashing,
 And the fires were rising fast ;

When thy noble father bounded
 To the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred
 Pealed throughout the startled glen !
When the herd of frantic women
 Stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing,
 And their dearest dead below !
Oh, the horror of the tempest,
 As the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration,
 And the roofs went thundering down !
Oh, the prayers—the prayers and curses
 That together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many
 Through that long and woeful night !
Till the fires began to dwindle,
 And the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge,
 Only in a far hilloo :
Till the silence once more settled
 O'er the gorges of the glen,
Broken only by the Cona
 Plunging through its naked den.
Slowly from the mountain-summit
 Was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered
 In the gray December dawn.
Better had the morning never
 Dawned upon our dark despair !
Black amidst the common whiteness
 Rose the spectral ruins there :
But the sight of these was nothing
 More than wrings the wild-dove's breast,
When she searches for her offspring
 Round the relics of her nest.
For in many a spot the tartan
 Peered above the wintry heap,

Marking where a dead Macdonald
 Lay within his frozen sleep.
 Tremblingly we scooped the covering
 From each kindred victim's head,
 And the living lips were burning
 On the cold ones of the dead.
 And I left them with their dearest—
 Dearest charge had every one—
 Left the maiden with her lover,
 Left the mother with her son.
 I alone of all was mateless—
 Far more wretched I than they,
 For the snow would not discover
 Where my lord and husband lay ;
 But I wandered up the valley,
 Till I found him lying low,
 With the gash upon his bosom
 And the frown upon his brow—
 Till I found him lying murdered,
 Where he wooed me long ago !

III.

Woman's weakness shall not shame me—
 Why should I have tears to shed ?
 Could I rain them down like water,
 O my hero ! on thy head—
 Could the cry of lamentation
 Wake thee from thy silent sleep,
 Could it set thy heart a-throbbing,
 It were mine to wail and weep !
 But I will not waste my sorrow,
 Lest the Campbell women say
 That the daughters of Clanranald
 Are as weak and frail as they.
 I had wept thee hadst thou fallen,
 Like our fathers, on thy shield,
 When a host of English foemen
 Camped upon a Scottish field—

I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished
 With the foremost of his name,
 When the valiant and the noble
 Died around the dauntless Græme !
 But I will not wrong thee, husband,
 With my unavailing cries,
 Whilst thy cold and mangled body
 Stricken by the traitor lies ;
 Whilst he counts the gold and glory
 That this hideous night has won,
 And his heart is big with triumph
 At the murder he has done.
 Other eyes than mine shall glisten,
 Other hearts be rent in twain,
 Ere the heathbells on thy hillock
 Wither in the autumn rain.
 Then I'll see thee where thou sleepest,
 And I'll veil my weary head,
 Praying for a place beside thee,
 Dearer than my bridal-bed :
 And I'll give thee tears, my husband,
 If the tears remain to me,
 When the widows of the foeman
 Cry the coronach for thee !

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

The Hills of my Country.

“I came,” said an Irishman returned from his exile, “to see the hills.”

I CAME to my country, but not with the hope
 That brightened my youth, like the cloud-lighting bow ;
 For the vigor of soul that was mighty to cope
 With time and with fortune hath fled from me now.
 And Love, that illumined my wanderings of yore,
 Hath perished, and left but a weary regret
 For the star that can rise on my midnight no more—
 But the hills of my country, they welcome me yet !

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still
 When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone track ;
 From the wide-spreading deserts and ruins that fill
 The lands of old story, they welcome me back.
 They rose on my dreams through the shades of the West ;
 They breathed upon sands which the dew never wet :
 For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved best—
 But I knew that the mountains would welcome me yet !

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar ;
 They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave :
 For, serving the strangers through wandering and war,
 The isle of their memory could grant them no grave.
 And I, I return with the memory of years
 Whose hope rose so high, though in sorrow it set ;—
 They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears ;
 But our mountains remember their promises yet !

O where are the brave hearts that bounded of old ?
 And where are the faces my childhood hath seen ?
 For fair brows are furrowed, and hearts have grown cold ;
 But our streams are still bright, and our hills are still
 green ;

Ay, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,
 When, brothers in heart, in their shadows we met ;
 And the hills have no memory of sorrow or ruth ;
 For their summits are sacred to liberty yet !

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now
 Roll back from the mountains that girdle our land ;
 And sunlight encircles each heath-covered brow
 For which Time hath no furrow, and Tyrants no brand.
 O, thus let it be with the hearts of the isle !
 Efface the dark seal that oppression hath set !
 Give back the lost glory again to the soil,—
 For the hills of my country remember it yet !

FRANCES BROWN.

The Present Crisis.

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to
west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him
climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of
Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantane-
ous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and
fro ;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the
Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies with
God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the
sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler
clod !

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or
wrong ;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast
frame

Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or
 shame ;—
 In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil
 side ;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the
 bloom or blight,
 Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the
 right,—
 And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and
 that light !

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt
 stand,
 Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against
 our land ?
 Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is
 strong ;
 And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
 Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all
 wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
 That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Obliv-
 ion's sea ;
 Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
 Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet
 earth's chaff must fly ;
 Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath
 passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages but re-
 cord
 One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the
 Word ;

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the
 throne,—
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim un-
 known,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his
 own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
 Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of
 fate ;
 But the soul is still oracular : amid the market's din
 List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave
 within,—
 "They enslave their children's children who make com-
 promise with sin."

Slavery, the earthborn Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
 Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched
 the earth with blood,
 Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
 Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey :—
 Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children
 play ?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched
 crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to
 be just ;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
 aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
 And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er Earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that
 stood alone
 While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious
 stone ;—

Stood serene and down the future saw the golden beam
 incline
 To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
 By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme
 design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I
 track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns
 not back,
 And these mounts of anguish number how each generation
 learned
 One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts
 hath burned
 Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to
 heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward : where to-day the martyr
 stands,
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his
 hands ;
 Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots
 burn,
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
 To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
 Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves ;
 Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a
 crime ;—
 Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men
 behind their time ?
 Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Ply-
 mouth rock sublime ?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
 Unconvinced by ax or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's ;

But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath
 made us free,
 Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits
 flee
 The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them
 across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them ; we are traitors
 to our sires,
 Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-fires ;
 Shall we make their creed our jailer ? Shall we, in our
 haste to slay,
 From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps
 away
 To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day ?

New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient
 good uncouth ;
 They must upward still, and onward, who would keep
 abreast of Truth ;
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves must Pil-
 grims be,
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the des-
 perate winter sea,
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted
 key.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

To a Pine-Tree.

FAR away on Katahdin thou towerest,
 Purple-blue with the distance, and vast ;
 Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
 That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
 To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
Thou singest, and tossest thy branches ;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains swoop valeward.

In the calm, thou o'erstretchest the valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
Like an old king led forth from his palace
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him.

To the lumberer asleep 'neath thy glooming
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,
Till he longs to be swung 'mid their booming
In the tents of the Arabs of Ocean,
Whose finned isles are their castle.

For the storm snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his playmate.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number ;
The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter
'Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,
And then plunge down the muffled abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the grandeur of summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,

On thy subjects, that send a proud murmur
 Up to thee, to their Sachem, who towerest
 From thy'bleak throne to heaven.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy branches,
 And thence preys on the continent under ;
 Like a lion, crouched close on his haunches,
 There awaiteth his leap the fierce thunder,
 Growling low with impatience.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*The High Tide on the Coast of Lin-
 colnshire.*

(1571.)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers rang by two, by three ;
 " Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
 " Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
 Ply all your changes, all your swells,
 Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall :
 And there was nought of strange, beside
 The flights of mewes and peewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes ;
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies ;

And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
 Ere the early dewes were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 "Cusha ! Cusha !" all along ;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth
 Faintly came her milking song.—

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
 "For the dewes will soone be falling ;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ;
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
 When I beginne to think howe long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;
 And all the aire it seemeth mee
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
 Save where, full fyve good miles away,
 The steeple towered from out the greene—

And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife Elizabeth ;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The " Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, " And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down ;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne ;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ? ' "

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main ;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
" Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! "
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

" The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,

And boats adrift in yonder towne
 Go sailing uppe the market-place."
 He shook as one that looks on death :
 " God save you, mother ! " straight he saith ;
 " Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? "

" Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
 With her two bairns I marked her long ;
 And ere yon bells beganne to play
 Afar I heard her milking song."
 He looked across the grassy sea,
 To right, to left, " Ho Enderby ! "
 They rang " The Brides of Enderby ! "

With that he cried and beat his breast ;
 For lo ! along the river's bed
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;
 Then madly at the eygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
 Then beaten foam flew round about—
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat,
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by :
 I marked the lofty beacon light
 Stream from the church tower, red and high—
 A lurid mark and dread to see ;
 And awsome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang " Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
 And I—my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 " O come in life, or come in death !
 O lost ! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more ?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
 To manye more than myne and me :
 But each will mourn his own (she saith).
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 " Cusha, Cusha, Cusha !" calling,
 Ere the early dews be falling ;
 I shall never hear her song,
 " Cusha, Cusha !" all along,

Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth ;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver ;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
 To the sandy lonesome shore ;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 " Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot ;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow ;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From the clovers lift your head ;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

JEAN INGELOW.

The Apple of Life.

FROM the river Euphrates, the river whose source is in
 Paradise, far
 As red Egypt,—sole lord of the land and the sea, 'twixt the
 home of the star
 That is born in the blush of the East, and the porch of the
 chambers of rest
 Where the great sea is girded with fire, and Orion returns in
 the West,

And the ships come and go in grand silence,—King Solomon reigned. And behold,
In that time there was everywhere silver as common as stones be, and gold
That for plenty was 'counted as silver, and cedar as sycamore-trees
That are found in the vale, for abundance. For GOD to the King gave all these,
With glory exceeding ; moreover all kings of the earth to him came,
Because of his wisdom, to hear him. So great was King Solomon's fame.

And for all this the King's soul was sad. And his heart said within him, " Alas,
For man dies ! if his glory abideth, himself from his glory shall pass.
And that which remaineth behind him, he seeth it not any more :
For how shall he know what comes after, who knoweth not what went before ?
I have planted me gardens and vineyards, and gotten me silver and gold,
And my hand from whatever my heart hath desired I did not withhold :
And what profit have I in the works of my hands which I take not away ?
I have searched out wisdom and knowledge : and what do they profit me, they ?
As the fool dieth, so doth the wise. What is gathered is scattered again.
As the breath of the beasts, even so is the breath of the children of men :
And the same thing befalleth them both. And not any man's soul is his own."

This he thought, as he sat in his garden and watched the great sun going down

In the glory thereof ; and the earth and the sky by the beam
of the same
Were clothed with the gladness of color, and bathed in the
beauty of flame.
And " Behold," said the King, " in a moment the glory shall
vanish ! " Even then,
While he spake, he was 'ware of a man drawing near him,
who seemed to his ken
(By the hair in its blackness like flax that is burned in the
hemp-dresser's shed,
And the brow's smoky hue, and the smouldering eyeball
more livid than lead)
As the sons of the land that lies under the sword of the
Cherub whose wing
Wraps in wrath the shut gateways of Paradise. He, being
come to the King,
Seven times made obeisance before him. To whom, " What
art thou," the King cried,
" That thus unannounced to King Solomon comest ? " The
man, spreading wide
The palm of his right hand, showed in it an apple yet bright
from the Tree
In whose stem springs the life never-failing which Sin lost to
Adam, when he,
Tasting knowledge forbidden, found death in the fruit of it
. . . . So doth the Giver
Evil gifts to the evil apportion. And " Hail ! let the King
live forever ! "
Bowing down at the feet of the monarch, and laughingly,
even as one
Whose meaning, in joy or in jest, hovers hid 'twixt the word
and the tone,
Said the stranger, " For lo ye " (and lightly he dropped in the
hand of the King
That apple), " from 'twixt the four rivers of Eden, GOD gave
me to bring
To his servant King Solomon, even to my lord that on Israel's
throne

He hath 'stablisht, this fruit from the Tree in whose branch
 Life abideth : for none
 Shall taste death, having tasted this apple."

And therewith he vanished.

Remained

In the hand of the King the life-apple : ambrosial of breath,
 golden-grained,
 Rosy-bright as a star dipt in sunset. The King turned it
 o'er, and perused
 The fruit, which, alluring his lip, in his hand lay untasted.

He mused,

"Life is good : but not life in itself. Life eternal, eternally
 young,
 That were life to be lived, or desired ! Well it were if a man
 could prolong
 The manhood that moves in the muscles, the rapture that
 mounts in the brain
 When life at the prime, in the pastime of living, led on by the
 train
 Of the jubilant senses, exulting goes forth, brave of body and
 spirit,
 To conquer, choose, claim, and enjoy what 'twas born to
 achieve or inherit.
 The dance, and the festal procession ! the pride in the stren-
 uous play
 Of the sinews that, pliant of power, the will, tho' it wanton,
 obey !
 When the veins are yet wishful, and in them the bountiful
 impulses beat,
 When the lilies of Love are yet living, the roses of Beauty yet
 sweet :
 And the eye glows with glances that kindle, the lip breathes
 the warmth that inspires,
 And the hand hath yet vigor to seize the good thing which
 the spirit desires !
 O well for the foot that bounds forward ! and ever the wind
 it awakes

Lifts no lock from the forehead yet white, not a leaf that is
withered yet shakes
From the loose crown that laughs on young tresses! and
ever the earth and the skies
Are crammed with audacious contingencies, measureless
means of surprise!
Life is sweet to the young that yet know not what life is.
But life, after Youth,
The gay liar, leaves hold of the bauble, and Age, with his
terrible truth,
Picks it up, and perceives it is broken, and knows it unfit to
engage
The care it yet craves. . . . Life eternal, eternally wedded to
Age!
What gain were in that? Why should any man seek what
he loathes to prolong?
The twilight that darkens the eyeball: the dull ear that's
deaf to the song
When the maidens rejoice, and the bride to the bridegroom,
with music, is led:
The palsy that shakes 'neath the blossoms that fall from the
chill bridal bed?
When the hand saith '*I did,*' not '*I will do,*' the heart saith
'*It was,*' not '*'Twill be,*'
Too late in man's life is Forever,—too late comes this apple
to me!"
Then the King rose. And lo, it was evening. And leaning,
because he was old,
On the sceptre that, curiously sculptured in ivory garnished
with gold,
To others a rod of dominion, to him was a staff for sup-
port,
Slow paced he the murmurous pathways where myrtles, in
court up to court,
Mixt with roses in garden on garden, were ranged around
fountains that fed
With cool music green odorous twilights: and so, never
lifting his head

To look up from the way he walked wearily, he to the House
of his Pride
Reascended, and entered.

In cluster, high lamps, spices, odors, each side,
Burning inward and onward, from cinnamon ceilings, down
distances vast
Of voluptuous vistas, illumined deep halls, thro' whose silent-
ness passed
King Solomon sighing; where columns colossal stood,
gathered in groves
As the trees of the forest in Libanus,—there where the wind,
as it moves,
Whispers “I, too, am Solomon’s servant!”—huge trunks hid
in garlands of gold,
On whose tops the skilled sculptors of Sidon had granted
men’s gaze to behold
How the phœnix that sits on the cedar’s lone summit ’mid
fragrance and fire,
Ever dying, and living, hath loaded with splendors her
funeral pyre;
How the stork builds her nest on the pine-top: the date
from the palm-branch depends;
And the aloe’s great blossom bursts, crowning with beauty
the life that it ends.
And from hall on to hall, in the doors, mute, magnificent
slaves, watchful-eyed,
Bowed to earth as King Solomon passed them. And, pass-
ing, King Solomon sighed.
And, from hall on to hall pacing feebly, the king mused . . .
“O fair Shulamite!
Thy beauty is brighter than starlight on Hebron when
Hebron is bright,
Thy sweetness is sweeter than Carmel. The King rules the
nations; but thou,
Thou rulest the King, my Belovèd.”

So murmured King Solomon low

To himself, as he passed through the portal of porphyry, that
 dripped as he passed,
 From the myrrh-sprinkled wreaths on the locks and the
 lintels ; and entered at last,
 Still sighing, the sweet cedarn chamber, contrived for repose
 and delight,
 Where the beautiful Shulamite slumbered. And straightway,
 to left and to right,
 Bowing down as he entered, the Spirits in bondage to Solo-
 mon, there •
 Keeping watch o'er his love, sank their swords, spread their
 wings, and evanished in air.
 The King with a kiss woke the sleeper. And, showing the
 fruit in his hand,
 "Behold ! this was brought me erewhile by one coming," he
 said, "from the land
 That lies under the sword of the Cherub. 'Twas pluckt by
 strange hands from the Tree
 Of whose fruit whoso tastes lives forever. And therefore I
 bring it to thee,
 My Belovèd. For thou of the daughters of women art fair-
 est. And lo,
 I, the King, I that love thee, whom men of man's sons have
 called wisest, I know
 That in knowledge is sorrow. Much thought is much care.
 In the beauty of youth,
 Not the wisdom of age, is enjoyment. Nor spring, is it
 sweeter, in truth,
 Than winter to roses once withered. The garment, though
 broidered with gold,
 Fades apace where the moth frets the fibres. So I, in my
 glory, grow old.
 And this life maketh mine (save the bliss of my soul in the
 beauty of thee)
 No sweetness so great now that greatly unsweet 'twere to
 lose what to me
 Life prolonged, at its utmost, can promise. But thine, O thou
 spirit of bliss,

Thine is all that the living desire,—youth, beauty, love, joy
in all this !

And O were it not well for the praise of the world to main-
tain evermore

This mould of a woman, God's masterwork, made for man-
kind to adore ?

Wherefore keep thou the gift I resign. Live forever, rejoic-
ing in life !

And of women' unborn yet the fairest shall still be King
Solomon's wife."

So he said, and so dropped in her bosom the apple.

But when he was gone,
And the beautiful Shulamite, eyeing the gift of the King, sat
alone

With the thoughts the King's words had awakened, as ever
she turned and perused

The fruit that, alluring her lip, in her hand lay untasted—she
mused,

"Life is good ; but not life in itself. So is youth, so is beauty.
Mere stuff

Are all these for Love's usance. To live, it is well ; but it
is not enough.

Well, too, to be fair, to be young ; but what good is in
beauty and youth

If the lovely and young are not surer than they that be
neither, forsooth,

Young nor lovely, of being beloved? O my love, if thou
lovest not me,

Shall I love my own life? Am I fair, if not fair, Azariah,
to thee?"

Then she hid in her bosom the apple. And rose.

And, reversing the ring
That, inscribed with the word that works wonders, and
signed with the seal of the King,
Compels even spirits to obedience—(for she, for a plaything,
erewhile

From King Solomon's awful forefinger, had won it away
with a smile)—

The beautiful Shulamite folded her veil o'er her forehead and
eyes,

And unseen, from the sweet cedarn chamber, unseen,
through the long galleries,

Unseen, from the palace, she passed, and passed down to the
city unseen,

Unseen passed the green garden wicket, the vineyard, the
cypresses green.

And stood by the doors of the house of the Prince Azariah.
And cried,

In the darkness she cried,—“Azariah, awaken! ope, ope to
me wide!

Ope the door, ope the lattice! Arise! Let me in, O my
love! It is I.

I, the bride of King Solomon, love thee. Love, tarry not.
Love, shall I die

At thy doors? I am sick of desire. For my love is more
comely than gold.

More precious to me is my love than the throne of a king
that is old.

Behold, I have passed through the city, unseen of the watch-
men. I stand

By the doors of the house of my love, till my love lead me in
by the hand.”

Azariah arose, and unbolted the door to the fair Shulam-
ite:

“O my queen, what dear folly is this, that hath led thee
alone, and by night,

To the house of King Solomon's servant? For lo you, the
watchmen awake.

And much for my own, O my queen, must I fear, and much
more for thy sake.

For at that which is done in the chamber the leek on the
housetop shall peep:

And the hand of a king it is heavy: the eyes of a king
never sleep:

But the bird of the air beareth news to the king, and the stars of the sky
Are as soldiers by night on the turrets. I fear, O my queen,
lest we die."

"Fear thou not, O my love! Azariah, fear nothing. For lo, what I bring!

'Tis the fruit of the Tree that in Paradise GOD hideth under the wing

Of the Cherub that chased away Adam. And whoso this apple doth eat

Shall live—live forever! And since unto me my own life is less sweet

Than thy love, Azariah (sweet only my life is if thou lovest me!),

Therefore eat! Live, and love, for life's sake, still, the love that gives life unto thee!"

Then she held to his lips the life-apple, and kissed him.

But soon as alone, Azariah leaned out from his lattice, he muttered, "'Tis well! she is gone,"

While the fruit in his hand lay untasted. "Such visits," he mused, "may cost dear.

In the love of the great is great danger, much trouble, and care more than cheer."

Then he laughed and stretched forth his strong arms. For he heard from the streets of the city

The song of the women that sing in the doors after dark their love ditty.

And the clink of the wine-cup, the voice of the wanton, the tripping of feet,

And the laughter of youths running after, allured him. And "*Life, it is sweet*

While it lasts," sang the women, "*and sweeter the good minute, in that it goes.*

For who, if the rose bloomed forever, so greatly would care for the rose?

Wherefore haste! pluck the time in the blossom." The prince mused, "The counsel is well."
And the fruit to his lips he uplifted: yet paused. "Who is he that can tell
What his days shall bring forth? Life forever. . . . But what sort of life? Ah, the doubt!"
'Neath his cloak then he thrust back the apple. And opened the door and passed out
To the house of the harlot Egyptian. And mused, as he went, "Life is good:
But not life in itself. It is well while the wine-cup is hot in the blood,
And a man goeth whither he listeth, and doeth the thing that he will,
And liveth his life as he lusteth, and taketh in freedom his fill
Of the pleasure that pleaseth his humor, and feareth no snare by the way.
Shall I care to be loved by a queen, if my pride with my freedom I pay?
Better far is a handful in quiet than both hands, though filled to o'erflow
With pride, in vexation of spirit. And sweeter the roses that blow
From the wild seeds the wind, where he wanders, with heedless beneficence flings,
Than those that are guarded by dragons to brighten the gardens of kings.
Let a man take his chance, and be happy. The hart by the hunter pursued,
That far from the herd on the hill-top bounds swift through the blue solitude,
Is more to be envied, though Death with his dart follow fast to destroy,
Than the tame beast that, pent in the paddock, tastes neither the danger nor joy
Of the mountain, and all its surprises. The main thing is, not to live *long*,

But to *live*. Better moments of rapture soon ended than
ages of wrong.
Life's feast is best spiced by the flavor of death in it. Just
the one chance
To lose it to-morrow the life that a man lives to-day doth
enhance.
The may-be for me, not the must-be! Best flourish while
flourish the flowers,
And fall ere the frost falls. The dead, do they rest or arise
with new powers?
Either way, well for them. Mine, meanwhile, be the cup of
life's fullness to-night.
And to-morrow . . . Well, time to consider" (he felt at the
fruit). "What delight
Of his birthright had Esau, when hungry? To-day with its
pottage is sweet.
For a man cannot feed and be full on the faith of to-
morrow's baked meat.
Open! open, my dark-eyed beguiler of darkness!"

Up rose to his knock,

Light of foot, the lascivious Egyptian, and lifted the latch
from the lock,
And opened. And led in the prince to her chamber, and
shook out her hair,
Dark, heavy, and humid with odors; her bosom beneath it
laid bare,
And sleek sallow shoulder; and sloped back her face, as,
when falls the slant South
In wet whispers of rain, flowers bend back to catch it; so
she, with shut mouth
Half-unfolding for kisses; and sank, as they fell, 'twixt his
knees, with a laugh,
On the floor, in a flood of deep hair flung behind her full
throat; held him half
Aloof with one large, languid arm, while the other uppropped,
where she lay,

Limbs flowing in fullness and lucid in surface as waters at
play,
Though in firmness as slippery marble. Anon she sprang
loose from his clasp,
And whirled from the table a flagon of silver twined round
by an asp
That glittered,—rough gold and red rubies ; and poured him,
and praised him, the wine
Wherewith she first brightened the moist lip that murmured,
“ Ha, fool ! art thou mine ?
I am thine. This will last for an hour.” Then, humming
strange words of a song,
Sung by maidens in Memphis the old, when they bore the
Crowned Image along,
Apples yellow and red from a basket with vine-leaves o’erlaid
she ’gan take,
And played with, peeled, tost them, and caught them, and bit
them, for idleness’ sake ;
But the rinds on the floor she flung from her, and laughed at
the figures they made,
As her foot pusht them this way and that way together.
And “ Look, fool,” she said,
“ It is all sour fruit, this ! But those I fling from me,—see
here by the stain !—
Shall carry the mark of my teeth in their flesh. Could they
feel but the pain,
O my soul, how these teeth should go through them ! Fool,
fool, what good gift dost thou bring ?
For thee have I sweetened with cassia my chambers.” “ A
gift for a king,”
Azariah laughed loud ; and tost to her the apple. “ This
comes from the Tree
Of whose fruit whoso tastes lives forever. I care not. I
give it to thee.
Nay, witch ! ’tis worth more than the shekels of gold thou
hast charmed from my purse.
Take it. Eat, and thank me for the meal, witch ! for Eve,
thy sly mother, fared worse,

O thou white-toothèd taster of apples!" "Thou liest, fool!"

"Taste, then, and try.

For the truth of the fruit's in the eating. 'Tis thou art the serpent, not I."

And the strong man laughed loud as he pushed at her lip the life-apple. She caught

And held it away from her, musing; and muttered. . . "Go to! It is naught,

Fool, why dost thou laugh?" And he answered, "Because, witch, it tickles my brain

Intensely to think that all we, that be Something while yet we remain,

We, the princes of people,—ay, even the King's self,—shall die in our day,

And thou, that art Nothing, shalt sit on our graves, with our grandsons, and play."

So he said, and laughed louder.

•

But when, in the gray of the dawn, he was gone, And the wan light waxed large in the window, as she on her bed sat alone,

With the fruit that, alluring her lips, in her hand lay untasted, perusing,

Perplexed, the gay gift of the Prince, the dark woman thereat fell a musing,

And she thought . . . "What is Life without Honor? And what can the life that I live

Give to me, I shall care to continue, not caring for aught it can give?

I, despising the fools that despise me,—a plaything not pleasing myself,—

Whose life, for the pelf that maintains it, must sell what is paid not by pelf!

I? . . the man called me Nothing. He said well. 'The great in their glory must go.'

And why should I linger, whose life leadeth nowhere?—a life which I know

To name is to shame—struck, unsexed, by the world from
its list of the lives
Of the women whose womanhood, saved, gets them leave to
be mothers and wives.
And the fancies of men change. And bitterly bought is the
bread that I eat ;
For, though purchased with body and spirit, when purchased
'tis yet all unsweet.”
Her tears fell : they fell on the apple. She sighed. . . “ Sour
fruit, like the rest !
Let it go with the salt tears upon it. Yet life . . . it were
sweet if possessed
In the power thereof, and the beauty. ‘ A gift for a king ’
. . . did he say ?
Ay, a king’s life is life as it should be,—a life like the light
of the day,
Wherein all that liveth rejoiceth. For is not the King as the
sun
That shineth in heaven and seemeth both heaven and itself
all in one ?
Then to whom may this fruit, the life-giver, be worthily
given ? Not me.
Nor the fool Azariah that sold it for folly. The King ! only
he,—
Only he hath the life that’s worth living forever. Whose
life, not alone
Is the life of the King, but the life of the many made mighty
in one.
To the King will I carry this apple. And he (for the hand
of a king
Is a fountain of hope) in his handmaid shall honor the gift
that I bring.
And men for this deed shall esteem me, with Rahab, by
Israel praised,
As first among those who, though lowly, their shame into
honor have raised :
Such honor as lasts when life goes, and, while life lasts, shall
lift it above

What, if loved by the many I loathe, must be loathed by the few I could love."

So she rose, and went forth through the city. And with her the apple she bore
In her bosom : and stood 'mid the multitude, waiting there-
with in the door
Of the hall where the King, to give judgment, ascended at morning his throne :
And, kneeling there, cried, "Let the King live forever !
Behold, I am one
Whom the vile of themselves count the vilest. But great is the grace of my lord.
And now let my lord on his handmaid look down, and give ear to her word."
Thereat, in the witness of all, she drew forth, and (uplifting her head)
Showed the Apple of Life, which who tastes, tastes not death.
"And this apple," she said,
"Last night was delivered to me, that thy servant should eat, and not die.
But I said to the soul of thy servant, 'Not so. For behold, what am I ?
That the King, in his glory and gladness, should cease from the light of the sun,
While I, that am least of his slaves, in my shame and abasement live on !'
For not sweet is the life of thy servant, unless to thy servant my lord
Stretch his hand, and show favor. For surely the frown of a king is a sword,
But the smile of the King is as honey that flows from the clefts of the rock,
And his grace is as dew that from Horeb descends on the heads of the flock ;
In the King is the heart of a host : the King's strength is an army of men :

And the wrath of the King is a lion that roareth by night
 from his den :
 But as grapes from the vines of En-Gedi are favors that fall
 from his hands,
 And as towers on the hill-tops of Shenir the throne of King
 Solomon stands.
 And for this, it were well that forever the King, who is many
 in one,
 Should sit, to be seen through all time, on a throne 'twixt the
 moon and the sun !
 For how shall one lose what he hath not ? Who hath, let
 him keep what he hath.
 Wherefore I to the King give this apple."

Then great was King Solomon's wrath.
 And he rose, rent his garment, and cried, " Woman, whence
 came this apple to thee ? "
 But when he was 'ware of the truth, then his heart was
 awakened. And he
 Knew at once that the man who, erewhile, unawares coming
 to him, had brought
 That Apple of Life, was, indeed, GOD's good Angel of Death.
 And he thought,
 " In mercy, I doubt not, when man's eyes were opened and
 made to see plain
 All the wrong in himself, and the wretchedness, GOD sent, to
 close them again,
 For man's sake, his last friend upon earth—Death, the ser-
 vant of GOD, who is just.
 Let man's spirit to Him whence it cometh return, and his
 dust to the dust ! "

Then the Apple of Life did King Solomon seal in an urn
 that was signed
 With the seal of Oblivion : and summoned the Spirits that
 walk in the wind
 Unseen on the summits of mountains, where never the eagle
 yet flew ;

And these he commanded to bear far away,—out of reach,
 out of view,
 Out of hope, out of memory,—higher than Ararat buildeth
 his throne,
 In the Urn of Oblivion the Apple of Life.

But on green jasper-stone
 Did the King write the story thereof for instruction. And
 Enoch, the seer,
 Coming afterward, searched out the meaning. And he that
 hath ears, let him hear.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

The Paradise Bird.

(From Lucile.)

HEAR a song that was born in the land of my birth :
 The anchors are lifted, the fair ship is free ;
 And the shout of the mariners floats in its mirth
 'Twixt the light in the sky, and the light on the sea.

And the ship is a world : She is freighted with souls,
 She is freighted with merchandise : proudly she sails,
 With the Labor that stores, and the Will that controls,
 The gold in the ingots, the silk in the bales.

From the gardens of Pleasure where reddens the rose,
 And the scent of the cedar is faint on the air,
 Past the harbors of Traffic sublimely she goes
 Man's hopes on the world of the waters to bear !

Where the cheer from the harbors of Traffic is heard,
 Where the gardens of Pleasure fade fast on the sight,
 O'er the rose, o'er the cedar there passes a bird ;—
 'Tis the Paradise Bird, never known to alight.

And that bird, bright and bold as a poet's desire,
Roams her own native heavens, the realms of her birth ;
There she soars like a seraph, she shines like a fire,
And her plumage hath never been sullied by earth.

And the mariners greet her : there's song on each lip
For that bird of good omen, and joy in each eye ;
And the ship and the bird, and the bird and the ship,
Together go forth over ocean and sky.

Fast, fast fades the land ! for the rose-gardens flee
And far fleet the harbors. In regions unknown
The ship is alone on a desert of sea,
And the bird in a desert of sky is alone.

In those regions unknown, o'er that desert of air,
Down that desert of waters—tremendous in wrath,
The storm wind Euroclydon leaps from his lair,
And cleaves through the waves of the ocean his path.

And the bird in the cloud, and the ship on the wave,
Overtaken, are beaten about by wild gales ;
And the mariners all rush their cargo to save,
Of the gold in the ingots, the silk in the bales.

Lo ! a wonder, which never before hath been heard,
For it never before hath been given to sight ;
On the ship hath descended the Paradise Bird,
The Paradise Bird, never known to alight !

The bird which the mariner blessed, when each lip
Had a song for the omen that gladdened each eye,
The bright bird for shelter had flown to the ship
From the wrath on the sea, and the wrath in the sky.

But the mariners heed not the bird any more :
They are felling the masts—they are furling the sails—
Some are working, some weeping, and some wrangling o'er
Their gold in the ingots, their silk in the bales.

“ Ah ! what white thing at the door has crossed,
Sister Helen ?

Ah ! what is this that sighs in the frost ? ”

“ A soul that’s lost as mine is lost,

Little brother ! ”

(*O Mary, Mary Mother,*

Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven !)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI.

THE END.

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OUR POETICAL FAVORITES.

Soul and Body.

BEFORE the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears ;
Grief, with a glass that ran ;
Pleasure, with sin for leaven ;
Summer, with flowers that fell ;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven ;
And madness, risen from hell ;
Strength, without hands to smite ;
Love, that endures for a breath ;
Night, the shadow of light ;
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years,
And froth and drift of the sea,
And dust of the laboring earth,
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth,
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,

For a day and a night and a morrow,
 That his strength might endure for a span,
 With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the North and the South
 They gathered as unto strife ;
 They breathed up in his mouth,
 They filled his body with life ;
 Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein ;
 A time for labor and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin ;
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire ;
 With his lips he travaileth ;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death.
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision ;
 Sows, and he shall not reap ;
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



The New Comer.

Lancashire Dialect.

THA 'rt welcome, little bonny brid,
 But should n't ha' come just when tha did ;
 Toimes are bad.
 We 're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
 But that, of course, tha did n't know,
 Did ta, lad ?

Aw 've often yeard mi feyther tell
 'At when aw coom i' th' world misel
 Trade wur slack ;
 An' neaw it's hard wark pooin' throo —
 But aw munna fear thee, iv aw do
 Tha 'll go back.

Cheer up ! these toimes 'll awter soon ;
 Aw 'm beawn to beigh another spoon —
 One for thee ;
 An', as tha 's sich a pratty face,
 Aw 'll let thee have eawr Charley's place
 On mi knee.

Hush ! hush ! tha munno cry this way,
 But get this sope o' cinder tay
 While it's warm ;
 Mi mother used to give it me,
 When aw wur sich a lad as thee,
 In her arm.

Hush a babby, hush a bee —
 Oh, what a temper ! dear a me,
 Heaw tha skroikes !
 Here 's a bit o' sugar, sithee ;
 Howd thi noise, an' then aw 'll gie thee
 Owt tha loikes.

We 'n nobbut getten coarsish fare,
 But eawt o' this tha 'll ha' thi share,
 'Never fear.
 Aw hope tha 'll never want a meal,
 But allus fill thi bally weel
 While tha 'rt here.

And tho' we 'n childer two or three,
 We 'll make a bit o' reawm for thee —
 Bless thee, lad !
 Tha 'rt th' prattiest brid we han i' th' nest ;
 Come, hutch up closer to mi breast —
 Aw 'm thi dad.

ANONYMOUS.

Indirection.

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer ;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it
is rarer ;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes
it is sweeter ;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mas-
tered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the
growing ;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flow-
ing ;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he
did enfold him ;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath
foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and
hidden ;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is
bidden ;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling ;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the
revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is sym-
boled is greater ;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator ;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift
stands the giving,
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves
of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the
 doing ;
 The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of
 the wooing ;
 And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the
 heights where those shine,
 Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence
 of life is divine.

RICHARD REALF.

Castle-Building.

WE wandered down the deep ravine
 When sunset fires were redly glowing,
 And all the vale with purple sheen
 And golden smokes was overflowing.
 The mountain slopes were still ablaze,
 The tree-tops burned like waving torches,
 And rainbow rays of rosy haze
 Were flushing all the woodland porches.

Beyond we saw the sunset skies,
 With gates and walls, and turrets builded,
 Embattled piles that seemed to rise,
 Tier after tier, with glory gilded.
 Oh, look, my love ! what mansions bright !
 How rich and grand each climbing story !
 Look up, my love ! I 'll build to-night,
 For you and me, a House of Glory !

So, hand in hand, we rested still,
 And upward looked through sunset splendor ;
 So, heart in heart, in loving thrill,
 Grew mute beneath the glamour tender.
 And thus we built, with painted mist,
 Our castles grand, from floor to coping,

Until the last low sunbeam kissed
The gay ravine, and left us — groping.

Ah me, my love ! the darkness falls
Full soon to shroud our brightest dreaming ;
And golden roofs and crystal walls
Are based, too oft, on cloudy seeming ;
But, hand in hand, and heart with heart,
We twain abide the twilight hoary,
And wait until the shadows part
That hide from us our House of Glory.

AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.



Toujours Amour.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does love begin ?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair ;
When didst learn a heart to win ?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin !
“ Oh ! ” the rosy lips reply,
“ I can't tell you if I try.
'T is so long I can't remember :
Ask some younger lass than I.”

Tell, oh, tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace ?
When does hoary Love expire,
When do frosts put out the fire ?

Can its embers burn below
 All that chill December snow ?
 Care you still soft hands to press,
 Bonny heads to smooth and bless ?
 When does Love give up the chase ?
 Tell, oh, tell me, Grizzled-Face !
 " Ah ! " the wise old lips reply,
 " Youth may pass and strength may die ;
 But of Love, I can't foretoken :
 Ask some older sage than I ! "

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Goldilocks.

GOLDILOCKS sat on the grass,
 Tying up of posies rare :
 Hardly could a sunbeam pass
 Through the cloud that was her hair.
 Purple orchis lasteth long,
 Primrose flowers are pale and clear ;
 Oh, the maiden sang a song
 It would do you good to hear !

Sad before her leaned the boy,
 " Goldilocks that I love well,
 Happy creature fair and coy,
 Think o' me, sweet Amabel. "
 Goldilocks she shook apart,
 Looked with doubtful, doubtful eyes :
 Like a blossom in her heart,
 Opened out her first surprise.

As a gloriolle sign o' grace,
 Goldilocks, ah, fall and flow ;
 On the blooming, childlike face,
 Dimple, dimple, come and go.

Give her time : on grass and sky
 Let her gaze if she be fain,
 As they looked ere he drew nigh,
 They will never look again.

Ah ! the playtime she has known,
 While her goldilocks grew long,
 Is it like a nestling flown,
 Childhood over like a song ?
 Yes, the boy may clear his brow,
 Though she thinks to say him nay,
 When she sighs, " I cannot now.
 Come again some other dav."

JEAN INGELOW.



"Where the Brook and River meet."

MY maiden visions curb their airy flights,
 And droop their pinions and come back to me ;
 That first fair world, with all its young delights
 And morning hopes, they can no longer see.

My girlhood's world lies lost beneath the flood
 Of light, bright days that fell like silver rain,
 Swollen from the fountains of my womanhood,
 Now broken up, not to be sealed again.

But lo ! another world, as fair, more calm,
 Arisen like Delos, floats upon the wave ;
 I bare my brow to breezes blowing balm,
 And smile, through tears, above my girlhood's grave.

A tender longing, full of gracious pain,
 A want more rich than wealth possessed before,
 Delicious rumors rife in heart and brain,
 And rosy warmths that flush me more and more :

A sense of incompleteness, new and strange,
 Something that draws me toward support, beside
 A hundred nameless heraldries of change
 Forewarn me of a chance that may betide.

I watch to meet an eye I have not met ;
 I hearken for a voice I have not heard ;
 I tremble toward a touch that hath not yet
 The dreaming blood's expectant pulses stirred.

Sometimes a look will startle, or a tone ;
 A touch sometimes half seem to shake my heart ;
 A moment then alone is more alone,
 And fates were sweet together, not apart.

Yet well content with blessed discontent
 I dream my dream, nor care to waken soon ;
 The dream bides fair, though fairer far be meant,
 Let the white dawn delay the golden noon.

So watch, my heart, and let me dream my dream ;
 Watch and awake me when the time shall come ;
 Perhaps our prince is nearer than we deem,
 But greet him thou — my dream may make me dumb.

WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.



Blue-Beard.

HE is not dead, for I am he !
 Nay, little one, you need not start ;
 That awful closet is my heart,
 I pray you not to turn the key.

You hold the matter in suspense,
 You hesitate, ah ! all is lost ;
 The key is turned, the threshold crossed,
 Now you must take the consequence.

Seven dead loves you bring to view —
No wonder that you stood aghast ;
You should not dive into the past
If you would trust that men are true.

Seven dead loves ! a heavy load.
You see the first, a little girl
With violet eyes and teeth of pearl ;
That was a school-boy episode.

When college days gave life a glow,
And tender hearts wrought rapid slaughter,
I courted the Professor's daughter ;
That's she — the second in the row.

I scarcely know how it occurred ;
I spent vacation with a friend,
And ere three weeks were at an end
I loved his sister — she's the third.

A grim old lawyer taught me Kent ;
I made his mansion my abode,
And spoke some words not in the " Code " —
His youngest girl knew what they meant.

When Fashion's flame was all alive,
Where pleasure flung her golden haze
Athwart the pathway of the days,
I met and worshiped Number Five.

But yonder, where the maple-tree
Casts shadows on the old stone wall,
And slumberous peace broods over all,
A village maid enraptured me.

You see one other figure stand,
Her memory will forever last ;
I hold her sacred since she passed
The portals of the Silent Land.

So Blue-Beard lives, and I am he :
 But come, Fatima, close the door,
 You cannot love me any more ;
 The blood of knowledge stains the key.

THEODORE P. COOK.

Serenade.

STARS of the summer night !
 Far in yon azure deeps,
 Hide, hide your golden light !
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !
 Far down yon western steeps,
 Sink, sink in silver light !
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light !
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

Dreams of the summer night !
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch, while in slumbers light
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Good Night.

O H, sweet my love, the hour is late ;
The moon goes down in silver state,
As here alone I watch and wait.

Though far from thee, my lips repeat,
In whispers low, Good night, my sweet.

The house is still, but o'er the gloom
Of starlit gardens, faint with bloom,
I lean out from my darkened room,
And only hear the roaming breeze
Move softly in the lilac trees.

Somewhere beneath these gracious skies
My bonny love a-dreaming lies,
With slumber brooding in her eyes.
Go seek her, happy wind so free,
And kiss her folded hands for me.

Across this dome of silent air,
On tides of floating ether bear,
To where she sleeps, my whispered prayer ;
The day has brought the night forlorn —
God keep thee, little love, till dawn.

While life is dear, and love is best,
And young moons drop adown the west,
My lone heart, turning to its rest,
Beneath the stars shall whisper clear,
Good night, my sweet, though none may hear.

ANONYMOUS.

Song.

A LONG the shore, along the shore
 I see the wavelets meeting :
 But thee I see — ah, never more,
 For all my wild heart's beating.
 The little wavelets come and go,
 The tide of life ebbs to and fro,
 Advancing and retreating :
 But from the shore, the steadfast shore,
 The sea is parted never :
 And mine I hold thee ever more,
 Forever and forever.

Along the shore, along the shore,
 I hear the waves resounding,
 But thou wilt cross them never more,
 For all my wild heart's bounding :
 The moon comes out above the tide
 And quiets all the billows wide
 Her pathway bright surrounding :
 Thus on the shore, the dreary shore,
 I walk with weak endeavor :
 I have thy love's light ever more,
 Forever and forever.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

*On the Doorstep.*

THE conference-meeting through at last,
 We boys around the vestry waited
 To see the girls come tripping past
 Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no ; she blushed, and took my arm !
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'T was nothing worth a song or story ;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mold it !—
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —
'T was love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home ;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
 The moon was slyly peeping through it,
 Yet hid its face, as if it said,
 "Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
 The kiss of mother and of sister,
 But somehow, full upon her own
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her!

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,
 O listless woman, weary lover!
 To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
 I'd give — But who can live youth over?
 EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Kiss Me Softly.

Da me basia. — CATULLUS.

KISS me softly and speak to me low, —
 Malice has ever a vigilant ear;
 What if Malice were lurking near?
 Kiss me, dear!
 Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low, —
 Envy too has a watchful ear:
 What if Envy should chance to hear?
 Kiss me, dear!

Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low:
 Trust me, darling, the time is near
 When lovers may love with never a fear, —
 Kiss me, dear!

Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

To Celia.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I 'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine :
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be ;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me,
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee.

BEN JONSON.

Tell her, oh, tell her.

TELL her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying
 Beneath the green arbor, is still lying there :
 And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
 But not a soft whisper replies to their prayer.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in going,
 Beside the green arbor she playfully set,
 As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
 And not a bright leaflet has fallen from it yet.

So while away from that arbor forsaken,
 The maiden is wandering, still let her be
 As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,
 And blooming forever, unchanged as the tree!

THOMAS MOORE.

Too Near.

SO close we are, and yet so far apart,
 So close, I feel your breath upon my cheek ;
 So far that all this love of mine is weak
 To touch in any way your distant heart ;
 So close that when I hear your voice I start,
 To see my whole life standing bare and bleak ;
 So far that though for years and years I seek,
 I shall not find thee other than thou art ;
 So while I live I walk upon the verge
 Of an impassable and changeless sea,
 Which more than death divides me, love, from thee :
 The mournful beating of its leaden surge
 Is all the music now that I shall hear ;—
 O love, thou art too far and yet too near !

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Love at First Sight.

THE racing river leaped and sang
 Full blithely in the perfect weather,
 All round the mountain echoes rang,
 For blue and green were glad together.

This rains out light from every part,
 And that with songs of joy was thrilling ;
 But in the hollow of my heart,
 There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming,
Then turned the hedge, and did not know —
How could I? that my time was coming.

A girl upon the highest stone,
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown,
Beyond the 'customed leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,
Yet me she wanted all unweeting;
She thought not I had crossed the sea,
And half the sphere, to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
I wished the moments had been hours;
I took her in my arms and set
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,
Ah! still, methinks, I hear them calling;
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
That cushat's coo, the water's falling.

But now it is a year ago,
And now possession crowns endeavor;
I took her in my heart to grow
And fill the hollow place forever.

JEAN INGELOW.

The Song of Fatima.

O H, sad are they who know not love,
 But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
 Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
 The silver coasts of fairy isles!

And sadder they whose longing lips
 Kiss empty air, and never touch
 The dear warm mouth of those they love,
 Waiting, wasting, suffering much!

But clear as amber, sweet as musk,
 Is life to those whose lives unite;
 They walk in Allah's smile by day,
 And nestle in his heart by night.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

*Betrothed Anew.*

THE sunlight fills the trembling air,
 And balmy days their guerdons bring;
 The Earth again is young and fair,
 And amorous with musky spring.

The golden nurslings of the May
 In splendor strew the spangled green,
 And hues of tender beauty play,
 Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow;
 What lustres on the meadows lie!
 And hark! the songsters come and go,
 And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,
 Or borne afar our blissful youth?
 Such joys are all about us spread,
 We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds that break from grass and grove
 Sing every carol that they sung
 When first our veins were rich with love,
 And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn! immortal life!
 O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
 With whose delights our souls are rife,
 And aye their vernal vows renew!

Then, darling, walk with me this morn;
 Let your brown tresses drink its sheen;
 These violets, within them worn,
 Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain
 When autumn winds forebode decay?
 The days of love are born again;
 That fabled time is far away!

And never seemed the land so fair
 As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
 Since first within your shining hair
 I wove the blossoms of the spring.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



Song.

LOVE still has something of the sea,
 From whence his mother rose;
 No time his slaves from doubt can free,
 Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed ;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear,
In a more cruel shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood ;
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'T is cruel to prolong a pain ;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the wingèd boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears,
Perhaps, would not remove ;
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could not deeper love.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

*A Match.*

IF love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together,
In sad or singing weather,

Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief ;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon ;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We 'd shine and snow together,
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath ;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We 'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy ;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We 'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,

Till day like night were shady,
 And night were bright like day ;
 If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain,
 We 'd hunt down love together,
 Pluck out his flying-feather,
 And teach his feet a measure,
 And find his mouth a rein ;
 If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



Wearie's Well.

I N a saft simmer gloamin',
 In yon dowie dell,
 It was there we twa first met,
 By Wearie's cauld well.
 We sat on the broom-bank,
 And looked in the burn,
 But sidelang we looked on
 Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirming
 His sad eerie cry,
 And the wee stars were dreaming
 Their path through the sky ;
 The burn babbled freely
 Its love to ilk flower,
 But we heard and we saw nought
 In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought,
 Above or around ;
 We felt that our luvè lived,
 And loathed idle sound.
 I gazed on your sweet face
 Till tears filled my ee,
 And they drapt on your wee loof —
 A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw 's fa'ing
 On bare holm and lea,
 And the cauld wind is strippin'
 Ilk leaf aff the tree.
 But the snaw fa's not faster,
 Nor leaf disna part
 Sae sune frae the bough, as
 Faith fades in your heart.

You 've waled out anither
 Your bridegroom to be ;
 But can his heart luvè sae
 As mine luvit thee ?
 Ye 'll get biggings and mailins,
 And mony braw claes ;
 But they a' winna buy back
 The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and forever,
 My first luvè and last ;
 May thy joys be to come —
 Mine live in the past.
 In sorrow and sadness
 This hour fa's on me ;
 But light as thy luvè may
 It fleet over thee !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Love is like a Dizziness.

I LATELY lived in quiet ease,
 An' never wish'd to marry, O!
 But when I saw my Peggy's face,
 I felt a sad quandary, O!
 Though wild as ony Athol deer,
 She has trepann'd me fairly, O!
 Her cherry cheeks an' e'en sae clear
 Torment me late an' early, O!
 O, love, love, love!
 Love is like a dizziness,
 It winna let a poor body
 Gang about his business!

To tell my feats this single week,
 Would mak' a daft-like diary, O!
 I drave my cart out ow'r a dike,
 My horses in a miry, O!
 I wear my stockings white an' blue,
 My love 's sae fierce an' fiery, O!
 I drill the land that I should plow,
 An' plow the drills entirely, O!

Ae morning, by the dawn o' day,
 I rose to theek the stable, O!
 I keust my coat an' plied away
 As fast as I was able, O!
 I wrought that morning out an' out,
 As I 'd been redding fire, O!
 When I had done an' look'd about,
 Gude faith, it was the byre, O!

Her wily glance I 'll ne'er forget,
 The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't
 Has pierced me through an' through the heart,
 An' plagues me wi' the prinklin' o't.

I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
 I tried to drown 't wi' drinkin' o't,
 I tried wi' sport to drive't away,
 But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.

Nae man can tell what pains I prove,
 Or how severe my pliskie, O!
 I swear I 'm sairer drunk wi' love
 Than e'er I was wi' whisky, O!
 For love has raked me fore an' aft,
 I scarce can lift a leggie, O!
 I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft,
 An' soon I'll dee for Peggy, O!
 O, love, love, love!
 Love is like a dizziness,
 It winna let a poor body
 Gang about his business!

JAMES HOGG



The Courtin'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur 'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in, —
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her !
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's arm thet Gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur,
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A I,
 Clean grit an' human natur';
 None could n't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells, —
 All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple,
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
 My ! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she 'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper, —
 All ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

“You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?”
 “Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'” —
 “To see my Ma? She 's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'.”

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t' other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, " I 'd better call agin " ;
 Says she, " Think likely, Mister " :
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is, they was cried
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



The Puritan Lovers.

DRAWN out, like lingering bees, to share
 The last, sweet summer weather,
 Beneath the reddening maples walked
 Two Puritans together.

A youth and maiden, heeding not
 The woods which round them brightened,
 Just conscious of each other's thoughts,
 Half happy and half frightened.

Grave were their brows, and few their words,
And coarse their garb, and simple ;
The maiden's very cheek seemed shy
To own its worldly dimple.

For stern the time ; they dwelt with care ;
And fear was oft a comer ;
A sober April ushered in
The Pilgrim's toilful summer.

And stern their creed ; they tarried here
Mere desert-land sojourners :
They must not dream of mirth or rest,
God's humble lesson-learners.

The temple's sacred perfume round
Their week-day robes was clinging ;
Their mirth was but the golden bells
On priestly garments ringing.

But as to-day they softly talked,
That serious youth and maiden,
Their plainest words strange beauties wore,
Like weeds with dew-drops laden.

The saddest theme had something sweet,
The gravest, something tender,
While with slow steps they wandered on,
'Mid summer's fading splendor.

He said, " Next week the church will hold
A day of prayer and fasting " ;
And then he stooped, and bent to pick
A white life-everlasting.

A silvery bloom, with fadeless leaves ;
He gave it to her, sighing ;
A mute confession was his glance,
Her blush a mute replying.

“Mehetabel!” (at last he spoke,)

“My fairest one and dearest!
One thought is ever to my heart
The sweetest and the nearest.

“You read my soul; you know my wish;
Oh, grant me its fulfilling!”
She answered low, “If Heaven smiles,
And if my father’s willing.”

No idle passion swayed her heart,
This quaint New England beauty;
Faith was the guardian of her life;
Obedience was a duty.

Too truthful for reserve, she stood,
Her brown eyes earthward casting,
And held with trembling hand the while
Her white life-everlasting.

Her sober answer pleased the youth —
Frank, clear, and gravely cheerful;
He left her at her father’s door,
Too happy to be fearful.

She looked on high, with earnest plea,
And Heaven seemed bright above her;
And when she shyly spoke his name,
Her father praised her lover.

And when, that night, she sought her couch,
With head-board high and olden,
Her prayer was praise, her pillow down,
And all her dreams were golden.

And still upon her throbbing heart,
In bloom and breath undying,
A few life-everlasting flowers,
Her lover’s gift, were lying.

O Venus' myrtles, fresh and green !
 O Cupid's blushing roses !
 Not on your classic flowers alone
 The sacred light reposes.

Though gentler care may shield your buds,
 From north winds rude and blasting,
 As dear to Love, those few, pale flowers.
 Oh, white life-everlasting !

ANNIE D. GREEN.

Spinning-Wheel Song.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning ;
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;
 Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting, —
 " Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
 "'T is the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
 " Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
 "'T is the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

" What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
 "'T is the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
 " What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
 And singing all wrong that old song of ' The Coolun!' "
 There's a form at the casement — the form of her true-love —
 And he whispers, with face bent, " I'm waiting for you, love!
 Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot 's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat — longs to go, and yet lingers ;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round ;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound ;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps, — then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower, and slower, and slower the wheel swings ;
Lower, and lower, and lower the reel rings.
Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and rubbing,
Thro' the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.



When the Kye comes Hame.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen,
I 'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken :
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue of man can name ?
'T is to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

'T is not beneath a coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'T is not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbor of the great, —

'T is beneath the spreadin' birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he ;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he 'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Droops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still ;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame !

Then since all Nature joins
 In this love without alloy,
 Oh, wha would prove a traitor
 To Nature's dearest joy?
 Or wha would choose a crown,
 Wi' its perils and its fame,
 And miss his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame?

JAMES HOGG.

Before the Gate.

THEY gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
 To fitful song and jest,
 To moods of soberness as idle, after,
 And silences, as idle too as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
 Taciturn, late and loath,
 Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
 They reached the gate, one fine spell hindered both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtile anguish
 Such as but women know
 That wait, and lest love speak or speak not, languish,
 And what they would, would rather they would not so;

Till he said, — man-like nothing comprehending
 Of all the wondrous guile
 That women won win themselves with, and bending
 Eyes of relentless asking on her the while, —

“Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
 Our steps as far as death,
 And I might open it! —” His voice, affrighted
 At his own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she — whom both his faith and fear enchanted
 Far beyond words to tell,
 Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
 The art he had that knew to blunder so well —

Slyly drew near, a little step, and mocking,
 "Shall we not be too late
 For tea?" she said. "I'm quite worn out with walking:
 Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you — open the gate?"

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.



Plighted.

MINE to the core of the heart, my beauty!
 Mine, all mine, and for love, not duty:
 Love given willingly, full and free,
 Love for love's sake — as mine to thee.

Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,
 But Love, the master, goes in and out
 Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
 Just as he please — just as he please.

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
 To the silken foot that's scarce beholden;
 Give a few friends hand or smile,
 Like a generous lady, now and awhile,
 But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win,
 Keep holiest of holiest evermore;
 The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
 The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubts or terrors,
 With all thy goodnesses, all thy errors,
 Unto me and to me alone revealed,
 "A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

Many may praise thee — praise mine as thine,
 Many may love thee — I 'll love them too :
 But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
 Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine.

Mine! — God, I thank thee that thou hast given
 Something all mine on this side heaven ;
 Something as much myself to be
 As this my soul which I lift to thee :

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
 Life of my life, whom thou dost make
 Two to the world for the world's work's sake —
 But each unto each, as in thy sight, *one*.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.



A Nice Correspondent.

THE glow and the glory are plighted
 To darkness, for evening is come ;
 The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted ;
 The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
 I 'm alone at my casement, for Pappy
 Is summoned to dinner at Kew :
 I 'm alone, my dear Fred, but I 'm happy, —
 I 'm thinking of you.

I wish you were here. Were I duller
 Than dull, you 'd be dearer than dear ;
 I am dressed in your favorite color, —
 Dear Fred, how I wish you were here !
 I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
 The necklace you fastened askew !
 Was there ever so rude or so reckless
 A darling as you ?

I want you to come and pass sentence
 On two or three books with a plot ;
 Of course you know " Janet's Repentance " ?
 I 'm reading Sir Waverley Scott,
 The story of Edgar and Lucy,
 How thrilling, romantic, and true ;
 The master (his bride was a goosey !)
 Reminds me of you.

To-day, in my ride, I 've been crowning
 The beacon ; its magic still lures,
 For up there you discoursed about Browning,
 That stupid old Browning of yours.
 His vogue and his verve are alarming,
 I 'm anxious to give him his due ;
 But, Fred, he 's not nearly so charming
 A poet as you.

I heard how you shot at The Beeches,
 I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
 I have read the report of your speeches,
 And echoed the echoing cheer.
 There 's a whisper of hearts you are breaking.—
 I envy their owners, I do !
 Small marvel that Fortune is making
 Her idol of you.

Alas for the world, and its dearly
 Bought triumph, and fugitive bliss !
 Sometimes I half wish I were merely
 A plain or a penniless miss ;
 But perhaps one is best with a measure
 Of pelf, and I 'm not sorry, too,
 That I 'm pretty, because it 's a pleasure,
 My dearest, to you.

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
 Your taste is for letters and art ;

This rhyme is the commonplace passion
 That glows in a fond woman's heart.
 Lay it by in a dainty deposit
 For relics, — we all have a few! —
 Love, some day they'll print it, because it
 Was written to you.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

—◆—
Her Letter.

I 'M sitting alone by the fire,
 Dressed just as I came from the dance,
 In a robe even *you* would admire, —
 It cost a cool thousand in France ;
 I 'm bediamonded out of all reason,
 My hair is done up in a cue .
 In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
 Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I 've broken ;
 I left in the midst of a set ;
 Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
 That waits — on the stairs — for me yet.
 They say he 'll be rich, — when he grows up, —
 And then he adores me indeed.
 And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
 Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
 "And what do I think of New York?"
 "And now, in my higher ambition,
 With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
 "And is n't it nice to have riches,
 And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
 "And are n't it a change to the ditches
 And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well yes,— if you saw us out driving
 Each day in the park, four-in-hand ;
 If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
 To look supernaturally grand, —
 If you saw papa's picture, as taken
 By Brady, and tinted at that, —
 You 'd never suspect he sold bacon
 And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
 In the glare of the grand chandelier,
 In the bustle and glitter befitting
 The " finest soirée of the year," —
 In the mists of a gaze de chambéry
 And the hum of the smallest of talk, —
 Somehow, Joe, I thought of " The Ferry,"
 And the dance that we had on " The Fork " ;

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
 Of flags festooned over the wall ;
 Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
 And tallow on head-dress and shawl ;
 Of the steps that we took to one fiddle ;
 Of the dress of my queer vis-a-vis :
 And how I once went down the middle
 With the man that shot Sandy McGee ;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
 On the hill, when the time came to go ;
 Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
 From under their bed-clothes of snow ;
 Of that ride, — that to me was the rarest ;
 Of — the something you said at the gate :
 Ah, Joe, then I was n't an heiress
 To " the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it 's all past ; yet it 's funny
 To think, as I stood in the glare

Of fashion and beauty and money,
 That I should be thinking, right there,
 Of some one who breasted highwater,
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,
 Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
 The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
 (Mamma says my taste still is low,)
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph, — heigh-ho!
 And I'm to be "finished" by travel,
 Whatever's the meaning of that, —
 O, why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night, — here's the end of my paper;
 Good-night, — if the longitude please, —
 For maybe, while wasting my taper,
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you have n't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it, — on Poverty Flat.

BRET HARTE.

His Answer to "Her Letter."

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BEING asked by an intimate party, —
 Which the same I would term as a friend, —
 Which his health it were vain to call hearty,
 Since the mind to deceit it might lend;
 For his arm it was broken quite recent,
 And has something gone wrong with his lung, —
 Which is why it is proper and decent
 I should write what he runs off his tongue:

First, he says, Miss, he's read through your letter
 To the end, and the end came too soon.
 That a slight illness kept him your debtor
 (Which for weeks he was wild as a loon).
 That his spirits are buoyant as yours is ;
 That with you, Miss, he challenges Fate
 (Which the language that invalid uses
 At times — it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer
 For once being held in your thought ;
 That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer
 Than ever by gold-seeker sought
 (Which are words he would put in these pages,
 By a party not given to guile ;
 Which the same, not at date, paying wages,
 Might produce in the sinful a smile).

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,
 And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,
 And the rose that you gave him — that very
 Same rose he is treasuring now ;
 (Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk, Miss,
 And insists on his legs being free ;
 And his language to me from his bunk, Miss,
 Is frequent and painful and free).

He hopes you are wearing no willows,
 But are happy and gay all the while ;
 That he knows (which this dodging of pillows
 Imparts but small ease to the style,
 And the same you will pardon) — he knows, Miss,
 That, though parted by many a mile,
 Yet, were he lying under the snows, Miss,
 They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'd still think of him in your pleasures,
 In your brief twilight-dreams of the past,

In this green laurel-spray that he treasures,
 It was plucked where your parting was last.
 In this specimen — but a small trifle —
 It will do for a pin for your shawl ;
 (Which the truth not to wickedly stifle
 Was his last week's "clean up" — and *his all*).

He's asleep — which the same might seem strange, Miss,
 Were it not that I scorn to deny
 That I raised his last dose, for a change, Miss,
 In view that his fever was high.
 But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive ;
 And, now, my respects, Miss, to you :
 Which, my language, although comprehensive,
 Might seem to be freedom, it's true.

Which I have a small favor to ask you,
 As concerns a bull-pup, which the same —
 If the duty would not overtask you —
 You would please to procure for me, game,
 And send per Express to the Flat, Miss,
 Which they say York is famed for the breed,
 Which though words of deceit may be that — Miss,
 I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

P. S. — Which this same interfering
 Into other folks' way I despise ;
 Yet if it so be I was hearing
 That it's just empty pockets as lies
 Betwixt you and Joseph, it follers,
 That, having no family claims,
 Here's my pile ; which it's six hundred dollars,
 As is yours, with respects, TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BRET HARTE.

The Groomsman to the Bridesmaid.

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late ;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning
When my friend, with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And the destinies recorded
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the kinsmen
Aimed their glances at the bride ;
But the groomsman eyed the virgins
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her ;
One was dark, and one was fair ;
But nor fair nor dark the other,
Save her Arab eyes and hair ;
Neither dark nor fair I call her,
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsman — shall I own it ?
Yes to thee, and only thee —
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
Who was fairest of the three,
Thus he thought : “ How blest the bridal
Where the bride were such as she ! ”

Then I mused upon the adage,
 Till my wisdom was perplexed,
 And I wondered, as the churchman
 Dwelt upon his holy text,
 Which of all who heard his lesson
 Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion
 For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
 Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;
 Or, who knows? — it may be mine,
 What if 't were — forgive the fancy —
 What if 't were — both mine and thine?

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.



My Beau.

O H, I am dinned with rolling drums
 And oft-repeated cheers,
 And tired with marching 'mid the throng
 Beside the Volunteers!
 For all day long my heart and eyes
 Went with the foremost row,
 Where, handsomest among them all,
 I saw my darling Beau.

The tears were on my cheeks unchecked
 Throughout this woful day;
 I did not heed the people's looks,
 I cared not what they 'd say;
 For why should I disguise my grief,
 Or strive to hide the woe
 That burst unbidden at the thought
 Of parting with my Beau?

You surely must have noticed,
As the ranks went marching by,
That tall young fellow in the front,
With such a bright blue eye.
I know a dozen hearts that ached
This day to see him go ;
But I alone among them all
Could claim him as a beau.

He was the only beau I had :
Of all the lads, but he
Seemed ever to have cared to win,
Or thought of loving me.
But had a thousand sought my hand,
Howe'er so rich, I'd throw
The greed of gold from out my heart,
And give it to my Beau.

Yon starlit flag is dear to me,
Because beneath its shade,
To fight for what we all believe
Is right, he stands arrayed.
Though were he on the other side,
The Stars and Bars, I know,
Would be as dear as Stripes and Stars,
While floating o'er my Beau.

A victory would be death to me,
Were he among the slain ;
I care not who shall win the fight,
So he comes back again ;
Nor to which side the bloody tide
Of war shall ebb or flow,
If it but brings me home unwrecked
That man-of-war, my Beau.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

Doris.

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd maiden :
 Her crook was laden with wreathèd flowers ;
 I sat and wooed her through sunlight wheeling,
 And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
 Wild summer roses of rare perfume,
 The while I sued her, kept hushed, and hearkened
 Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger :
 She said, "We linger ; we must not stay ;
 My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander :
 Behold them yonder — how far they stray !"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
 And still be near you, and still adore ;
 No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling ;
 Ah ! stay, my darling, a moment more."

She whispered, sighing : "There will be sorrow
 Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day ;
 My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
 I shall be scolded, and sent away."

Said I, replying : "If they do miss you,
 They ought to kiss you when you get home ;
 And well rewarded by friends and neighbor
 Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered meekly,
 "That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild ;
 But if they love me 't is none so fervent ;
 I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,
 And love did win me to swift reply :
 " Ah ! do but prove me, and none shall blind you
 Nor fray, nor find you, until I die."

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,
 As if debating in dreams divine ;
 But I did brave them — I told her plainly
 She doubted vainly ; she must be mine.

So we twin-hearted, from all the valley
 Did rouse and rally the nibbling ewes,
 And homeward drove them, we two together,
 Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty fresh grace did lend her —
 My Doris tender, my Doris true :
 That I, her warder, did always bless her,
 And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling —
 With love excelling, and undefiled ;
 And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
 No more a servant, nor yet a child.

ARTHUR MUNBY.

Hero to Leander.

O H, go not yet, my love,
 The night is dark and vast ;
 The white moon is hid in her heaven above,
 And the waves climb high and fast.
 Oh, kiss me, kiss me, once again,
 Lest thy kiss should be the last.
 Oh, kiss me ere we part ;
 Grow closer to my heart.
 My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of the main.

O joy ! O bliss of blisses !
 My heart of hearts art thou.
 Come, bathe me with thy kisses,
 My eyelids and my brow.
 Hark how the wild rain hisses,
 And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,
 So gladly doth it stir ;
 Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.
 I have bathed thee with the pleasant myrrh ;
 Thy locks are dripping balm ;
 Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,
 I 'll stay thee with my kisses.
 To-night the roaring brine
 Will rend thy golden tresses ;
 The ocean with the morrow light
 Will be both blue and calm ;
 And the billow will embrace thee with a kiss as soft as mine.

No Western odors wander
 On the black and moaning sea,
 And when thou art dead, Leander,
 My soul must follow thee !
 Oh, go not yet, my love,
 Thy voice is sweet and low ;
 The deep salt wave breaks in above
 Those marble steps below.
 The turret stairs are wet
 That lead into the sea.
 Leander ! go not yet.
 The pleasant stars have set :
 Oh, go not, go not yet,
 Or I will follow thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ailleen.

'T IS not for love of gold I go,
 'T is not for love of fame ;
 Though Fortune should her smile bestow,
 And I may win a name,
 Ailleen,
 And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
 And yet it is for fame,
 That they may deck another brow,
 And bless another name,
 Ailleen,
 And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go — for this
 I lose thy love awhile,
 And all the soft and quiet bliss
 Of thy young, faithful smile,
 Ailleen,
 Of thy young, faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate,
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave, and try a fate
 Upon a stranger shore,
 Ailleen,
 Upon a stranger shore.

Oh, when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care !
 Oh, when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear,
 Ailleen,
 I know a brow shall wear !

And when with both returned again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there,
And a hand will welcome me,
Aileen,
And a hand will welcome me!

JOHN BANIM.



A Woman's Question.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge
to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole:
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell
me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
 That mine can not fulfil?
 One chord that any other hand
 Could better wake or still?
 Speak now — lest at some future day my whole life wither
 and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
 The demon-spirit Change,
 Shedding a passing glory still
 On all things new and strange?
 It may not be thy fault alone — but shield my heart against
 thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
 And answer to my claim,
 That Fate, and that to-day's mistake —
 Not thou — had been to blame?
 Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely
 warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*, — I dare not hear,
 The words would come too late;
 Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
 So comfort thee, my fate:
 Whatever on my heart may fall, remember, I *would* risk
 it all!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Ask me no more.

ASK me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
 The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
 With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
 But, O too fond, when have I answered thee?
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are sealed :
 I strove against the stream, and all in vain :
 Let the great river take me to the main :
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
 Ask me no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



Widow Bedott to Elder Sniffles.

O REVEREND sir, I do declare
 It drives me most to frenzy,
 To think of you a lying there
 Down sick with influenzy.

A body 'd thought it was enough
 To mourn your wive's departer,
 Without sich trouble as this ere
 To come a follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction
 Are sent by a wise creation,
 And always ought to be underwent
 By patience and resignation.

O, I could to your bedside fly,
 And wipe your weeping eyes,
 And do my best to cure you up,
 If 't would n't create surprise.

It's a world of trouble we tarry in,
 But, Elder, don't despair ;
 That you may soon be movin' again
 Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend
 You 'll never be forgot
 By your faithful and affectionate friend,
 PRISCILLA POOL BEDOTT.

FRANCES MIRIAM WHITCHER.

My Aunt.

MY aunt ! my dear unmarried aunt !
 Long years have o'er her flown ;
 Yet still she strains the aching clasp
 That binds her virgin zone ;
 I know it hurts her, — though she looks
 As cheerful as she can ;
 Her waist is ampler than her life,
 For life is but a span.

My aunt ! my poor deluded aunt !
 Her hair is almost gray ;
 Why will she train that winter curl
 In such a spring-like way ?
 How can she lay her glasses down,
 And say she reads as well,
 When, through a double convex lens,
 She just makes out to spell ?

Her father — grandpapa, forgive
 This erring lip its smiles —
 Vowed she should make the finest girl
 Within a hundred miles ;

He sent her to a stylish school ;
'T was in her thirteenth June ;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall ;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small ;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins ;—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back ;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track ;)
"Ah !" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man !"

Alas ! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been !
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Bachelor's Dream.

MY pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
 My curtains drawn, and all is snug ;
 Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
 And Tray is sitting on the rug.
 Last night I had a curious dream,
 Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
 I could but woo and she was won ;
 Myself in blue, the bride in white,
 The ring was placed, the deed was done !
 Away we went in chaise-and-four,
 As fast as grinning boys could flog —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog?

What loving *tête-à-têtes* to come !
 What *tête-à-têtes* must still defer !
 When Susan came to live with me,
 Her mother came to live with her !
 With sister Belle she could n't part,
 But all *my* ties had leave to jog —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll —
 A monkey, too, what work he made !
 The sister introduced a beau —
 My Susan brought a favorite maid.
 She had a tabby of her own, —
 A snappish mongrel christened Gog, —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit — the parrot screamed,
All day the sister strummed and sung ;
The petted maid was such a scold !
My Susan learned to use her tongue ;
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sat and croaked like any frog —
What d' ye think of that, my cat ?
What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M !" —
The very servants crossed my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seemed my own,
I might as well have been a log —
What d' ye think of that, my cat ?
What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

My clothes they were the queerest shape !
Such coats and hats she never met !
My ways they were the oddest ways !
My friends were such a vulgar set !
Poor Tompkinson was snubbed and huffed,
She could not bear that Mister Blogg —
What d' ye think of that, my cat ?
What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song —
The sister took a sister's part —
The maid declared her master wrong —
The parrot learned to call me " Fool ! " —
My life was like a London fog —
What d' ye think of that, my cat ?
What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end ;

I never had a decent coat —
 I never had a coin to spend !
 She forced me to resign my club,
 Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat ?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
 To fops and flirts, a pretty list ;
 And when I tried to steal away
 I found my study full of whist !
 Then, first to come, and last to go,
 There always was a Captain Hogg —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat ?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

Now was not that an awful dream
 For one who single is and snug —
 With Pussy in the elbow-chair,
 And Tray reposing on the rug ? —
 If I must totter down the hill,
 'T is safest done without a clog —
 What d' ye think of that, my cat ?
 What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

THOMAS HOOD.

The faded Violets.

WHAT thought is folded in thy leaves !
 What tender thought, what speechless pain !
 I hold thy faded lips to mine,
 Thou darling of the April rain.

I hold thy faded lips to mine,
 Though scent and azure tint are fled —
 O dry, mute lips ! ye are the type
 Of something in me cold and dead :

Of something wilted like thy leaves ;
Of fragrance flown, of beauty gone ;
Yet for the love of those white hands
That found thee — April's earliest born —

That found thee when thy dewy mouth
Was purpled as with stains of wine —
For love of her who love forgot,
I hold thy faded lips to mine !

That thou shouldst live when I am dead,
When hate is dead for me and wrong,
For this I use my subtlest art,
For this, I fold thee in my song.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

*A Dream.*

I LINGER in a dream
By a lisping woodland stream,
Pretty scene !
And again we romp and play
On the meads in merry May,
Geraldine !

Your ringlets roses deck,
And around your pearly neck,
Soft as snow,
A necklace shines and plays
As it did in happy days
Long ago !

And you feed the sparrows still
As they chirp beside the sill
And the pump ;

And the birds their singing stop
 When you pass them with a hop,
 Skip, and jump.

Blushes warm your features crest ;
 In the east or in the west,
 South or north,
 There is naught so gay and sweet —
 So enchanting and petite,
 &c.,

As yourself — for it's as true
 As your loving eyes are blue —
 You're divine !
 As when you last were seen
 By myself in May, 18

59.

Ah me ! the vision breaks,
 And the sunbeams o'er the lakes
 Softly play,
 While I rise, without a sigh,
 And meander down to my
 Déjeuner.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.



A Light Woman.

SO far as our story approaches the end,
 Which do you pity the most of us three? —
 My friend, or the mistress of my friend
 With her wanton eyes, or me?

My friend was already too good to lose,
 And seemed in the way of improvement yet,
 When she crossed his path with her hunting-noose
 And over him drew her net.

When I saw him tangled in her toils,
 A shame, said I, if she adds just him
 To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,
 The hundredth, for a whim !

And before my friend be wholly hers,
 How easy to prove to him, I said,
 An eagle's the game her pride prefers,
 Though she snaps at the wren instead !

So I gave her eyes my own eyes to take,
 My hand sought hers as in earnest need,
 And round she turned for my noble sake,
 And gave me herself indeed.

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
 The wren is he, with his maiden face.
 — You look away and your lip is curled ?
 Patience, a moment's space !

For see — my friend goes shaking and white ;
 He eyes me as the basilisk :
 I have turned, it appears, his day to night,
 Eclipsing his sun's disk.

And I did it, he thinks, as a very thief :
 "Though I love her — that he comprehends —
 One should master one's passions (love, in chief),
 And be loyal to one's friends !"

And she — she lies in my hand as tame
 As a pear hung basking over a wall ;
 Just a touch to try, and off it came ;
 'T is mine — can I let it fall ?

With no mind to eat it, that's the worst !
 Were it thrown in the road, would the case assist ?
 'T was quenching a dozen blue-flies' thirst
 When I gave its stalk a twist.

And I — what I seem to my friend, you see —
 What I soon shall seem to his love, you guess.
 What I seem to myself, do you ask of me ?
 No hero, I confess.

'T is an awkward thing to play with souls,
 And matter enough to save one's own.
 Yet think of my friend, and the burning coals
 He played with for bits of stone!

One likes to show the truth for the truth ;
 That the woman was light, is very true :
 But suppose she says — never mind that youth —
 What wrong have I done to you ?

Well, any how, here the story stays,
 So far at least as I understand ;
 And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
 Here 's a subject made to your hand !

ROBERT BROWNING.



Compliment to Queen Elizabeth.

MY gentle Puck, come hither, thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.
 That very time, I saw, but thou couldst not,
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, thronèd by the west ;
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
 And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell ;
 It fell upon a little western flower, —
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound, —
 And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower ; the herb I showed thee once.
 The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
 Will make a man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb : and be thou here again,
 Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes.

Oberon. Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Oberon. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Poet's Song to his Wife.

HOW many summers, love,
 Have I been thine ?
 How many days, thou dove,
 Hast thou been mine ?
 Time, like the wingèd wind
 When 't bends the flowers,
 Hath left no mark behind,
 To count the hours !

Some weight of thought, though loth,
 On thee he leaves ;
 Some lines of care round both
 Perhaps he weaves ;
 Some fears, — a soft regret
 For joys scarce known ;
 Sweet looks we half forget ; —
 All else is flown !

Ah ! — With what thankless heart
 I mourn and sing !
 Look, where our children start,
 Like sudden spring !
 With tongues all sweet and low,
 Like a pleasant rhyme,
 They tell how much I owe
 To thee and time !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.



An Old Man's Idyl.

BY the waters of life we sat together,
 Hand in hand, in the golden days
 Of the beautiful early summer weather,
 When skies were purple and breath was praise,
 When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
 And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
 Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
 And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of life we walked together,
 I and my darling, unafraid ;
 And lighter than any linnet's feather
 The burdens of being on us weighed ;

And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
 Mantles of joy outlasting time,
 And up from the rosy morrows grew
 A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together,
 And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
 And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
 Swooned with the fragrance which they shed ;
 And under the trees the angel walked,
 And up in the air a sense of wings
 Awed us tenderly while we talked
 Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
 Watching the waving harvests grow,
 And under the benison of the Father
 Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro ;
 And the cowslips hearing our low replies,
 Broidered fairer the emerald banks,
 And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
 And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
 Neither myself nor my darling guessed ;
 Only we knew that something crowned us
 Out from the heavens with crowns of rest ;
 Only we knew that something bright
 Lingered lovingly where we stood,
 Clothed with the incandescent light
 Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh the riches love doth inherit !
 Oh the alchemy which doth change
 Dross of body and dregs of spirit
 Into sanctities rare and strange !
 My flesh is feeble, and dry, and old,
 My darling's beautiful hair is gray ;
 But our elixir and precious gold
 Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
 Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain :
 But we have a secret which doth show us,
 Wonderful rainbows in the rain,
 And we hear the tread of the years move by,
 And the sun is setting behind the hills ;
 But my darling does not fear to die,
 And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
 Dreaming the dreams of long ago ;
 Then it was balmy sunny weather,
 And now the valleys are laid in snow.
 Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,
 The wind blows cold, — 't is growing late ;
 Well, well ! we have garnered all our sheaves,
 I and my darling, and we wait.

RICHARD REALF.



The Bloom hath fled thy Cheek, Mary.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
 As spring's rath blossoms die ;
 And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
 Thy once bright eye ;
 But look ! on me the prints of grief
 Still deeper lie.
 Farewell !

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary ;
 Thy step is sad and slow ;
 The morn of gladness hath gone by
 Thou erst did know ;
 I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
 For very woe.
 Farewell !

It seems as 't were but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell !

'T was not in cold and measured phrase
We gave our passion name ;
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our heart's fond flame
And long-imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell !

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doomed lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so !
Farewell !

But in the wreck of all our hopes
There's yet some touch of bliss,
Since Fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss :
Despair and love and madness meet
In this, in this.
Farewell !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

The Mango-Tree.

HE wiled me through the furzy croft ;
He wiled me down the sandy lane.
He told his boy's love, soft and oft,
Until I told him mine again.

We married, and we sailed the main ;
A soldier, and a soldier's wife.
We marched through many a burning plain ;
We sighed for many a gallant life.

But his — God keep it safe from harm !
He toiled, and dared, and earned command.
And those three stripes upon his arm
Were more to me than gold or land.

Sure he would win some great renown :
Our lives were strong, our hearts were high.
One night the fever struck him down,
I sat, and stared, and saw him die.

I had his children — one, two, three.
One week I had them, blithe and sound ;
The next — beneath this mango-tree,
By him in barrack burying-ground.

I sit beneath the mango-shade ;
I live my five years' life all o'er —
Round yonder stems his children played ;
He mounted guard at yonder door.

'T is I, not they, am gone and dead.
They live, they know, they feel, they see.
Their spirits light the golden shade
Beneath the giant mango-tree.

All things, save I, are full of life :
The minas' pluming velvet breasts ;
The monkeys, in their foolish strife ;
The swooping hawks, the swinging nests.

The lizards basking on the soil,
The butterflies who sun their wings ;
The bees about their household toil, —
They live, they love, the blissful things.

Each tender purple mango-shoot,
That folds and droops so bashful down :
It lives ; it sucks some hidden root ;
It rears at last a broad green crown.

It blossoms ; and the children cry —
“ Watch when the mango-apples fall ; ” —
It lives ; but rootless, fruitless, I —
I breathe and dream ; — and that is all.

Thus am I dead : yet cannot die :
But still within my foolish brain
There hangs a pale-blue evening sky ;
A furzy croft ; a sandy lane.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



My Heid is like to rend, Willie.

MY heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break ;
I 'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I 'm dyin' for your sake !
Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane, —
Oh, say ye 'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
 Sair grief maun ha'e its will ;
 But let me rest upon your briest
 To sab and greet my fill.
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
 Let me shed by your hair,
 And look into the face, Willie,
 I never sall see mair !

I 'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
 For the last time in my lie, —
 A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
 A mither, yet nae wife.
 Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
 And press it mair and mair,
 Or it will burst the silken twine,
 Sae strang is its despair.

Oh, wae 's me for the hour, Willie,
 When we thegither met, —
 Oh, wae 's me for the time, Willie,
 That our first tryst was set !
 Oh, wae 's me for the loanin' green
 Where we were wont to gae, —
 And wae 's me for the destinie
 That gart me luv thee sae !

Oh, dinna mind my words, Willie,
 I downa seek to blame ;
 But oh, it 's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a warld's shame !
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek
 And hailin' ower your chin :
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow and for sin ?

I 'm weary of this warld, Willie,
 And sick wi' a' I see,

I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart ;
Oh, haud me up, and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa part.
Anither, and anither yet ! —
How fast my life-strings break ! —
Fareweel ! fareweel ! through yon kirk-yard
Step lichtly for my sake !

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid ;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be ;
And oh, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee !
And oh, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair,
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Glenara.

OH! heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
 Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
 'T is the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
 And her sire and the people are called to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud;
 Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud:
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
 They marched all in silence, they looked on the ground.

In silence they reached, over mountain and moor,
 To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
 "Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn;
 Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse!
 Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"
 So spake the rude chieftain. No answer is made.
 But each mantle unfolding a dagger displayed.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
 "And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem.
 Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream."

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
 When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen!
 When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,—
 'T was the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
 I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
 On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem.
 Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
 And the desert revealed where his lady was found;
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne —
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

—◆—
Song.

I BADE thee stay. Too well I know
 The fault was mine — mine only:
 I dared not think upon the past,
 All desolate and lonely.

I feared in memory's silent air
 Too sadly to regret thee, —
 Feared in the night of my despair
 I could not all forget thee.

Yet go — ah, go! Those pleading eyes,
 Those low, sweet tones, appealing
 From heart to heart — ah, dare I trust
 That passionate revealing.

For ah, those keen and pleading eyes
 Evoke too keen a sorrow,
 A pang that will not pass away
 With thy wild vows to-morrow.

A love immortal and divine
 Within my heart is waking;
 Its dream of anguish and despair
 It owns not but in breaking.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

In the Academy of Design.

I SAW her in the corridor,
 Her form was beauty's own ;
 She tripped up lightly from the door,
 And stood, a splendid dream, before
 A portraiture by Stone.

She looked around with tranquil air ;
 A muff before her stood ;
 He seemed, beside her beauty rare,
 A study for a *genre* there
 By Thomas W. Wood.

She seemed to care for him no whit,
 As at her face he peered ;
 No doubt she only thought him fit
 For application of the wit
 Of dear, facetious Beard.

He matched so ill her grace divine,
 I wished he might be shot
 By one of those extremely fine
 And stately soldiers, the design
 Of Mr. Julian Scott.

Her hair was auburn ; fold on fold
 It fell in wavy flow ;
 And as its glory downward rolled,
 It shone with shining gleams of gold
 Like sunset by Gignoux.

Her lissome grace you could perceive,
 For all her rich array ;
 I'm sure she rivalled Powers's Eve,
 And was as sweet as Genevieve
 By Henry Peters Gray.

But oh, the splendor of her eyes !
 Deep as the deepest sea !
 As radiant as the stars that rise,
 As fathomless as summer skies
 By Jervis M'Entee !

She shone the brightest jewel there,
 Among those gems of art ;
 With manners gay and debonair,
 More brightly, softly, sweetly fair
 Than autumn scene by Hart.

Methinks upon that lily hand
 I fain would place a ring ;
 With her before the altar stand
 And hear, with joy, the accents bland
 Of Dr. S. H. Tyng.

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.



The Portrait.

MIDNIGHT past ! Not a sound of aught
 Through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers.
 I sat by the dying fire and thought
 Of the dear dead woman upstairs.

A night of tears ! for the gusty rain
 Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet ;
 And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,
 With her face all white and wet :

Nobody with me my watch to keep,
 But the friend of my bosom, the man I love :
 And grief had sent him fast to sleep
 In the chamber up above.

Nobody else in the country-place
All round that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young priest with the Raphael-face
Who confessed her when she died.

That good young priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control ;
For his lip grew white as I could observe
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone :
I thought of the pleasant days of yore :
I said, "The staff of my life is gone :
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear —
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept ;
For each ruby there my heart hath bled :
For each pearl my eyes have wept."

And I said — "The thing is precious to me :
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay :
It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet ;
There, stark she lay on her carven bed :
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand I held my breath ;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart :
I dared not look on the face of death :
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warmed that heart to life with love ;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'T was the hand of a man that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead, from the other side,
And at once the sweat broke over my brow ;
"Who is robbing the corpse ?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the tapers' light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white ;
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend ?" The man
Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began ;
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me :
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie !"
He answered, . . . "Let us see."

"Enough !" I returned, "let the dead decide :
And whosoever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried.
Where Death is arraigned by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place ;
 We opened it by the tapers' shine :
 The gems were all unchanged : the face
 Was — neither his nor mine.

“ One nail drives out another, at least !
 The face of the portrait there,” I cried,
 “ Is our friend's the Raphael-faced young priest
 Who confessed her when she died.”

The setting is all of rubies red,
 And pearls which a Peri might have kept ;
 For each ruby there my heart hath bled :
 For each pearl my eyes have wept.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.



The Royal Guest.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men,
 With thee I 'm difficult and slow of speech ;
 With others, I may guide the ear of talk,
 Thou wring'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I 'd deck my hair,
 And choose my newest garment from the shelf ;
 When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
 With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them I while the hours with tale or song,
 Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme ;
 But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
 Who hast the harmonies of every time ?

O friend beloved ! I sit apart and dumb,
 Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine ;
 My lips will falter, but my prisoned heart
 Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their simple fare,
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial matched with thine,
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

JULIA WARD HOWE.



Where shall the Lover rest?

WHERE shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever?
Where through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow
Eleu loro
Soft shall be his pillow.

There through the summer day
Cool streams are laving:
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake
Never, O never!
Eleu loro
Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her ?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying ;
 Eleu loro
 There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted ;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap
 Ere life be parted :
 Shame and dishonor sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it
 Never, O never !
 Eleu loro
 Never, O never !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



The Tears I Shed must ever Fall.

THE tears I shed must ever fall :
 I mourn not for an absent swain ;
 For thoughts may past delights recall,
 And parted lovers meet again.
 I weep not for the silent dead :
 Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er ;
 And those they loved their steps shall tread,
 And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans rolled between,
 If certain that his heart is near,

A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand removed,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails ;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of withered joy ;
The flattering veil is rent aside,
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once tinged in transport's dye ;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.
E'en time itself despairs to cure
Those pangs to every feeling due :
Ungenerous youth ! thy boast how poor,
To win a heart, and break it too !

No cold approach, no altered mien ;
Just what would make suspicion start ;
No pause the dire extremes between —
He made me blest, and broke my heart :
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
Neglected and neglecting all ;
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART.

A Fishing Song.

DOWN in the wide, gray river
The current is sweeping strong ;
Over the wide, gray river
Floats the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke times the singing,
The song falls with the oar ;
And an echo in both is ringing,
I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current,
The song brings back to me
A cry from mortal silence,
Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanished,
Love that had died of wrong,
Hearts that are dead in living,
Come back in the fisherman's song.

I see the maples leafing,
Just as they leafed before,
The green grass comes no greener
Down to the very shore —

With the rude strain swelling, sinking,
In the cadence of days gone by,
As the oar, from the water drinking,
Ripples the mirrored sky.

Yet the soul hath life diviner :
Its past returns no more,
But in echoes, that answer the minor
Of the boat-song, from the shore.

And the ways of God are darkness ;
 His judgment waiteth long ;
 He breaks the heart of a woman
 With a fisherman's careless song.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.



My Last Duchess.

FERRARA.

THAT 'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive ; I call
 That piece a wonder, now : Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will 't please you sit and look at her ? I said
 " Frà Pandolf " by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
 Are you tó turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, " Her mantle laps
 Over my Lady's wrist too much," or " Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat ; " such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart . . . how shall I say ? . . . too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed ; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 't was all one ! My favor at her breast,

The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men — good ; but thanked
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
My gift of a nine hundred years old name
With anybody's gift. Who 'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will
Quite clear to such a one, and say, " Just this
Or that in you disgusts me ; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark " — and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
— E'en then would be some stooping, and I chuse
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her ; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew ; I gave commands ;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We 'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed ;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we 'll go
Together down, sir ! Notice Neptune though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A Bird at Sunset.

WILD bird, that wingest wide the glimmering moors,
Whither, by belts of yellowing woods, away?
What pausing sunset thy wild heart allures
Deep into dying day?

Would that my heart, on wings like thine, could pass
Where stars their light in rosy regions lose —
A happy shadow o'er the warm brown grass,
Falling with falling dews!

Hast thou, like me, some true-love of thine own,
In fairy-lands beyond the utmost seas;
Who there, unsolaced, yearns for thee alone,
And sings to silent trees?

Oh, tell that woodbird that the summer grieves
And the suns darken and the days grow cold;
And, tell her, love will fade with fading leaves,
And cease in common mould.

Fly from the winter of the world to her!
Fly, happy bird! I follow in thy flight,
Till thou art lost o'er yonder fringe of fir
In baths of crimson light.

My love is dying far away from me.
She sits and saddens in the fading west.
For her I mourn all day, and pine to be
At night upon her breast.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

The King of Denmark's Ride.

WORD was brought to the Danish king
 (Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
 (O, ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
 And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
 (Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
 (O, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
 For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
 (Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
 For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
 Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
 (Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn

An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
 Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
 The castle portal stood grimly wide ;
 None welcomed the king from that weary ride ;
 For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
 The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying !

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
 Stood weary.
 The king returned from her chamber of rest,
 The thick sobs choking in his breast ;
 And, that dumb companion eying,
 The tears gushed forth which he strove to check ;
 He bowed his head on his charger's neck :
 "O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
 Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
 To the halls where my love lay dying !"

CAROLINE NORTON.

Hannah Binding Shoes.

POOR lone Hannah,
 Sitting at the window binding shoes.
 Faded, wrinkled,
 Sitting stitching in a mournful muse.
 Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
 When the bloom was on the tree ;
 Spring and winter
 Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
 Passing nod or answer will refuse,
 To her whisper,
 "Is there from the fishers any news ?"
 Oh her heart's adrift with one

On an endless voyage gone !
 Night and morning
 Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah
 Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gaily woos ;
 Hale and clever,
 For a willing heart and hand he sues.
 May-day skies are all aglow,
 And the waves are laughing so !
 For her wedding
 Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing ;
 Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes.
 Hannah shudders,
 For the mild southwester mischief brews.
 Round the rocks of Marblehead,
 Outward bound, a schooner sped ;
 Silent, lonesome,
 Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

'T is November :
 Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
 From Newfoundland,
 Not a sail returning will she lose,
 Whispering hoarsely, " Fishermen,
 Have you, have you heard of Ben ? "
 Old with watching,
 Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
 Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views ;
 Twenty seasons —
 Never one has brought her any news.
 Still her dim eyes silently
 Chase the white sails o'er the sea ;
 Hopeless, faithful,
 Hannah 's at the window binding shoes.

LUCY LARCOM.

The Widow's Lullaby.

SHE droops like a dew-dropping lily,
“Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!”

The sun comes up from the lea,
As he who will never come more
Came up that first day to her door,
When the ship furl'd her sails by the shore,
And the spring leaves were green on the tree.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
“Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!”

The sun goes down in the sea,
As he who will never go more,
Went down that last day from her door,
When the ship set her sails from the shore,
And the dead leaves were sere on the tree.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
“Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!”

The year comes glad o'er the lea,
As he who will never come more,
Never, ah never!
Came up that first day to her door,
When the ship furl'd her sails by the shore,
And the spring leaves were green on the tree.
Never, ah never!
He who will come again, never!

But she droops like a new-dropping lily,
“Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!”

The year goes sad to the sea,
As he who will never go more
For ever went down from her door,
Ever, for ever !
When the ship set her sails by the shore,
And the dead leaves were sere on the tree.
Ever, for ever !
For ever went down from her door.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
“ Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie !
Whisht, whisht o’ thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie ! ”

A gun, and a flash, and a gun,
The ship lies again where she lay !
High and low, low and high, in the sun,
There’s a boat, a boat on the bay !
High and low, low and high, in the sun,
All as she saw it that day,
When he came who shall never come more,
And the ship furled her sails by the shore.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
“ Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie !
Whisht, whisht o’ thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie ! ”

All as she saw it that day,
With a gun, and a flash, and a gun,
The ship lies again where she lay,
And they run, and they ride, and they run,
Merry, merry, merry, down the merry highway,
To the boat, high and low in the sun.

Nearer and nearer she hears the rolling drum,
Clearer and clearer she hears the cry, “ They come, ”
Far and near runs the cheer to her ear once so dear,
Merry, merry, merry, up the merry highway,
As it ran when he came that day

And said, "Wilt thou be my dearie?
 Oh, wilt thou be my dearie?
 My boat is dry in the bay,
 And I'll love till thou be weary!"
 And she could not say him nay,
 For his bonny eyes o' blue,
 And never was true-love so true,
 To never so kind a dearie,
 As he who will never love more,
 When the ship furls her sails by the shore.

Then she shakes like a wind-stricken lily,
 "Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
 Whisht, whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

SYDNEY DOBELL.



Epitaph.

FAREWELL! — since never more for thee
 The sun comes up our earthly skies,
 Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be
 To some fond heart and saddened eyes.

There are who, for thy last long sleep,
 Shall sleep as sweetly never more
 Must weep because thou canst not weep,
 And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love! — the loving breast,
 Whereon thine aching head was thrown,
 Gave up the weary head to rest,
 But kept the aching for its own,

Till pain shall find the same low bed
 That pillows now thy painless head,
 And, following darkly through the night,
 Love reach thee by the founts of light.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

To Mary in Heaven.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usherest in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
 The birds sang love on every spray,—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

Astarte.

WHEN the latest strife is lost, and all is done with,
 Ere we slumber in the spirit and the brain,
 We drowse back, in dreams, to days that life begun with,
 And their tender light returns to us again.

I have cast away the tangle and the torment
 Of the cords that bound my life up in a mesh ;
 And the pulse begins to throb that long lay dormant
 'Neath their pressure ; and the old wounds bleed afresh.

I am touched again with shades of early sadness,
 Like the summer-cloud's light shadow in my hair ;
 I am thrilled again with breaths of boyish gladness,
 Like the scent of some last primrose on the air.

And again she comes, with all her silent graces,
 The lost woman of my youth, yet unpossessed ;
 And her cold face so unlike the other faces
 Of the women whose dead lips I since have pressed.

The motion and the fragrance of her garments
 Seem about me, all the day long, in the room :
 And her face, with its bewildering old endearments,
 Comes at night, between the curtains, in the gloom.

When vain dreams are stirred with sighing, near the morning,
 To my own her phantom lips I feel approach ;
 And her smile at eve breaks o'er me without warning
 From its speechless, pale, perpetual reproach.

When life's dawning glimmer yet had all the tint there
 Of the orient, in the freshness of the grass,
 (Ah what feet since then have trodden out the print there !)
 Did her soft, her silent footsteps fall and pass.

They fell lightly, as the dew falls 'mid ungathered
 Meadow-flowers ; and lightly lingered with the dew.
 But the dew is gone, the grass is dried and withered,
 And the traces of those steps have faded too.

Other footsteps fall about me, — faint, uncertain,
 In the shadow of the world, as it recedes :
 Other forms peer through the half-uptifted curtain
 Of that mystery which hangs behind the creeds.

What is gone, is gone forever. And new fashions
 May replace old forms which nothing can restore :
 But I turn from sighing back departed passions
 With that pining at the bosom as of yore.

I remember to have murmured, morn and even :
 “ Though the earth dispart these Earthlies, face from face,
 Yet the Heavenlies shall surely join in heaven,
 For the spirit hath no bonds in time or space.

“ Where it listeth, there it bloweth ; all existence
 Is its region ; and it houseth, where it will.
 I shall feel her through immeasurable distance,
 And grow nearer and be gathered to her still.

“ If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,
 Brows and breast and lips and language of sweet strains,
 I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,
 And that portion of myself which she retains.”

But my being is confused with new experience,
 And changed to something other than it was ;
 And the Future with the Past is set at variance ;
 And life falters with the burdens which it has.

Earth's old sins press fast behind me, weakly wailing ;
 Faint before me fleets the good I have not done ;
 And my search for her may still be unavailing
 'Mid the spirits that are passed beyond the sun.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

The Vagabonds.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
 Roger's my dog: — come here, you scamp!
 Jump for the gentlemen, — mind your eye!
 Over the table, — look out for the lamp! —
 The rogue is growing a little old;
 Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
 And ate and drank — and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
 A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
 (This out-door business is bad for strings),
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
 And Roger and I set up for kings!

No thank ye, sir, — I never drink;
 Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —
 Are n't we, Roger? — see him wink! —
 Well, something hot, then, — we won't quarrel.
 He's thirsty, too, — see him nod his head?
 What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
 He understands every word that's said, —
 And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
 I've been so sadly given to grog,
 I wonder I've not lost the respect
 (Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There is n't another creature living
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
 To such a miserable, thankless master !
 No, sir ! — see him wag his tail and grin !
 By George ! it makes my old eyes water !
 That is, there 's something in this gin
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter !

We 'll have some music, if you 're willing,
 And Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is, sir !)
 Shall march a little. — Start, you villain !
 Stand straight ! 'Bout face ! Salute your officer !
 Put up that paw ! Dress ! Take your rifle !
 (Some dogs have arms, you see !) Now hold your
 Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier !

March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes,
 When he stands up to hear his sentence.
 Now tell us how many drams it takes
 To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
 Five yelps, — that 's five ; he 's mighty knowing !
 The night 's before us, fill the glasses ! —
 Quick, sir ! I 'm ill, — my brain is going !
 Some brandy, — thank you, — there ! — it passes !

Why not reform ? That 's easily said ;
 But I 've gone through such wretched treatment,
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my poor stomach 's past reform ;
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,
 I 'd sell out heaven for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
 At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,

A dear girl's love, — but I took to drink ;
 The same old story ; you know how it ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features, —
 You need n't laugh, sir , they were not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures :
 I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast !
 If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you would n't have guessed
 That ever I, sir, should be straying
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She 's married since, — a parson's wife :
 'T was better for her that we should part, —
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 I have seen her? Once : I was weak and spent
 On the dusty road, a carriage stopped :
 But little she dreamed, as on she went,
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You 've set me talking, sir ; I 'm sorry
 It makes me wild to think of the change !
 What do you care for a beggar's story ?
 Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?
 I had a mother so proud of me !
 'T was well she died before — Do you know
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain ; then Roger and I will start.
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing, in place of a heart ?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were, —
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
 We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink; —
 The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE



Aurum Potabile.

BROTHER Bards of every region —
 Brother Bards, (your name is legion!)
 Were you with me while the twilight
 Darkens up my pine-tree skylight —
 Were you gathered, representing
 Every land beneath the sun,
 Oh, what songs would be indited,
 Ere the earliest star is lighted,
 To the praise of vino d'oro,
 On the Hills of Lebanon!

Yes; while all alone I quaff its
 Lucid gold, and brightly laugh its
 Topaz waves and amber bubbles,
 Still the thought my pleasure troubles,
 That I quaff it all alone.
 Oh for Hafiz — glorious Persian!
 Keats, with buoyant, gay diversion
 Mocking Schiller's grave immersion;
 Oh for wreathed Anacreon!

Yet enough to have the living —
 They, the few, the rapture-giving !
 (Blessèd more than in receiving.)
 Fate, that frowns when laurels wreath them,
 Once the solace might bequeath them,
 Once to taste of vino d'oro,
 On the Hills of Lebanon !

Lebanon, thou mount of story,
 Well we know thy sturdy glory,
 Since the days of Solomon ;
 Well we know the Five old cedars,
 Scarred by ages — silent pleaders,
 Preaching, in their gray sedateness,
 Of thy forest's fallen greatness,
 Of the vessels of the Tyrian,
 And the palaces Assyrian,
 And the temple on Morian
 To the High and Holy One !
 Know the wealth of thy appointment —
 Myrrh and aloes, gum and ointment ;
 But we knew not, till we clomb thee,
 Of the nectar dropping from thee —
 In the cup of vino d'oro,
 On the Hills of Lebanon !

We have drunk and we have eaten,
 Where Egyptian sheaves are beaten ;
 Tasted Judah's milk and honey
 On his mountains, bare and sunny ;
 Drained ambrosial bowls that ask us
 Never more to leave Damascus ;
 And have sung a vintage pæan
 To the grapes of isles Ægean,
 And the flasks of Orvieto,
 Ripened in the Roman sun :
 But the liquor here surpasses
 All that beams in earthly glasses.

'T is of this that Paracelsus
 (His elixir vitæ) tells us,
 That to happier shores can float us
 Than Lethean stems of lotus,
 And the vigor of the morning
 Straight restores when day is done.
 Then, before the sunset waneth,
 While the rosy tide, that staineth
 Earth and sky and sea, remaineth,
 We will take the fortune proffered —
 Ne'er again to be re-offered —
 We will drink of vino d'oro,
 On the Hills of Lebanon!
 Vino d'oro! vino d'oro! —
 Golden blood of Lebanon!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Toper's Apology.

I 'M often asked by plodding souls
 And men of sober tongue,
 What joy I take in draining bowls
 And tipping all night long.
 But though these cautious knaves I scorn,
 For once I'll not disdain
 To tell them why I sit till morn
 And fill my glass again.

'T is by the glow my bumper gives,
 Life's picture 's mellow made ;
 The fading light then brightly lives,
 And softly sinks the shade.
 Some happier tint still rises there,
 With every drop I drain ;
 And that I think 's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take,
But round the bowl she 'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
Then, if each nymph will have her share,
Before she 'll bless her swain,
Why, that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

In life I 've rung all changes through,
Run every pleasure down,
Tried all extremes of folly too,
And lived with half the town ;
For me there 's nothing new nor rare,
Till wine deceives my brain ;
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

I find, too, when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I 'm prosed by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care ;
Or, harder still, am doomed to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain ;
And that I 'm sure 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

There 's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old,
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold ;
But wine awhile drives off despair —
Nay, bids a hope remain ;
And that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

CHARLES MORRIS.

Mare Rubrum.

FLASH out a stream of blood-red wine! —
 For I would drink to other days ;
 And brighter shall their memory shine,
 Seen flaming through its crimson blaze.
 The roses die, the summers fade ;
 But every ghost of boyhood's dream
 By Nature's magic power is laid
 To sleep beneath this blood-red stream.

It filled the purple grapes that lay
 And drank the splendors of the sun
 Where the long summer's cloudless day
 Is mirrored in the broad Garonne ;
 It pictures still the bacchant shapes
 That saw their hoarded sunlight shed, —
 The maidens dancing on the grapes,
 Their milk-white ankles splashed with red.

Beneath these waves of crimson lie,
 In rosy fetters prisoned fast,
 Those flitting shapes that never die,
 The swift-winged visions of the past.
 Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim,
 Each shadow rends its flowery chain,
 Springs in a bubble from its brim,
 And walks the chambers of the brain.

Poor Beauty ! time and fortune's wrong
 No form nor feature may withstand, —
 Thy wrecks are scattered all along,
 Like emptied sea-shells on the sand ; —
 Yet, sprinkled with this blushing rain,
 The dust restores each blooming girl,
 As if the sea-shells moved again
 Their glistening lips of pink and pearl.

Here lies the home of school-boy life,
 With creaking stair and wind-swept hall,
 And, scarred by many a truant knife,
 Our old initials on the wall ;
 Here rest — their keen vibrations mute —
 The shout of voices known so well,
 The ringing laugh, the wailing flute,
 The chiding of the sharp-tongued bell.

Here, clad in burning robes, are laid
 Life's blossomed joys, untimely shed ;
 And here those cherished forms have strayed
 We miss awhile, and call them dead.
 What wizard fills the maddening glass ?
 What soil the enchanted clusters grew,
 That buried passions wake and pass
 In beaded drops of fiery dew ?

Nay, take the cup of blood-red wine, —
 Our hearts can boast a warmer glow,
 Filled from a vintage more divine, —
 Calmed, but not chilled, by winter's snow !
 To-night the palest wave we sip,
 Rich as the priceless draught shall be
 That wet the bride of Cana's lip,
 The wedding wine of Galilee !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



To Thomas Moore.

MY boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea ;
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee !

Here 's a sigh for those that love me,
 And a smile for those who hate ;
 And, whatever sky 's above me,
 Here 's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on ;
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasped upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell
 'T is to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
 The libation I would pour
 Should be, — Peace with thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore !

LORD BYRON.



After a Lecture on Moore.

SHINE soft, ye trembling tears of light
 That strew the morning skies ;
 Hushed in the silent dews of night
 The harp of Erin lies.

What though her thousand years have past
 Of poets, saints, and kings, —
 Her echoes only hear the last
 That swept those golden strings.

Fling o'er his mound, ye star-lit bowers,
 The balmiest wreaths ye wear,
 Whose breath has lent your earth-born flowers
 Heaven's own ambrosial air.

Breathe, bird of night, thy softest tone,
By shadowy grove and rill;
Thy song will soothe us while we own
That his was sweeter still.

Stay, pitying Time, thy foot for him
Who gave thee swifter wings,
Nor let thine envious shadow dim
The light his glory flings.

If in his cheek unholy blood
Burned for one youthful hour,
'T was but the flushing of the bud
That blooms a milk-white flower.

Take him, kind mother, to thy breast,
Who loved thy smiles so well,
And spread thy mantle o'er his rest
Of rose and asphodel.

— The bark has sailed the midnight sea,
The sea without a shore,
That waved its parting sign to thee, —
“A health to thee, Tom Moore!”

And thine, long lingering on the strand,
Its bright-hued streamers furled,
Was loosed by age, with trembling hand,
To seek the silent world.

Not silent! no, the radiant stars,
Still singing as they shine,
Unheard through earth's imprisoning bars,
Have voices sweet as thine.

Wake, then, in happier realms above,
The songs of by-gone years,
Till angels learn those airs of love
That ravished mortal ears!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Not far to Go.

AS upland fields were sunburnt brown,
 And heat-dried brooks were running small,
 And sheep were gathered panting all,
 Below the hawthorn on the down ;
 The while my mare, with dipping head,
 Pulled on my cart, above the bridge ;
 I saw come on, beside the ridge,
 A maiden, white in skin and thread,
 And walking with an elbow load,
 The way I drove, along my road.

As there, with comely steps, up-hill
 She rose by elm-trees, all in ranks,
 From shade to shade, by flowery banks,
 Where flew the bird with whistling bill,
 I kindly said, " Now won't you ride,
 This burning weather, up the knap ?
 I have a seat that fits the trap—
 And now is swung from side to side."
 " Oh, no," she cried ; " I thank you, no.
 I 've little farther now to go."

Then, up the timbered slope, I found
 The prettiest house, a good day's ride
 Would bring you by, with porch and side,
 By rose and jessamine well bound,
 And near at hand, a spring and pool,
 With lawn well sunned and bower cool :
 And while the wicket fell behind
 Her steps, I thought, if I would find
 A wife I need not blush to show,
 I 've little farther now to go.

WILLIAM BARNES.

Sujata.

From "The Light of Asia."

NOW, by that river dwelt a landholder
 Pious and rich, master of many herds,
 A goodly chief, the friend of all the poor ;
 And from his house the village drew its name —
 "Senáni." Pleasant and in peace he lived,
 Having for wife Sujâta, loveliest
 Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain ;
 Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
 Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
 And gladsome looks — a pearl of womanhood —
 Passing calm years of household happiness
 Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
 Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.
 Wherefore with many prayers she had besought
 Lukshmi ; and many nights at full-moon gone
 Round the great Lingam, nine times nine, with gifts
 Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil,
 Praying a boy ; also Sujâta vowed —
 If this should be — an offering of food
 Unto the wood-god, plenteous, delicate,
 Set in a bowl of gold under his tree,
 Such as the lips of Devs may taste and take.
 And this had been : for there was born to her
 A beauteous boy, now three months old, who lay
 Between Sujâta's breasts, while she did pace
 With grateful footsteps to the wood-god's shrine,
 One arm clasping her crimson sari close
 To wrap the babe, that jewel of her joys,
 The other lifted high in comely curve
 To steady on her head the bowl and dish
 Which held the dainty victuals for the god.

But Radha, sent before to sweep the ground

And tie the scarlet threads around the tree,
 Came eager, crying, "Ah, dear mistress! look!
 There is the wood-god sitting in his place,
 Revealed, with folded hands upon his knees.
 See how the light shines round about his brow!
 How mild and great he seems, with heavenly eyes!
 Good fortune is it thus to meet the gods."

So — thinking him divine — Sujâta drew
 Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,
 With sweet face bent, "Would that the holy one
 Inhabiting this grove, giver of good,
 Merciful unto me his handmaiden,
 Vouchsafing now his presence, might accept
 These our poor gifts of snowy curds, fresh-made,
 With milk as white as new-carved ivory!"

Therewith into the golden bowl she poured
 The curds and milk, and on the hands of Buddh
 Dropped attar from a crystal flask — distilled
 Out of the hearts of roses: and he ate,
 Speaking no word, while the glad mother stood
 In reverence apart. But of that meal
 So wondrous was the virtue that our Lord
 Felt strength and life return as though the nights
 Of watching and the days of fast had passed
 In dream, as though the spirit with the flesh
 Shared that fine meat and plumed its wings anew,
 Like some delighted bird at sudden streams
 Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand,
 Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.
 And more Sujâta worshiped, seeing our Lord
 Grow fairer and his countenance more bright:
 "Art thou indeed the god?" she lowly asked,
 "And hath my gift found favor?" But Buddh said,
 "What is it thou dost bring me?" "Holy one!"
 Answered Sujata, "from our droves I took
 Milk of a hundred mothers, newly-calved,
 And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,
 And with their milk twenty-and-five, and then

With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs
 The six noblest and best of all our herds.
 That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice
 In silver lotas, adding rice, well-grown
 From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,
 So picked that every grain was like a pearl.
 This did I of true heart, because I vowed
 Under thy tree, if I should bear a boy
 I would make offering for my joy, and now
 I have my son, and all my life is bliss !”

Softly our Lord drew down the crimson fold,
 And, laying on the little head those hands
 Which help the worlds, he said, “ Long be thy bliss !
 And lightly fall on him the load of life !
 For thou hast holpen me who am no god,
 But one, thy brother ; heretofore a prince
 And now a wanderer, seeking night and day
 These six hard years that light which somewhere shines
 To lighten all men’s darkness, if they knew !
 And I shall find the light ; yea, now it dawned
 Glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed
 Which this pure food, fair sister, hath restored,
 Drawn manifold through lives to quicken life
 As life itself passes by many births
 To happier heights and purging off of sins.
 Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough
 Only to live ? Can life and love suffice ?”

Answered Sujāta, “ Worshipful ! my heart
 Is little, and a little rain will fill
 The lily’s cup which hardly moistens the field.
 It is enough for me to feel life’s sun
 Shine in my Lord’s grace and my baby’s smile,
 Making the loving summer of our home.
 Pleasant my days pass filled with household cares
 From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,
 And give forth grain, and trim the tulsi-plant.
 And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon,
 When my lord lays his head upon my lap

Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan ;
And so to supper-time at quiet eve,
When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.
Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep,
After the temple and the talk with friends.
How should I not be happy, blest so much,
And bearing him this boy whose tiny hand
Shall lead his soul to Swerga, if it need ?
For holy books teach when a man shall plant
Trees for the travelers' shade, and dig a well
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,
It shall be good for such after their death ;
And what the books say that I humbly take,
Being not wiser than those great of old
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms,
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.
Also I think that good must come of good
And ill of evil — surely — unto all —
In every place and time — seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison-stocks ; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace
Even while we live ; and when 't is willed we die
Shall there not be as good a 'Then' as 'Now' ?
Haply much better ! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, gray spring-buds.
Ah, sir ! I know there might be woes to bear
Would lay fond patience with her face in dust ;
If this my babe pass first, I think my heart
Would break — almost I hope my heart would break !
That I might clasp him dead and wait my lord —
In whatsoever world holds faithful wives —
Duteous, attending till his hour should come.
But if death called Senâni, I should mount
The pile and lay that dear head in my lap,
My daily way, rejoicing when the torch

Lit the quick flame and rolled the choking smoke.
 For it is written if an Indian wife
 Die so, her love shall give her husband's soul
 For every hair upon her head a crore
 Of years in Swerga. Therefore fear I not.
 And therefore, holy sir! my life is glad,
 Nowise forgetting yet those other lives
 Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,
 Whereon the gods grant pity! but for me,
 What good I see humbly I seek to do,
 And live obedient to the law, in trust
 That what will come, and must come, shall come well."

Then spake our Lord, "Thou teachest them who teach,
 Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.
 Be thou content to know not, knowing thus
 Thy way of right and duty: grow, thou flower!
 With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade — the light
 Of truth's high noon is not for tender leaves
 Which must spread broad in other suns and lift
 In later lives a crowned head to the sky.
 Thou who hast worshiped me, I worship thee!
 Excellent heart! learnèd unknowingly.
 As the dove is which flieth home by love,
 In thee is seen why there is hope for man
 And where we hold the wheel of life at will.
 Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!
 As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!
 He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Antony and Cleopatra.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast.
 And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast;

Let thine arms, O Queen! support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart-secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low ;
'T was no foeman's hand that slew him,
'T was himself that struck the blow :
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray,
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her — say the gods have told me —
Altars, augurs, circling wings —
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile :
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine ;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying ;
Hark ! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming — quick, my falchion !
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah ! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell ;
Isis and Osiris guard thee !
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell !

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

The Sword-chant of Thorstein Raudi.

'T IS not the gray hawk's flight
O'er mountain and mere ;
'T is not the fleet hound's course
Tracking the deer ;
'T is not the light hoof-print
Of black steed or gray,
Though sweltering it gallop
A long summer's day ;
Which mete forth the lordships
I challenge as mine :
Ha ! ha ! 't is the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches
And numbers define.
LAND-GIVER ! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,
Base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships
I owned at my birth ;
But the pale fools wax mute
When I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south,
Shouting, " There am I lord ! "

Wold and waste, town and tower,
 Hill, valley, and stream,
 Trembling, bow to my sway
 In the fierce battle-fray,
 When the star that rules Fate is
 This falchion's red gleam.
 MIGHT-GIVER ! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding,
 In brave bower and hall,
 I've drunk the sweet music
 That bright lips let fall,
 I've hunted in greenwood,
 And heard small birds sing ;
 But away with this idle
 And cold jargoning :
 The music I love is
 The shout of the brave,
 The yell of the dying,
 The scream of the flying,
 When this arm wields death's sickle,
 And garners the grave.
 JOY-GIVER ! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean
 Thy lightning have known,
 And wide o'er the mainland
 Thy horrors, have shone.
 Great sword of my father,
 Stern joy of his hand,
 Thou hast carved his name deep on
 The stranger's red strand,
 And won him the glory
 Of undying song.
 Keen cleaver of gay crests,
 Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
 Grim slayer of heroes,
 And scourge of the strong.
 FAME-GIVER ! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding
Than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely
Than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine,
And lives but for thee :
In dreamings of gladness,
Thou'rt dancing with me
Brave measures of madness
In some battle-field,
Where armor is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet,
Stout hauberk, and shield.
DEATH-GIVER ! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye
Soon may depart ;
And light is the faith of
Fair woman's heart ;
Changeful as light clouds,
And wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern
Weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true
As its polish is bright ;
When ill's wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber,
But, starlike, burns fiercer,
The darker the night.
HEART-GLADDENER ! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished
By war or by wave —
Now, childless and sireless,
I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory
Is shadowed in death,

With me thou wilt slumber
 Below the brown heath ;
 Thou wilt rest on my bosom,
 And with it decay —
 While harps shall be ringing,
 And Scalds shall be singing
 The deeds we have done in
 Our old fearless day.
 SONG-GIVER ! I kiss thee.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Fontenoy.

THRICE at the huts of Fontenoy the English column
 failed,
 And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain
 assailed ;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back diminished and dis-
 persed.
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride !
 And mustering come his chosen troops like clouds at even-
 tide.
 Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread ;
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their
 head.
 Steady they step adown the slopes, steady they mount the hill.
 Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still,
 Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace-blast,
 Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets shower-
 ing fast ;

And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile force,
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,
They break as breaks the Zuyder Zee through Holland's
ocean-banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush
round ;

As stubble to the lava-tide, French squadrons strew the
ground ;

Bomb-shell and grape and round-shot tore, still on they
marched and fired ;

Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on my household cavalry !" King Louis madly cried.

To death they rush, but rude their shock, not unavenged
they died.

On through the camp the column trod — King Louis turned
his rein.

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed ; "the Irish troops
remain."

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Had not these exiles ready been, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he said, "you have your wish ; there are your
Saxon foes !"

The Marshal almost smiles to see how furiously he goes.

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be
so gay !

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day :
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 't was writ could
dry ;

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's
parting cry ;

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country
overthrown —

Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles
were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands:
"Fix bayonets — charge!" Like mountain-storm rush on
those fiery bands.

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant
show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that battle-wind!
Their bayonets the breakers' foam, like rocks the men be-
hind!

One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging
smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish
broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanagh!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel, 't is bloody now, their guns are filled
with gore;

Through scattered ranks and severed files and trampled flags
they tore.

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
scattered, fled;

The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand — the field is fought and
won!

THOMAS DAVIS.

Naseby.

OH! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north.
 With your hands and your feet and your raiment all
 red?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that ye tread?

Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the
 strong,
 Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
 That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
 And the man of blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 The general rode along us to form us for the fight;
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a
 shout
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line:
 "For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the laws!
 For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!"

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
 His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
 They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close
 your ranks!
 For Rupert never comes, but to conquer or to fall.

They are here — they rush on — we are broken — we are
gone —

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!

Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound — the centre hath given ground.

Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our
rear?

Whose banners do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank God! 'tis
he, boys!

Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row:

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;

And he — he turns! he flies! shame on those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,

First give another stab to make your search secure:

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and
loquets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were
gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven and hell
and fate?

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches, and your oaths?

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your
spades?

Down! down! forever down, with the mitre and the crown!
 With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope!
 There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's
 stalls;
 The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
 And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
 sword;
 And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
 What the hand of God hath wrought for the houses and the
 word!

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.



Carmen Bellicosum.

IN their ragged regimentals
 Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not,
 When the grenadiers were lunging,
 And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon-shot;
 When the files
 Of the isles,
 From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the
 rampant
 Unicorn,
 And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the
 drummer,
 Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
 And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires;
 And the balls whistled deadly,

And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires ;
As the roar,
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain ;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain !

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoniers ;
And the " villanous saltpetre "
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears ;
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks !

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud ;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath ;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death !

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

Bannockburn.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lower:
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha would fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a sláve?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa' ?
 Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

A Cavalier to his Sword.

COME, kiss my gallant sword,
 And sprinkle it with wine;
 This night it won its lord
 A joy and hope divine!

Oft, in these gloomy days
 That cloud our stormy isle,
 It earned a leader's praise, —
 To-night, a woman's smile!

Behind its point, secure,
 Oft life and honor lay;
 To-night, it guarded pure
 A richer prize than they.

Once did the steadfast blade
 Our monarch's bulwark prove;
 To-night, the steel was swayed
 In loyalty to love!

With myrtle and the rose
 Entwine it for the stroke;
 In them it brighter glows
 Than decked with bay or oak.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

*The Cavalier's Song.*

A STEED! a steed of matchlesse speed,
 A sword of metal keene!
 All else to noble heartes is drosse,
 All else on earth is meane.
 The neighyng of the war-horse prowde,
 The rowlinge of the drum,

The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
 Be soundes from heaven that come ;
 And oh ! the thundering presse of knightes,
 Whenas their war-cryes swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte ! then mounte, brave gallants all,
 And don your helmes amaine :
 Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honor, call
 Us to the field againe.
 No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt 's in our hand, —
 Heart whole we 'll part, and no whit sighe
 For the fayrest of the land ;
 Let piping swaine and craven wight
 Thus weepe and puling crye,
 Our business is like men to fight,
 And hero-like to die !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



The Song of the Cossack.

UP! friend of the Cossack! fly forth in thy might,
 At the blast of our trumpet, my own noble steed!
 All ready for plunder, all fearless for fight,
 Let Death borrow wings from thy hurricane speed.
 Neither saddle nor rein has been garnished with gold,
 But the deeds of thy rider shall make them thine own ;
 Neigh then all proudly, my courser so bold,
 And trample in dust both the people and throne.

Peace flies, and surrenders thy reins to my will ;
 Her bulwark of strength from old Europe departs :
 Then haste, let her treasures my eager hands fill ;
 Oh, haste, and repose in the home of her arts.

Return to the Seine, whence fresh war-notes have rolled ;
 Thrice before have its waters thy bloody steps known ;
 Neigh then all proudly, my courser so bold,
 And trample in dust both the people and throne.

Priests, princes, and nobles, besieged by the hordes
 Of subjects not ages of wrong could subdue,
 Have called to the Cossack : " Come down, be our lords :
 To be tyrants to them, we 'll be bondmen to you."
 My lance I have seized : from their ancient stronghold
 Shall the sceptre and cross lie before it o'erthrown ;
 Neigh then all proudly, my courser so bold,
 And trample in dust both the people and throne.

A phantom strides near me all dreadful and vast,
 Whose terrible eyes on our bivouac rest ;
 And he cries : " Lo, my reign recommences at last,"
 As with hatchet uplifted he points to the west.
 'T is the chief who the Huns led to conquest of old ;
 O shade of the mighty, thy mandate I own ;
 Neigh then all proudly, my courser so bold,
 And trample in dust both the people and throne.

That splendor and pomp, Europe's glory and trust ;
 That learning which shields not from ruin her head,
 Shall all be engulfed in those billows of dust
 Which around me shall rise 'neath thy thundering tread.
 Sweep, sweep them, as onward thy course thou shalt hold :
 Thrones, temples, laws, rites, in one ruin be strown ;
 Neigh then all proudly, my courser so bold,
 And trample in dust both the people and throne.

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

Translated by A. C. KENDRICK.

Incident of the French Camp.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow,
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall," —
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect,
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through,)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
 We 've got you Ratisbon !
 The marshal 's in the market-place,
 And you 'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him !" The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 " You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 " I'm killed, sire ! " And, his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Badajos.

'T WAS at Badajos one evening, one evening in May,
 That we turned to rest ourselves after a bloody day ;
 For the cannon had ceased roaring and the battle-cry was
 still,
 And though beneath a Spanish sky, the air was keen and chill.

That day there had been meeting, fierce meeting on the plain,
 That day full many an eye had closed to open not again ;
 But now the battle-cry was still, the trumpet had rung out,
 And the British banner flapped above each fortified redoubt.

Then we turned ourselves in gladness, we turned unto our
 board,
 And each man put off his helmet, his musket, and his sword ;
 Then we called our muster over, but one answered not the
 call, —
 'T was the youngest and the bravest and the noblest of us
 all.

He had gone forth at morning with the bugle's first shrill
 sound ;
 He had gone forth at morning with a smile and with a bound,
 As he took his sabre from the wall and waved it in the air ;
 But at night his place was empty, and untenanted his chair.



“By torch and trumpet fast arrayed.”

By torchlight then we sought him, we sought him on the plain
 (God grant that I may never look on such a sight again),
 'Mid the moaning and the tortured and the dying and the
 dead,
 Who were lying, heaped together, on their green and grassy
 bed.

But at last we stumbled o'er him (for the stars were waxing
 pale,
 And our torches flared and flickered in the breathings of the
 gale).

Ten paces from his comrades he was lying all alone,
 Half shrouded in the colors, with his head upon a stone.

We lifted him, we carried him, it was a weary track,
 And we laid him down all tenderly within our bivouac.
 He was dead long ere we laid him, ere we laid him on the
 ground;

But perhaps he had not suffered, for he died without a sound.

Then we turned ourselves in sadness, we turned unto our
 board,

And each man put off his helmet, his musket, and his sword;
 And with the dead before us, by the blaze of the red pine,
 We strove to pass the wine-cup, and to drain the ruby wine.

But our revel was a sad one; so awhile in prayer we kneeled,
 Then slumbered till the morning called us forth unto the field:
 Then we called our muster over, but one answered not the
 call, —

'T was the youngest and the bravest and the noblest of us
 all.

ANONYMOUS.

Hohenlinden.

O N Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

By the Alma River.

WILLIE, fold your little hands ;
 Let it drop, that soldier toy :
 Look where father's picture stands, —
 Father, who here kissed his boy
 Not two months since — father kind,
 Who this night may — Never mind
 Mother's sob, my Willie dear,
 Call aloud that He may hear
 Who is God of battles, — say,
 “ Oh, keep father safe this day
 By the Alma River.”

Ask no more, child. Never heed
 Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
 Right of nations or of creed,
 Chance-poised victory's bloody work :
 Any flag i' the wind may roll
 On thy heights, Sebastopol !
 Willie, all to you and me
 Is that spot, where'er it be,
 Where he stands — no other word !
Stands — God sure the child's prayer heard —
 By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
 Ringing through the town to-day.
 That 's for victory. Ah, no knells
 For the many swept away —
 Hundreds — thousands ! Let us weep,
 We, who need not — just to keep
 Reason steady in my brain
 Till the morning comes again ;
 Till the third dread morning tell
 Who they were that fought and *fell*
 By the Alma River.

Come, we 'll lay us down, my child ;
 Poor the bed is, — poor and hard ;
 Yet thy father, far exiled,
 Sleeps upon the open sward,
 Dreaming of us two at home :
 Or beneath the starry dome
 Digs out trenches in the dark,
 Where he buries — Willie, mark ! —
 Where *he buries* those who died
 Fighting bravely at his side
 By the Alma River.

Willie. Willie, go to sleep ;
 God will keep us, O my boy ;
 He will make the dull hours creep
 Faster, and send news of joy,
 When I need not shrink to meet
 Those dread placards in the street,
 Which for weeks will ghastly stare
 In some eyes — Child, say thy prayer
 Once again, — a different one, —
 Say, “ O God, thy will be done
 By the Alma River.”

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

Nathan Hale.

TO drum-beat and heart-beat
 A soldier marches by ;
 There is color in his cheek,
 There is courage in his eye ;
 Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
 In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
 He seeks the Briton's camp,

And he hears the rustling flag
And the armèd sentry's tramp,
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine ;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance,
And it sparkles 'neath the stars
Like the glimmer of a lance ;
The dark wave, the plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound,
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found ;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, with steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb ;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom ;
But with calm brow, with steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

Through the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod,
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God ;
Through the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

In the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 He dies upon the tree,
 And he mourns that he can lose
 But one life for liberty ;
 In the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
 They burn, lest friendly eye
 Should read how proud and calm
 A patriot could die ;
 With his last words, his message words,
 A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
 From monument and urn,
 The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
 His tragic fate shall learn ;
 And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
 The name of Hale shall burn.

FRANCIS M. FINCH.



Sheridan's Ride.

UP from the South at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
 The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thundered along the horizon's bar,
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled

The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell, — but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrow Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire ;
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;
What was done, — what to do, — a glance told him both,
And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,

He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
 The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
 With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,
 By the flash of his eye and his nostril's play
 He seemed to the whole great army to say,
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
 Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on high,
 Under the dome of the Union sky, —
 The American soldier's Temple of Fame, —
 There with the glorious General's name
 Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
 "Here is the steed that saved the day
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester, — twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.



Driving Home the Cows.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
 He turned them into the river-lane;
 One after another he let them pass,
 Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
 He patiently followed their sober pace;
 The merry whistle for once was still,
 And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
 He never could let his youngest go;
 Two already were lying dead
 Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp, —

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom ;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain ;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late ;
He went for the cows when the work was done ;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one, —

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind ;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass, —
But who was it following close behind ?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue ;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew ; —

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again ;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes ;
 For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb ;
 And under the silent evening skies
 Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Reveille.

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arouse !
 The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
 And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
 Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.

Awake ! awake ! awake !
 O'er field and wood and brake,
 With glories newly born,
 Comes on the blushing morn,
 Awake ! awake !

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all night ;
 You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright ;
 Come, part with them all for a while again, —
 Be lovers in dreams ; when awake, be men.

Turn out ! turn out ! turn out !
 You have dreamed full long, I know.
 Turn out ! turn out ! turn out !
 The east is all aglow.
 Turn out ! turn out !

From every valley and hill there come
 The clamoring voices of fife and drum ;
 And out in the fresh, cool morning air
 The soldiers are swarming everywhere.

Fall in ! fall in ! fall in !
 Every man in his place.
 Fall in ! fall in ! fall in !
 Each with a cheerful face.
 Fall in ! fall in !

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

After War.

HE came when the war was ended,
From camp and battle-field,
Home, to be gently tended,
His heavy wound half healed.
After the joy of meeting,
With its mingled pain, had passed,
Peace, with a holy greeting,
Kissed all our lips at last.

But when on her stay we reckoned,
A sad farewell she breathed,
And rose and softly beckoned
To him whose sword was sheathed.
He laid him down meek-hearted,
We filled his breast with flowers ;
Our hero had departed
To a surer peace than ours.

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er.

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking,
In our isle's enchanted hall
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more ;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum;
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here ;
 Here 's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,
 While our slumberous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;
 Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;
 Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For, at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Old Sergeant.

“COME a little nearer, Doctor, — thank you, — let me take
 the cup :
 Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just another little
 sup !
 Maybe you may think I 'm better ; but I 'm pretty well used
 up, —
 Doctor, you 've done all you could do, but I 'm just a-going
 up !

“Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it an’t much use to try” —

“Never say that,” said the Surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh ;

“It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die !”

“What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor, when you come to die.

“Doctor, what has been the matter ?” “You were very faint, they say ;

You must try to get to sleep now.” “Doctor, have I been away ?”

“Not that anybody knows of !” “Doctor — Doctor, please to stay !

There is something I must tell you, and you won’t have long to stay !

“I have got my marching orders, and I ’m ready now to go ; Doctor, did you say I fainted ? — but it could n’t ha’ been so, — For as sure as I ’m a Sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh, I ’ve this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh !

“This is all that I remember : The last time the Lighter came,

And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,

He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name :

‘ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON !’ — just that way it called my name.

“And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,

Knew it could n’t be the Lighter, — he could not have spoken so ;

And I tried to answer, ‘Here, sir !’ but I could n’t make it go ;

For I could n’t move a muscle, and I could n’t make it go !

“ Then I thought : It’s all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore ;
 Just another foolish *grape-vine*¹ — and it won’t come any more ;
 But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before :
 ‘ ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON ! ’ even plainer than before.

“ That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
 And I stood beside the River, where we stood that Sunday night,
 Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
 When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite !

“ And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
 And I heard a Bugle sounding, as from some celestial Tower ;
 And the same mysterious voice said : ‘ IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR !
 ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON — IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR ! ’

“ Doctor Austin ! — what *day* is this ? ” “ It is Wednesday night, you know.”
 “ Yes, — to-morrow will be New Year’s, and a right good time below !
 What *time* is it, Doctor Austin ! ” “ Nearly Twelve.” “ Then don’t you go !
 Can it be that all this happened — all this — not an hour ago !

“ There was where the gun-boats opened on the dark, rebellious host ;
 And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast ;
 There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost, —
 And the same old transport came and took me over — or its ghost !

¹ Canard.

“ And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide ;
 There was where they fell on Prentiss, — there McClelland
 met the tide ;
 There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut’s
 heroes died, —
 Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging
 till he died.

“ There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the
 canny kin,
 There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rous-
 seau waded in ;
 There McCook sent ’em to breakfast, and we all began to
 win —
 There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began
 to win.

“ Now, a shroud of snow and silence over everything was
 spread ;
 And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my
 head,
 I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was
 dead, —
 For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead !

“ Death and silence ! — Death and silence ! all around me as
 I sped !
 And behold, a mighty TOWER, as if builded to the dead, —
 To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,
 Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seemed waving
 from its head !

“ Round and mighty-based it towered — up into the infinite —
 And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so
 bright ;
 For it shone like solid sunshine ; and a winding stair of light,
 Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of
 sight !

“And, behold, as I approached it — with a rapt and dazzled
 stare, —
 Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great
 Stair, —
 Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of — ‘Halt, and who
 goes there!’
 ‘I’m a friend,’ I said, ‘if you are.’ ‘Then advance, sir, to
 the Stair!’

“I advanced! — That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne!
 First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line:
 ‘Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that
 countersign!’
 And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of
 mine!

“As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the
 grave;
 But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and blood-
 less glaive:
 ‘That’s the way, sir, to Headquarters.’ ‘What Headquar-
 ters!’ ‘Of the Brave.’
 ‘But the great tower?’ ‘That,’ he answered, ‘is the way,
 sir, of the Brave!’

“Then a sudden shame came o’er me at his uniform of light;
 At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright;
 ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘you have forgotten the New Uniform to-
 night, —
 Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o’clock to-
 night!’

“And the next thing I remember, you were sitting there,
 and I —
 Doctor — did you hear a footstep? Hark! — God bless you
 all! Good-by!
 Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I
 die,
 To my Son — my Son that’s coming, — he won’t get here till
 I die!

“Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before, —
 And to carry that old musket” — Hark! a knock is at the door! —
 “Till the Union” — See! it opens! — “Father! Father! speak once more!”
 “*Bless you!*” — gasped the old, gray Sergeant, and he lay and said no more.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

No More.

HUSHED be the song and the love-notes of gladness
 That broke with the morn from the cottager's door, —
 Muffle the tread in the soft stealth of sadness,
 For one who returneth, whose chamber-lamp burneth
 No more.

Silent he lies on the broad path of glory,
 Where withers ungarnered the red crop of war.
 Grand is his couch, though its pillows are gory,
 'Mid forms that shall battle, 'mid guns that shall rattle
 No more.

Soldier of Freedom, thy marches are ended, —
 The dreams that were prophets of triumph are o'er;
 Death with the night of thy manhood is blended, —
 The bugle shall call thee, the fight shall enthrall thee
 No more.

Far to the Northward the banners are dimming,
 And faint comes the tap of the drummers before;
 Low in the tree-tops the swallow is skimming;
 Thy comrades shall cheer thee, the weakest shall fear thee
 No more.

Far to the Westward the day is at vespers,
 And bows down its head, like a priest, to adore ;
 Soldier, the twilight for thee has no whispers,
 The night shall forsake thee, the morn shall awake thee
 No more.

Wide o'er the plain where the white tents are gleaming,
 In spectral array, like the graves they're before —
 One there is empty, where once thou wert dreaming
 Of deeds that are boasted, of one that is toasted
 No more.

When the commander to-morrow proclaimeth
 A list of the brave for the nation to store,
 Thou shalt be known with the heroes he nameth,
 Who wake from their slumbers, who answer their numbers
 No more.

Hushed be the song and the love-notes of gladness
 That broke with the morn from the cottager's door, --
 Muffle the tread in the soft stealth of sadness,
 For one who returneth, whose chamber-lamp burneth
 No more.

ROBERT H. NEWELL.

Oh, breathe not his name!

ROBERT EMMETT.

OH, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid ;
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
 As the night dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOMAS MOORE.

The Gladiator.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand ; — his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low —
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him — he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
 who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not, — his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday ; —
 All this rushed with his blood ; — Shall he expire,
 And unavenged ? — Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !
 LORD BYRON.

Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill.

1649.

“ DID they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill ? ”
 “ Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet
 with steel.”

“ May God wither up their hearts ! May their blood cease to
 flow !

May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe !

“Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words.”

“From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords ;

But the weapon of the Saxon met him on the way,
And he died at Clough-Oughter, upon St. Leonard’s day.”

Wail, wail ye for the mighty one! wail, wail ye for the dead!
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath, with ashes strew the head.

How tenderly we loved him! how deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

Sagest in the counsel was he, kindest in the hall!
Sure, we never won a battle — ’t was Owen won them all.
Had he lived, had he lived, our dear country had been free;
But he’s dead, but he’s dead, and ’t is slaves we’ll ever be.

O’Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,
Audley and MacMahon — ye are valiant, wise, and true:
But — what are ye all to our darling who is gone?
The rudder of our ship was he, our castle’s corner-stone!

Wail, wail him through the island! weep, weep for our pride!
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
Weep the victor of Benburb — weep him, young men and old;
Weep for him, ye women — your beautiful lies cold!

We thought you would not die — we were sure you would
not go,

And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell’s cruel blow —
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky —
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?

Soft as woman’s was your voice, O’Neill; bright was your
eye.

Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?
Your troubles are all over, you’re at rest with God on high;
But we’re slaves and we’re orphans, Owen! — why did you
die?

THOMAS DAVIS.

The Knight's Tomb.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be? —
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone.
Is gone, — and the birch in its stead is grown.
The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust; —
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



The Warden of the Cinque Ports.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel;
The day was just begun;
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover,
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance
The seacoast opposite;

And now they roared, at drum-beat, from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well !

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts —
As if to summon from his sleep the warden
And lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black forts' embrasure,
Awaken with their call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old field-marshal
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled !

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper, —
The dark and silent room ;
And, as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley, or dissemble,
But smote the warden hoar —
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead, —
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

John Brown of Osawatomie.

JOHN BROWN in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer,

Brave and godly, with four sons — all stalwart men of might.
There he spoke aloud for Freedom, and the Border-strife
grew warmer,

Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence in the
night;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Came homeward in the morning — to find his house burned
down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle, and boldly fought for Free-
dom;

Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading band;
And he and his brave boys vowed — so might Heaven help
and speed 'em! —

They would save those grand old prairies from the curse
that blights the land;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his ram-
rod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men; and they labored day and
even,

Saving Kansas from its peril, and their very lives seemed
charmed;

Till the ruffians killed one son, in the blessed light of
Heaven —

In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed all
unarmed;

Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a terrible
frown!

Then they seized another brave boy, — not amid the heat of
battle,

But in peace, behind his ploughshare, — and they loaded
him with chains,

And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad their
cattle,

Drove him, cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out his
brains ;

Then Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's ven-
geance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,

He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed and torn
him so ; —

He would seize it by the vitals ; he would crush it day and
night ; he

Would so pursue its footsteps, — so return it blow for
blow —

That Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town !

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue eye
grew wilder,

And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle
from afar ;

And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife waxed
milder,

Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border War,

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful glare and
frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes behind
him,

Slipt off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born,

Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where to find him,

Or whether he 'd turned parson, or was jacketed and shorn ;

For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels, or such trifles ;

But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharpe's rifles ;

And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there again.

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

" Boys, we 've got an army large enough to march and whip the town !

" Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes, and then arm them ;

Carry the County and the State, ay, and all the potent South ;

On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise to harm them —

These Virginians ! who believed not, nor would heed the warning mouth."

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

" The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John Brown !"

'T was the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday

" This good work," declared the captain, " shall be on a holy night !"

It was on a Sunday evening, and, before the noon of Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates —
black and white,

Captain Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the sentry down ;

Took the guarded armory-building, and the muskets and the cannon ;

Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by one ;

Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on,

And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done.

Mad Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder, made he ;

It was all done in the midnight, like the emperor's *coup d'état* ;

“Cut the wires ! stop the rail-cars ! hold the streets and bridges !” said he,

Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star, —

This Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown ;

And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here and thither ;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charlestown Volunteers,

And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hastened
whither

Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers !

General Brown,
Osawatomie Brown !

Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring
down.

But at last, 't is said, some prisoners escaped from Old
Brown's durance,

And the effervescent valor of the Chivalry broke out,
When they learned that nineteen madmen had the marvelous assurance —

Only nineteen — thus to seize the place and drive them
straight about ;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Found an army come to take him, encamped around the
town.

But to storm with all the forces we have mentioned, was too
risky ;

So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government Marines —

Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls with
Bourbon whiskey,

Till they battered down Brown's castle with their ladders
and machines ;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old
crown.

Tallyho ! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying !

In they rushed and killed the game, shooting lustily
away ;

And whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too late for
slaying,
Not to lose a share of glory, fixed their bullets in his clay;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid
him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels ; how they hastened
on the trial ;
How Old Brown was placed, half dying, on the Charles-
town court-house floor ;
How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial ;
What the brave old madman told them — these are known
the country o'er.
“ Hang Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,”
Said the judge, “and all such rebels !” with his most judicial
frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it ! for I tell you that the flagon,
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first poured
by Southern hands ;
And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore
of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your
slave-worn lands !
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when you 've nailed his
coffin down !

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Ode.

Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead at
Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves, —
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause !
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone !

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold ! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes ! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies !
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned !

HENRY TIMROD.

*Suspiria Ensis.*

MOURN no more for our dead,
Laid in their rest serene, —
With the tears a land hath shed
Their graves shall ever be green.

Ever their fair, true glory
Fondly shall fame rehearse,—
Light of legend and story,
Flower of marble and verse!

(Wilt thou forget, O mother!
How thy darlings, day by day,
For thee, and with fearless faces,
Journeyed the darksome way,—
Went down to death in the war-ship,
And on the bare hillside lay?)

For the Giver they gave their breath,
And 't is now no time to mourn,—
Lo, of their dear, brave death
A mighty nation is born!

But a long lament for others,
Dying for darker powers! —
Those that once were our brothers,
Whose children shall yet be ours.

That a people, haughty and brave,
(Warriors, old and young!)
Should lie in a bloody grave,
And never a dirge be sung!

We may look with woe on the dead,
We may smooth their lids, 't is true,
For the veins of a common red
And the mother's milk we drew.

But alas, how vainly bleeds
The breast that is bared for crime,—
Who shall dare hymn the deeds
That else had been all sublime?

Were it alien steel that clashed,
They had guarded each inch of sod, —
But the angry valor dashed
On the awful shield of God !

(Ah — if for some great good —
On some giant evil hurled —
The thirty millions had stood
'Gainst the might of a banded world !)

But now, to the long, long night
They pass, as they ne'er had been, —
A stranger and sadder sight
Than ever the sun hath seen.

For his waning beams illumine
A vast and a sullen train
Going down to the gloom, —
One wretched and drear refrain
The only line on their tomb, —
“ They died — and they died in vain ! ”

Gone — ay me ! — to the grave,
And never one note of song ! —
The Muse would weep for the brave,
But how shall she chant the wrong ?

For a wayward wench is she, —
One that rather would wait
With Old John Brown at the tree
Than Stonewall dying in state.

When, for the wrongs that were,
Hath she lilted a single stave ?
Know, proud hearts, that, with her,
'T is not enough to be brave.

By the injured, with loving glance,
 Aye hath she lingered of old,
 And eyed the evil askance,
 Be it never so haught and bold.

With Homer, alms-gift in hand,
 With Dante, exile and free,
 With Milton, blind in the Strand,
 With Hugo, lone by the sea !

In the attic, with Béranger,
 She could carol, how blithe and free !
 Of the old, worn frocks of blue,
 (All threadbare with victory !)
 But never of purple and gold,
 Never of Lily or Bee !

And thus, though the traitor sword
 Were the bravest that battle wilds, --
 Though the fiery valor poured
 Its life on a thousand fields, --

The sheen of its ill renown
 All tarnished with guilt and blame,
 No poet a deed may crown,
 No lay may laurel a name.

Yet never for thee, fair song !
 The fallen brave to condemn ;
 They died for a mighty wrong, --
 But their Demon died with them.

(Died, by field and by city !) --
 Be thine on the day to dwell,
 When dews of peace and of pity
 Shall fall o'er the fading hell, --

And the dead shall smile in heaven, —
And tears, that now may not rise,
Of love and of all forgiveness,
Shall stream from a million eyes.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

Dirge for a Soldier.

CLOSE his eyes ; his work is done !
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman ?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low !

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor ;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low !

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley !
What to him are all our wars ? —
What but death bemoeking folly ?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low !

Leave him to God's watching eye ;
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by ;
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow !
 What cares he? he cannot know ;
 Lay him low !

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.



Dirge for a Soldier.

ANOTHER brave in a soldier's grave
 Hath laid him down to sleep :
 In the battle-smoke, by the sabre-stroke,
 No more his steps shall keep.

The heart so leal, and the hand of steel,
 Are palsied aye for strife,
 But the noble deed, and the patriot's meed,
 Are left of the hero's life.

The sods may close o'er his calm repose,
 With our country's flag around him,
 Yet Liberty's hand with a victor's band
 In Death's cold arms hath bound him.

Not length of years, nor woes, nor fears,
 Compose a record grand ;
 Who grasp the right, and speed its might,
 Serve God and fatherland.

Drop we a tear o'er the early bier,
 In token of our sorrow,
 While the army bleeds, that the hands she needs
 Must idle be to-morrow.

But the bugle call and the battle ball
Again shall rouse him never :
He fought and fell, he served us well ;
His furlough lasts forever.

SAMUEL P. MERRILL.

The Cavern of the Three Tells.

O H ! enter not yon shadowy cave,
Seek not the bright spars there,
Though whispering pines that o'er it wave
With freshness fill the air ;
For there the patriot three,
In the garb of old arrayed,
By their native forest-sea
On a rocky couch are laid.

The patriot three, that met of yore
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore
In the name of liberty !
Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed ;
But their rest is only deep
Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,
Nor the lammergeyer's cry,
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
Nor the lauwine thundering by.
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
To the Switzer's heart so dear,
On the wild wind floats away,
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
 Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
 When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
 Through the eagle's lonely sky,
 When the spear-heads light the lakes,
 When the trumpets loose the snows,
 When the rushing war-steed shakes
 The glacier's mute repose,

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
 In the burning hamlets' light, —
 Then from the cavern of the dead
 Shall the sleepers wake in might!
 With a leap like Tell's proud leap,
 When away the helm he flung,
 And boldly up the steep
 From the flashing billow sprung !

They shall wake beside their forest-sea,
 In the ancient garb they wore
 When they linked the hands that made us free,
 On the Grütli's moonlit shore ;
 And their voices shall be heard,
 And be answered with a shout,
 Till the echoing Alps are stirred,
 And the signal-fires blaze out.

And the land shall see such deeds again
 As those of that proud day,
 When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,
 Through the serried spears made way ;
 And when the rocks came down
 On the dark Morgarten dell,
 And the crownèd casques, o'erthrown,
 Before our fathers fell !

For the Kühreihen's notes must never sound
 In a land that wears the chain,

And the vines on freedom's holy ground
 Untrampled must remain !
 And the yellow harvests wave
 For no stranger's hand to reap,
 While within their silent cave
 The men of Grütli sleep !

FELICIA HEMANS.

—◆—

The Snug Little Island.

DADDY NEPTUNE, one day, to Freedom did say,
 " If ever I lived upon dry land,
 The spot I should hit on would be little Britain !"
 Says Freedom, " Why, that 's my own island !"
 Oh, it 's a snug little island !
 A right little, tight little island !
 Search the globe round, none can be found
 So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
 Came by water, — he could n't come by land ;
 And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turned their backs on,
 And all for the sake of our island.
 Oh, what a snug little island !
 They 'd all have a touch at the island !
 Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
 And some stayed to live on the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
 Cried, " Drat it, I never liked my land.
 It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
 And live on your beautiful island."
 Says he, "'T is a snug little island ;
 Sha'n't us go visit the island ?"
 Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
 And he kicked up a dust in the island.

But party deceit helped the Normans to beat ;
 Of traitors they managed to buy land ;
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been licked,
 Had they stuck to the king of their island.
 Poor Harold, the king of our island !
 He lost both his life and his island.
 That 's all very true : what more could he do ?
 Like a Briton he died for his island !

The Spanish armada set out to invade — a,
 'T will sure, if they ever come nigh land.
 They could n't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
 And take their full swing on the island.
 O the poor queen of the island !
 The Dons came to plunder the island :
 But snug in her hive the queen was alive,
 And "buzz" was the word of the island.

These proud puffed-up cakes thought to make ducks and
 drakes
 Of our wealth ; but they hardly could spy land,
 When our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
 And stoop to the lads of the island !
 The good wooden walls of the island ;
 Devil or Don, let them come on ;
 And see how they 'd come off the island !

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
 In each saying, "This shall be my land" ;
 Should the "Army of England," or all it could bring, land,
 We 'd show 'em some play for the island.
 We 'd fight for our right to the island ;
 We 'd give them enough of the island ;
 Invaders should just — bite once at the dust,
 But not a bit more of the island.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

My Native Land, Good Night.

A DIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land — Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate:
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

Come hither, hither, my little page,
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee — and One above.

“ My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain ;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.”
Enough, enough, my little lad !
Such tears become thine eye ;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
My own would not be dry.

Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale ?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?
Or shiver at the gale ? —
“ Deem 'st thou I tremble for my life ?
Sir Childe, I 'm not so weak ;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

“ My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make ? ”
Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay :
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour ?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near ;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

And now I 'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea ;

But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me ?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands ;
But long ere I come back again
He 'd tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I 'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine ;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !
My native Land — Good Night !

LORD BYRON.



Farewell to his Native Country.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early Winter's ravage torn :
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'T is not the surging billow's roar,
 'T is not that fatal, deadly shore ;
 Though death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierced with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! Farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those —
 The bursting tears my heart declare ;
 Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr !

ROBERT BURNS.



For Charlie's Sake.

THE night is late, the house is still ;
 The angels of the hour fulfill
 Their tender ministries, and move
 From couch to couch in cares of love.
 They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
 The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
 And lay on baby's lips a kiss,
 Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss ;
 And, as they pass, they seem to make
 A strange, dim hymn, " For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,
 And gives it to the night again,
 Fitted with words of lowly praise,
 And patience learned of mournful days,

And memories of the dead child's ways.
 His will be done, His will be done !
 Who gave and took away my son,
 In "the far land" to shine and sing
 Before the Beautiful, the King,
 Who every day doth Christmas make,
 All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise ;
 I will anoint me where he lies,
 And change my raiment, and go in
 To the Lord's house, and leave my sin
 Without, and seat me at his board,
 Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
 For wherefore should I fast and weep,
 And sullen moods of mourning keep ?
 I cannot bring him back, nor he,
 For any calling, come to me.
 The bond the angel Death did sign,
 God sealed — for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor — this slender stone
 Marks all the narrow field I own ;
 Yet, patient husbandman, I till
 With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
 Sow it with penitential pains,
 And, hopeful, wait the latter rains ;
 Content if, after all, the spot
 Yield barely one forget-me-not —
 Whether or figs or thistles make
 My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well —
 Only that little lonesome cell,
 Where never romping playmates come,
 Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb —
 An April burst of girls and boys,
 Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys

Born with their songs, gone with their toys ;
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie, or Tiddler's gold,
Or fairy hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child ? 'T is well ;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance :
I would not any seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunamite ! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest :
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like hers ; no charm expressed
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird's caressed
That death left lonely in the nest ;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
As for its birthday, in its best ;
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

Allan Percy.

IT was a beauteous lady richly dressed ;
 Around her neck are chains of jewels rare ;
 A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
 And a young child is softly slumbering there.
 In her own arms, beneath that glowing sun,
 She bears him onward to the greenwood tree.
 Is the dun heath, thou fair and thoughtless one,
 The place where an earl's son should cradled be ?
 Lullaby !

Though a proud earl be father to my child,
 Yet on the sward my blessèd babe shall lie ;
 Let the winds lull him with their murmurs wild,
 And toss the green boughs upward to the sky.
 Well knows the earl how long my spirit pined.
 I loved a forester, glad, bold, and free ;
 And had I wedded as my heart inclined,
 My child were cradled 'neath the greenwood tree.
 Lullaby !

Slumber thou still, my innocent, — mine own,
 While I call back the dreams of other days.
 In the deep forest I feel less alone
 Than where those palace splendors mock my gaze.
 Fear not ! my arm shall bear thee safely back ;
 I need no squire, no page with bended knee,
 To bear my baby through the wildwood track,
 Where Allan Percy used to roam with me.
 Lullaby !

Here I can sit ; and while the fresh wind blows,
 Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,
 Giving thy cheek a deeper tinge of rose,
 I can dream dreams that comfort my despair ;

I can make visions of a different home,
 Such as we hoped in other days might be ;
 There no proud earl's unwelcome footsteps come, —
 There, Allan Percy, I am safe with thee !
 Lullaby !

Thou art mine own, — I'll bear thee where I list.
 Far from the dull, proud tower and donjon-keep ;
 From my long hair the pearl-chains I'll untwist,
 And with a peasant's heart sit down and weep
 Thy glittering 'broidered robe, my precious one,
 Changed for a simpler covering shall be ;
 And I will dream thee Allan Percy's son,
 And think poor Allan guards thy sleep with me.
 Lullaby !

CAROLINE NORTON.

Cuddle Doon.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at night,
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din ;
 O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
 Your father's comin' in.
 They never heed a word I speak ;
 I try to gie a froon,
 But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
 " O bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid —
 He aye sleeps next the wa' —
 Bangs up an' cries, " I want a piece " ;
 The rascal starts them a' .
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
 They stop awee the soun' ;
 Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
 " Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
 Cries oot frae 'neath the claes,
 "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance —
 He 's kittlin' wi' his taes."
 The mischief 's in that Tam for tricks,
 He 'd bother half the toon :
 But aye I hap then up an' cry,
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
 An', as he steeks the door,
 They turn their faces to the wa',
 While Tam pretends to snore.
 "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
 As he pits off his shoon ;
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
 An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel',
 We look at oor wee lambs ;
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
 An' Rab his airm round Tam's
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
 An' as I straik each croon,
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
 Wi' mirth that 's dear to me ;
 But sune the big warl's cark an' care
 Will quaten doon their glee.
 Yet come what will to ilka ane,
 May He who sits aboon
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEXANDER ANDERSON

Baby Bye.

BABY Bye,
 Here 's a fly ;
 Let us watch him, you and I.
 How he crawls
 Up the walls,
 Yet he never falls !
 I believe with six such legs
 You and I could walk on eggs.
 There he goes
 On his toes,
 Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red
 Dot his head ;
 Rainbows on his back are spread ;
 That small speck
 Is his neck ;
 See him nod and beck.
 I can show you, if you choose,
 Where to look to find his shoes, —
 Three small pairs,
 Made of hairs ;
 These he always wears.

Black and brown
 Is his gown ;
 He can wear it upside down ;
 It is laced
 Round his waist ;
 I admire his taste.
 Yet though tight his clothes are made,
 He will lose them, I 'm afraid,
 If to-night
 He gets sight
 Of the candle-light.

In the sun
 Webs are spun ;
 What if he gets into one ?
 When it rains
 He complains
 On the window-panes.
 Tongue to talk have you and I ;
 God has given the little fly
 No such things,
 So he sings
 With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
 Bread and meat ;
 There 's his mouth between his feet.
 On his back
 Is a pack
 Like a pedler's sack.
 Does the baby understand ?
 • Then the fly shall kiss her hand ;
 Put a crumb
 On her thumb,
 Maybe he will come.

Catch him ? No,
 Let him go,
 Never hurt an insect so ;
 But no doubt
 He flies out
 Just to gad about.
 Now you see his wings of silk
 Drabbled in the baby's milk ;
 Fie, oh fie,
 Foolish fly !
 How will he get dry ?

All wet flies
 Twist their thighs ;

Thus they wipe their heads and eyes ;
 Cats, you know,
 Wash just so,
 Then their whiskers grow.
 Flies have hairs too short to comb,
 So they fly bareheaded home ;
 But the gnat
 Wears a hat.
 Do you believe that ?

Flies can see
 More than we,
 So how bright their eyes must be !
 Little fly,
 Ope your eye ;
 Spiders are near by.
 For a secret I can tell, —
 Spiders never use flies well.
 Then away
 Do not stay.
 Little fly, good day.

THEODORE TILTON.



Lullaby.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea !
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me ;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.
 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



Willie Winkie.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
 Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
 Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
 "Are the weans in their bed? — for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
 The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
 The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep:
 But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue! — glow'rin' like the moon,
 Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon.
 Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock.
 Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
 Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
 Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums:
 Hey, Willie Winkie! — See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
 A wee stumpie stoussie. that canna rin his lane,
 That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close an ee;
 But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

The Adopted Child.

“ **W**HY wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child ?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild, —
A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall ;
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures forever streams.”

“ Oh ! green is the turf where my brothers play
Through the long bright hours of the summer day ;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o’er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know, —
Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go.”

“ Content thee, boy ! in my bower to dwell ;
Here are sweet sounds that thou lovest well :
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird
Whose voice was ne’er in thy mountain heard.”

“ Oh ! my mother sings at the twilight’s fall
A song of the hills far more sweet than all ;
She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half slumbering on her knee ;
I dreamt last night of that music low, —
Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go.”

“ Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest ;
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast ;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we ’ll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.”

“ Is my mother gone from her home away ? —
But I know that my brothers are there at play ;
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well ;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow, —
Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go.”

“ Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now ;
They sport no more on the mountain's brow ;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For the cabin home is a lonely spot.”

“ Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill ? —
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still ;
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow, —
Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go.”

FELICIA HEMANS.

The Romance of the Swan's Nest.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow.
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses,
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done, —
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses . . . “ I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds !
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan’s nest among the reeds.

“ And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

“ And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind ;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

“ But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, ‘ O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace.’

“ Then, ay, then — he shall kneel low
With the red-roan steed anear him,

Which shall seem to understand —
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say;
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble —
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet —
'Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon —
And the second time a glove;
But the third time — I may bend
From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run, —
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master —
But. O Love, I love but *thee!*'

“ He will kiss me on the mouth
 Then, and lead me as a lover
 Through the crowds that praise his deeds ;
 And, when soul-tied by one troth,
 Unto *him* I will discover
 That swan’s nest among the reeds.”

Little Ellie, with her smile
 Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
 Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
 And went homeward, round a mile,
 Just to see, as she did daily,
 What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
 Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
 Where the osier pathway leads, —
 Past the boughs she stoops — and stops.
 Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
 And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
 If she found the lover ever,
 With his red-roan steed of steeds,
 Sooth I know not ! but I know
 She could never show him — never
 That swan’s nest among the reeds !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



Without and Within.

MY coachman, in the moonlight there,
 Looks through the side-light of the door ;
 I hear him with his brethren swear,
 As I could do, — but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jeweled load ;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabbie sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains, and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet! — past a doubt
'T would still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Cock and the Bull.

YOU see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
 Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day —
 I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
 As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur
 (You catch the paronomasia, play o' words?) —
 Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.
 Well, to my muttuns. I purchased the concern,
 And clapped it i' my poke, and gave for same
 By way, to wit, of barter or exchange —
 "Chop" was my snickering dandiprat's own term —
 One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.
 O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four
 Pence, one and fourpence — you are with me, sir? —
 What hour it skills not: ten or eleven o' the clock,
 One day (and what a roaring day it was!)
 In February, eighteen sixty-nine,
 Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei —
 Hm — hm — how runs the jargon? — being on throne.

Such, sir, are all the facts, succinctly put,
 The basis or substratum — what you will —
 Of the impending eighty thousand lines.
 "Not much in 'em either," quoth perhaps simple Hodge.
 But there 's a superstructure. Wait a bit.

Mark first the rationale of the thing:
 Hear logic rivel and levigate the deed.
 That shilling — and, for matter o' that, the pence —
 I had o' course upo' me — wi' me say —
 (*Mecum's* the Latin, make a note o' that)
 When I popped pen i' stand, blew snout, scratched ear,
 Sniffed — tch! — at snuff-box; tumbled up, he-heed,
 Haw-hawed (not hee-hawed, that 's another guess thing):
 Then fumbled at, and stumbled out of, door,

I shoved the door ope wi' my omoplat ;
 And *in vestibulo*, i' the entrance-hall,
 Donned galligaskins, antigropeloes,
 And so forth ; and, complete with hat and gloves,
 One on and one a-dangle i' my hand,
 And ombrifuge (Lord love you !), case o' rain,
 I flopped forth, 'sbuddikins ! on my own ten toes
 (I do assure you there be ten of them),
 And went clump-clumping up-hill and down-dale
 To find myself o' the sudden i' front o' the boy.
 Put case I had n't 'em on me, could I ha' bought
 This sort-o'-kind-o'-what-you-might-call toy,
 This pebble-thing, o' the boy-thing ? Q. E. D.

That 's proven without aid from mumping Pope,
 Sleek porporate or bloated Cardinal.
 (Is n't it, old Fatchaps ? You 're in Euclid now.)
 So, having the shilling — having i' fact a lot —
 And pence and halfpence, ever so many o' them,
 I purchased, as I think I said before,
 The pebble (*lapis, lapidis, -di, -dem, -de* —
 What nouns 'crease short i' the genitive, Fatchaps, eh ?)
 O' the boy, a barelegged beggarly son of a gun,
 For one and fourpence. Here we are again.

Now Law steps in, big-wigged, voluminous-jawed ;
 Investigates and reinvestigates.
 Was the transaction illegal ? Law shakes head
 Perpend, sir, all the bearings of the case.

At first the coin was mine, the chattel his.
 But now (by virtue of the said exchange
 And barter) *vice versa* all the coin,
Per juris operationem, vests
 I' the boy and his assigns till ding o' doom
 (*In sæcula sæculo-o-o-orum* ;
 I think I hear the Abate mouth out that),
 To have and hold the same to him and them . . .

Confer some idiot on Conveyancing.
 Whereas the pebble and every part thereof,
 And all that appertaineth thereunto,
 Or shall, will, may, might, can, could, would, or should,
 (*Subaudi cætera* — clap we to the close —
 For what 's the good of law in a case o' the kind?)
 Is mine to all intents and purposes.
 This settled, I resume the thread o' the tale.

Now for a touch o' the vendor's quality.
 He says a gen'l'man bought a pebble of him
 (This pebble i' sooth, sir, which I hold i' my hand) —
 And paid for 't, *like* a gen'l'man, on the nail.
 "Did I o'ercharge him a ha'penny? Devil a bit.
 Fiddlestick's end! Get out, you blazing ass!
 Gabble o' the goose. Don't bugaboo-baby *me!*
 Go double or quits? Yah! tittup! what 's the odds?"
 — There 's the transaction viewed i' the vendor's light.

Next ask that dumped hag, stood snuffing by,
 With her three frowsy-blowzy brats o' babes,
 The scum 'o the kennel, cream o' the filth-heap — Faugh!
 Aie, aie, aie, aie! *ὄτοτοτοτοτοί,*
 ('Stead which we blurt out Hoighty-toighty, now) —
 And the baker and candlestick-maker, and Jack and Gill,
 Bleared Goody this and queasy Gaffer that.
 Ask the schoolmaster. Take schoolmaster first.

He saw a gentleman purchase of a lad
 A stone, and pay for it *rite*, on the square,
 And carry it off *per saltum*, jauntily,
Propria quæ maribus, gentleman's property now
 (Agreeable to the law explained above),
In proprium usum, for his private ends.
 The boy he chucked a brown i' the air, and bit
 I' the face the shilling: heaved a thumping stone
 At a lean hen that ran cluck-clucking by
 (And hit her, dead as nail i' post o' door),

Then *abiit* — what 's the Ciceronian phrase? —
Excessit, evasit, erupit — off slogs boy ;
 Off in three flea-skips. *Hactenus*, so far,
 So good, *tam bene. Bene, satis, male* —
 Where was I? who said what of one in a quag?
 I did once hitch the syntax into verse :
Verbum personale, a verb personal,
Concordat — ay, "agrees," old Fatchaps — *cum*
Nominativo, with its nominative,
Genere, i' point o' gender, *numero*,
 O' number, *et persona*, and person. *Ut*,
 Instance : *Sol ruit*, down flops sun, *et*, and,
Montes umbrantur, snuffs out mountains. Pah!
 Eccuse me, sir, I think I 'm going mad.
 You see the trick on 't though, and can yourself
 Continue the discourse *ad libitum*.
 It takes up about eighty thousand lines,
 A thing imagination boggles at :
 And might, odds-bobs, sir! in judicious hands,
 Extend from here to Mesopotamy.

CHARLES S. CALVERLEY.

The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell."

'T WAS on the shores that round our coast
 From Deal to Ramsgate span,
 That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
 An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
 And weedy and long was he,
 And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
 In a singular minor key : —

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid;
For I could n't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said: —

“ O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

“ At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.”

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn: —

“ 'T was in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

“ And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

“ There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

“ For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So, we drewed a lot, and, accordin', shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question ' Which
Of us two goes to the kettle ? ' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me ;
But we 'd both be blowed if we 'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" ' I 'll be eat if you dines off me, ' says Tom,
' Yes, that, ' says I, ' you 'll be ' ;
' I 'm boiled if I die, my friend, ' quoth I,
And ' Exactly so, ' quoth he.

" Says he, ' Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can — and will — cook *you!* '

" So, he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

" ' Come here, ' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
' T will soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you 'll smell ! '

“ And he stirred it round and round and round,
 And he sniffed at the foaming froth ;
 When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
 In the scum of the boiling broth.

“ And I eat that cook in a week or less,
 And — as I eating be
 The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
 For a wessel in sight I see.

“ And I never larf, and I never smile,
 And I never lark nor play,
 But I sit and croak, and a single joke
 I have — which is to say : —

“ Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain’s gig ! ”

WILLIAM S. GILBERT.



A Plain Direction.

“ Do you ever deviate ? ” — JOHN BULL.

I N London once I lost my way
 In faring to and fro,
 And asked a little ragged boy
 The way that I should go :
 He gave a nod, and then a wink,
 And told me to get there
 “ Straight down the Crooked Lane,
 And all round the Square.”

I boxed his little saucy ears,
 And then away I strode ;

But since I 've found that weary path
Is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I 've read about a famous town
That drove a famous trade,
Where Whittington walked up and found
A fortune ready made.
The very streets are paved with gold,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I 've read about a Fairy Land,
In some romantic tale,
Where Dwarfs if good are sure to thrive
And wicked Giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I 've heard about some happy Isle,
Where every man is free,
And none shall lie in bonds for life
For want of L. S. D.
Oh ! that 's the land of Liberty !
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I 've dreamt about some blessèd spot.
Beneath the blessèd sky,
Where Bread and Justice never rise
Too dear for folks to buy.

It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap,
 But how shall I get there ?
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,
 And all round the Square."

They say there is an ancient House,
 As pure as it is old,
 Where Members always speak their minds,
 And votes are never sold.
 I'm fond of all antiquities,
 But how shall I get there ?
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,
 And all round the Square."

They say there is a Royal Court
 Maintained in noble state,
 Where every able man and good
 Is certain to be great !
 I'm very fond of seeing sights,
 But how shall I get there ?
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,
 And all round the Square."

They say there is a Temple too,
 Where Christians come to pray ;
 But canting knaves and hypocrites
 And bigots keep away.
 Oh ! that's the parish church for me !
 But how shall I get there ?
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,
 And all round the Square."

They say there is a Garden fair,
 That's haunted by the dove,
 Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse
 The golden light of love —
 The place must be a Paradise,
 But how shall I get there ?

“Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.”

I've heard there is a famous Land
For public spirit known —
Whose Patriots love its interests
Much better than their own.
The land of Promise sure it is!
But how shall I get there?
“Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.”

I've read about a fine Estate,
A Mansion large and strong;
A view all over Kent and back,
And going for a song.
George Robbins knows the very spot,
But how shall I get there?
“Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.”

I've heard there is a Company,
All formal and enrolled,
Will take your smallest silver coin
And give it back in gold.
Of course the office-door is mobbed,
But how shall I get there?
“Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.”

I've heard about a pleasant Land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run crying out,
“Come eat me, if you please.”
My appetite is rather keen,
But how shall I get there?
“Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.”

THOMAS HOOD.

Motherhood.

SHE laid it where the sunbeams fall
 Unscanned upon the broken wall.
 Without a tear, without a groan,
 She laid it near a mighty stone,
 Which some rude swain had haply cast
 Thither in sport, long ages past,
 And Time with mosses had o'erlaid,
 And fenced with many a tall grass-blade,
 And all about bid roses bloom
 And violets shed their soft perfume.
 There, in its cool and quiet bed,
 She set her burden down and fled :
 Nor flung, all eager to escape,
 One glance upon the perfect shape
 That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,
 But motionless and soundless there.

No human eye had marked her pass
 Across the linden-shadowed grass
 Ere yet the minster-clock chimed seven :
 Only the innocent birds of heaven —
 The magpie, and the rook whose nest
 Swings as the elm-tree waves his crest —
 And the lithe cricket and the hoar
 And huge-limbed hound that guards the door,
 Looked on when, as a summer wind
 That, passing, leaves no trace behind,
 All unappareled, barefoot all,
 She ran to that old ruined wall
 To leave upon the chill dank earth
 (For ah ! she never knew its worth)
 'Mid hemlock rank, and fern, and ling,
 And dews of night, that precious thing !

And there it might have lain forlorn
 From morn till eve, from eve to morn :
 But that, by some wild impulse led,
 The mother, ere she turned and fled,
 One moment stood erect and high ;
 Then poured into the silent sky
 A cry so jubilant, so strange,
 That Alice — as she strove to 'range
 Her rebel ringlets at her glass —
 Sprang up and gazed across the grass,
 Shook back those curls so fair to see,
 Clapped her soft hands in childish glee,
 And shrieked, — her sweet face all aglow,
 Her very limbs with rapture shaking, —
 “ My hen has laid an egg, I know ;
 And only hear the noise she 's making ! ”

CHARLES S. CALVERLEY.



Plain Language from Truthful James.

WHICH I wish to remark —
 And my language is plain —
 That for ways that are dark
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar :
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah, Sin was his name ;
 And I shall not deny
 In regard to the same
 What that name might imply ;
 But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies,
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise :
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand :
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand ;
But he smiled, as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see —
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me ;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, " Can this be !
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," —
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand ;

But the floor it was strewed
 Like the leaves on the strand
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
 In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
 He had twenty-four packs —
 Which was coming it strong,
 Yet I state but the facts ;
 And we found on his nails, which were taper,
 What is frequent in tapers — that 's wax.

Which is why I remark,
 And my language is plain,
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar —
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

Midges.

SHE is talking æsthetics, the dear clever creature!
 Upon Man, and his functions, she speaks with a smile.
 Her ideas are divine upon Art, upon Nature,
 The Sublime, the Heroic, and Mr. Carlyle.

I no more am found worthy to join in the talk, now ;
 So I follow with my surreptitious cigar ;
 While she leads our poetical friend up the walk, now,
 Who quotes Wordsworth and praises her "*Thoughts on
 a Star.*"

Meanwhile, there is dancing in yonder green bower
 A swarm of young midges. They dance high and low.
 'T is a sweet little species that lives but one hour,
 And the eldest was born half an hour ago.

One impulsive young midge I hear ardently pouring
 In the ears of a shy little wanton in gauze,
 His eternal devotion ; his ceaseless adoring ;
 Which shall last till the Universe breaks from its laws :

His passion is not, he declares, the mere fever
 Of a rapturous moment. It knows no control :
 It will burn in his breast through existence forever,
 Immutably fixed in the deeps of the soul !

She wavers : she flutters : . . . male midges are fickle :
 Dare she trust him her future ? . . . she asks with a sigh :
 He implores, . . . and a tear is beginning to trickle :
 She is weak : they embrace, and . . . the lovers pass by.

While they pass me, down here on a rose-leaf has lighted
 A pale midge, his feelers all drooping and torn :
 His existence is withered ; its future is blighted :
 His hopes are betrayed : and his breast is forlorn.

By the midge his heart trusted his heart is deceived, now
 In the virtue of midges no more he believes :
 From love in its falsehood, once wildly believed, now
 He will bury his desolate life in the leaves.

His friends would console him . . . the noblest and sagest
 Of midges have held that a midge lives again.
 In Eternity, say they, the strife thou now wagest
 With sorrow shall cease . . . but their words are in vain !

Can Eternity bring back the seconds now wasted
 In hopeless desire ? or restore to his breast
 The belief he has lost, with the bliss he once tasted,
 Embracing the midge that his being loved best ?

His friends would console him . . . life yet is before him ;
 Many hundred long seconds he still has to live :
 In the state yet a mighty career spreads before him :
 Let him seek in the great world of action to strive !

There is Fame! there's Ambition! and, grander than either,
 There is Freedom! . . . the progress and march of the
 race! . . .

But to Freedom his breast beats no longer, and neither
 Ambition nor action her loss can replace.

If the time had been spent in acquiring æsthetics
 I have squandered in learning this language of midges,
 There might, for my friend in her peripatetics,
 Have been now *two* asses to help o'er the bridges.

As it is, . . . I'll report her the whole conversation.
 It would have been longer; but, somehow or other
 (In the midst of that misanthrope's long lamentation),
 A midge in my right eye became a young mother.

Since my friend is so clever, I'll ask her to tell me
 Why the least living thing (a mere midge in the egg!)
 Can make a man's tears flow, as now it befell me . . .
 O you dear clever woman, explain it, I beg!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.



A Temple to Friendship.

“A TEMPLE to Friendship,” said Laura, enchanted,
 “I'll build in this garden — the thought is divine!”
 Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
 An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
 She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
 A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent;
 But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
 Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

“Oh! never,” she cried, “could I think of enshrining
 An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim; —
 But you little god, upon roses reclining,
 We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him.”

So the bargain was struck ; with the little god laden
 She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove ;
 "Farewell," said the sculptor, "you 're not the first maiden
 Who came but for Friendship and took away Love."

THOMAS MOORE.

—◆—
Wonderland.

MOURNFULLY listening to the waves' strange talk,
 And marking with a sad and moistened eye
 The summer days sink down behind the sea, —
 Sink down beneath the level brine, and fall
 Into the Hades of forgotten things, —
 A mighty longing stealeth o'er the soul ;
 As of a man who panteth to behold
 His idol in another land, — if yet
 Her heart be treasured for him, — if her eyes
 Have yet the old love in them. Even so,
 With passion strong as love and deep as death,
 Yearneth the spirit after Wonderland.

Ah, happy, happy land ! The busy soul
 Calls up in pictures of the half-shut eye
 Thy shores of splendor. As a fair blind girl,
 Who thinks the roses must be beautiful,
 But cannot see their beauty. Olden tones,
 Borne on the bosom of the breeze from far, —
 Angels that came to the young heart in dreams,
 And then like birds of passage flew away, —
 Return. The rugged steersman at the wheel
 Softens into a cloudy shape. The sails
 Move to a music of their own. Brave bark,
 Speed well, and bear us unto Wonderland !

Leave far behind thee the vexed earth, where men
 Spend their dark days in weaving their own shrouds ;
 And Fraud and Wrong are crownèd kings ; and Toil
 Hath chains for Hire ; and all Creation groans,

Crying, in its great bitterness, to God ;
And Love can never speak the thing it feels,
Or save the thing it loves, — is succorless.
For, if one say, “ I love thee,” what poor words
They are ! Whilst they are spoken, the beloved
Traveleth as a doomèd lamb the road of death ;
And sorrow blanches the fair hair, and pales
The tinted cheek. Not so in Wonderland.

There, larger natures sport themselves at ease
'Neath kindlier suns that nurture fairer flowers,
And richer harvests billow in the vales,
And passionate kisses fall on godlike brows
As summer rain. And never know they there
The passion that is desolation's prey ;
The bitter tears begotten of farewells ;
Endless renunciations, when the heart
Loseth the all it lived for ; vows forgot,
Cold looks, estranged voices, — all the woes
That poison earth's delight. For love endures,
Nor fades, nor changes, in the Wonderland.

Alas ! the rugged steersman at the wheel
Comes back again to vision. The hoarse sea
Speaketh from its great heart of discontent,
And in the misty distance dies away.
The Wonderland ! — 'T is past and gone. O soul !
Whilst yet unbodied thou didst summer there,
God saw thee, led thee forth from thy green haunts,
And bade thee know another world, less fair,
Less calm ! Ambition, knowledge, and desire
Drove from thee thy first worship. Live and learn ;
Believe and wait ; and it may be that he
Will guide thee back again to Wonderland.

CRADOCK NEWTON.

The Stranger on the Sill.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn,
Is the lowly home where I was born.
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all ;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn ; and as of yore
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song ;
But the stranger comes, — oh ! painful proof,
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard, the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun ;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air ;
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook, where the hazels grow ;
'T was there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing ;
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still ;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees,
 And when your children crowd your knees,
 Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
 As if old memories stirred their heart.
 To youthful sport still leave the swing,
 And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
 The meadows with their lowing herds,
 The woodbine on the cottage wall, —
 My heart still lingers with them all ;
 Ye strangers, on my native sill
 Step lightly, for I love it still.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The Old Familiar Faces.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions.
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her —
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
 Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
 Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces, —

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
 And some are taken from me; all are departed;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.



Old.

BY the wayside, on a mossy stone,
 Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
 Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
 All the landscape, like a page, perusing;
 Poor, unknown,
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat;
 Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding;
 Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat;
 Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding;
 There he sat!
 Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
 No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
 None to love him for his thin gray hair,
 And the furrows all so mutely pleading
 Age and care:
 Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
 Dapper country lads and little maidens;
 Taught the motto of the "Dunce's stool," —
 Its grave import still my fancy ladens, —
 "Here 's a fool!"
 It was summer, and we went to school.

“ There ’s the gate on which I used to swing,
 Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable ;
 But alas ! no more the morn shall bring
 That dear group around my father’s table ;
 Taken wing !
 There ’s the gate on which I used to swing.

“ I am fleeing, — all I loved have fled.
 Yon green meadow was our place for playing ;
 That old tree can tell of sweet things said
 When around it Jane and I were straying ;
 She is dead !
 I am fleeing, — all I loved have fled.

“ Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
 Tracing silently life’s changeful story,
 So familiar to my dim old eye,
 Points me to seven that are now in glory
 There on high !
 Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

“ Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
 Guided thither by an angel mother ;
 Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod ;
 Sire and sisters, and my little brother,
 Gone to God !
 Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

“ There I heard of Wisdom’s pleasant ways ;
 Bless the holy lesson ! — but, ah, never
 Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
 Those sweet voices silent now forever !
 Peaceful days !
 There I heard of Wisdom’s pleasant ways.

“ There my Mary blest me with her hand
 When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,

Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,
 Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing ;
 Broken band !
 There my Mary blest me with her hand.

“ I have come to see that grave once more,
 And the sacred place where we delighted,
 Where we worshiped, in the days of yore,
 Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
 To the core !

I have come to see that grave once more.

“ Angel,” said he sadly, “ I am old ;
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
 Now, why I sit here thou hast been told.”
 In his eye another pearl of sorrow,
 Down it rolled !

“ Angel,” said he sadly, “ I am old.”

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
 Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;
 Still I marked him sitting there alone,
 All the landscape, like a page, perusing ;
 Poor, unknown !

By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

The Old Professor.

THE old Professor taught no more,
 But lingered round the college walks ;
 Stories of him we boys told o'er,
 Before the fire in evening talks.
 I 'll ne'er forget how he came in
 To recitation one dark night,
 And asked our tutor to begin :
 “ And let me hear these boys recite.”

As we passed out, we heard him say,
 " Pray leave me here awhile, alone,
 Here in my old place let me stay
 Just as I did in years long flown."
 Our tutor smiled, and bowed consent ;
 Rose courteous from his high-backed chair,
 And down the darkening stairs he went,
 Leaving the old Professor there.

From out the shadows, faces seemed
 To look on him in his old place,
 Fresh faces that with radiance beamed, —
 Radiance of boyish hope and grace ;
 And faces that had lost their youth,
 Although in years they still were young ;
 And faces o'er whose love and truth
 The funeral anthem had been sung.

" These are my boys," he murmured then,
 " My boys, as in the years long past ;
 Though some are angels, others men,
 Still as my boys I hold them fast ;
 There 's one don't know his lesson now,
 That one of me is making fun,
 And that one 's cheating — ah ! I see, —
 I see and love them every one.

" And is it then so long ago
 This chapter in my life was told ?
 Did all of them thus come and go,
 And have I really grown so old ?
 No ! here are my old pains and joys,
 My book once more is in my hand,
 Once more I hear these very boys,
 And seek their hearts to understand."

They found him there with open book,
 And eyes closed with a calm content ;

The same old sweetness in his look
 There used to be when fellows went
 To ask him questions and to talk
 When recitations all were o'er; —
 We saw him in the college walk
 And in his former place no more.

FRED W. LORING.

The Old Village Choir.

I HAVE fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-bent beam,
 That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
 Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest,
 From the pillow of stone to the blue of the blest,
 And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
 "Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and "China," and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,
 That those breaths can blow open to heaven and God!
 Ah, "Silver Street" flows by a bright shining road, —
 Oh, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed, —
 But the sweet human psalms of the old-fashioned choir.
 To the girl that sang alto — the girl that sang air!

"Let us sing to God's praise," the minister said.
 All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at "York";
 Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that he read,
 While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
 And politely picked up the key-note with a fork;
 And the vicious old viol went growling along
 At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

Oh, I need not a wing — bid no genii come
 With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
 To bear me again up the river of Time,
 When the world was in rhythm, and life was its rhyme —

Where the streams of the years flowed so noiseless and narrow,
That across it there floated the song of a sparrow —
For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church, and the old village choir,
Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise that they sung,
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down;
And dear sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,
And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes!
To the land of the leal they have gone with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong.
Oh, be lifted, ye gates! Let me hear them again —
Blessèd song, blessèd singers! forever, Amen!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.



Would You be Young again?

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I —
One tear to memory given,
Onward I 'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?

Night's gloomy watches fled,
 Morning all beaming red,
 Hope's smiles around us shed,
 Heavenward — away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
 Our joy and delight ?
 Dear and more dear, though now
 Hidden from sight.
 Where they rejoice to be,
 There is the land for me ;
 Fly, time, fly speedily ;
 Come, life and light.

LADY NAIRNE.



The Dying Actor.

WHAT time is it ? — Seven o'clock you say ?
 Why, then I should be at the theatre soon.
 Ah, no ! — lying here day after day
 Has set my intellect out of tune.
 I remember now — it was weeks ago —
 Thank God, I have savings left me still !
 We actors were always given, you know,
 To die without paying the doctor's bill.

Nay, life has not blended, at the last,
 That bitter torment with wasted health ;
 And yet, as I search the perished past,
 How I seem to have flung away my wealth !
 It was easily gained, 't was rashly spent,
 In times when my looks were a thing to laud,
 When a bevy of fragrant notes were sent
 On the morning after I played in *Claude* !

How the stubborn critics would wage their fight
 As to what had made me the people's choice!
 Some swore 't was merely my stately height,
 And a sort of throb in my mellow voice;
 Yet I thrilled my hearers, and moved to tears,
 And I charmed them whether they would or no;
 There were nights in those distant youthful years
 When the whole house rang to my *Romeo*!

Yet none could chide me for being proud
 While the fame I won was most broadly spread;
 Though the women's praises were always loud,
 It is certain they never turned my head.
 I was stanch to my friends through worst and best;
 That truth is my life's one spotless page;
 They have played their parts and gone home to rest, —
 I am talking here on an empty stage!

'T is a sombre end for so bright a piece,
 This dull *fifth act* of the parting soul,
 Ere the last sad *exit* has brought release,
 And the great green curtain begins to roll!
 Yet, though they have left me, those trusted friends,
 I cannot but fancy their absence means
 That they wait outside till my own part ends,
 And will join me somewhere behind the scenes.

I see them here while I dream and doze, —
 There was Ralph, too reckless and wild by half,
 With his ludicrous Punchinello nose,
 And his full, superb light-comedy laugh!
 There was chubby Larry, with flaxen hair,
 Who secretly longed to be dark and slight,
 And believed his *Hamlet* a great affair,
 But was better in *Falstaff* any night.

There was lean, grim Peter, so much in vogue,
 Who could govern an audience by his wink;

There was brilliant Hugh, with his witty brogue,
 His leaky purse, and his love for drink ;
 And then there was rosy old Robert, too,
 With whom bitter fortunes were hard at strife,
 Who felt himself born a Macready, and who
 Had been handing in letters all his life.

But more than these there was brown-eyed Kate,
 True, generous, brave, and her own worst foe,
 With a love no insults could alienate
 From the bad little husband who wronged her so!
 Poor Kate ! she would call to her lovely face
 That radiant smile, in the nights long fled,
 And act *Lady Teazle* with dazzling grace,
 While the heart in her bosom ached and bled !

And one — O Amy, I dare not own
 Your love as a friend's love, weak of worth,
 Though we swore the most sacred promise known,
 And were bound by the strongest bond on earth !
 Ah, me ! at the summons of death's weird spell,
 I can see you while pangs of memory start,
 In the waiting-maid *roles* you did so well,
 Pirouetting with sweet unconscious art.

I remember the play where first we met, —
 How your glad eyes haunted me from afar
 As you tripped and prattled, a pert *soubrette*,
 While I was a grave, majestic " star !"
 I remember when wedded joys were new —
 The dawn of the troubles, the scandals coarse,
 The last mad, passionate interview,
 The wrangle of lawyers, the stern divorce.

Those dear, lost friends, they have grouped afresh
 In the green-room quite as they used to do,
 And Ralph has been laughing at Larry's flesh,
 And Peter is growling a joke to Hugh,

And Robert complains of his lowly lot,
And Emily gossips with Kate — Ah, well,
You may all be shadow, but I am not,
While I listen here for the Prompter's bell.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



The Bivouac of the Dead.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread ;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind :
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind :
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed ;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud ;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow ;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugle's stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout, are passed;
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that nevermore may feel
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
 That sweeps his great plateau,
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
 Comes down the serried foe.
 Who heard the thunder of the fray
 Break o'er the field beneath,
 Knew well the watchword of that day
 Was, Victory or death.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
 O'er Angostura's plain,
 And long the pitying sky has wept
 Above its mouldered slain.
 The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
 Or shepherd's pensive lay,
 Alone awakes each solemn height
 That frowned o'er that dark fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger steps and tongues resound
 Along the heedless air;
 Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Shall be your fitter grave:
 She claims from war its richest spoil,—
 The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field,
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
 On many a bloody shield.

The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell ;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.



Weep not for him that dieth.

WEEP not for him that dieth —
For he sleeps, and is at rest ;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast :
But weep for him who pineth
On a far land's hateful shore,
Who wearily declineth
Where ye see his face no more !

Weep not for him that dieth,
For friends are round his bed.

And many a young lip sigheth
 When they name the early dead :
 But weep for him that liveth
 Where none will know or care,
 When the groan his faint heart giveth
 Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,
 For his struggling soul is free,
 And the world from which it flieth
 Is a world of misery :
 But weep for him that weareth
 The captive's galling chain :
 To the agony he beareth,
 Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth,
 For *he* hath ceased from tears,
 And a voice to his replieth
 Which he hath not heard for years :
 But weep for him who weepeth
 On that cold land's cruel shore —
 Blest, blest is he that sleepeth, —
 Weep for the dead no more.

CAROLINE NORTON.

Epitaph.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse, —
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death! ere thou hast killed another
 Fair, and learned, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

De Profundis.

THE face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with " Good-day " —
Made each day good, is hushed away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon ;
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

And cold before my summer 's done,
And deaf in Nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here, with hope no longer here —
While the tears drop, my days go on.

The world goes whispering to its own.
" This anguish pierces to the bone. "
And tender friends go sighing round,
" What love can ever cure this wound ? "
My days go on, my days go on.

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended ! Ended bliss !
And life, that will not end in this !
My days go on, my days go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan ;
 As one alone, once not alone,
 I sit and knock at Nature's door,
 Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
 Whose desolated days go on.

I knock and cry . . . Undone, undone !
 Is there no help, no comfort . . . none ?
 No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
 Where others drive their loaded wains ?
 My vacant days go on, go on.

This Nature, though the snows be down,
 Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
 The little red hip on the tree
 Is ripe for such. What is for me,
 Whose days so winterly go on ?

No bird am I to sing in June,
 And dare not ask an equal boon.
 Good nests and berries red are Nature's
 To give away to better creatures —
 And yet my days go on, go on.

I ask less kindness to be done —
 Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
 (Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
 Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
 Till days go out which now go on.

Only to lift the turf unmown
 From off the earth where it has grown,
 Some cubit-space, and say, " Behold,
 Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
 Forgetting how the days go on."

What harm would *that* do ? Green anon
 The sward would quicken, overshone
 By skies as blue ; and crickets might
 Have leave to chirp there day and night
 While my new rest went on, went on.

From gracious Nature have I won
 Such liberal bounty? May I run
 So, lizard-like, within her side,
 And there be safe, who now am tried
 By days that painfully go on?

— A Voice reproves me thereupon,
 More sweet than Nature's, when the drone
 Of bees is sweetest, and more deep,
 Than when the rivers overleap
 The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's Voice, not Nature's — night and noon
 He sits upon the great white throne
 And listens for the creatures' praise.
 What babble we of days and days?
 The Dayspring He, whose days go on.

He reigns above, he reigns alone:
 Systems burn out and leave His throne:
 Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
 Around Him, changeless amid all! —
 Ancient of days, whose days go on!

He reigns below, He reigns alone, —
 And having life in love foregone
 Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
 He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
 Or rules with HIM, while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,
 I hear Him charge his saints that none
 Among the creatures anywhere
 Blaspheme against Him with despair,
 However darkly days go on.

— Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
 No mortal grief deserves that crown.
 O supreme Love, chief misery,
 The sharp regalia are for *Thee*
 Whose days eternally go on!

For us, . . . whatever's undergone,
 Thou knowest, willest what is done.
 Grief may be joy misunderstood :
 Only the Good discerns the good.
 I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won :
 We will not struggle nor impugn.
 Perhaps the cup was broken here
 That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
 I praise Thee while my days go on !

I praise Thee while my days go on ;
 I love Thee while my days go on !
 Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
 With emptied arms and treasure lost
 I thank Thee while my days go on !

And, having in thy life-depth thrown
 Being and suffering (which are one),
 As a child drops some pebble small
 Down some deep well and hears it fall,
 Smiling . . . so I ! THY DAYS GO ON !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



Tears, idle Tears.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
 That brings our friends up from the under-world,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sweet are the Rosy Memories.

SWEET are the rosy memories of the lips
That first kissed ours, albeit they kiss no more :
Sweet is the sight of sunset-sailing ships,
Although they leave us on a lonely shore :
Sweet are familiar songs, though Music dips
Her hollow shell in Thought's forlornest wells :
And sweet, though sad, the sound of midnight bells,
When the oped casement with the night-rain drips.

There is a pleasure which is born of pain :
The grave of all things hath its violet.
Else why, through days which never come again,
Roams Hope with that strange longing, like Regret ?
Why put the posy in the cold dead hand ?
Why plant the rose above the lonely grave ?
Why bring the corpse across the salt sea-wave ?
Why deem the dead more near in native land ?

Thy name hath been a silence in my life
So long, it falters upon language now,

Oh, more to me than sister or than wife
 Once . . . and now — nothing! It is hard to know
 That such things have been, and are not, and yet
 Life loiters, keeps a pulse at even measure,
 And goes upon its business and its pleasure,
 And knows not all the depths of its regret.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.



Another Year.

“ANOTHER year,” she said, “another year,
 These roses I have watched with so much care,
 Have watched and tended without pain or fear,
 Shall bud and bloom for me exceeding fair —
 Another year,” she said, “another year.”

“Another year,” she said, “another year,
 My life perhaps may bud and bloom again,
 May bud and bloom like these red roses here,
 Unlike them, tended with regret and pain —
 Another year perhaps, another year.

“Another year, ah yes, another year,
 When bloom my roses, all my life shall bloom ;
 When summer comes, my summer too 'll be here,
 And I shall cease to wander in this gloom —
 Another year, ah yes, another year.

“For ah, another year, another year,
 I 'll set my life in richer, stronger soil,
 And prune the weeds away that creep too near,
 And watch and tend with never-ceasing toil —
 Another year, ah yes, another year.”

Another year, alas ! another year,
 The roses all lay withering ere their prime,
 Poor blighted buds, with scanty leaves and sere,
 Drooping and dying long before their time —
 Another year, alas ! another year.

And ah, another year, another year,
 Lo, like the blighted dying buds, she lay,
 Whose voice had prophesied without a fear,
 Whose hand had trimmed the rose-tree day by day,
 To bloom another year, another year.

NORA PERRY.



Artemus Ward.

IS he gone to a land of no laughter,
 The man that made mirth for us all ?
 Proves death but a silent hereafter
 From the sounds that delight or appall ?
 Once closed, have the eyes no'more duty,
 No more pleasure the exquisite ears ?
 Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty,
 As the eyes have with tears ?

Nay, if aught can be sure, what is surer
 Than that earth's good decays not with earth ?
 And of all the heart-springs none are purer
 Than the springs of the fountains of mirth.
 He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hollows,
 The places where tears chose to sleep ;
 For the foam-flakes that dance in life's shallows
 Are wrung from life's deep.

He came with a heart full of gladness,
 From the glad-hearted world of the West,

Won our laughter, but not with mere madness,
 Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest ;
 For the man in our hearts lingered after,
 When the merriment died from our ears,
 And those who were loudest in laughter
 Are silent in tears.

ANONYMOUS.



Portrait of Addison.

PEACE to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 Whilst wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise : —
 Who but must laugh, if such a one there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

ALEXANDER POPE.

Abraham Lincoln.

[First published in Punch.]

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please ;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step as though the way were plain ;
 Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
 Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain ;

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
 The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,
 Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you* ?

Yes : he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
 To lame my pencil, and confute my pen ;
 To make me own this hind of princes peer,
 This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
 Noting how to occasion's height he rose ;
 How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true ;
 How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be ;
 How in good fortune and in ill, the same ;
 Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
 Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights —

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear;
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
 Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
 When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
 To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame !
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high ;
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accursed ! Strokes have been struck before
 By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
 If more of horror or disgrace they bore ;
 But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
 Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven ;
 And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
 With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR.



Joseph Rodman Drake.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days !
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep,
 And long, where thou art lying,
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven
 To tell the world their worth ;

And I, who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and woe were thine, —

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow,
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.



Shakespeare.

HOW little fades from earth when sink to rest
 The hours and cares that move a great man's breast!
 Though naught of all we saw the grave may spare,
 His life pervades the world's impregnate air;
 Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
 His spirit breathes amid his native skies;
 With meaning won from him forever glows
 Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
 His whispered words from many a mother's voice
 Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice;
 And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth
 Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
 Amid the sights and tales of common things,
 Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings, —
 Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
 Of life that tills, and tombs that load, the ground,
 His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
 And haunt with living presence heart and eye;

And tones from him, by other bosoms caught,
 Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought;
 And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
 Rouse custom's trance and spur the faltering will.
 Above the goodly land, more his than ours,
 He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers;
 And sees the heroic brood of his creation
 Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
 O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!
 O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews!
 O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!
 For each dim oracle of mantled Time!
 Transcendent Form of Man! in whom we read
 Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and Deed!
 Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
 We know how vast our world of life may be;
 Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,
 Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.

JOHN STERLING.



Life.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood —
 E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The spring entombed in autumn lies,
 The dew dries up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past — and man forgot!

HENRY KING.

Helvellyn.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and
wide :

All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden Edge round the Red Tarn was bend-
ing,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber ?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
start ?

How many long days and long nights didst thou number
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?
And oh, was it meet that — no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him —
Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart ?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall,
With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming ;

In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming ;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,

To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



Beth Gêlert.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn ;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
“Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear.

“Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race ;
So true, so brave, — a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase ?”

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare ;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore ;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise ;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewellyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too ;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'returned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent ;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child, — no voice replied, —
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

“ Hell-hound ! my child's by thee devoured,”
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

Aroused by Gélert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh :
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear ;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.



My Wind is turned to Bitter North.

MY wind is turned to bitter north,
That was so soft a south before ;
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er :
My gay green leaves are yellow-black,
Upon the dank autumnal floor ;
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
For winds to blow and rains to pour ;

One frosty night befell, and lo!
 I find my summer days are o'er;
 The heart bereaved, of why and how
 Unknowing, knows that yet before
 It had what e'en to Memory now
 Returns no more, no more.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.



The Dead President.

WERE there no crowns on earth,
 No evergreen to weave a hero's wreath,
 That he must pass beyond the gates of death,
 Our hero, our slain hero, to be crowned?
 Could there on our unworthy earth be found
 Naught to befit his worth?

The noblest soul of all!
 When was there ever, since our Washington,
 A man so pure, so wise, so patient, — one,
 Who walked with this high goal alone in sight,
 To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,
 Though very heaven should fall?

Ah, not for him we weep;
 What honor more could be in store for him?
 Who would have had him linger in our dim
 And troublesome world, when his great work was done, —
 Who would not leave that worn and weary one
 Gladly to go to sleep?

For us the stroke was just;
 We were not worthy of that patient heart;
 We might have helped him more, not stood apart,

And coldly criticised his works and ways :
 Too late now, all too late, our little praise
 Sounds hollow o'er his dust.

Be merciful, O God !
 Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,
 That never, till a noble soul departs
 See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings
 Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs
 Up from the mounded sod.

Yet what a deathless crown
 Of Northern pine and Southern orange-flower,
 For victory, and the land's new bridal-hour
 Would we have wreathed for that beloved brow !
 Sadly upon his sleeping forehead now
 We lay our cypress down.

O martyred one, farewell !
 Thou hast not left thy people quite alone :
 Out of thy beautiful life there comes a tone
 Of power, of love, of trust, — a prophecy,
 Whose fair fulfilment all the earth shall be,
 And all the Future tell.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.



The Hero of the Commune.

“G ARÇON! You, *you*
 Snared along with this curséd crew?
 (Only a child, and yet so bold,
 Scarcely as much as ten years old !)
 Do you hear ! do you know
 Why the *gens d'armes* put you there, in the row,
You with those Commune wretches tall,
 With your face to the wall ?”

“*Know?* To be sure I know! Why not?
 We ’re here to be shot;
 And there by the pillar’s the very spot,
 Fighting for France, my father fell;
 Ah, well! —
 That ’s just the way *I* would choose to fall,
 With my *back* to the wall!”

“(Sacre! Fair, open fight, I say,
 Is something right gallant in its way,
 And fine for warming the blood; but who
 Wants wolfish work like this to do?
 Bah! ’t is a butcher’s business!) *How?*
 (The boy is beckoning to me now:
 I knew that this poor child’s heart would fail,
 . . . Yet his cheek’s not pale:)
 Quick! say your say, for don’t you see
 When the church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,
 You are all to be shot?
 — *What?*

‘*Excuse you one moment?*’ Oh, ho, ho!
 Do you think to fool a *gen d’arme* so?”

“But, sir, here ’s a watch that a friend, one day,
 (My father’s friend) just over the way,
 Lent me; and if you ’ll let me free —
 It still lacks seven minutes of *Three* —
 I ’ll come, on the word of a soldier’s son,
 Straight back into line, when my errand’s done.”

“Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
 (Now, good St. Denis, speed him on!
 The work will be easier since *he* ’s saved;
 For I hardly see how I *could* have braved
 The ardor of that innocent eye,
 As he stood and heard,
 While I gave the word,
 Dooming him like a dog to die.)”

“In time? Well, thanks, that my desire
 Was granted; and now I'm ready:— Fire!
 One word!— that's all!
 — You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?”

“Parbleu! Come out of the line, I say,
 Come out! (Who said that his name was Ney?)
 Ha! France will hear of him yet, one day!”

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Hester.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try,
 With vain endeavor.

A month or more has she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step, did indicate
 Of pride and joy no common rate,
 That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call:— if 't was not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied,
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
 Which doth the human feeling cool,
 But she was trained in Nature's school,
 Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
 Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore,
 Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
 Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
 A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.



They are all gone.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
 And I alone sit lingering here !
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear ;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove, —
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days, —
 My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility, —
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, — the jewel of the just, —
Shining nowhere but in the dark !
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee !
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Over the River.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see :
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark :
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark ;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be :
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail ;
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart.
They cross the stream and are gone for aye ;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day :

We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
 To the better shore of the spirit-land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before.
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD.



Longing for Home.

A SONG of a boat : —
 There was once a boat on a billow :
 Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
 And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
 And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
 And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
 Went courtesying over the billow,
 I marked her course till a dancing mote
 She faded out on the moonlit foam,
 And I stayed behind in the dear-loved home ;
 And my thoughts all day were about the boat
 And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
 For it is but short : —
 My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
 In river or port.
 Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
 On the open desolate sea,
 And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
 For he came not back to me —
 Ah me !

A song of a nest : —
 There was once a nest in a hollow,
 Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
 Soft and warm, and full to the brim ;
 Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
 With buttercup-buds to follow.
 I pray you hear my song of a nest,
 For it is not long : —
 You shall never light in a summer quest
 The bushes among —
 Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
 A fairer nestful, nor ever know
 A softer sound than their tender twitter,
 That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
 Ah happy, happy I !
 Right dearly I loved them : but when they were grown
 They spread out their wings to fly —
 Oh, one after one they flew away
 Far up to the heavenly blue,
 To the better country, the upper day,
 And — I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
 My empty nest ?
 And what is the shore where I stood to see
 My boat sail down to the west ?

Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
 Though my good-man has sailed?
 Can I call that home where my nest was set,
 Now all its hope hath failed?
 Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
 And the land where my nestlings be:
 There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
 The only home for me —

Ah me !

JEAN INGELOW.



God's-Acre.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
 The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessèd name imparts
 Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
 The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
 Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again
 At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
 In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
 With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
 This is the field and Acre of our God,
 This is the place where human harvests grow !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A Solemn Conceit.

STATELY trees are growing,
 Lusty winds are blowing,
 And mighty rivers flowing
 On, forever on.
 As stately forms were growing,
 As lusty spirits blowing,
 And as mighty fancies flowing
 On, forever on ; —
 But there has been leave-taking,
 Sorrow, and heart-breaking,
 And a moan pale Echo 's making,
 For the gone, forever gone !

Lovely stars are gleaming,
 Bearded lights are streaming,
 And glorious suns are beaming
 On, forever on.
 As lovely eyes were gleaming,
 As wondrous lights were streaming,
 And as glorious minds were beaming
 On, forever on ;
 But there has been soul-sundering,
 Wailing, and sad wondering ;
 For graves grow fat with plundering
 The gone, forever gone !

We see great eagles soaring,
 We hear deep oceans roaring,
 And sparkling fountains pouring
 On, forever on.
 As lofty minds were soaring,
 As sonorous voices roaring,
 And as sparkling wits were pouring
 On, forever on ;

But pinions have been shedding,
 And voiceless darkness spreading,
 Since a measure Death 's been treading
 O'er the gone, forever gone !

Everything is sundering,
 Every one is wondering,
 And this huge globe goes thundering
 On, forever on ;
 But 'mid this weary sundering,
 Heart-breaking, and sad wondering,
 And this huge globe's rude thundering
 On, forever on,
 I would that I were dreaming
 Where little flowers are gleaming,
 And the long green grass is streaming
 O'er the gone, forever gone !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



Death's Final Conquest.

THE glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armor against fate :
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant with laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still ;

Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives! creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
 Upon death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds !
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.



The Two Villages.

OVER the river on the hill
 Lieth a village white and still ;
 All around it the forest trees
 Shiver and whisper in the breeze ;
 Over it sailing shadows go
 Of soaring hawk and screaming crow ;
 And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
 Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill
 Another village lieth still ;
 There I see in the cooling night
 Twinkling stars of household light,
 Fires that gleam from smithy's door,
 Mists that curl on the river's shore ;
 And in the road no grasses grow,
 For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
 Never is sound of smithy or mill ;
 The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
 Never a clock to tell the hours ;
 The marble doors are always shut ;
 You may not enter at hall or hut.
 All the village lie asleep,
 Never a grain to sow or reap ;
 Never in dreams to moan or sigh —
 Silent, and idle, and low, they lie.

In that village under the hill,
 When the night is starry and still,
 Many a weary soul in prayer
 Looks to the other village there,
 And weeping and sighing, longs to go
 Up to that home from this below ;
 Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
 Whither have vanished wife and child,
 And heareth, praying, the answer fall, —
 “Patience! That village shall hold ye all!”

ROSE TERRY COOKE.



God's-Acre.

O PEACEABLE folk hid under the earth,
 How quiet you are to-day !
 I came to look in on your noiseless court,
 And am loath to go away.

What it is holds me I cannot tell,
 Or hardly why I should come ;
 For, whatever I do, you heed me not,
 Whatever I ask, you are dumb.

How strange that you who are waiting here —
Waiting, nor wishing to go —
Have shut the book we are reading yet,
And already the sequel know!

Did you turn the pages as fast as we,
To learn what next would chance?
Was it tale or tragedy that you found?
Was it poem, or wild romance?

Maybe 't was all of these by turns:
Very likely you never chose
To ask which part of the book was rhyme,
And which was homely prose.

But, whate'er the text, I know you read
On, on, with never a pause —
Willing at first, so hot your haste,
To skip a line or a clause;

Deeming the volume quite too vast
To be ever wholly read;
Always expecting something fine
In the chapter just ahead!

Perhaps you had to lay it by
Before the story was done;
I wonder what plot you are chasing now
In the new book you've begun!

Or, possibly, when that chapter came
'T was dull, or gloomy, or grim;
The pages grew blotted and black with tears.
The type was worn and dim.

And maybe (but what of that now?) 't was all
Your secretest hope had told, —
That every syllable sang a song,
And every letter was gold!

Yet, whether the legend were long or short,
Whether 't were grave or gay,
I 'm very sure you were most of you loath
To put the book away.

'T was fascinating, after all, —
'T was the universe to you ;
And you thought it strange when you found, one day,
You had almost read it through !

'T was hard to leave your work or your play,
The faces in the street,
The human voices, friends and life,
That had grown so sudden sweet !

As hard as we shall find it, — we,
Who puzzle and doubt and plan,
Tasting the bitter in every draught,
Yet drinking as deep as we can !

Counting our starveling little much,
Our thin ambitions great,
And ever hatching shallow schemes
To out-manœuvre Fate.

Till some of us learn, as did some of you,
To try a manlier way, —
To put into life a potency
That will keep the grave at bay ;

And count this brief experience
That hangs upon a breath
Our first sweet hint of the rounded whole,
With its episode of death.

RACHEL POMEROY.

At Port Royal.

1862.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea ;
The night-wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outside,
Our good boats forward swing ;
And while we ride the land-locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song :
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong ;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please ;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre,
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast ;
From hand to hand, from gate to gate,
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles :
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
 They weave in simple lays
 The pathos of remembered wrong,
 The hope of better days, —

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
 The joy of uncaged birds:
 Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
 Their broken Saxon words.

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

Oh, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come
 To set de people free;
 An' massa tink it day ob doom,
 An' we ob jubilee.
 De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
 He jus' as 'trong as den;
 He say de word: we las' night slaves;
 To-day, de Lord's freemen.
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn;
 Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
 De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbels gone;
 He leaf de land behind:
 De Lord's breff blow him furder on,
 Like corn-shuck in de wind.
 We own de hoe, we own de plough,
 We own de hands dat hold;
 We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
 But nebber chile be sold.
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn:
 Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
 De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord : he gib us signs
 Dat some day we be free ;
 De norf-wind tell it to de pines,
 De wild-duck to de sea ;
 We tink it when de church-bell ring,
 We dream it in de dream ;
 De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
 De eagle when he scream.
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;
 Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
 De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,
 An' nebber lie de word ;
 So like de 'postles in de jail,
 We waited for de Lord :
 An' now he open ebery door,
 An' trow away de key ;
 He tink we lub him so before,
 We lub him better free.
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 He 'll gib de rice an' corn :
 Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
 De driver blow his horn !

So sing our dusky gondoliers :
 And with a secret pain,
 And smiles that seem akin to tears,
 We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
 Nor yet his hope deny ;
 We only know that God is just,
 And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each swarthy face.
 Flame-lighted, ruder still :
 We start to think that hapless race
 Must shape our good or ill ;

That laws of changeless justice bind
 Oppressor with oppressed;
 And, close as sin and suffering joined,
 We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
 Our sign of blight or bloom, —
 The Vala-song of Liberty,
 Or death-rune of our doom!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



Home.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!

The Relief of Lucknow.

OH, that last day in Lucknow fort !
We knew that it was the last ;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death ;
And the men and we all worked on ;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee ;
“ When my father comes frae the pleugh,” she said,
“ Oh ! then please wauken me.”

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death ;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep ; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden ;— but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face ; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke : —

“The Hielanders ! Oh ! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa ?
The McGregors. Oh ! I ken it weel ;
It’s the grandest o’ them a’ !

“God bless the bonny Hielanders !
We’re saved ! we’re saved !” she cried ;
And fell on her knees ; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back ; — they were there to die ;
But was life so near them, then ?

They listened for life ; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all ; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, “The slogan’s done ;
But winna ye hear it noo.
The Campbells are comin’ ? It’s no a dream ;
Our succors hae broken through !”

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear ;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way, —
A thrilling, ceaseless sound :
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders !
 And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*.
 It came to our men like the voice of God,
 And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
 And the women sobbed in a crowd ;
 And every one knelt down where he stood,
 And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
 Our men put Jessie first ;
 And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
 Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
 Marching round and round our line ;
 And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
 As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT T. S. LOWELL.



Barbara Frietchie.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde ;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
 When Lee marched over the mountain wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

“ Halt ! ” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast ;
“ Fire ! ” — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“ Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word :

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on !” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.

IT was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn:
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



Song of Marion's Men.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil ;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodlands ring with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads, —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain ;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp, —
A moment, — and away !
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs ;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The Slanten Light o' Fall.

(Dorset Dialect.)

AH! Jeane, my maid, I stood to you,
 When you wer' cristen'd, small an' light,
 Wi' tiny earms o' red an' blue,
 A-hangen in your robe o' white.
 We brought ye to the hallow'd stwone,
 Vor Christ to teake ye vor his own,
 When harvest-work wer' all a-done,
 An' time brought round October zun —
 The slanten light o' Fall.

An' I can mind the wind wer' rough,
 An' gather'd clouds, but brought noo storms,
 An' you wer' nessed warm enough,
 'Ithin your smilen mother's earms.
 The whindlen grass did quiver light,
 Among the stubble, feaded white,
 An' if at times the zunlight broke
 Upon the groun', or on the vo'k,
 'T wer' slanten light o' Fall.

An' when we brought ye droo the door
 O' Knapton Church, a child o' greace,
 There cluster'd roun' a'most a score
 O' vo'k to zee your tiny feace.
 An' there we all did veel so proud,
 To zee an op'nen in the cloud,
 An' then a stream o' light break droo,
 A-sheenen brightly down on you —
 The slanten light o' Fall.

But now your time 's a-come to stan'
 In church a-blushen at my zide,

The while a bridegroom vrom my han'
 Ha' took ye vor his faithvul bride.
 Your Christian neame we gi'd ye here,
 When Fall did cool the western year ;
 An' now, agean, we brought ye droo
 The doorway, wi' your surneame new,
 In slanten light o' Fall.

An' zoo vur, Jeane, your life is feair,
 An' God ha' been your steadvast friend.
 An' mid ye have more jay than ceare,
 Vor ever, till your journey's end.
 An' I've a-watch'd ye on wi' pride,
 But now I soon mus' leave your zide,
 Vor you ha' still life's spring-tide zun,
 But my life, Jeane, is now a-run
 To slanten light o' Fall.

WILLIAM BARNES.



An Order for a Picture.

O GOOD painter, tell me true
 Has your hand the cunning to draw
 Shapes of things you never saw ?
 Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown, —
 The picture must not be over-bright, —
 Yet all the golden and gracious light
 Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
 Always and always, night and morn,
 Woods upon woods, and fields of corn
 Lying between them, not quite sere,
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,

When the wind can hardly find breathing room
 Under their tassels, — cattle near,
 Biting shorter the short green grass,
 And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
 With blue-birds twittering all around, —
 (Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)

These, and the house where I was born,
 Low and little and black and old,
 With children, many as it could hold,
 All at the windows, open wide, —
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush ;

Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
 Roses crowding the self-same way
 Out of a wilding wayside bush.

Listen closer, when you have done
 With the woods and cornfields and grazing herds,

A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
 Looked down upon, you must paint for me ;
 Oh, if I only could make you see

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul and the angel's face

That are beaming on me all the while !
 I need not speak these foolish words ;

Yet one word tells you all I would say, —
 She is my mother : you will agree

That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee,
 You must paint, sir, one like me, —

The other with a clearer brow,
 And the light of his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise.

At ten years old he went to sea, —

God knoweth if he is living now, —
 He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*, —
 Nobody ever crossed her track

To bring us news, and she never came back.
Oh, 't is twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck ;
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
 Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee ;
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea.

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves rustling, and of the shade
 Of the huge hills, stretching so still and far,
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half hour, the great yellow star
That we with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,
Which close to the edge of our flax field grew
Dead at the top, — just one branch full of leaves,
Notched round and lined with wool
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads when we came to play
In its hand-breadth of shadow day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir ; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs ;
The other, a bird held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat.
The berries we gave her she would n't eat,
But cried and cried till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.
At last we stood at our mother's knee,

Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie ?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that 's likest me.
I think 't was solely mine indeed,
But that 's no matter, — paint it so ;
The eyes of our mother (take good heed)
Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh ! with such injured, reproachful surprise,
I felt my heart bleed where the glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it. You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —
The mother, — the lads with their bird at her knee ;
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree, —
But oh, that look of reproachful woe !
High as the heavens your name I 'll shout,
If you paint the picture and leave that out !

ALICE CARY.



As through the Land at Eve we went.

AS through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

In the Shadow.

OUR brightest fancies serve as rays
 That many a dusty mote disclose,
 Or play as summer lightning plays
 And gathering darkness darker shows.

As mists from smoothest waters rise,
 As reddening leaves must soonest fall,
 So tears will stream from calmest eyes,
 So Misery comes at Pleasure's pall.

Our sky shows darkest through the rifts ;
 Our spirits breathe infected air ;
 The dust we are about us lifts,
 And rises with our purest prayer.

JACOB A. HOEKSTRA.

My Babes in the Wood.

I KNOW a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,
 Than any story printed in your books.
 You are so glad? It will not make you gladder ;
 Yet listen, with your pretty restless looks.

“Is it a fairy story?” Well, half fairy —
 At least it dates far back as fairies do.
 And seems to me as beautiful and airy :
 Yet half, perhaps the fairy half, is true.

You had a baby sister and a brother,
 Two very dainty people, rosy white,
 Sweeter than all things else except each other —
 Older yet younger — gone from human sight !

And I, who loved them, and shall love them ever,
 And think with yearning tears how each light hand
 Crept toward bright bloom and berries — I shall never
 Know how I lost them. Do you understand ?

Poor slightly golden heads ! I think I missed them
 First in some dreamy, piteous, doubtful way ;
 But when and where with lingering lips I kissed them,
 My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have perished
 In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and moss,
 Near paths whose very pebbles I have cherished,
 For their small sakes, since my most bitter loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly covered
 By robins out of apple trees they knew,
 Whose nursling wings in far home sunshine hovered,
 Before the timid world had dropped the dew.

Their names were — what yours are. At this you wonder,
 Their pictures are your own, as you have seen ;
 And my bird-buried darlings, hidden under
 Lost leaves — why, it is your dead selves I mean !

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.



A Good Time going!

BRAVE singer of the coming time,
 Sweet minstrel of the joyous present,
 Crowned with the noblest wreath of rhyme,
 The holly-leaf of Ayrshire's peasant,
 Good by ! Good by ! — Our hearts and hands,
 Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,
 Cry, God be with him, till he stands
 His feet among the English daisies !

'T is here we part ; — for other eyes
 The busy deck, the fluttering streamer,
 The dripping arms that plunge and rise,
 The waves in foam, the ship in tremor,
 The kerchiefs waving from the pier,
 The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him,
 The deep blue desert, lone and drear,
 With heaven above and home before him !

His home ! — the Western giant smiles,
 And twirls the spotty globe to find it ; —
 This little speck the British Isles ?
 'T is but a freckle, — never mind it !
 He laughs, and all his prairies roll,
 Each gurgling cataract roars and chuckles,
 And ridges stretched from pole to pole
 Heave till they crack their iron knuckles !

But Memory blushes at the sneer,
 And Honor turns with frown defiant,
 And Freedom, leaning on her spear,
 Laughs louder than the laughing giant :
 “ An islet is a world,” she said,
 “ When glory with its dust has blended,
 And Britain keeps her noble dead
 Till earth and seas and skies are rended ! ”

Beneath each swinging forest-bough
 Some arm as stout in death reposes, —
 From wave-washed foot to heaven-kissed brow
 Her valor's life-blood runs in roses ;
 Nay, let our brothers of the West
 Write smiling in their florid pages,
 One half her soil has walked the rest
 In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages !

Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,
 From sea-weed fringe to mountain heather,

The British oak with rooted grasp
 Her slender handful holds together ; —
 With cliffs of white and bowers of green,
 And Ocean narrowing to caress her,
 And hills and threaded streams between, —
 Our little mother isle, God bless her !

In earth's broad temple where we stand,
 Fanned by the eastern gales that brought us,
 We hold the missal in our hand,
 Bright with the lines our Mother taught us ;
 Where'er its blazoned page betrays
 The glistening links of gilded fetters,
 Behold, the half-turned leaf displays
 Her rubric stained in crimson letters !

Enough ! To speed a parting friend
 'T is vain alike to speak and listen ; —
 Yet stay, — these feeble accents blend
 With rays of light from eyes that glisten.
 Good by ! once more, — and kindly tell
 In words of peace the young world's story, —
 And say, besides, we love too well
 Our mothers' soil, our fathers' glory !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



Under the Portrait of Milton.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
 The next in majesty ; in both the last.
 The force of Nature could no further go :
 To make a third she joined the former two.

JOHN DRYDEN.

The Atlantic.

HOW in Heaven's name did Columbus get over,
 Is a pure wonder to me, I protest, —
 Cabot and Raleigh too, that well-read rover,
 Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest ;
 Bad enough all the same,
 For them that after came ;
 But, in great Heaven's name,
 How he should ever think
 That, on the other brink
 Of this wild waste, Terra Firma should be,
 Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man ever should hope to get thither,
 E'en if he knew there was another side !
 But to suppose he should come anywhither,
 Sailing straight on into chaos untried,
 In spite of the motion,
 Across the whole ocean,
 To stick to the notion
 That in some nook or bend
 Of a sea without end,
 He should find North and South America,
 Was a pure madness, indeed I must say.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
 Judged that the earth, like an orange, was round :
 None of them ever said, Come along, follow me.
 Sail to the West, and the East will be found.
 Many a day before
 Ever they 'd come ashore,
 Sadder and wiser men,
 They 'd have turned back again ;
 And that *he* did not, and did cross the sea,
 Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Lovers, and a Reflection.

I N moss-pranked dells which the sunbeams flatter
 (And heaven it knoweth what that may mean ;
 Meaning, however, is no great matter),
 Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween ;

Through God's own heather we wonned together,
 I and my Willie (O love my love) :
 I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
 And flitterbats wavered alow, above :

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing
 (Boats in that climate are so polite),
 And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
 And oh, the sun-dazzle on bark and bight !

Through the rare red heather we danced together,
 (O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers :
 I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
 Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours :

By rises that flushed with their purple favors,
 Through becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,
 We walked or waded, we two young shavers,
 Thanking our stars we were both so green.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,
 In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,
 Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly
 Or marjoram, kept making peacock-eyes :

Song-birds darted about, some inky
 As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds ;
 Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky —
 They reck of no eerie To-come, those birds !

But they skim over bents which the mill-stream washes,
 Or hang in the lift 'neath the white cloud's hem ;
 They need no parasols, no goloshes ;
 And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrid God's cowslips (as erst his heather)
 That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms ;
 And snapt — (it was perfectly charming weather)—
 Our fingers at Fate and her goddess-glooms :

And Willie 'gan sing — (oh, his notes were fluty ;
 Wafts fluttered them out to the white-winged sea)—
 Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,
 Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry."

Bowers of flowers encountered showers
 In William's carol — (O love my Willie !)
 Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe to-morrow
 I quite forget what — say a daffodilly :

A nest in a hollow, "with buds to follow,"
 I think occurred next in his nimble strain ;
 And clay that was "kneaden" of course in Eden —
 A rhyme most novel, I do maintain :

Mists, bones, the singer himself, love-stories,
 And all least furlable things got "furred" ;
 Not with any design to conceal their glories,
 But simply and solely to rhyme with "world."

Oh, if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
 And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
 Could be furled together, this genial weather,
 And carted, or carried, on wafts away,
 Nor ever again trotted out — ay me !
 How much fewer volumes of verse there 'd be !

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

Saturday Afternoon.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray ;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old —
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are wellnigh told.
It is very true — it is very true —
I am old, and I “bide my time” ;
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring ;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go —
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low ;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way ;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

The Willis.

THE Willis are out to-night,
In the ghostly pale moonlight,
With robes and faces white.

Swiftly they circle round,
And make not any sound,
Nor footprint on the ground.

The forest is asleep;
All things that fly or creep
A death-like silence keep.

A fear is over all;
From spectral trees and tall
The gathering night-dews fall.

Moveless are leaf and limb,
While through the forest dim
Slow glides a figure slim —

A figure slim and fair,
With loosened streaming hair,
Watching the Willis there!

“These are the ghosts,” she said,
“Of hapless ones unwed,
Who loved and now are dead.”

Her hair was drenched with dew;
The moonlight shimmered through
And showed its raven hue.

“Each one of these,” she cried,
“Or ever she was a bride,
For love’s sake sinned and died.

“ I come,” she said, “ I too ;
 Ye are by one too few,” —
 And joined the phantom crew.

Swiftly they circled round,
 Nor was there any sound,
 Nor footprint on the ground.

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

I'd be a Butterfly.

I'D be a butterfly born in a bower,
 Where roses and lilies and violets meet ;
 Roving forever from flower to flower,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
 I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet :
 I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh ! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings.
 Their summer-day's ramble is sportive and airy,
 They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
 Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
 Power, alas ! naught but misery brings :
 I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
 Rocked in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day ;
 Surely 't is better, when summer is over,
 To die when all fair things are fading away.
 Some in life's winter may toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay :
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

By the Fire.

O H, many a leaf will fall to-night,
As she wanders through the wood!
And many an angry gust will break
The dreary solitude.
I wonder if she's past the bridge,
Where Luggie moans beneath;
While rain-drops clash in planted lines
On rivulet and heath.
Disease hath laid his palsied palm
Upon my aching brow;
The headlong blood of twenty-one
Is thin and sluggish now.
'T is nearly ten! A fearful night,
Without a single star
To light the shadow on her soul
With sparkle from afar:
The moon is canopied with clouds,
And her burden it is sore; —
What would wee Jackie do, if he
Should never see her more?
Ay, light the lamp, and hang it up
At the window fair and free;
'T will be a beacon on the hill
To let your mother see.
And trim it well, my little Ann,
For the night is wet and cold,
And you know the weary, winding way
Across the miry wold.
All drenched will be her simple gown,
And the wet will reach her skin:
I wish that I could wander down,
And the red quarry win,
To take the burden from her back,
And place it upon mine;

With words of cheerful condolence,
Not uttered to repine.
You have a kindly mother, dears,
As ever bore a child,
And Heaven knows I love her well
In passion undefiled.
Ah me ! I never thought that she
Would brave a night like this,
While I sat weaving by the fire
A web of fantasies.
How the winds beat this home of ours
With arrow-falls of rain ;
This lonely home upon the hill
They beat with might and main.
And 'mid the tempest one lone heart
Anticipates the glow,
Whence, all her weary journey done,
Shall happy welcome flow.
'T is after ten ! Oh, were she here,
Young man although I be,
I could fall down upon her neck,
And weep right gushingly !
I have not loved her half enough,
The dear old toiling one,
The silent watcher by my bed,
In shadow or in sun.

DAVID GRAY.

A Greypport Legend.

THEY ran through the streets of the seaport town ;
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay :
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.

“ Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden !
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats on the lower bay.”

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings, and drifted clear, —
 Drifted clear beyond the reach or call, —
 Thirteen children they were in all, —
 All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!"
Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide."
 And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
 Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
 Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore:
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar;
 And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
 O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
 But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail;
For the signal they know will bring relief:
 For the voices of children, still at play
 In a phantom hulk that drifts away
 Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
 We hear from the misty troubled shore
 The voice of the children gone before,
 Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

BRET HARTE.

The Robin.

MY old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

“Nay!” said the grandmother; “have you not heard,
My poor bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?”

“He brings cool dew in his little bill
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

“My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!”

“Amen!” I said to the beautiful myth;
“Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

“Prayers of love like rain-drops fall;
Tears of pity are cooling dew;
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do.”

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The Violet.

O H! faint, delicious, spring-time violet,
 Thine odor, like a key,
 Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
 A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
 Blows through that open door
 The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low,
 And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that belovèd place,
 And that belovèd hour,
 When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
 Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass ;
 The lark sings o'er my head,
 Drowned in the sky — O pass, ye visions, pass !
 I would that I were dead ! —

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
 From which I ever flee ?
 O vanished Joy ! O Love, that art no more,
 Let my vexed spirit be !

O violet! thy odor through my brain
 Hath searched, and stung to grief
 This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
 Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

Tommy's Dead.

YOU may give over plough, boys,
 You may take the gear to the stead,
 All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
 Will never get beer and bread.
 The seed 's waste, I know, boys,
 There 's not a blade will grow, boys,
 'T is cropped out, I trow, boys,
 And Tommy 's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,
 He 's going blind, as I said,
 My old eyes can't bear, boys,
 To see him in the shed ;
 The cow 's dry and spare, boys,
 She 's neither here nor there, boys,
 I doubt she 's badly bred ;
 Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
 There 'll be no more corn, boys,
 Neither white nor red ;
 There 's no sign of grass, boys,
 You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
 The land 's not what it was, boys,
 And the beasts must be fed :
 You may turn Peg away, boys,
 You may pay off old Ned,
 We 've had a dull day, boys,
 And Tommy 's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
 Let me turn my head :
 She 's standing there in the door, boys,
 Your sister Winifred !
 Take her away from me, boys,
 Your sister Winifred !

Move me round in my place, boys,
 Let me turn my head,
 Take her away from me, boys,
 As she lay on her death-bed,
 The bones of her thin face, boys,
 As she lay on her death-bed!
 I don't know how it be, boys,
 When all 's done and said,
 But I see her looking at me, boys,
 Wherever I turn my head;
 Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
 Out of the garden-bed,
 And the lily as pale as she, boys,
 And the rose that used to be red.

There 's something not right, boys,
 But I think it 's not in my head,
 I 've kept my precious sight, boys —
 The Lord be hallowèd!
 Outside and in
 The ground is cold to my tread,
 The hills are wizen and thin,
 The sky is shriveled and shred,
 The hedges down by the loan
 I can count them bone by bone,
 The leaves are open and spread,
 But I see the teeth of the land,
 And hands like a dead man's hand,
 And the eyes of a dead man's head.
 There 's nothing but cinders and sand,
 The rat and the mouse have fed,
 And the summer 's empty and cold;
 Over valley and wold
 Wherever I turn my head
 There 's a mildew and a mould,
 The sun 's going out overhead,
 And I 'm very old,
 And Tommy 's dead.

What am I staying for, boys ?
You 're all born and bred,
'T is fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed,
And she 's gone before, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,
She knew she 'd never see 't, boys,
And she stole off to bed ;
I 've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he 'd come home, he said,
But it 's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy 's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead ;
There 's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There 's something ill wi' the bread,
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

I 'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I 've such a sleepy head,
I shall never more be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys,
The prayers are all said,
The fire 's raked out, boys,
And Tommy 's dead ?

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,
The night 's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother 's long in bed.

'T is time to go to sleep, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I'll rest my old head:
'T is a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

The Grandmother.

AND Willy, my eldest-born, is gone, you say, little Anne?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a
man.

And Willy's wife has written: she never was overwise,
Never the wife for Willy: he would n't take my advice.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Had n't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh! — but he would n't hear me — and Willy, you say, is gone.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born, the flower of the flock;
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he
would be bound,
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his
tongue!

I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;

But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew
right well

That Jenny had tripped in her time: I knew, but I would not
tell.

And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is
a fire.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said like-
wise,

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with out-
right,

But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a
day;

And all things looked half-dead, though it was the middle of
May.

Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make one's self clean.

And I cried myself wellnigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climbed to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the
gate.

The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirped the night-
ingale.

All of a sudden he stopped : there passed by the gate of the
farm,
Willy — he did n't see me — and Jenny hung on his arm,
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how ;
Ah, there 's no fool like the old one — it makes me angry now.

Willy stood up like a man, and looked the thing that he
meant ;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.
And I said, " Let us part : in a hundred years it 'll all be the
same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

And he turned, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moon-
shine :
" Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill ;
But marry me out of hand : we two shall be happy still."

" Marry you, Willy ?" said I, " but I needs must speak my
mind,
And I fear you 'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard and un-
kind."
But he turned and clasped me in his arms, and answered,
" No, love, no " ;
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

So Willy and I were wedded : I wore a lilac gown ;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a
crown.
But the first that ever I bear was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Annie, not since I had been a wife ;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for
his life.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain :
I looked at the still little body — his trouble had all been in
vain.

For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn :
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he
was born.

But he cheered me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay :
Kind, like a man, was he ; like a man, too, would have his
way :

Never jealous — not he : we had many a happy year ;
And he died, and I could not weep — my own time seemed so
near.

But I wished it had been God's will that I, too, then could
have died :

I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget :
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you :
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too — they sing to their
team ;

Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed —
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive ;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five :
And Willy, my eldest-born, at nigh threescore and ten ;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve ;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve :
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I ;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad ;
 But mine is a time of peace, and there is grace to be had ;
 And God, not man, is the judge of us all when life shall cease ;
 And in this book, little Annie, the message is one of peace.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
 And happy has been my life ; but I would not live it again.
 I seem to be tired a little, that 's all, and long for rest,
 Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower ;
 But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour —
 Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next ;
 I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vexed ?

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
 Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
 There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have passed away.
 But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to
 stay.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



The Annoyer.

LOVE knoweth every form of air,
 And every shape of earth,
 And comes unbidden everywhere,
 Like thought's mysterious birth.
 The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
 Are written with Love's words,
 And you hear his voice unceasingly,
 Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
 From the tip of a stooping plume,

And the serried spears, and the many men
 May not deny him room.
He 'll come to his tent in the weary night,
 And be busy in his dream,
And he 'll float to his eye in the morning light,
 Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
 And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
 And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
 The cloud and the open sky, —
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
 Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
 And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
 And a spell of thought has he ;
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
 And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
 And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
 And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
 In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
 In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought
 Will Love be lurking nigh.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

The Hellespont.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water,
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
 Oh! when alone along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea-birds warned him home;
 And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
 His eye but saw the light of love,
 The only star it hailed above;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 "Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"
 That tale is old, but love anew
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 That field with blood bedewed in vain,
 The desert of old Priam's pride;
 The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
 All — save immortal dreams that could beguile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

Oh! yet — for there my steps have been;
 These feet have pressed the sacred shore,
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne —
 Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
 To trace again those fields of yore,

Believing every hillock green
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
 And that around the undoubted scene
 Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes,
 Be long my lot, and cold were he
 Who there could gaze, denying thee!

LORD BYRON.



L'Ingenu.

I HAD never thought of her ; we walked
 With June underfoot and overhead.
 I had never thought of her ; we talked,
 And I never noticed what we said.

I fell on flowers with my lout's long feet.
 I shocked the solemn old oaks with laughter ;
 I droned of weather, the way, the wheat ;
 Her glance said shyly : And what comes after ?

Kind counsels dropped from a clement sky ;
 The way was made, as it were, for two :
 I could only hear the crickets cry ;
 She heard, higher up, the white doves coo.

I — eighteen, crude, and ashamed to please ;
 She — eighteen, ripe, with a looking-glass !
 The birds sang love to her in the trees,
 And the crickets hissed me in the grass !

She rifled berries in many a bush,
 The white arm flashed in many a turn ;
 A sunbeam broke on it like a blush ;
 I watched a plover rise from the fern.

A brook ran rollicking on our way ;
 We stopped a moment, and as we stood,
 The sweet, warm, amorous air of May
 Hymned Hymen, Hymen, throughout the wood.

Her voice had tender and timid tones,
 And a frightened laugh, and a laughing scream ;
 Her fine feet flew on the stepping-stones ;
 I watched the trout turn against the stream.

I found not a thing to say — and talked ;
 I heard her sigh and I saw her smile ;
 She was beside me, and as we walked
 I wished it was over all the while !

We had left the woods ere I saw the red,
 Meek mouth, and the face's sea-shell tints ;
 "Let's think no more of it, then," she said —
 And I have thought of it ever since.

ANONYMOUS.



Sleep.

HOW many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! — O Sleep ! O gentle sleep !
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamors in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From King Henry IV.



A Lament.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
 Swifter far than youth's delight,
 Swifter far than happy night,
 Art thou come and gone ;
 As the earth when leaves are dead,
 As the night when sleep is sped,
 As the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again ;
 The owlet Night resumes her reign ;
 But the wild swan Youth is fain
 To fly with thee, false as thou.
 My heart each day desires the morrow ;
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow ;
 Vainly would my Winter borrow
 Sunny leaves from any bough :

Lilies for a bridal bed,
 Roses for a matron's head,
 Violets for a maiden dead —
 Pansies let my flowers be ;
 On the living grave I bear,
 Scatter them without a tear ;
 Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



The Musical Frogs.

BREKEKEKEX! co-ax! co-ax! O happy, happy frogs!
 How sweet ye sing! would God that I
 Upon the bubbling pool might lie,
 And sun myself to-day
 With you! No curtained bride, I ween,
 Nor pillowed babe, nor cushioned queen,
 Nor tiny fay on emerald green,
 Nor silken lady gay,
 Lies on a softer couch. O Heaven!
 How many a lofty mortal, riven
 By keen-fanged inflammation,
 Might change his lot with yours, to float
 On sunny pond with bright green-coat,
 And sing with gently throbbing throat,
 Amid the croaking nation,
 Brekekekex! co-ax! co-ax! O happy, happy frogs!

Brekekekex! co-ax! co-ax! O happy, happy frogs!
 Happy the bard who weaves his rhyme
 Recumbent on the purple thyme,
 In the fragrant month of June ;
 Happy the sage whose lofty mood
 Doth with far-searching ken intrude

Into the vast infinitude
 Of things beyond the moon ;
 But happier not the wisest man
 Whose daring thought leads on the van
 Of star-eyed speculation,
 Than thou, quick-legged, light-bellied thing,
 Within the green pond's reedy ring,
 That with a murmurous joy dost sing
 Among the croaking nation,
 Brekekekex ! co-ax ! co-ax ! O happy, happy frogs !

Brekekekex ! co-ax ! co-ax ! O happy, happy frogs !
 Great Jove with dark clouds sweeps the sky,
 Where thunders roll and lightnings fly,
 And gusty winds are roaring ;
 Fierce Mars his stormy steed bestrides
 And, lashing wild its bleeding sides,
 O'er dead and dying madly rides,
 Where the iron hail is pouring.
 'T is well ; such crash of mighty powers
 Must be : the spell may not be ours
 To tame the hot creation.
 But little frogs with paddling foot
 Can sing when gods and kings dispute,
 And little bards can strum the lute
 Amid the croaking nation,
 With Brekekekex ! co-ax ! co-ax ! O happy, happy frogs !

Brekekekex ! co-ax ! co-ax ! O happy, happy frogs !
 Farewell ! not always I may sing
 Around the green pond's reedy ring
 With you, ye boggy muses !
 But I must go and do stern battle
 With herds of stiff-necked human cattle,
 Whose eager lust of windy prattle
 The gentle rein refuses.
 Oh, if — but all such *ifs* are vain ;
 I'll go and blow my trump again,
 With brazen iteration ;

And when, by logic's iron rule,
 I've quashed each briskly babbling fool,
 I'll seek again your gentle school,
 And hum beside the tuneful pool,
 Amid the croaking nation,
 Brekekekex! co-ax! co-ax! O happy, happy frogs!
 JOHN STUART BLACKIE.



We brought the Summer with us.

April, 1865.

WE left the sunny South behind,
 'Mid giant-leaved bananas,
 Its cypress-trees with vines entwined,
 And cotton-clothed savannas ;
 The wild rice-swamps, as we came on,
 Round ripening harvests flooded,
 But here the winter scarce seemed gone,
 The maples only budded.
 But though the skies wore darker stoles,
 And though the woods grew dumber,
 We bore the season in our souls,
 And with us brought the summer.

A winter sad, ah, friends so dear,
 You spent in lonesome sorrow ;
 While every moaning wind waked fear
 And bodings of the morrow.
 But home we came ; and leaves grow green,
 The good house shakes with laughter —
 Since olden times there has not been
 Such joy beneath its rafter !
 For though the skies wore darker stoles,
 And though the woods grew dumber,
 We bore the season in our souls,
 And with us brought the summer.
 JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

My Little Brook.

A LITTLE brook half hidden under trees, —
It gives me peace and rest the whole day through,
Having this little brook to wander to,
So cool, so clear, with grassy banks and these
Sweet miracles of violets 'neath the trees.

There is a rock where I can sit and see
The crystal ripples dancing down and racing,
Like children round the stones each other chasing,
Then for a moment pausing seriously,
In a dark mimic pond that I can see.

The rock is rough and broken on its edge
With jutting corners, but there come alway
The merry ripples with their tiny spray,
To press it ere they flow on by the sedge,
They never fail the old rock's broken edge.

I sit here by the stream in full content,
It is so constant, and I lay my hand
Down through its waters on the golden sand,
And watch the sunshine with its shallows blent,
Watch it with ever growing, sweet content.

And yet the waves they come I know not whence,
And they flow on from me I know not whither,
Sometimes my fancy pines to follow thither ;
But I can only see the forest dense, —
Still the brook flows I know not where nor whence.

Who knows from what far hills it threads its way,
What mysteries of cliffs and pines and skies
O'erhang the spot where its first fountains rise,
What shy wild deer may stoop to taste its spray,
Through what rare regions my brook threads its way.

I only see the trees above, below,
 Who knows through what fair lands the stream may run,
 What children play, what homes are built thereon,
 Through what great cities broadening it may go? —
 I only see the trees above, below.

What do I care? I pause with full content,
 My little brook beside the rock to see,
 What it has been or what it yet may be,
 Naught matters, I but know that it is sent
 Flowing my way, and I am well content.

MARY BOLLES BRANCH.



To Lucy.

I MET thee, dear, and loved thee, yet we part,
 Thou on thine unknown way, and I on mine,
 Ere yet the music of my woman's heart
 Hath had full time to harmonize with thine.
 Yet since the stream begun hath seemed so sweet,
 Forgive me that I dare to proffer thee
 This echo from the depths where all complete
 'Trembles the soul's perfected melody.
 Jewels I have not, else for memory
 Would I bestow them on the friend I love,
 But tears and smiles, and the sweet thoughts that move
 The soul by day and night, such, such to thee
 I give in these poor lines as lavishly
 As summer winds yield fragrance when they blow
 Up from a vale where countless roses grow.

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN.

Summer.

A ROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
Oh, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the summer lays ;
Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores with many a shining rift
Far-off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay,
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet, —
Where grow the pine trees, tall and bland,
The ancient oaks, austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row ;
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze ; while warm and still
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me ;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail,

High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
 And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
 Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
 The brooklet rings its tinkling bells.

The swarming insects drone and hum,
 The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
 The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
 And chatters in his leafy house ;
 The oriole flashes by ; and look —
 Into the mirror of the brook,
 Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
 Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
 The down of peace descends on me.
 Oh, this is peace ! I have no need
 Of friend to talk, or book to read ;
 A dear Companion here abides,
 Close to my thrilling heart he hides ;
 The holy silence is his voice ;
 I lie, and listen, and rejoice.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.



Sunset.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night :
 Sunset divides the sky with her ; a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains ; heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
 Where the day joins the past eternity ;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air, an island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still

Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
 As Day and Night contending were, until
 Nature reclaimed her order : — gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse :
 And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains : parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new color as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till 't is gone — and all is gray.

LORD BYRON.

—◆—

Spring.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
 The mother of months in meadow or plain
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,
 With a clamor of waters, and with might ;
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
 Over the splendor and speed of thy feet !
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees and cling?
 O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins;
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins;
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follow with dancing and fill with delight
 The Mænad and the Bassarid;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows shading her eyes;

The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs ;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare,
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Daffodils.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils ;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering, dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company ;
 I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Indian Names.

YE say they all have passed away,
 That noble race and brave,
 That their light canoes have vanished
 From off the crested wave,
 That 'mid the forests where they roamed
 There rings no hunter's shout ;
 But their name is on your waters,
 Ye may not wash it out.

'T is where Ontario's billow
 Like ocean's surge is curled,
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
 The echo of the world,
 Where red Missouri bringeth
 Rich tribute from the west,
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
 That clustered o'er the vale,
 Have fled away like withered leaves
 Before the autumn gale ;
 But their memory liveth on your hills,
 Their baptism on your shore,
 Your everlasting rivers speak
 Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Within her lordly crown,
 And broad Ohio bears it
 Amid his young renown ;
 Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
 And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
 Within his rocky heart,
 And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart ;
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar
 Doth seal the sacred trust ;
 Your mountains build their monument
 Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren
 The insects of an hour,
 Crushed like the noteless worm amid
 The regions of their power ;
 Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
 Ye break of faith the seal,
 But can ye from the court of Heaven
 Exclude their last appeal ?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,
 With toilsome step and slow,
 On through the trackless desert pass,
 A caravan of woe ;
 Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf,
 His sleepless vision dim ?
 Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
 From that far land to him ?

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

The Rhine.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,

And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strewed a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls with deep-blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me :
 Though long before thy hand they touch
 I know that they must withered be,
 But yet reject them not as such ;
 For I have cherished them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
 And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
 And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round :
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
 Through life to dwell delighted here ;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.

LORD BYRON.

The Skylark.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place —
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !
 Wild is thy lay and loud
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place —
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG.

Dirge for the Year.

ORPHAN Hours, the Year is dead,
 Come and sigh, come and weep !
 Merry Hours, smile instead,
 For the Year is but asleep ;
 See, it smiles, as it is sleeping,
 Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
 In its coffin in the clay,
 So white Winter, that rough nurse,
 Rocks the dead-cold Year to-day ;
 Solemn Hours ! wail aloud
 For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
 The tree-swung cradle of a child,
 So the breath of these rude days
 Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,
 Trembling Hours ! she will arise
 With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
 Like a sexton by her grave ;
 February bears the bier ;
 March with grief doth howl and rave,
 And April weeps — but, O ye Hours !
 Follow with May's fairest flowers.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



Sun and Shadow.

AS I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green,
 To the billows of foam-crested blue,
 Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
 Half dreaming my eyes will pursue ;
 Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray
 As the chaff in the stroke of the flail ;
 Now white as the sea-gull she flies on her way,
 The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,—
 Of breakers that whiten and roar :

How little he cares if in shadow or sun
 They see him who gaze from the shore !
 He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
 To the rock that is under his lee,
 As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
 O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves
 Where life and its ventures are laid,
 The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves,
 May see us in sunshine or shade ;
 Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
 We'll trim our broad sail as before,
 And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
 Nor ask how we look from the shore !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A Poet's Apology.

TRUTH cut on high in tablets of hewn stone,
 Or on great columns gorgeously adorned,
 Perchance were left alone,
 Passed by and scorned ;
 But Truth enchased upon a jewel rare
 A man would keep, and next his bosom wear.

So, many an hour, I sit and carve my gems —
 Ten spoiled, for one in purer beauty set :
 Not for kings' diadems, —
 Some amulet
 That may be worn o'er hearts that toil and plod, —
 Though but one pearl that bears the name of God.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

The Mowers.

WHERE mountains round a lonely dale
Our cottage-roof enclose,
Come night or morn, the hissing pail
With yellow cream o'erflows ;
And roused at break of day from sleep,
And cheerly trudging hither —
A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
We mow the grass together.

The fog drawn up the mountain-side
And scattered flake by flake,
The chasm of blue above grows wide,
And richer blue the lake ;
Gay sunlights o'er the hillocks creep,
And join for golden weather —
A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
We mow the dale together.

The good-wife stirs at five, we know,
The master soon comes round,
And many swaths must lie a-row
Ere breakfast-horn shall sound ;
The clover and the fiorin deep,
The grass of silvery feather —
A scythe-sweep and a scythe-sweep,
We mow the dale together.

The noontide brings its welcome rest
Our toil-wet brows to dry ;
Anew with merry stave and jest
The shrieking hone we ply.
White falls the brook from steep to steep
Among the purple heather —
A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
We mow the dale together.

For dial, see, our shadows turn ;
 Low lies the stately mead ;
 A scythe, an hour-glass, and an urn —
All flesh is grass, we read.
 To-morrow's sky may laugh or weep,
 To Heaven we leave it whether —
 A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
 We 've done our task together.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Farm-yard Song.

OVER the hills the farm-boy goes,
 His shadow lengthened along the land,
 A giant staff in a giant hand ;
 In the poplar tree, above the spring,
 The katydid begins to sing ;

The early dews are falling ; —
 Into the stone-heap darts the mink ;
 The swallows skim the river's brink ;
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,
 When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

Cheerily calling, —
 "Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !"
 Farther, farther, over the hill,
 Faintly calling, calling still, —

"Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' !"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
 With grateful heart, at the close of day ;
 Harness and chain are hung away ;
 In the wagon shed stand yoke and plough ;
 The straw 's in the stack, the hay in the mow,

The cooling dews are falling ; —
 The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
 The pigs come grunting to his feet,

The whinnying mare her master knows,
 When into the yard the farmer goes,
 His cattle calling, —
 “Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!”
 While still the cow-boy, far away,
 Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —
 “Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!”

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
 The cattle come crowding through the gate,
 Lowing, pushing, little and great;
 About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
 The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
 While the pleasant dews are falling;
 The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
 But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
 And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
 When to her task the milkmaid goes,
 Soothingly calling, —
 “So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”
 The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
 And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
 Saying, “So! so, boss! so! so!”

To supper at last the farmer goes,
 The apples are pared, the paper read,
 The stories are told, then all to bed.
 Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
 Makes shrill the silence all night long;
 The heavy dews are falling.
 The housewife's hand has turned the lock:
 Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
 The household sinks to deep repose;
 But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
 Singing, calling, —
 “Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!”
 And oft the milkmaid in her dreams
 Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
 Murmuring, “So, boss! so!”

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

Haunted Houses.

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited: the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
 Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
 Come from the influence of an unseen star,
 An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
 Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
 Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
 Into the realm of mystery and night —

So from the world of spirits there descends
 A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
 O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
 Wander our thoughts above the thick abyss.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



Moonlight.

“NAY, wait me here — I'll not be long;
 'Tis but a little way;
 I'll come ere you have sung the song
 I made you yesterday.

“Tis but to cross yon streak of light, —
 And fresh the breezes blow;
 You will not lose me from your sight, —
 One kiss, and now I go!”

So, in the pleasant night of June,
 He lightly sails away,
 To where the glimmer of the moon
 Lies right across the bay,

And she sits singing on the shore
 A song of pure delight;
 The boat flies on — a little more,
 And he will cross the light.

The boat flies on, the song is done,
 The light before him gleams ;
 A little more, and he has won !
 'T is farther than it seems.

The boat flies on, the boat flies fast ;
 The wind blows strong and free ;
 The boat flies on, the bay is past,
 He sails into the sea.

And on, and on, and ever on,
 The light lies just before ;
 But oh, forevermore is done
 The song upon the shore !

ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS.



Solitude.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain :
 Man marks the earth with ruin : his control
 Stops with the shore : upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

LORD BYRON.

Tithonus.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes ; I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.
Alas ! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed
To his great heart none other than a god !
I asked thee, " Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant worked their wills,
And beat me down and marred and wasted me,
And though they could not end me, left me maimed
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, though even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me ? Let me go : take back thy gift :
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all ?

A soft air fans the cloud apart ; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals

From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
 And bosom beating with a heart renewed.
 Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
 And shake the darkness from their loosened manes,
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
 In silence, then before thine answer given
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
 And make me tremble lest a saying learned,
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
 "The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes
 I used to watch — if I be he that watched —
 The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimsoned all
 Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
 With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kissed
 Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
 Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
 While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
 Floats up from these dim fields about the homes

Of happy men that have the power to die,
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
 Release me, and restore me to the ground :
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave ;
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn ;
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

—◆—

A Song for September.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er
 With many a brilliant color ;
 The world is brighter than before —
 Why should our hearts be duller ?
 Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
 Sad thoughts and sunny weather !
 Ah me ! this glory and this grief
 Agree not well together.

This is the parting season — this
 The time when friends are flying ;
 And lovers now, with many a kiss,
 Their long farewells are sighing.
 Why is Earth so gayly drest ?
 This pomp, that Autumn beareth,
 A funeral seems, where every guest
 A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
 On some blue morn hereafter,
 Return to view the gaudy year,
 But not with boyish laughter.
 We shall then be wrinkled men,
 Our brows with silver laden,
 And thou this glen mayst seek again,
 But nevermore a maiden !

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring
 Will touch her teeming bosom,
 And that a few brief months will bring
 The bird, the bee, the blossom ;
 Ah! these forests do not know —
 Or would less brightly wither —
 The virgin that adorns them so
 Will nevermore come hither !

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

—◆—

October.

I WOULD not die in May ;
 When orchards drift with blooms of white, like bil-
 lows on the deep,
 And whispers from the lilac-bush across my senses sweep,
 That 'mind me of a girl I knew when life was always May,
 Who filled my nights with starry hopes that faded out by
 day —
 When time is full of wedding-days, and nests of robins brim
 Till overflows their wicker sides the old familiar hymn —
 The window brightens like the eye, the cottage door swings
 wide,
 The boys come homeward, one by one, and bring a smiling
 bride,
 The fire-fly shows her signal light, the partridge beats his
 drum,
 And all the world gives promise of something sweet to come —
 Ah, who would die on such a day ?
 Ah, who would die in May ?

I would not die in June ;
 When looking up with faces quaint the pansies grace the sod,
 And, looking down, the willows see their doubles in the
 flood —

When, blessing God, we breathe again the roses in the air,
 And lilies light the fields along with their immortal wear,
 As once they lit the Sermon of the Saviour on the Mount,
 And glorified the story they evermore recount —
 Through pastures blue the flocks of God go trooping one by
 one,
 And turn their golden fleeces round to dry them in the sun —
 When calm as Galilee the grain is rippling in the wind,
 And nothing dying anywhere but something that has sinned —
 Ah, who would die in life's own noon?
 Ah, who would die in June?

But when October comes,
 And poplars drift their leafage down in flakes of gold below,
 And beeches burn like twilight fires that used to tell of snow,
 And maples bursting into flame set all the hills afire,
 And summer from her evergreens sees paradise draw nigher —
 A thousand sunsets all at once distill like Hermon's dew,
 And linger on the waiting woods and stain them through and
 through,
 As if all earth had blossomed out, one grand Corinthian
 flower,
 To crown Time's graceful capital for just one gorgeous hour!
 They strike their colors to the king of all the stately throng —
 He comes in pomp, October! To him all times belong:
 The frost is on his sandals, but the flush is on his cheeks,
 September sheaves are in his arms, June voices when he
 speaks —
 The elms lit bravely like a torch within a Grecian hand.
 See where they light the monarch on through all the splen-
 did land!
 The sun puts on a human look behind the hazy fold,
 The mid-year moon of silver is struck anew in gold,
 In honor of the very day that Moses saw of old;
 For in the burning bush that blazed as quenchless as a sword,
 The old Lieutenant first beheld October and the Lord!
 Ah, then, October let it be —
 I'll claim my dying day from thee!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Peace.

MY soul, there is a country
 Afar beyond the stars,
 Where stands a wingèd sentry,
 All skillful in the wars.
 There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And one born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.
 He is thy gracious friend,
 And (O my soul, awake !)
 Did in pure love descend,
 To die here for thy sake.
 If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace, —
 The rose that cannot wither —
 Thy fortress and thy ease.
 Leave then thy foolish ranges,
 For none can thee secure,
 But one who never changes, —
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

*A Hymn.*

HERE brief is the sighing,
 And brief is the crying,
 For brief is the life !
 The life there is endless,
 The joy there is endless,
 And ended the strife.

What joys are in heaven !
 To whom are they given ?

Ah ! whom ? and to whom ?
 The stars to the earth-born,
 " Best robes " to the sin-worm,
 The crown for the doom.

O country the fairest !
 Our country the dearest,
 We press towards thee ;
 O Sion the golden !
 Our eyes now are holden,
 Thy light till we see ;

Thy crystalline ocean,
 Unvexed by commotion,
 Thy fountain of life ;
 Thy deep peace unspoken,
 Pure, sinless, unbroken,
 Thy peace beyond strife ;

Thy meek saints all glorious,
 Thy martyrs victorious,
 Who suffer no more ;
 Thy halls full of singing,
 Thy hymns ever ringing
 Along thy safe shore.

Like the lily for whiteness,
 Like the jewel for brightness,
 Thy vestments, O Bride !
 The Lamb ever with thee,
 The Bridegroom is with thee —
 With thee to abide !

We know not, we know not,
 All human words show not,
 The joys we may reach :
 The mansions preparing,
 The joys for our sharing,
 The welcome for each.

O Sion the golden !
 My eyes still are holden,
 Thy light till I see ;
 And deep in thy glory,
 Unveiled thou before me,
 My King, look on thee !

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

Anonymous Translation.



Rest is not here.

WHAT 's this vain world to me ?
 Rest is not here ;
 False are the smiles I see,
 The mirth I hear.
 Where is youth's joyful glee ?
 Where all once dear to me ?
 Gone, as the shadows flee —
 Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine
 Blithely and fair ?
 Why did those tints so fine
 Vanish in air ?
 Does not the vision say,
 Faint, lingering heart, away,
 Why in this desert stay —
 Dark land of care !

Where souls angelic soar,
 Thither repair ;
 Let this vain world no more
 Lull and ensnare.
 That heaven I love so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell ;
 All things around me tell
 Rest is found there.

LADY NAIRNE.

A Little While.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet hope !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet hope !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet hope !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
 Beyond the coming and the going,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet hope !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet hope !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
 Beyond the ever and the never,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet hope !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Restlessness.

DOWN in the harbor the ships lie moored,
 Weary sea-birds with folded wing, —
 Anchors sunken and sails secured ;
 Yet on the water they rock and swing,
 Rock and swing,
 As though each keel were a living thing.

Silence sleeps on the earth and air,
 Never a breath does the sea-breeze blow,
 Yet like living pendulums there,
 Down in the harbor, to and fro,
 To and fro,
 Backward and forward the vessels go.

As a child on its mother's breast,
 Cradled in happy slumber, lies,

Here 's to them, to them that were here ;
 Here 's to them, to them that were here ;
 Here 's a tear and a sigh to the bliss that 's gane by,
 But 't was ne'er like what 's coming, to last forever.
 Oh, bright was their morning sun !
 Oh, bright was their morning sun !
 Yet, lang ere the gloaming, in clouds it gaed down ;
 But the storm and the cloud are now past — forever.

Fareweel, fareweel ! parting silence is sad ;
 Oh, how sad the last parting tear !
 But that silence shall break, where no tear on the cheek
 Can bedim the bright vision again — no never.
 Then speed to the wings of old Time,
 That waft us where pilgrims would be ;
 To the regions of rest, to the shores of the blest,
 Where the full tide of glory shall flow — forever.

LADY NAIRNE.



St. Agnes.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round ;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
 Through all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
 The flashes come and go ;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up ! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide —
 A light upon the shining sea —
 The Bridegroom with his bride !

ALFRED TENNYSON.



The Pauper's Death-bed.

TREAD softly! bow the head —
 In reverent silence bow !
 No passing-bell doth toll ;
 Yet an immortal soul
 In passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow!
There's one in that poor shed —
One by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter! — no crowds attend —
Enter! — no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound —
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed — again
That short deep gasp — and then
The parting groan.

Oh, change — oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there, so low,
So agonized — and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh, change — stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes —
Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

Hymn.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown
 Where tears are wiped from every eye,
 And sorrow is unknown, —
 From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and sin released,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st traveled o'er,
 And hast borne the heavy load ;
 But Christ hath taught thy wandering feet
 To reach his blest abode.
 Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
 On his Father's faithful breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
 And the Holy Spirit fail.
 And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust,”
 Thus the solemn priest hath said —
 So we lay the turf above thee now,
 And seal thy narrow bed ;
 But thy spirit, brother, soars away
 Among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us
 Whom thou now hast left behind,
 May we, untainted by the world,
 As sure a welcome find ;
 May each, like thee, depart in peace,
 To be a glorious guest
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

Death Deposed.

DEATH stately came to a young man, and said,
 “ If thou wert dead,
 What matter ? ” The young man replied,
 “ See my young bride,
 Whose life were all one blackness if I died.
 My land requires me ; and the world’s self, too,
 Methinks, would miss some things that I can do.”

Then Death in scorn this only said,
 “ Be dead.”
 And so he was. And soon another’s hand
 Made rich his land.
 The sun, too, of three summers had the might
 To bleach the widow’s hue, light and more light,
 Again to bridal white.
 And nothing seemed to miss beneath that sun
His work undone.

But Death soon met another man, whose eye
 Was Nature’s spy ;
 Who said : “ Forbear thy too triumphant scorn.
 The weakest born

Of all the sons of men is by his birth
 Heir of the Might Eternal ; and this Earth
 Is subject to him in his place.
 Thou leav'st no trace.

“Thou — the mock Tyrant that men fear and hate,
 Grim fleshless Fate,
 Cold, dark, and wormy thing of loss and tears ! —
 Not in the sepulchres
 Hast lodging, but in my own crimsoned heart ;
 Where while it beats we call thee Life. Depart !
 A name, a shadow, into any gulf,
 Out of this world, which is not thine,
 But mine :
 Or stay ! — because thou art
 Only Myself.”

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



A Resurrection Hymn.

“ The Lord is risen.”

DEAR Saviour of a dying world,
 Where grief and change must be,
 In the new grave where thou wast laid,
 My heart lies down with thee :
 Oh, not in cold despair of joy,
 Or weariness of pain,
 But from a hope that shall not die,
 To rise and live again.

I would arise in all thy strength
 My place on earth to fill —
 To work out all my time of war
 With love's unflinching will.

Firm against every doubt of thee
For all my future way —
To walk in Heaven's eternal light
Throughout the changing day.

Ah, such a day as thou shalt own
When suns have ceased to shine —
A day of burdens borne by thee,
And work that all was thine.
Speed thy bright rising in my heart —
Thy righteous kingdom speed —
Till my whole life in concord say,
"The Lord is risen indeed."

Oh for an impulse from thy love
With every coming breath,
To sing that sweet undying song
Amid the wrecks of death !
A "hail !" to every mortal pang
That bids me take my right
To glory in the blessed life
Which thou hast brought to light.

I long to see the hallowed earth
In new creation rise —
To find the germs of Eden hid
Where its fallen beauty lies —
To feel the spring-tide of a soul
By one deep love set free,
Made meet to lay aside her dust,
And be at home with thee.

And then — there shall be yet an end —
An end now full to bless !
How dear to those who watch for thee
With human tenderness !
Then shall the saying come to pass
That makes our hope complete,
And, rising from the conquered grave,
Thy parted ones shall meet.

Yes, they shall meet, and face to face
 By heart to heart be known,
 Clothed with thy likeness, Lord of Life,
 And perfect in their own.
 For this corruptible must rise
 From its corruption free,
 And this frail mortal must put on
 Thine immortality.

Shine then, thou Resurrection Light —
 Upon our sorrows shine !
 The fullness of thy joy be ours,
 As all our griefs were thine.
 Now in this changing, dying life
 Our faded hopes restore,
 Till, in thy triumph perfected,
 We taste of death no more.

ANNA LETITIA WARING.



Immortality.

AN EASTER POEM. 1879.

I N Thee, thou Son of God, in Thee I rest.
 The immortality by sages guessed,
 Hath not the rocky strength thy promise gives,
 That who believes in Thee forever lives.
 The worm on wings disporting is not here
 The same that wove its shroud the vanished year.
 The flowers breathe out their fragrance and decay,
 The towering woods grow old and pass away ;
 The flowers return, but not the same that vied
 For last year's prize of beauty, and then died ;
 Resurgent woods again their branches spread,
 But not the same that prostrate lie and dead.

O reproducing Nature! from thy strife,
 Comes never same, but always other life.
 Men die, but lives right on humanity, —
 So said a Greek; — not this enough for me;
 Shall I myself relive? — the quest I raise.
 To share an undistinguishable haze
 Of being, and immersed in that vast sea,
 To lose what most I ask, MYSELF TO BE,
 Is empty vision, Seer of Attic clime,
 Or Greek more earth-born of our modern time.
 O man of Calvary! O Son of God!
 I mark the path thy holy footsteps trod,
 Through death to life, thy Living Self to me,
 Potence and pledge of immortality!

SEWALL S. CUTTING.



Crossing the Brook.

“The King also himself passed over the brook Kidron.” — 2 SAM. xv. 23.

“When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron.” — JOHN xviii. 1.

LIKE him that doth the picture find
 Of one beloved, but long unseen,
 And gazes until form and mien
 Live once again before his mind; —

So, living on the page of truth,
 Doth many a scene beloved shine,
 And we have hung upon the line,
 And haunts familiar from our youth;

And pictured every hill and brook,
 And looked into the sky above,
 Till, as it is with those that love,
 We seemed to know their very look.

We seemed to see the yellow moon,
To watch ourselves the drifting clouds
That hurried by, or hung in shrouds,
Across the burning eastern noon.

How many Christian hearts have met
Between that city and the hill,
And over Cedron's mournful rill,
And up the steep of Olivet !

How oft that low mount, green and brown,
To substance and to shape has grown
Filled in with colors of our own,
And shadowed from the distant town.

Over the brook a weeping king,
Behind a weeping host, has passed ;
A long, shrill wail comes on the blast,
We hear the quivering olives ring.

The faithful people go before,
Lamenting loud their monarch fled ;
Barefoot he comes, with covered head,
Feeling another sorrow more, —

The grief that lay all deaf and dumb,
Behind the grief that sobbed and burned ;
The father's injured love, that yearned
Still for his rebel Absalom.

Another King has crossed the flood !
How many wayward sons had part
To wound and break that loving heart.
Whose tears were drops of falling blood !

And what a pale and weary brow,
In that dark olive-shade bowed down, —
The King that never wore a crown,
For whom the thorns are weaving now !

O mount ! where David's bitter tears
Fell on the softly shaded sod,
Where David's King, and David's God,
Strove with a whole world's weight of fears.

O wild, dark brook ! that heard the cry,
A people's mourning on the air,
That murmured to the thrice-told prayer
Wrung from a deeper agony ; —

Bid our vain hearts some shade to borrow
From that great mystery of grief ;
Let swelling wave and drooping leaf
Teach us the worth and depth of sorrow.

Tears were in royal David's eyes,
Strong tears upon my Saviour's cheek ;
And shall we shun, with spirit weak,
All sadder, holier thoughts that rise ?

Musings that mar our lighter strain,
Of heaven, and hell, and sinners lost,
And of the priceless price they cost,
Heart-sorrow, death, and lingering pain ?

Nay, let us find some dark, sad hour,
When we may weep and think alone
Of Christ, and of the judgment throne,
Of death, and sin's destroying power.

Befits us well the brook of tears,
Befits us well the olive-shade,
Who have so rarely, coldly prayed,
Have trifled with so many fears.

Who shareth thus his Saviour's woe,
Shall come as David came again,
But to a city where no pain
Can enter, and no tear can flow.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

The Marriage Feast.

HE came from fasting in the wild,
 He made them glad with wine;
 Amid the marriage mirth he smiled,
 And gave a gift divine.

Upon the water coldly urned
 He looked, to blood of vine
 It blushed and glowed and swiftly turned,
 Beneath his smile divine.

Not more is here than Nature yields:
 The rain, the sweet sunshine,
 Make miracles in all the fields,
 And, Lord, the power is thine!

Life's blessings free as water flow
 From the same source divine—
 Bid Jesus to the feast, and lo!
 He makes the water wine.

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

*Mary by the Cross.*

JEWES were wrought to cruel madness;
 Christians fled in fear and sadness;
 Mary stood the cross beside.

At its foot her foot she planted,
 By the dreadful scene undaunted,
 Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
 Painters decked her brow with glory,
 Priests her name have deified;

But no worship, song, or glory
Touches like that simple story, —
Mary stood the cross beside.

And when under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like Transgression,
Christ again is crucified :

But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

ANONYMOUS.



The Pet Name.

“ The name
Which from THEIR lips seemed a caress.”
MISS MITFORD'S *Dramatic Scenes.*

I HAVE a name, a little name,
Uncadenced for the ear,
Unhonored by ancestral claim,
Unsanctified by prayer and psalm
The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove
For gay romance, belong.
It never dedicate did move
As “Sacharissa,” unto love, —
“Orinda,” unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read
Upon the leaves of none,
And afterward, when I am dead,
Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,
Across my funeral-stone.

This name, whoever chance to call
Perhaps your smile may win.
Nay, do not smile ! mine eyelids fall
Over mine eyes, and feel withal
The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows
Where summer meadows bloom,
But gathereth the winter snows,
And changeth to the hue of those,
If lasting till they come ?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,
But time encrusteth round
With sad associate thoughts the same ?
And so to me my very name
Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me
When we were children twain, —
When names acquired baptismally
Were hard to utter, as to see
That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one
Of chestnuts from the hill, —
And through the word our laugh did run
As part thereof. The mirth being done,
He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile ! I hear in it
What none of you can hear, —
The talk upon the willow seat,
The bird and wind that did repeat
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,
My sisters' woodland glee, —

My father's praise I did not miss,
 When, stooping down, he cared to kiss
 The poet at his knee, —

And voices which, to name me, aye
 Their tenderest tones were keeping, —
 To some I nevermore can say
 An answer, till God wipes away
 In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears ;
 No murmurs cross my mind.
 Now God be thanked for these thick tears,
 Which show, of those departed years,
 Sweet memories left behind.

Now God be thanked for years enwrought
 With love which softens yet.
 Now God be thanked for every thought
 Which is so tender it has caught
 Earth's guerdon of regret.

Earth saddens, never shall remove,
 Affections purely given ;
 And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
 The immortality of love,
 And heighten it with heaven.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



My Slain.

THIS sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
 This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
 With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
 With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
 Ah, darling ! when you cling and nestle so
 You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,

Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh,
 For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
 I tremble at the touch of your caress ;
 I am not worthy of your innocent faith ;
 I who with whetted knives of worldliness
 Did put my own child-heartedness to death,
 Beside whose grave I pace forevermore,
 Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now,
 To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
 When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
 Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup
 Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
 Dances in the glad dew. Alas ! alas !
 The meaning of the daisies in the grass
 I have forgotten ; and if my cheeks are wet
 It is not with the blitheness of the child,
 But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
 O moaning life, with life irreconciled ;
 O backward-looking thought, O pain, O tears,
 For us there is not any silver sound
 Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
 Which makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
 Of that which was miraculous before,
 And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain.
 Woe worth the peering, analytic days
 That dry the tender juices in the breast,
 And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
 So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
 Nor any God except Necessity.
 What can ye give my poor, starved life in lieu
 Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye ?
 Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
 My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
 Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

RICHARD REALF.

Bendemeer's Stream.

THERE 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
 In the time of my childhood 't was like a sweet dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
 That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
 I think — is the nightingale singing there yet?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone,
 And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
 Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 't was then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer !

THOMAS MOORE.

Evening brings us Home.

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold ;
 The sweet young grasses wither on the wold ;
 And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold ;
 But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
 Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
 Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks ;
 But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
 Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
 Their pitiful complaints : oh ! rest is sweet
 When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts ;
 Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
 Search for thy coming : when the light departs
 At evening bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
 Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
 Without thy lamp we know not where we are :
 At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snow-drifts thicken.
 O thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
 In the waste night : our tardy footsteps quicken ;
 At evening bring us home.

ANONYMOUS.



Father-land and Mother-tongue.

OUR Father-land! and wouldst thou know
 Why we should call it "Father-land" ?
 It is, that Adam, here below,
 Was made of earth by Nature's hand ;
 And he, our father, made of earth,
 Hath peopled earth on every hand,
 And we, in memory of his birth,
 Do call our country, "Father-land."

At first in Eden's bowers, they say,
 No sound of speech had Adam caught,
 But whistled like a bird all day —
 And maybe 't was for want of thought :
 But Nature, with resistless laws,
 Made Adam soon surpass the birds,
 She gave him lovely Eve — because
 If he 'd a wife — they must *have words*.

And so the Native-land, I hold,
 By male descent is proudly mine ;
 The language, as the tale hath told,
 Was given in the female line.
 And thus we see on either hand,
 We name our blessings whence they 've sprung,
 We call our country *FATHER-land*,
 We call our language *MOTHER-tongue*.
 SAMUEL LOVER.



My Neighbor Rose.

THOUGH slender walls our hearths divide,
 No word has passed from either side,
 How gayly all your days must glide
 Unvexed by labor !
 I 've seen you weep, and could have wept,
 I 've heard you sing, and may have slept ;
 Sometimes I hear your chimney swept,
 My charming neighbor !

Your pets are mine. Pray what may ail
 The pup, once eloquent of tail ?
 I wonder why your nightingale
 Is mute at sunset ?
 Your puss, demure and pensive, seems
 Too fat to mouse. She much esteems
 Yon sunny wall, and sleeps and dreams
 Of mice she once ate.

Our tastes agree. I dote upon
 Frail jars, turquoise and celadon,
 The "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn,
 And *Penseroso*.

When sorely tempted to purloin
 Your *pietà* of Marc Antoine,
 Fair Virtue doth fair play enjoin,
 Fair Virtuoso !

At times an Ariel, cruel-kind,
 Will kiss my lips, and stir your blind,
 And whisper low, "She hides behind ;
 Thou art not lonely."

The tricky sprite did erst assist
 At hushed Verona's moonlight tryst ;
 Sweet Capulet ! thou wert not kissed
 By light winds only.

I miss the simple days of yore,
 When two long braids of hair you wore,
 And *chat botté* was wondered o'er,
 In corner cozy.

But gaze not back for tales like those :
 It 's all in order, I suppose,
 The Bud is now a blooming ROSE —
 A rosy posy !

Indeed, farewell to bygone years ;
 How wonderful the change appears,
 For curates now and cavaliers
 In turn perplex you :
 The last are birds of feather gay,
 Who swear the first are birds of prey ;
 I 'd scare them all had I my way,
 But that might vex you.

At times I 've envied, it is true,
 That hero blithe, of twenty-two,
 Who sent *bouquets* and *billets-doux*,
 And wore a sabre.
 The rogue ! how close his arm he wound
 About her waist who never frowned.
 He loves you, child. Now, is he bound
 To love *my* neighbor ?

The bells are ringing. As is meet,
 White favors fascinate the street,
 Sweet faces greet me, rueful-sweet
 'Twixt tears and laughter :
 They crowd the door to see her go.
 The bliss of one brings many woe ;
 Oh, kiss the bride, and I will throw
 The old shoe after.

What change in one short afternoon —
 My Charming Neighbor gone — so soon !
 Is yon pale orb her honeymoon
 Slow rising hither ?
 O lady, wan and marvelous,
 How often have we communed thus ;
 Sweet memory shall dwell with us,
 And joy go with her !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

Miss Myrtle.

WHERE is Miss Myrtle ? can any one tell ?
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
 She flirts with another, I know very well ;
 And I — am left all alone !
 She flies to the window when Arundel rings —
 She 's all over smiles when Lord Archibald sings —
 It 's plain that her Cupid has two pair of wings :
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
 Her love and my love are different things ;
 And I — am left all alone !

I brought her, one morning, a rose for her brow ;
 Where is she gone, where is she gone ?
 She told me such horrors were never worn now ;
 And I — am left all alone !

But I saw her at night with a rose in her hair.
 And I guess whom it came from — of course I don't care!
 We all know that girls are as false as they 're fair;
 Where is she gone, where is she gone?
 I 'm sure the lieutenant 's a horrible bear;
 And I — am left all alone!

Whenever we go on the Downs for a ride —
 Where is she gone, where is she gone?
 She looks for another to trot by her side;
 And I — am left all alone!
 And whenever I take her down stairs from a ball
 She nods to some puppy to put on her shawl;
 I 'm a peaceable man, and I don't like a brawl —
 Where is she gone, where is she gone? —
 But I would give a trifle to horsewhip them all;
 And I — am left all alone!

She tells me her mother belongs to the sect —
 Where is she gone, where is she gone?
 Which holds that all waltzing is quite incorrect;
 And I — am left all alone!
 But a fire 's in my heart, and a fire 's in my brain,
 When she waltzes away with Sir Phelim O'Shane;
 I don't think I ever *can* ask her again;
 Where is she gone, where is she gone?
 And, Lord! since the summer she 's grown very plain;
 And I — am left all alone!

She said she liked me a twelvemonth ago:
 Where is she gone, where is she gone?
 And how should I guess that she 'd torture me so?
 And I — am left all alone!
 Some day she 'll find out it was not very wise
 To laugh at the breath of a true lover's sighs;
 After all, Fanny Myrtle is not such a prize;
 Where is she gone, where is she gone? —
 Louisa Dalrymple has exquisite eyes;
 And I 'll be no longer alone!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

Going Home.

DRAWN by horses with decorous feet,
A carriage for one went through the street,
Polished as anthracite out of the mine,
Tossing its plumes so stately and fine,
As nods to the night a Norway pine.

The passenger lay in Parian rest,
As if, by the sculptor's hand caressed,
A mortal life through the marble stole,
And then till an angel calls the roll
It waits awhile for a human soul.

He rode in state, but his carriage-fare
Was left unpaid to his only heir ;
Hardly a man, from hovel to throne,
Takes to this route in coach of his own,
But borrows at last and travels alone.

The driver sat in his silent seat ;
The world, as still as a field of wheat,
Gave all the road to the speechless twain,
And thought the passenger never again
Should travel that way with living men.

Not a robin held its little breath,
But sang right on in the face of death ;
You never would dream, to see the sky
Give glance for glance to the violet's eye,
That aught between them could ever die.

A wain bound east met the hearse bound west,
Halted a moment, and passed abreast ;
And I verily think a stranger pair
Have never met on a thoroughfare,
Or a dim by-road, or anywhere :

The hearse as slim and glossy and still
 As silken thread at a woman's will,
 Who watches her work with tears unshed,
 Broiders a grief with needle and thread,
 Mourns in pansies and cypress the dead ;

Spotless the steeds in a satin dress,
 That run for two worlds the Lord's Express, —
 The wain gave a lurch, the hearse moved on, —
 A moment or two, and both were gone ;
 The wain bound east, the hearse bound west,
 Both going home, both looking for rest.
 The Lord save all, and his name be blest !

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.



The Morning-glory.

WE wreathed about our darling's head
 The morning-glory bright ;
 Her little face looked out beneath,
 So full of life and light,
 So lit as with a sunrise,
 That we could only say,
 " She is the morning-glory true,
 And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
 We called her by their name,
 And very fitting did it seem —
 For sure as morning came,
 Behind her cradle bars she smiled
 To catch the first faint ray,
 As from the trellis smiles the flower
 And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
 Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
 Brimmed with sleep's tender dew ;
And not so close their tendrils fine
 Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
 Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
 Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
 To crown Love's morning hour ;
And how in her was imaged forth
 The love we could not say,
As on the little dew-drops round
 Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
 That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
 Like the morning-glory's cup ;
We never thought to see her droop
 Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
 Wilted, and cold, and dead !

The morning-glory's blossoming
 Will soon be coming round —
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
 Upspringing from the ground ;
The tender things the winter killed
 Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
 Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes
 Stretch over thy green plain !

Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain ;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

Charmian.

I N the time when yellow lilies shake
Their dusty gold on river and lake,
When the cuckoo calls in the heart o' the heat,
When the dog-star foams and the shade is sweet,
Where cool and fresh the river ran,
I sat by the side of thee, Charmian,
And heard no sound from the world of man.

All was so sweet and still that day !
The rustling shade, the rippling stream,
All life, all breath dissolved away
Into a golden dream ;
Warm and sweet the scented shade
Drowsily caught the breeze and stirred,
Faint and low through the green glade
Came hum of bee and song of bird ;
Our hearts were full of drowsy bliss
And yet we did not clasp nor kiss,
Nor did we break the happy spell
With tender tone nor syllable.
But to ease our hearts and set thought free,
We plucked the flowers of a red-rose tree.
And leaf by leaf we threw them, sweet,
Unto the river at our feet,
And in an indolent delight,
Watched them glide onward, out of sight.

Oh, had I spoken boldly then,
How might my love have gathered thee !
But I had left the world of men,
And sitting yonder dreamily
Was happiness enough for me ;
Seeking no gift of word or kiss,
But looking into thy face was bliss ;
Plucking the rose-leaves in a dream,
Watching them glimmer down the stream,
Knowing that Eastern heart of thine
Shared the dim ecstasy of mine !

Then, while we lingered, cold and gray
Came twilight, chilling soul and sense ;
And you arose to go away,
Full of sweet indifference !
I missed the spell — I watched it break —
And such come never twice to man :
In a less golden hour I spake,
And did not win thee, Charmian !

For wearily we turned away
Into the world of everyday,
And from thy heart the sweetness fled
Like the rose-leaves on the river shed ;
But to me that hour is sweeter far
Than the world and all its treasures are :
Still to sit on, so close to thee,
Were happiness enough for me !
Still to sit in that green nook,
Nor break the spell by word or look,
To reach out happy hands forever,
To pluck the rose-leaves, Charmian !
To watch them fade on the golden river,
And hear no sound from the world of man.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Summer Longings.

AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May, —
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May, —
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May, —
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May, —
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May :
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings, —
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings, —
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away ;
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May !

DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

Kubla Khan.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree :
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
 Through caverns measureless to man,
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw :
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 't would win me,
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair.
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Athens.

From the *Medea* of Euripides.

THE land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,
 Wooes the deep silence of sequestered bowers,
 And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
 Rear their bright banners o'er unconquered towers !

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
 Twines in the dance with nymphs forever fair ;
 While spring eternal on the liliated plain
 Waves amber radiance through the fields of air !

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)
 First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among ;
 Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell ;
 Still in your vales they swell the choral song.

But there the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
 The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
 Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
 Waved in bright auburn o'er her polished brow !

ANTISTROPHE.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,
 The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephisus lave,
 There, as the muse hath sung, at noon of day,
 The Queen of Beauty bowed to taste the wave ;

And blest the stream, and breathed across the land
 The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers ;
 And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
 Crowned with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers !

“And go,” she cries, “in yonder valleys rove,
 With Beauty’s torch the solemn scenes illumine ;
 Wake in each eye the radiant light of love,
 Breathe on each cheek young passion’s tender bloom !

“Intwine, with myrtle chains, your soft control,
 To sway the hearts of Freedom’s darling kind !
 With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom’s soul,
 And mould to grace ethereal Virtue’s mind ?”

Translated by THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Happy Life.

HOW happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another’s will ;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ;
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend ;

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Life and Death.

“WHAT is Life, father ?”
 “A battle, my child,
 Where the strongest lance may fail,
 Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
 And the stoutest heart may quail ;
 Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
 And rest not day or night,
 And the feeble little ones must stand
 In the thickest of the fight.”

“What is Death, father ?”
 “The rest, my child,
 When the strife and the toil are o’er ;
 The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
 Says we need fight no more ;
 Who, driving away the demon band,
 Bids the din of the battle cease ;
 Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
 And proclaims an eternal peace.”

“Let me die, father ! I tremble and fear
 To yield in that terrible strife !”
 “The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
 In the battle-field of life ;
 My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
 He loveth the weak and small ;
 The angels of heaven are on thy side,
 And God is over all !”

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

The Eternal Years.

HOW shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears ?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years.

Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers ;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the eternal years.

Set hours and written rule are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears ;
But it is better calm for thee
To count the eternal years.

Full many things are good for souls,
In proper times and spheres ;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the eternal years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears ;
More humbling is it far for thee
To face the eternal years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears ;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the eternal years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears ;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the eternal years.

Thy cross is quite enough for thee,
 Though little it appears ;
 For there is hid in it the weight
 Of the eternal years.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen
 Through calm contrition's tears,
 If tranquil Hope but trims her lamp
 At the eternal years.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.



Boatman's Hymn.

BARK that bears me through foam and squall,
 You in the storm are my castle-wall :
 Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,
 From tiller to mast she takes no drop.
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry aroon, my land and store !
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail galore.

She dresses herself and goes gliding on,
 Like a dame in her robes of the Indian lawn ;
 For God has blessed her, gunnel and wale,
 And oh ! if you saw her stretch out to the gale !
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry aroon, my land and store !
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail galore.

Whillan, ahoy ! old heart of stone,
 Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,

Answer me well : on the bursting brine
 Saw you ever a bark like mine ?
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry aroon, my land and store !
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail galore.

Says Whillan : " Since first I was made of stone,
 I have looked abroad o'er the beach alone,
 But till to-day, on the bursting brine,
 Saw I never a bark like thine."
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry aroon, my land and store !
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail galore.

" God of the air," the seamen shout,
 When they see us tossing the brine about,
 " Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
 Or through and through us she goes with a shock !"
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry aroon, my land and store !
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail galore.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

The Voyage.

WE left behind the painted buoy
 That tosses at the harbor-mouth ;
 And madly danced our hearts with joy,
 As fast we fled to the South :
 How fresh was every sight and sound
 On open main or winding shore !
 We knew the merry world was round,
 And we might sail forevermore.

Warm broke the breeze against the brow,
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail :
The lady's-head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and sheered the gale.
The broad seas swelled to meet the keel,
And swept behind : so quick the run,
We felt the good ship shake and reel,
We seemed to sail into the Sun !

How oft we saw the Sun retire,
And burn the threshold of the night,
Fall from his ocean-lane of fire,
And sleep beneath his pillared light !
How oft the purple-skirted robe
Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As through the slumber of the globe
Again we dashed into the dawn !

New stars all night above the brim
Of waters lightened into view ;
They climbed as quickly, for the rim
Changed every moment as we flew.
Far ran the naked moon across
The houseless ocean's heaving field,
Or flying shone, the silver boss
Of her own halo's dusky shield ;

The peaky islet shifted shapes,
High towns on hills were dimly seen,
We passed long lines of Northern capes
And dewy Northern meadows green.
We came to warmer waves, and deep
Across the boundless east we drove,
Where those long swells of breaker sweep
The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade,
Gloomed the low coast and quivering brine

With ashy rains, that spreading made
 Fantastic plume or sable pine ;
 By sands and streaming flats, and floods
 Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,
 And hills and scarlet-mingled woods
 Glowed for a moment as we past.

O hundred shores of happy climes,
 How swiftly streamed ye by the bark !
 At times the whole sea burned, at times
 With wakes of fire we tore the dark ;
 At times a carven craft would shoot
 From havens hid in fairy bowers,
 With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,
 But we nor paused for fruits nor flowers.

For one fair Vision ever fled
 Down the waste waters day and night,
 And still we followed where she led,
 In hope to gain upon her flight.
 Her face was evermore unseen,
 And fixed upon the far sea-line ;
 But each man murmured, " O my queen,
 I follow till I make thee mine."

And now we lost her, now she gleamed
 Like Fancy made of golden air,
 Now nearer to the prow she seemed
 Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair,
 Now high on waves that idly burst
 Like heavenly Hope she crowned the sea,
 And now, the bloodless point reversed,
 She bore the blade of Liberty.

And only one among us — him
 We pleased not — he was seldom pleased ;
 He saw not far : his eyes were dim :
 But ours he swore were all diseased.

“A ship of fools,” he shrieked in spite,
“A ship of fools,” he sneered and wept.
And overboard one stormy night
He cast his body, and on we swept.

And never sail of ours was furled,
Nor anchor dropped at eve or morn ;
We loved the glories of the world,
But laws of nature were our scorn ;
For blasts would rise and rave and cease,
But whence were those that drove the sail
Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
And to and through the counter-gale ?

Again to colder climes we came,
For still we followed where she led :
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick or dead.
But blind or lame or sick or sound
We follow that which flies before :
We know the merry world is round,
And we may sail forevermore.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



The Mariner's Dream.

I N slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay ;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;
While memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise :
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall ;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;
His cheek is imperled with a mother's warm tear ;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;
Joy quickens his pulses — his hardships seem o'er ;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest :
“ O God, thou hast blest me — I ask for no more.”

Ah ! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye ?
Ah ! what is that sound which now 'larms on his ear ?
'T is the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky !
'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock — he flies to the deck ;
Amazement confronts him with images dire ;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck ;
The masts fly in splinters ; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell ;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save ;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave !

O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight !
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright—
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss ?

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
 Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
 Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
 Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
 Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge,
 But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
 And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid —
 Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
 Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
 And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye —
 O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

WILLIAM DIMOND.

Is my Lover on the Sea?

IS my lover on the sea,
 Sailing east, or sailing west?
 Mighty Ocean, gentle be,
 Rock him into rest!

Let no angry wind arise,
 Nor a wave with whitened crest;
 All be gentle as his eyes
 When he is caressed!

Bear him (as the breeze above
 Bears the bird unto its nest)
 Here — unto his home of love,
 And there bid him rest!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

How's my Boy?

“HO, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy — my boy?”

“What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?”

“My boy John —
He that went to sea —
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

“You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

“How's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'” —

“Speak low, woman, speak low!”
“And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?”
“That good ship went down.”

“How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?”

I was never aboard her.
 Be she afloat or be she aground,
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
 Her owners can afford her!
 I say, how's my John?"
 "Every man on board went down,
 Every man aboard her."
 "How's my boy — my boy?
 What care I for the men, sailor?
 I'm not their mother —
 How's my boy — my boy?
 Tell me of him and no other!
 How's my boy — my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL.



Where lies the Land?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
 And where the land she travels from? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild northwesterners rave,
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
 And where the land she travels from? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Come Home.

COME home, come home! And where is home for me,
Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea?
To the frail bark here plunging on its way,
To the wild waters, shall I turn and say,
To the plunging bark, or to the salt sea foam,
You are my home?

Fields once I walked in, faces once I knew,
Familiar things so old my heart believed them true,
These far, far back behind me lie; before
The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar,
And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them roam
No words of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar,
There may indeed, or may not be, a shore,
Where fields as green, and hands and hearts as true,
The old forgotten semblance may renew,
And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea foam
Another home.

But toil and pain must wear out many a day,
And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away,
Ere, if at all, the weary traveler hear,
With accents whispered in his wayworn ear,
A voice he dares to listen to, say, Come
To thy true home.

Come home, come home! And where a home hath he,
Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea?
Through clouds that mutter, and o'er waves that roar,
Say, shall we find, or shall we not, a shore
That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,
Indeed our home?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

The Mariner's Hymn.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
 Christian, God speed thee!
 Let loose the rudder-bands —
 Good angels lead thee!
 Set thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come;
 Steer thy course steadily;
 Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
 Breakers are round thee;
 Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail, there!
 Hold the helm fast!
 So — let the vessel wear —
 There swept the blast.

“What of the night, watchman?
 What of the night?”
 “Cloudy — all quiet —
 No land yet — all 's right.”
 Be wakeful, be vigilant —
 Danger may be
 At an hour when all seemeth
 Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
 Clean out the hold —
 Hoist up the merchandise,
 Heave out thy gold;
 There — let the ingots go —
 Now the ship rights;
 Hurrah! the harbor 's near —
 Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
 At inlet or island ;
 Straight for the beacon steer,
 Straight for the highland ;
 Crowd all thy canvas on,
 Cut through the foam —
 Christian, cast anchor now —
 Heaven is thy home !

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.



The Three Fishers.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
 Away to the West as the sun went down ;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come home to the town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep ;
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Land beyond the Sea.

THE Land beyond the Sea !
When will life's task be o'er ?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar ?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea ?

The Land beyond the Sea !
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams ;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams !
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere ;
We seem half-way to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle-gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
Oh, how the lapsing years,
'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea!
 How dark our present home!
 By the dull beach and sullen foam
 How wearily, how drearily we roam,
 With arms outstretched to thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
 When will our toil be done?
 Slow-footed years! more swiftly run
 Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
 Homesick we are for thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
 Why fadest thou in light?
 Why art thou better seen toward night?
 Dear Land, look always plain, look always bright,
 That we may gaze on thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
 Sweet is thine endless rest,
 But sweeter far that Father's breast
 Upon thy shores eternally possess;
 For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.



A Rhyme of Life.

IF life be as a flame that death doth kill,
 Burn, little candle lit for me,
 With a pure flame, that I may rightly see
 To word my song, and utterly
 God's plan fulfill.

If life be as a flower that blooms and dies,
 Forbid the cunning frost that slays
 With Judas kiss, and trusting love betrays ;
 Forever may my song of praise
 Untainted rise.

If life be as a voyage, foul or fair,
 Oh, bid me not my banners furl
 For adverse gale, or wave in angry whirl,
 Till I have found the gates of pearl,
 And anchored there.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



Endurance.

HOW much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
 How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
 I question much if any pain or ache
 Of soul or body brings our end more nigh :
 Death chooses his own time ; till that is sworn,
 All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
 Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
 Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life ;
 Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,
 That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
 This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
 And try to flee from the approaching ill ;
 We seek some small escape : we weep and pray ;
 But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still ;
 Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
 But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life ;
 We hold it closer, dearer than our own :
 Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,
 Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone ;
 But ah ! we do not die with those we mourn, —
 This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, — famine, thirst,
 Bereavement, pain ; all grief and misery,
 All woe and sorrow ; life inflicts its worst
 On soul and body, — but we cannot die.
 Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn, —
 Lo, all things can be borne !

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.



The Soul's Measure.

DOST thou of all attainments value those
 Most that enlarge thy soul ? and wouldst be shown
 A sign, whereby it clearly may be known
 How much, from year to year, thy spirit grows ?
 By as much more as others' joys and woes,
 Through wider sympathy, are made thine own,
 By so much in soul-stature hast thou grown.
 The bounds of personality that close
 Around uncultured spirits narrowly
 Have been so far extended, and contain
 So much the more of conscious life's domain ;
 And so much has thy knowledge grown to be
 Like that of clearest souls, whose bounding walls
 Will cast no shadow where the soul-light falls.

GEORGE MCKNIGHT.

Those Evening Bells.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells,
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
 And many a heart that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone —
 That tuneful peal will still ring on;
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Squandered Lives.*

THE fisherman wades in the surges,
 The sailor sails over the sea,
 The soldier steps bravely to battle;
 The woodman lays axe to the tree.

They are each of the breed of the heroes,
 The manhood attempered in strife,
 Strong hands that go lightly to labor,
 True hearts that take comfort in life.

In each is the seed to replenish
 The world with the vigor it needs, —
 The centre of honest affections,
 The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the fisher,
 The sailor is dropped in the sea ;
 The soldier lies cold by his cannon,
 The woodman is crushed by his tree,

Each prodigal life that is wasted
 In many achievements unseen,
 But lengthens the day of the coward,
 And strengthens the crafty and mean.

The blood of the noblest is lavished
 That the selfish a profit may find ;
 But God sees the lives that are squandered,
 And we to his wisdom are blind.

BAYARD TAYLOR.



The Oubit.

I T was an hairy oubit, sae proud he crept along ;
 A feckless hairy oubit, and merrily he sang, —
 “ My Minnie bade me bide at hame until I won my wings,
 I ’ll shew her soon my soul ’s aboon the warks o’ creeping
 things.”

This feckless hairy oubit cam’ hirpling by the linn,
 A swirl o’ wind cam’ down the glen, and blew that oubit in.
 Oh, when he took the water, the saumon fry they rose,
 And tigg’d him a’ to pieces sma’, by head and tail and toes.

Tak’ warning then, young poets a’, by this poor oubit’s shame ;
 Though Pegasus may nicker loud, keep Pegasus at hame.
 Oh, haud your hands frae inkhorns, though a’ the Muses woo ;
 For critics lie, like saumon fry, to mak’ their meals o’ you.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A View across the Roman Campagna.

OVER the dumb campagna-sea,
 Out in the offing through mist and rain,
 St. Peter's Church heaves silently
 Like a mighty ship in pain,
 Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.

Motionless waifs of ruined towers,
 Soundless breakers of desolate land!
 The sullen surf of the mist devours
 That mountain-range upon either hand,
 Eaten away from its outline grand.

And over the dumb campagna-sea
 Where the ship of the Church heaves on to wreck,
 Alone and silent as God must be
 The Christ walks!— Ay, but Peter's neck
 Is stiff to turn on the foundering deck.

Peter, Peter, if such be thy name,
 Now leave the ship for another to steer,
 And proving thy faith evermore the same
 Come forth, tread out through the dark and drear,
 Since He who walks on the sea is here!

Peter, Peter! — he does not speak, —
 He is not as rash as in old Galilee.
 Safer a ship, though it toss and leak,
 Than a reeling foot on a rolling sea!
 — And he's got to be round in the girth, thinks he.

Peter, Peter! — he does not stir, —
 His nets are heavy with silver fish:
 He reckons his gains, and is keen to infer,
 . . . “The broil on the shore, if the Lord should wish, —
 But the sturgeon goes to the Cæsar's dish.”

Peter, Peter, thou fisher of men,
 Fisher of fish wouldst thou live instead, —
 Haggling for pence with the other Ten,
 Cheating the market at so much a head,
 Gripping the bag of the traitor dead?

At the triple crow of the Gallic cock
 Thou weep'st not, thou, though thine eyes be dazed :
 What bird comes next in the tempest shock ?
 . . Vultures ! See, — as when Romulus gazed,
 To inaugurate Rome for a world amazed !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



Hymn to the Flowers.

DAY-STARS ! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
 As a libation !

Ye matin worshipers ! who bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun — God's lidless eye —
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high !

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty
 The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
 What numerous emblems of instructive duty
 Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
 Which God hath planned ;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply —
 Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
 Its dome the sky.

There — as in solitude and shade I wander
 Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
 The ways of God —

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
 From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles ! that in dewy splendor
 “ Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,”
 Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
 Your lore sublime !

“ Thou wert not, Solomon ! in all thy glory,
 Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “ in robes like ours ;
 How vain your grandeur ! Ah, how transitory
 Are human flowers ! ”

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist !
 With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest
 Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers ! though made for pleasure :
 Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
 And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
 My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines !

HORACE SMITH.

The Beleaguered City.

I HAVE read in some old marvelous tale,
 Some legend strange and vague,
 That a midnight host of spectres pale
 Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
 With the wan moon overhead,
 There stood, as in an awful dream,
 The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
 The spectral camp was seen,
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
 The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
 No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
 The mist-like banners clasped the air,
 As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the hour of prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read in the marvelous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Thanatopsis.

TO him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language: for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart —
 Go forth under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
 Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements —
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad; and pierce thy mould.
 Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,

The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

—◆—
“For my Sake.”

O LORD, our lives are blank with constant losses,
 Our feet are sore with pain,
 Our hearts are weary with fast-coming crosses —
 We struggle, nor attain.

We watch for coming sails that never whiten
 The still, unyielding blue;
 We look for light whose dawn shall never brighten
 The mist-enshrouded view.

The grasp is loosened that we held so tightly,
 The steps ours timed with fleet;
 On marble stones our household names gleam whitely,
 Graves thicken round our feet.

Thy white-walled city grows more dim and distant,
 The eternal shore recedes,
 The upward path we thought to climb persistent
 Is blind with unchecked weeds.

As heart and strength grow less, the way grows rougher,
 Frail staves we leaned on break,
 The glow of living fades, we bear, we suffer;
 But is it “for Thy sake”?

Is this the cross that by its cheerful bearing
 Makes worthy, Lord, of thee ?
 That lifts our weak endurance up to sharing
 Thy mystic agony ?

There is a resignation worse than murmur,
 An acquiescence vain,
 A giving up that roots self-will the firmer,
 And silence may complain.

Oh, give us, Lord, that living love unshaken
 That makes the heaviest cross
 Thou layest on us be by us self-taken,
 Makes sacrifice of loss.

EVANGELINE M. JOHNSON.



Gradatim.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound ;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
 That a noble deed is a step toward God,
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
 To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under feet ;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain,
 By the pride deposed and passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
 When the morning calls us to life and light,
 But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
 Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
 And we think that we mount the air on wings
 Beyond the recall of sensual things,
 While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
 We borrow the wings to find the way —
 We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray.
 But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
 But the dream departs and the vision falls,
 And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.



Longing for God.

HOW gently flow the silent years,
 The seasons one by one!
 How sweet to feel, each month that goes,
 That life must soon be done!

O weary ways of earth and men!
 O self more weary still!
 How vainly do you vex the heart
 That none but God can fill!

It is not weariness of life
 That makes us wish to die;
 But we are drawn by cords which come
 From out eternity.

Eye has not seen, ear has not heard,
No heart of man can tell,
The store of joys God has prepared
For those who love him well.

Oh, may those joys one day be ours,
Upon that happy shore !
And yet those joys are not enough, —
We crave for something more.

The world's unkindness grows with life,
And troubles never cease ;
'T were lawful then to wish to die,
Simply to be at peace.

Yes ! peace is something more than joy,
Even the joys above ;
For peace, of all created things,
Is likest him we love.

But not for joy, nor yet for peace,
Dare we desire to die ;
God's will on earth is always joy,
Always tranquillity.

To die, that we might sin no more,
Were scarce a hero's prayer ;
And glory grows as grace matures,
And patience loves to bear.

And yet we long and long to die,
We covet to be free,
Not for thy great rewards, O God !
Not for thy peace — but thee.

But call not this a selfish love,
A turning from the fight ;
And tell us not, for others' sakes,
To doubt if this be right.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

Whosoever.

ONE word, dear Lord, where all are dear,
Is dearest still to me :
“ *No* soul shall ever be cast out
That cometh unto thee.”

Lost in my sin and self-despair,
This is my only plea,
That, full of longing for thy grace,
I *come*, Lord, unto thee.

My heart can ne'er forget to chide
Its own unfaithfulness ;
But thou art greater than my heart,
And thou dost only bless.

If thou hadst left a single soul
Unwelcomed by thy grace,
So great are mine iniquities,
I dare not seek thy face.

But in this “ all ” is room for me,
With all my load of sin ;
No other door were wide enough, —
Through this I enter in.

Trembling in weakness, through my trust
I fall before thy feet ;
That all my help may come from thee,
E'en helplessness is sweet.

Forgetting all my sin and woe,
I live alone in thee,
And learn the mystery of thy grace, —
That thou shouldst live in me.

If simple coming brings such bliss
As heart hath never tried,
Oh, what must be the joy of those
Who in thee, Lord, abide !

Closed in the shelter of thine arms
In childlike peace to rest,
I dare not doubt, I dare not fear,
My head upon thy breast.

The night was dark and wild with storm,
The morn breaks clear and calm ;
The night was full of fierce alarms,
The morn is like a psalm.

O morn of grace, O day of love,
On which no night shall fall !
Bring all thy wanderers home at last,
O Christ, thou light of all !

Where, through the eternal years of God
Transfigured more and more,
Thy perfect glory we shall see,
And change as we adore.

JOSEPH ALLEN ELY.



Drop, drop, Slow Tears.

DROP, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven the news and Prince of
Peace!

Cease not, wet eyes, his mercy to entreat !

To cry for vengeance sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears ;
Nor let his eye see sin but through my tears.

GILES FLETCHER.

Source of my Life.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
 Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
 Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
 Thy mercy orders all that pains me.
 If loving hearts were never lonely,
 If all they wish might always be,
 Accepting what they look for only,
 They might be glad, but not in thee.
 Well may thy own beloved, who see
 In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
 Bear loss of all they love, save thee,
 Their living, everlasting treasure.
 Well may thy happy children cease
 From restless wishes prone to sin,
 And, in thy own exceeding peace,
 Yield to thy daily discipline.
 We need as much the cross we bear,
 As air we breathe, as light we see ;
 It draws us to thy side in prayer,
 It binds us to our strength in thee.

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

Repentance.

IF the Lord were to send down blessings from heaven as
 thick and as fast as the fall
 Of the drops of rain or the flakes of snow, I'd love him and
 thank him for all ;
 But the gift that I'd crave, and the gift that I'd keep, if I'd
 only one to choose,
 Is the gift of a broken and contrite heart, — and that he will
 not refuse.

For what is my wish and what is my hope, when I've toiled
and prayed and striven,
All the days that I live upon earth? It is this — to be for-
given.

And what is my wish and what is my hope, but to end where
I begin,
With an eye that looks to my Saviour, and a heart that
mourns for its sin!

Well, perhaps you think I'm going to say I'm the chief of
sinners; and then

You'll tell me, as far as you can see, I'm no worse than other
men.

I've little to do with better or worse — I have n't to judge the
rest;

If other men are no better than I, they are bad enough at the
best.

I've nothing to do with other folks; it is n't for me to say
What sort of men the Scribes might be, or the Pharisees in
their day;

But we know that it was n't for such as they that the king-
dom of heaven was meant;

And we're told we shall likewise perish unless we do repent.

And what have I done, perhaps you'll say, that I should fret
and grieve?

I did n't wrangle, nor curse, nor swear; I did n't lie nor thief;
I'm clear of cheating and drinking and debt. — Well, perhaps,
but I cannot say;

For some of these I had n't a mind, and some did n't come in
my way.

For there's many a thing I could wish undone, though the
law might not be broken;

And there's many a word, now I come to think, that I could
wish unspoken.

I did what I thought to be the best, and I said just what
came to my mind :

I was n't so honest that I could boast, and I 'm sure that I
was n't kind.

Well, come to things that I might have done, and then there 'll
be more to say :

We 'll ask for the broken hearts I healed, and the tears that
I wiped away.

I thought for myself and I wrought for myself — for myself,
and none beside :

Just as if Jesus had never lived, as if he had never died.

But since my Lord has looked on me, and since he has bid
me look

Once on my heart and once on my life and once on his
blessed Book,

And once on the cross where he died for me, he has taught
me that I must mend,

If I 'd have him to be my Saviour, and keep him to be my
Friend.

Since he 's taken this long account of mine and has crossed
it through and through,

Though he 's left me nothing at all to pay, he has given me
enough to do ;

He has taught me things that I never knew, with all my
worry and care, —

Things that have brought me down to my knees, and things
that will keep me there.

He has shown me the law that works in him and the law
that works in me, —

Life unto life and death unto death, — and has asked how
these agree ;

He has made me weary of self and of self ; yes, my Saviour
has bid me grieve

For the days and years when I did n't pray, when I did n't
love nor believe.

Since he's taken this cold, dark heart of mine, and has
 pierced it through and through,
 He has made me mourn both for things I did and for things
 that I did n't do;
 And what is my wish and what is my thought, but to end
 where I begin,
 With an eye that looks to my Saviour, and a heart that
 mourns for its sin!

DORA GREENWELL.

Verses

Supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary
 abode in the island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts, that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The Circuit Preacher.

HIS thin wife's cheek grows pinched and pale with anxiousness intense ;
 He sees the brethren's prayerful eyes o'er all the conference :
 He hears the Bishop slowly call the long " Appointment " rolls,
 Where in his vineyard God would place these gatherers of souls.

Apart, austere, the knot of grim Presiding Elders sit ;
 He wonders if some city " Charge " may not for him have writ ?

Certes ! could they his sermon hear on Paul and Luke awreck,
 Then had his talent ne'er been hid on Annomesix Neck !

Poor rugged heart, be still a pause, and you, worn wife, be meek !

Two years of banishment they read far down the Chesapeake !

Though Brother Bates, less eloquent, by Wilmington is wooed,

The Lord that counts the sparrows fall shall feed his little brood.

" Cheer up ! my girl, here 's Brother Riggs our circuit knows will please ;

He raised three hundred dollars there, besides the marriage fees.

What ! tears from us who 've preached the word these thirty years or so ?

Two years on barren Chincoteague, and two in Tuckahoe ?

" The schools are good, the brethren say, and our Church holds the wheel ;

The Presbyterians lost their house ; the Baptists lost their zeal.

The parsonage is clean and dry ; the town has friendly folk —
 Not half so dull as Rehoboth, nor proud like Pocomoke.

“ Oh! thy just will, our Lord, be done, though these eight seasons more

We see our ague-crippled boys pine on the Eastern Shore ;
While we, thy stewards, journey out our dedicated years
'Midst foresters of Nanticoke, or heathen of Tangiers !

“ Yea ! some must serve on God's frontiers, and I shall fail,
perforce,

To sow upon some better ground my most select discourse ;
At Sassafras, or Smyrna, preach my argument on ' Drink,'
My series on the Pentateuch, at Appoquinimink.

“ Gray am I, brethren, in the work, though tough to bear my
part ;

It is these drooping little ones that sometimes wring my
heart,

And cheat me with the vain conceit the cleverness is mine,
To fill the churches of the Elk, and pass the Brandywine.

“ These hairs were brown, when, full of hope, entering these
holy lists,

Proud of my Order as a knight — the shouting Methodists —
I made the pine woods ring with hymns, with prayer the
night-winds shook,

And preached from Assawaman Light far north as Bombay
Hook.

“ My nag was gray, my gig was new ; fast went the sandy
miles ;

The eldest Trustees gave me praise, the fairest sisters smiles :
Still I recall how Elder Smith of Worten Heights averred
My Apostolic Parallels the best he ever heard.

“ All winter long I rode the snows, rejoicing on my way ;
At midnight our revival hymns rolled o'er the sobbing bay ;
Three Sabbath sermons, every week, should tire a man of
brass —

And still our fervent membership must have their extra Class !

“ Aggressive with the zeal of youth, in many a warm requite
 I terrified Immersionists, and scourged the Millerite ;
 But larger, tenderer charities such vain debates supplant,
 When the dear wife, saved by my zeal, loved the Itinerant.

“ No cooing dove of storms afeard, she shared my life’s dis-
 tress,
 A singing Miriam alway, in God’s poor wilderness :
 The wretched at her footstep smiled, the frivolous were still ;
 A bright path marked her pilgrimage, from Blackbird to
 Snow hill.

“ A new face in the parsonage, at church a double pride ! —
 Like the Madonna and her babe they filled the ‘ Amen side.’
 Crouched at my feet in the old gig, my boy, so fair and frank,
 Nascongo’s darkest marshes cheered, and sluices of Choptank.

“ My cloth drew close ; too fruitful love my fruitless life out-
 ran ;
 The townfolk marveled, when we moved, at such a caravan !
 I wonder not my lads grew wild, when, bright, without the
 door
 Spread the ripe, luring, wanton world, and we within so poor !

“ For down the silent cypress aisles came shapes even me to
 scout,
 Mocking the lean flanks of my mare, my boy’s patched round-
 about,
 And saying : ‘ Have these starveling boors, thy congregation,
 souls,
 That on their dull heads Heaven and thou pour forth such
 living coals ?’

“ Then prayer brought hopes, half secular, like seers by
 Endor’s witch :
 Beyond our barren Maryland God’s folks were wise and rich ;
 Where climbing spires and easy pews showed how the
 preacher thrived,
 And all old brethren paid their rents, and many young ones
 wived !

“ I saw the ships Henlopen pass with chaplains fat and sleek ;
From Bishopshead with fancy’s sails I crossed the Chesapeake ;

In velvet pulpits of the North said my best sermons o’er, —
And that on Paul to Patmos driven drew tears in Baltimore.

“ Well ! well ! my brethren, it is true we should not preach
for pelf, —

(I would my sermon on St. Paul the Bishop heard himself !)

But this crushed wife, — these boys, — these hairs ; they cut
me to the core ;

Is it not hard, year after year, to ride the Eastern Shore ?

“ Next year ? Yes ! yes ! I thank you much ! then my reward
may fall.

(That is a downright fine discourse on Patmos and St. Paul !)

So, Brother Riggs, once more my voice shall ring in the old
lists,

Cheer up, sick heart, who would not die among these Metho-
dists ? ”

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.



The Song of the Shirt.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread, —
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the “ Song of the Shirt ! ”

“ Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !

And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's, oh, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

“Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

“O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

“But why do I talk of Death, —
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own, —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags,

That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
 A table — a broken chair —
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there !

“ Work — work — work
 From weary chime to chime !
 Work — work — work
 As prisoners work for crime !
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

“ Work — work — work
 In the dull December light !
 And work — work — work
 When the weather is warm and bright !
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the spring.

“ Oh, but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet, —
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet !
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal !

“ Oh, but for one short hour, —
 A respite, however brief !
 No blessèd leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart ;
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread ! ”

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread, —
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still in a voice of dolorous pitch, —
 Would that its tone could reach the rich! —
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.



The Song of Rorek.

'T WAS on the night of Michaelmas that lordly Orloff's
 heir
 Wed with the noble Russian maid, Dimitry's daughter fair.

With mirth and song, and love and wine, that was a royal
 day;
 The banners streamed, the halls were hung in black and gold
 array.

The Twelve Apostles stood in brass, each with a flambeau
 bright,
 To blaze with holy altar sheen throughout the festive night.

The rings were changed, the tabor rolled, the Kyrie was said;
 The boyard father drew his sword, and pierced the loaf of
 bread.

Soon as the priest did drain his cup, and put his pipe aside,
 He wiped his lip upon his sleeve, and kissed the blushing
 bride.

That very night to Novgorod must hasten bride and heir,
 And Count Dimitry bid them well with robe and bell prepare.

And when from feast and wedding-guest they parted at the
door,

He bade two hunters ride behind, two hunters ride before.

“Look to your carbines, men,” he called, “and gird your
ready knives !”

With one accord they all replied, “We pledge thee with our
lives !”

I was the haiduk of that night, and vowed, by horses fleet,
Our sleigh must shoot with arrow speed behind the coursers’
feet.

We journeyed speedy, werst by werst, with bell and song and
glee,

And I, upon my postal-horn, blew many a melody.

I blew farewell to Minka mine, and bid the strain retire
Where she sat winding flaxen thread beside the kitchen fire.

We rode, and rode, by hollow pass, by glen and mountain-
side,

And with each bell soft accents fell from lips of bonny bride.

The night was drear, the night was chill, the night was lone
and bright ;

Before us streamed the polar rays in green and golden light.

The gypsy thieves were in their dens ; the owl moaned in
the trees ;

The windmill circled merrily, obedient to the breeze.

Shrill piped the blast in birchen boughs, and mocked the
snowy shroud ;

Thrice ran a hare across our track ; thrice croaked a raven
loud !

The horses pawed the frigid sands, and drove them with the
wind ;

We left the village gallows-tree full thirty wersts behind.

We rode, and rode, by forest shade, by brake and river-side ;
And as we rode I heard the kiss of groom and bonny bride.

I heard again, — a boding strain ; I heard it, all too well ;
A neigh, a shout, a groan, a howl, — then heavy curses fell.

Our horses pricked their wary ears, and bounded with affright ;
From forest kennels picket wolves were baying in the night.

“Haiduk, haiduk, — the lash, — the steeds, — the wolves !”
the lady cried ;
The wily baron clutched his blade, and murmured to the
bride : —

“This all is but a moonlight hunt ; the starveling hounds
shall bleed,
And you shall be the tourney’s queen, to crown the gallant
deed !”

The moon it crept behind a cloud, as covered by a storm ;
And the gray cloud became a wolf, a monster wolf in form.

“Gramercy, Mother of our Lord, — gramercy in our needs !”
Hold well together hand and thong, — hold well, ye sturdy
steeds !

Like unto Tartar cavalry the wolf battalion sped ;
Ungunned, unspurred, but well to horse, and sharpened well
to head.

The pines stood by, the stars looked on, and listless fell the
snow ;
The breeze made merry with the trees, nor heeded wolf nor
woe.

Now cracked the carbines, — bleeding beasts were rolling
here and there ;
'T was flash and shot and howl, — and yet the wolves were
everywhere.

No more they mustered in our wake, their legion ranged beside.

'T was steed for speed, and wolf for steed, and wolf for lord and bride.

In vain I cited Christian saints, I called Mahomet near :
Methought, though all the saints did fail, the Prophet would appear.

A moment, and pursuit is stayed, — they tear their wounded kind ;

A moment, — then the hellish pack did follow close behind.

The baron silent rose amain, by danger unappalled.

“Strive for your lives, with guns and knives,” the mounted guardsmen called.

The lady muttered agony, with crucifix and beads ;

The wolves were snapping by her side, and leaping at our steeds.

My limbs were numb, my senses dumb, nor reason held its place ;

I fell beneath two glaring orbs, within a gaunt embrace.

I roused to hear a volley fired, to hear a martial shout ;

And when I oped my stricken eyes the wolves were all to rout.

A hundred scouting Cossacks met and slew the deadly foe ;

Fourscore of wolves in throes of death lay bleeding in the snow.

Our lady rested in a swoon, our lord was stained with gore ;

But none could tell of what befell the trusty hunters four.

JOHN W. WEIDEMEYER.

Misconceptions.

THIS is a spray the bird clung to,
 Making it blossom with pleasure,
 Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
 Fit for her nest and her treasure.
 Oh, what a hope beyond measure
 Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to —
 So to be singled out, built in, and sung to !

This is a heart the queen leant on,
 Thrilled in a minute erratic,
 Ere the true bosom she bent on,
 Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
 Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
 Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on —
 Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on !

ROBERT BROWNING.

*Good Night.*

GOOD night !
 Let it on the weary light !
 Now the day in silence closes,
 Labor's toil-worn frame reposes.
 Till awakes the morning light,
 Good night !

Go to rest !
 Weary eyes in sleep be prest.
 Silence on the wide streets falleth,
 Save where lone the watchman calleth ;
 Whispers night to each worn breast,
 Go to rest !

Sweetly sleep !
 Heavenly dews your senses steep !
 Feels your breast love's bitter pleasures,
 Let the form your bosom treasures
 Brightly imaged round you sweep.
 Sweetly sleep !

So good night !
 Slumber till the daylight breaketh ;
 Slumber till another morrow
 Brings another weight of sorrow.
 Fear ye not — your Father waketh !
 So good night !

KARL THEODORE KOERNER.

Translated by A. C. KENDRICK.



The Italian Mother.

WHEN Luna drops her pearls of light
 Between the blossoms of the trees,
 When Philomela lulls at night
 Her baby-birds to sleep and ease, —
 The Italian mother, fond and fair,
 Her cradle rocks beneath the skies,
 And, breathed upon the evening air,
 Her prayers like angel-tones arise.

“Sleep, sleep, my child ! these veiling leaves
 From chilling dews protect thy bed,
 E'en while thy shaded brow receives
 The kiss of stars above thy head.
 Hushed by these murmuring waves, sleep well !
 Oh, may thy life be pure as they !
 Like bird and flower, unconscious dwell
 Of storms that follow childhood's day.”

The drowsy bird on downy nest
In plaintive sighs his notes prolongs ;
Then, rousing, throws from east to west
The echoing marvel of his songs.

“Sleep, child ! the willow’s waving bough
Reflects the hovering glow-worm’s light ;
The vigils of my heart allow
No dream to mar this blissful night.
As round his mother’s bending form
The Holy Babe shed rays divine,
My being in thy smile grows warm,
Thy cradle ’s my horizon-line.”

The drowsy bird on downy nest
In plaintive sighs his notes prolongs ;
Then, rousing, throws from east to west
The echoing marvel of his songs.

“Sleep, child ! on bush and branch and tree
Sweet blossoms open for thy sake ;
The morning light will brighter be ;
I watch thy blue eyes till they wake.
Though day will bring the sun’s bright beam,
In thy sweet face my light I seek ;
Sing softly, birds ! dance lightly, stream !
I listen lest my baby speak.”

Thus, by a tiny, swaying nest,
Whose circlet held her world, her all,
With swelling heart and glowing breast
A mother did her joy recall.
Oh, what can heaven hold of bliss
More pure, more deep, more sweet, than this !

ALEXANDRE SOUMET.

Translated by FLORENCE H. KENDRICK.

A Musical Instrument.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

“This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)
“The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed.”
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
 Piercing sweet by the river !
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
 To laugh, as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man.
 The true gods sigh for the cost and pain —
 For the reed that grows nevermore again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



The Undiscovered Country.

COULD we but know
 The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
 Where lie those happier hills and meadows low, —
 Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
 Aught of that country could we surely know,
 Who would not go ?

• Might we but hear
 The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
 Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
 One radiant vista of the realm before us, —
 With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
 Ah, who would fear ?

Were we quite sure
 To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
 Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
 To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only, —
 This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
 Who would endure ?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Four Years After.

MY absent daughter — gentle, gentle maid,
Your life doth never fade !
Oh, everywhere I see your brown eyes shine,
And on my heart, in healing or command,
I feel the pressure of your warm, white hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine.

The birds all sing of you, my darling one.
Your day was just begun ;
But you had learned to love all things that grew :
And when I linger by the streamlet's side
Where bush and weed to you were glorified,
The violet looks up as if it knew,
And talks to me of you.

The lily dreams of you. The pensive rose
Reveals you where it glows
In purple trance above the waterfall.
The fragrant fern rejoices by the pond,
Framing your fair face in its feathery frond.
The winds blow chill, but sounding over all
I hear your sweet voice call.

My gentle daughter — with us you have stayed,
Your life doth never fade.
Oh, everywhere I see your brown eyes shine !
In subtle moods, I cannot understand,
I feel the flutter of your warm, sweet hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine.

WILLIAM A. CROFFUT.

Christmas Night.

! AT last thou art come, little Saviour !
And thine angels fill midnight with song ;
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator !
Whom thy creatures have sighed for so long.

Thou art come to thy beautiful Mother ;
She hath looked on thy marvelous face ;
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary !
And she was thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight ;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus !
With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for thee, Saviour !
Art thou come to us, dearest, at last ?
Oh, bless thee, dear Joy of thy Mother !
This is worth all the wearisome past !

Thou art come, thou art come, Child of Mary !
Yet we hardly believe thou art come ; —
It seems such a wonder to have thee,
New Brother ! with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker !
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore :
We will play with thee, beautiful Brother !
On Eternity's jubilant shore.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

The Distant Hills.

WHILE in a land of flowers
My feet were set, where it seemed always June,
And Nature sang at her work a pleasant tune,
For joy in the long bright hours,

I did not often care
From the bright fields to lift my happy eyes,
Where, a blue shadow on the sunny skies,
Arose those summits fair.

But as the path led on,
Quick clouds arose the smiling heavens to hide ;
With sudden bend the pathway turned aside
Where fields were bare and brown.

All things looked sad and strange ;
The sunlight faded, and the flowers gone,
In a rough path I seemed to stand alone,
Bewildered by the change.

Then lifting up my eyes,
Behold how beautiful, serene, and clear,
Bright with the radiance that has vanished here,
The distant hills arise.

All robed and crowned with light
That cannot fade, in beautiful array
Distinct they stand against the clouds of gray,
A vision of delight.

Renewed in strength I stand,
I see no more the landscape brown and vast ;
No path seems long or dark that leads at last
Into that glorious land.

There shall all trouble cease
 Forevermore ; and never fear nor dread
 Nor change can reach the happy ones that tread
 Those pleasant paths of peace.

A refuge and defense
 They are to me ; above all present ills
 I lift my eyes unto the distant hills,
 And all my help is thence.

REBECCA S. PALFREY.



Stanzas.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought ;
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils ;
 Man by man was never seen ;
 All our deep communing fails
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known ;
 Mind with mind did never meet ;
 We are columns left alone
 Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
 Far apart though seeming near,
 In our light we scattered lie ;
 All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
 But a babbling summer stream ?
 What our wise philosophy
 But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love
 Melts the scattered stars of thought,
 Only when we live above
 What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
 By the fount which gave them birth,
 And by inspiration led
 Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
 Swelling till they meet and run,
 Shall be all absorbed again,
 Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.



A Virtuoso.

BE seated, pray. "A grave appeal?"
 The sufferers by the war, of course;
 Ah, what a sight for us who feel, —
 This monstrous *mélodrame* of Force!
 We, sir, we connoisseurs, should know
 On whom its heaviest burden falls;
 Collections shattered at a blow,
 Museums turned to hospitals!

"And worse," you say; "the wide distress!"
 Alas! 't is true distress exists,
 Though, let me add, our worthy Press
 Have no mean skill as colorists; —
 Speaking of color, next your seat
 There hangs a sketch from Vernet's hand;
 Some Moscow fancy, incomplete,
 Yet not indifferently planned;

Note specially the gray old Guard,
 Who tears his tattered coat to wrap
 A closer bandage round the scarred
 And frozen comrade in his lap ; —
 But, as regards the present war, —
 Now don't you think our pride of pence
 Goes — may I say it? — somewhat far
 For objects of benevolence ?

You hesitate. For my part, I —
 Though ranking Paris next to Rome,
 Æsthetically — still reply
 That “ Charity begins at Home.”
 The words remind me. Did you catch
 My so-named “ Hunt ” ? The girl's a gem ;
 And look how those lean rascals snatch
 The pile of scraps she brings to them !

“ But your appeal's for home,” you say,
 “ For home, and English poor ! ” Indeed !
 I thought Philanthropy to-day
 Was blind to mere domestic need —
 However sore — Yet though one grants
 That home should have the foremost claims,
 At least these Continental wants
 Assume intelligible names ;

While here with us — Ah ! who could hope
 To verify the varied pleas,
 Or from his private means to cope
 With all our shrill necessities ?
 Impossible ! One might as well
 Attempt comparison of creeds ;
 Or fill that huge Malayan shell
 With these half-dozen Indian beads.

Moreover, add that every one
 So well exalts his pet distress,

'T is — Give to all, or give to none,
 If you 'd avoid invidiousness.
 Your case, I feel, is sad as A.'s,
 The same applies to B.'s and C.'s ;
 By my selection I should raise
 An alphabet of rivalries ;

And life is short — I see you look
 At yonder dish, a priceless bit ;
 You 'll find it etched in Jacquemart's book,
 They say that Raphael painted it ; —
 And life is short, you understand :
 So, if I only hold you out
 An open though an empty hand,
 Why, you 'll forgive me, I 've no doubt.

Nay, do not rise. You seem amused ;
 One can but be consistent, sir !
 'T was on these grounds I just refused
 Some gushing lady-almoner, —
 Believe me, on these very grounds.
 Good-by, then. Ah, a rarity !
 That cost me quite three hundred pounds, —
 That Dürer figure, — “Charity.”

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Hymn to the Night.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls !
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
 Stoop o'er me from above ;
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
 As of the one I love.



“I heard the trailing garments of the Night.”

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-belovèd Night !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



Oh, the Pleasant Days of Old !

OH, the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise !
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days :

Bare floors were strewed with rushes, the walls let in the cold ;

Oh, how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old !

Oh, those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were !
They threw down and imprisoned kings, — to thwart them
who might dare ?

They ruled their serfs right sternly ; they took from Jews
their gold, —

Above both law and equity were those great lords of old !

Oh, the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned !
With sword and lance and armor strong they scoured the
country round ;
And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or
wold,
By right of sword they seized the prize,— those gallant
knights of old !

Oh, the gentle dames of old ! who, quite free from fear or pain,
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champion
slain ;
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them
strong and bold, —
Oh, more like men than women were those gentle dames of
old !

Oh, those mighty towers of old ! with their turrets, moat, and
keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep.
Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold ;
And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers
of old.

Oh, the troubadours of old ! with the gentle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be ;
For years they served their ladye-loves ere they their passions
told, —
Oh, wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of
old !

Oh, those blessèd times of old, with their chivalry and state !
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate ;
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends
told, —
But, Heaven be thanked ! I live not in those blessèd times of
old !

FRANCES BROWNE.

What Mr. Robinson thinks.

GUVENER B. is a sensible man ;
 He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;
 He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
 An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ; —
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My ! aint it terrible ? Wut shall we du ?
 We can't never choose him o' course, — thet 's flat ;
 Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you ?)
 An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;
 Fer John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man :
 He 's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf,
 But consistency still was a part of his plan, —
 He 's ben true to *one* party, — an' thet is himself ; —
 So John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war ;
 He don't vally principle more 'n an old cud ;
 Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
 But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood ?
 So John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village.
 With good old idees o' wut 's right an' wut aint,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
 An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint ;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of your country must ollers be took,
 An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country ;
 An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
 Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry* ;
 An' John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies ;
 Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum* :
 An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
 Is half ov it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum ;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez it aint no sech thing ; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
 Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes ;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we 've gut folks to tell us
 The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
 God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
 To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough ;
 Fer John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Milkmaid.

A MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on her head,
 Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said :
 “ Let me see, — I should think that this milk will procure
 One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

“ Well then, — stop a bit, — it must not be forgotten,
 Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten ;
 But if twenty for accident should be detached,
 It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

“ Well, sixty sound eggs, — no, sound chickens, I mean :
 Of these some may die, — we ’ll suppose seventeen,
 Seventeen ! not so many, — say ten at the most,
 Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

“ But then there ’s their barley : how much will they need ?
 Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed, —
 So that ’s a mere trifle ; now then, let us see,
 At a fair market price how much money there ’ll be.

“ Six shillings a pair — five — four — three-and-six,
 To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix ;
 Now what will that make ? fifty chickens, I said, —
 Fifty times three-and-sixpence — *I ’ll ask Brother Ned !*

“ Oh, but stop, — three-and-sixpence a *pair* I must sell ’em ;
 Well, a pair is a couple, — now then let us tell ’em ;
 A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain !)
 Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

“ Twenty-five pair of fowls — now how tiresome it is
 That I can’t reckon up so much money as this !
 Well, there ’s no use in trying, so let ’s give a guess, —
 I ’ll say twenty pounds, *and it can’t be no less.*

“Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
 Thirty geese, and two turkeys, — eight pigs and a sow ;
 Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
 I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 't is clear.”

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
 The maid superciliously tossed up her head ;
 When, alas for her prospects ! her milk-pail descended,
 And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached, —
 “Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched.”

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

In the Half-way House.

AT twenty we fancied the blest middle ages
 A spirited cross of romantic and grand ;
 All templars and minstrels and ladies and pages,
 And love and adventure in Outre-Mer-land.
 But, ah ! where the youth dreamed of building a minster,
 The man takes a pew and sits reckoning his pelf,
 And the graces wear fronts, the muse thins to a spinster,
 When Middle-Age stares from one's glass to himself !

Do you twit me with days when I had an ideal,
 And saw the sear future through spectacles green ?
 Then find me some charm, while I look round and see all,
 These fat friends of forty shall keep me nineteen ;
 Should we go on pining for chaplets of laurel
 Who 've paid a perruquier for mending our thatch,
 Or, our feet swathed in baize, with our fate pick a quarrel,
 If, instead of cheap bay-leaves, she sent a dear scratch ?

We called it our Eden, that small patent baker,
 When life was half moonshine and half Mary Jane ;

But the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker ;—
 Did Adam have duns and slip down a back-lane ?
 Nay, after the fall did the modiste keep coming
 With last styles of fig-leaf to Madam Eve's bower :
 Did Jubal, or whoever taught the girls thrumming,
 Make the patriarchs deaf at a dollar the hour ?

As I think what I was, I sigh, *Desunt nonnulla !*
 Years are creditors Sheridan's self could not bilk ;
 But then, as my boy says, " What right has a fellah
 To ask for the cream when himself spilt the milk ? "
 Perhaps when you 're older, my lad, you 'll discover
 The secret with which Auld Lang Syne there is gilt, —
 Superstition of old man, maid, poet, and lover, —
 That cream rises thicker on milk that was spilt.

We sailed for the moon, but, in sad disillusion,
 Snug under Point Comfort are glad to make fast,
 And strive (sans our glasses) to make a confusion
 'Twixt our rind of green cheese and the moon of the past :
 Ah, Might-have-been, Could have been, Would have been !
 rascals,
 He 's a genius or fool whom ye cheat at twoscore,
 And the man whose boy-promise was likened to Pascal's
 Is thankful at forty they don't call him bore !

With what fumes of fame was each confident pate full !
 How rates of insurance should rise on the Charles !
 And which of us now would not feel wisely grateful,
 If his rhymes sold as fast as the Emblems of Quarles ?
 E'en if won, what 's the good of life's medals and prizes ?
 The rapture 's in what never was or is gone ;
 That we miss them makes Helens of plain Ann Elizas,
 For the goose of to-day still is memory's swan.

And yet who would change the old dream for new treasure ?
 Make not youth's sourest grapes the best wine of our life ?

Need he reckon his date by the Almanac's measure
 Who is twenty life-long in the eyes of his wife?
 Ah, Fate, should I live to be nonagenarian,
 Let me still take Hope's frail I. O. U.'s upon trust,
 Still talk of a trip to the Island Macarian,
 And still climb the dream-tree for — ashes and dust!
 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



There is a Green Wood.

THERE is a green wood where the river runs darkly
 Under the branches that shadow its tide,
 And the unsunned wave's rolling above a fair maiden,
 Around whom are clinging the robes of a bride.

Deep in its bosom her white form is lying,
 And round it is drifting the soft yellow sand,
 While her golden hair loose to the current is flying,
 Waved by the water-sprite's tremulous hand.

Through the pulses of Nature a death-beat is throbbing,
 Each tree, like a pall, o'er the wave flings its shade,
 And from the far meadow the wind comes in sobbing
 Aimlessly down through the sorrowing glade.

Yet the gloom has not spread where yon castle is shining
 So bright in the sunlight that whitens its wall;
 There guests are assembling, feasts spreading, wreaths twin-
 ing;
 But soon must it come like a blight over all.

'T will sadden the music the joy-bells are ringing,
 'T will wither the garlands the peasant maids twine,
 'T will hush the glad songs that the minstrels are singing,
 'T will dim those bright eyes that the jewels outshine.

Now all are assembled, and gay plumes are dancing,
 Music and laughter float over the throng,
 White necks gleam with diamonds, and dark eyes are glancing —
 Why lingers the bride in her chamber so long ?

Proud bridegroom, stern sire, blithe guests, she lies sleeping
 In yonder green wood, 'neath the cold wave, to-day !
 Be your pride and your anger and mirth turned to weeping :
 For well is her vow kept with one far away.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.



Atheism.

“THERE is no God,” the wicked saith,
 “And truly it 's a blessing,
 For what he might have done with us
 It 's better only guessing.”

“There is no God,” a youngster thinks,
 “Or really if there may be,
 He surely did n't mean a man
 Always to be a baby.”

“Whether there be,” the rich man thinks,
 “It matters very little,
 For I and mine, thank somebody,
 Are not in want of victual.”

Some others also to themselves,
 Who scarce so much as doubt it,
 Think there is none, when they are well,
 And do not think about it.

But country-folks who live beneath
 The shadow of the steeple ;
 The parson, and the parson's wife,
 And mostly married people ;

Youths green and happy in first love,
 So thankful for illusion ;
 And men caught out in what the world
 Calls guilt and first confusion ;

And almost every one when age,
 Disease, and sorrow strike him, —
 Inclines to think there is a God,
 Or something very like him.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.



The Traveller's Return.

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
 Had trod on thirty years,
 I sought again my native land
 Wi' mony hopes and fears.
 Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
 May still continue mine ?
 Or gin I e'er again shall taste
 The joys I left lang syne !

As I drew near my ancient pile,
 My heart beat a' the way ;
 Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
 O' some dear former day ;
 Those days that followed me afar,
 Those happy days o' mine,
 Whilk make me think the present joys
 A' naething to lang syne :

The ivied tower now met my eye,
 Where minstrel used to blaw,
 Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
 Nae weel-kenned face I saw ;

Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about lang syne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hung o'er mony a chair ;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld lang syne !

Some pensy chiels, a new-sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away.
"Cut, cut," they cried, "those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournful pine."
Na ! na ! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' lang syne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town ;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine ;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far lang syne !

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart.

The sang had mony an artfu' turn ;
 My ear confessed 't was fine,
 But missed the simple melody
 I listened to lang syne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
 Forgie an auld man's spleen,
 Wha midst your gayest scenes still mourns
 The days he ance has seen.
 When time has passed and seasons fled,
 Your hearts will feel like mine ;
 And aye the sang will maist delight
 That minds ye o' lang syne !

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

What we all think.

THAT age was older once than now,
 In spite of locks untimely shed,
 Or silvered on the youthful brow ;
 That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,
 Which faded with those "good old days"
 When winters came with deeper snow,
 And autumns with a softer haze.

That — mother, sister, wife, or child —
 The "best of women" each has known.
 Were school-boys ever half so wild ?
 How young the grandpapas have grown !

That *but for this* our souls were free,
 And *but for that* our lives were blest ;
 That in some season yet to be
 Our cares will leave us time to rest.

Whene'er we groan with ache or pain, —
 Some common ailment of the race, —
 Though doctors think the matter plain, —
 That ours is "a peculiar case."

That when like babes with fingers burned
 We count one bitter maxim more,
 Our lesson all the world has learned,
 And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,
 The angels hovering overhead
 Count every pitying drop that flows,
 And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye
 And turn the beggar from our door,
 They still approve us when we sigh,
 "Ah, had I but *one thousand more!*"

Though temples crowd the crumbled brink
 O'erhanging truth's eternal flow,
 Their tablets bold with *what we think*,
 Their echoes dumb to *what we know*;

That one unquestioned text we read,
 All doubt beyond, all fear above,
 Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
 Can burn or blot it: GOD IS LOVE!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Little Years.

THESE years! these years! these naughty years!
 Once they were pretty things:
 Their fairy footfalls met our ears,
 Our eyes their glancing wings.
 They flitted by our school-boy way;
 We chased the little imps at play.

We knew them, soon, for tricky elves :
They brought the college gown,
With thoughtful books filled up our shelves,
Darkened our lips with down,
Played with our throat, and lo ! the tone
Of manhood had become our own.

They smiling stretched our childish size ;
Their soft hands trimmed our hair ;
Cast the deep thought within our eyes,
And left it glowing there ;
Sang songs of hope in college halls,
Bright fancies drew upon the walls.

They flashed upon us love's bright gem ;
They showed us gleams of fame ;
Stout-hearted work we learned from them,
And honor more than name :
And so they came, and went away ;
We said not go, we said not stay.

But one sweet day, when quiet skies
And still leaves brought me thought,
When hazy hills drew forth my eyes,
And woods with deep shade fraught,
That day I carelessly found out
What work these elves had been about.

Alas ! those little rogues, the years,
Had fooled me many a day,
Plucked half the locks above my ears,
And tinged the rest all gray.
They 'd left me wrinkles great and small.
I fear that they have tricked us all.

Well, — give the little years their way ;
Think, speak, and act the while ;

Lift up the bare front to the day,
 And make their wrinkles smile.
 They mould the noblest living head ;
 They carve the best tomb for the dead.

ROBERT T. S. LOWELL.



The Quiet Mind.

THOUGH low my lot, my wish is won,
 My hopes are few and staid ;
 All I thought life would do is done,
 The last request is made.
 If I have foes, no foes I fear,
 To fate I live resigned ;
 I have a friend I value here,
 And that's a quiet mind.

I wish not it was mine to wear
 Flushed honor's sunny crown ;
 I wish not I were Fortune's heir,
 She frowns, and let her frown.
 I have no taste for pomp and strife,
 Which others love to find :
 I only wish the bliss of life, —
 A poor and quiet mind.

The trumpet's taunt in battle-field,
 The great man's pedigree, —
 What peace can all their honors yield ?
 And what are they to me ?
 Though praise and pomp, to eke the strife,
 Rave like a mighty wind ;
 What are they to the calm of life, —
 A still and quiet mind ?

I mourn not that my lot is low,
I wish no higher state ;
I sigh not that Fate made me so,
Nor tease her to be great.
I am content — for well I see
What all at last shall find, —
That life's worst lot the best may be,
If that's a quiet mind.

I see the world pass heedless by,
And pride above me tower ;
It costs me not a single sigh
For either wealth or power :
They are but men, and I 'm a man
Of quite as great a kind, —
Proud, too, that life gives all she can, —
A calm and quiet mind.

I never mocked at beauty's shrine,
To stain her lips with lies ;
No knighthood's fame or luck was mine,
To win love's richest prize :
And yet I 've found in russet weed,
What all will wish to find,
True love and comfort's prize indeed,
A glad and quiet mind.

And come what will of care or woe,
As some must come to all ;
I 'll wish not that they were not so,
Nor mourn that they befall :
If tears for sorrows start at will,
They're comforts in their kind ;
And I am blest, if with me still
Remains a quiet mind.

When friends depart, as part they must,
And love's true joys decay,

That leave us like the summer dust,
 Which whirlwinds puff away :
 While life's allotted time I brave,
 Though left the last behind,
 A prop and friend I still shall have,
 If I've a quiet mind.

JOHN CLARE.



My Triumph.

THE autumn time has come ;
 On woods that dreamed of bloom,
 And over purpling vines,
 The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
 The hazel's gold is paling ;
 Yet overhead more near
 The eternal stars appear !

And present gratitude
 Insures the future's good,
 And for the things I see
 I trust the things to be ;

That in the paths untrod,
 And the long days of God,
 My feet shall still be led,
 My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me !
 O dear ones gone above me !
 Careless of other fame,
 I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases :
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it ?

Let the thick curtain fall ;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted :
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue ;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong, —
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they ?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made ?

Hail to the coming singers !
Hail to the brave light-bringers !
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me ;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be, —
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
 Diviner but still human,
 Solving the riddle old,
 Shaping the Age of Gold.

The love of God and neighbor ;
 An equal-handed labor ;
 The richer life, where beauty
 Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
 The joy of unborn peoples !
 Sound, trumpets far off blown,
 Your triumph is my own !

Parcel and part of all,
 I keep the festival,
 Fore-reach the good to be,
 And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
 I join the great march onward,
 And take, by faith, while living,
 My freehold of thanksgiving.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



The Paradox of Time.

TIME goes, you say? Ah no!
 Alas! time stays, we go,
 Or else, were this not so,
 What need to chain the hours,
 For youth were always ours?
 Time goes, you say? — ah no!

Ours is the eyes' deceit
Of men whose flying feet
 Lead through some landscape low ;
We pass, and think we see
The earth's fixed surface flee ;
 Alas, Time stays — we go !

Once, in the days of old,
Your locks were curling gold,
 And mine had shamed the crow ;
Now, in the self-same stage,
We've reached the silver age ;
 Time goes, you say ? — ah no !

Once, when my voice was strong,
I filled the woods with song,
 To praise your "rose" and "snow" :
My bird, that sung, is dead ;
Where are your roses fled ?
 Alas, Time stays — we go !

See, in what traversed ways,
What backward fate delays
 The hopes we used to know ;
Where are our old desires —
Ah, where those vanished fires ?
 Time goes, you say ? — ah no !

How far, how far, O Sweet,
The past behind our feet
 Lies in the even-glow !
Now, on the forward way,
Let us fold hands and pray ;
 Alas, Time stays — we go !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Vanitas Vanitatum.

THE stream that hurries by yon fixèd shore
Returns no more.
The wind that dries at morn yon dewy lawn
Breathes and is gone.
Those withered flowers to summer's ripening glow
No more shall blow.
Those fallen leaves that strew yon garden-bed
For aye are dead.
On shore, or sea, or hill, or vale, or plain,
Naught shall remain.
Vainly for sunshine fled and joys gone by
We heave a sigh ;
On, ever on, with unexhausted breath,
Time hastes to death ;
Even with each word we speak a moment flies,
Is born and dies.
Of all for which poor mortals vainly mourn,
Naught shall return.
Life hath its home in heaven and earth beneath,
And so hath death.
Not all the chains that clank in Eastern clime
Can fetter time.
For all the phials in the doctor's store,
Youth comes no more.
No drugs on age's wrinkled cheek renew
Life's early dew.
Not all the tears by pious mourners shed
Can wake the dead.

If thus through lesser Nature's empire wide
Nothing abide,
If wind and wave and leaf and sun and flower
Have all their hour,

He walks on ice whose dallying spirit clings
 To earthly things,
 And he alone is wise whose well-taught love
 Is fixed above :

Truths firm and bright, but oft to mortal ear
 Chilling and drear ;
 Harsh as the raven's croak, the sounds that tell
 Of pleasure's knell.
 Pray, reader, that the humble minstrel's strain
 Not all be vain ;
 But when thou bend'st to God the suppliant knee,
 Remember me.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

A Petition to Time.

TOUCH us gently, Time !
 Let us glide adown thy stream
 Gently, — as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet dream !
 Humble voyagers are we,
 Husband, wife, and children three, —
 (One is lost, — an angel, fled
 To the azure overhead !)

Touch us gently, Time !
 We 've not proud nor soaring wings,
 Our ambition, our content,
 Lies in simple things.
 Humble voyagers are we,
 O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
 Seeking only some calm clime ; —
 Touch us gently, gentle Time !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Northern Farmer.

Old Style.

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?
 Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, doctor's
 abeän an' agoän:

Says that I moänt 'a naw moor yaäle: but I beänt a fool:
 Git ma my yaäle, for I beänt a-goon' to breäk my rule.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, for a says what 's nawways true:
 Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that 'a do.
 I 've 'ed my point o' yaäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere,
 An' I 've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

Parson's a beän loikewise, an' a-sittin' 'ere o' my bed.
 "The amoighty 's a taäkin o' you to 'issen, my friend," a said,
 An' a towd ma my sins, an' 's toithe were due, an' I gied it in
 hond;

I done my duty by un, as I 'a done by the lond.

I arn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.
 But a cost oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barn.
 Thof a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squire an' choorch an
 staäte,
 An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor my Sally wur deäd,
 An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock * ower
 my yeäd,
 An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd, but I thowt a 'ad summut
 to saäy,
 An I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' I comed awaäy.

Bessy Marris's barn! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.
 Mowt 'a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
 'Siver, I kep un, I kep un, my lass, tha mun understond;
 I done my duty by un as I 'a done by the lond.

* Cockchafer.

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä
 "The amoighty 's a taäkin o' you to 'issen, my friend," says
 'eä.

I weänt saäy men be loiars, thof summun said it in 'aäste ;
 But a reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thornaby
 waäste.

D' ya moind the waäste, my lass ? naw, naw, tha was not
 born then ;

Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd un mysen ;
 Moäst loike a butter-bump,* for I 'eerd un aboot an aboot,
 But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, and raäved an' rembled un
 oot.

Keäper's it wur ; fo' they fun un theer a laäid ön 'is faäce
 Doon i' the woild 'enemies † afoor I comed to the plaäce.
 Noäks or 'Thimbleby — toner 'ed shot an as deäd as a naäil.
 Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize — but git ma my yaäle.

Dubbut looäk at the waäste : theer war n't not feäd for a cow ;
 Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looäk at it now —
 War n't worth nowt a haäcre, 'an now theer 's lots o' feäd,
 Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in seäd.

Nobbut a bit on it 's left, an' I mean'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
 Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
 If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
 Meä, wi' haäte oonderd haäcre o' Squoire's an' loäd o' my oän.

Do godamoighty knaw what a 's doing a-taäkin' o' meä ?
 I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä ;
 An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all — a' dear a' dear !
 And I 'a monaged for Squoire come Michaelmas thirty year.

A mowt 'a taäken Joänes, as 'ant a 'aäpoth o' sense,
 Or a mowt 'a taäken Robins — a niver mended a fence :
 But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now
 Wi' 'auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms to plow !

* Bittern.

† Anemones.

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they sees ma a passin' by,
 Says to thessen naw doot "What a mon a be sewer-ly!"
 For they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin fust a comed to
 the 'All;
 I done my duty by Squoire an' I done my duty by all.

Squoire 's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
 For who 's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit ;
 Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
 Noither a moänt to Robins — a niver rembles the stoäns.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm.
 Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the divil's oän
 teäm.

Gin I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is sweet,
 But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear to see it.

What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring ma the yaäle?
 Doctor 's a 'tottler, lass, and a 's hallus i' the owd taäle ;
 I weänt breäk rules for doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy ;
 Git ma my yaäle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun doy.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



The Woman of Three Cows.

O WOMAN of Three Cows agragh! don't let your tongue
 thus rattle!

Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle!
 I've seen — and here 's my hand to you, I only say what 's
 true —

A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you! don't scorn the poor, and don't be their
 despiser ;

For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very
 miser,

And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty
human brows ;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of
Three Cows !

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's de-
scendants, —
'T is they that won the glorious name, and had the grand
attendants !
If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three
Cows ?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to
mourning ;
Movrone ! for they were banished, with no hope of their
returning.
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven
to house ?
Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three
Cows !

Oh, think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief whom nothing
daunted, —
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted !
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse ;
Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of
Three Cows ?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are
shrined in story, —
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's great-
est glory !
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress-
boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three
Cows !

The O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest ;
 Yet who so great as they of yore, in battle or carouse ?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three
 Cows !

Your neighbor's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,
 Because, forsooth, you've got three cows — one more, I see,
 than she has ;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows,
 But if you're strong be merciful, great Woman of Three
 Cows !

Now, there you go ! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you ; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of
 Three Cows !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Nongtongpaw.

JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance,
 Some time ago, to peep at France ;
 To talk of sciences and arts,
 And knowledge gained in foreign parts.
 Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
 And answered John in heathen Greek ;
 To all he asked, 'bout all he saw,
 'T was " Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas."

John, to the Palais-Royal come,
 Its splendor almost struck him dumb.
 " I say, whose house is that there here ? "
 " House ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur."
 " What ! Nongtongpaw again ! " cries John ;
 " This fellow is some mighty Don :
 No doubt he 's plenty for the maw,
 I 'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marly's height,
 And cried, astonished at the sight,
 " Whose fine estate is that there here ? "
 " State ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur."
 " His ? What ! the land and houses, too ?
 The fellow 's richer than a Jew :
 On everything he lays his claw !
 I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw."

Next tripping came a courtly fair ;
 John cried, enchanted with her air,
 " What lovely wench is that there here ? "
 " Ventch ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur."
 " What ! he again ? Upon my life !
 A palace, lands, and then a wife
 Sir Joshua might delight to draw :
 I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw."

" But hold ! whose funeral 's that ? " cried John.
 " Je vous n'entends pas." " What ! is he gone ?
 Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
 Poor Nongtongpaw then from the grave !
 His race is run, his game is up, —
 I 'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup ;
 But since he chooses to withdraw,
 Good-night t' ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw."

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Verses

Made in the Tower of London the night before the author's execution for treason, 1586.

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
 And all my goodes is but vain hope of gain.
 The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
 And now I live, and now my life is done !

My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
 My youth is past, and yet I am but young,
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen ;
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
 And now I live, and now my life is done !

I sought for death, and found it in the wombe,
 I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,
 I trade the ground, and knew it was my tombe,
 And now I dye, and now I am but made.
 The glass is full, and yet my glass is run ;
 And now I live, and now my life is done !

CHEDIOCK TICHEBORNE.

What is Life?

AND what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
 A mist retreating from the morning sun,
 A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
 Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
 And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
 That in the act of seizing shrinks to naught.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each floweret of its gem, and dies ;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is Life? When stripped of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be ;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
'T is but a trial all must undergo,
To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

JOHN CLARE.



Mortality.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid ;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, — her triumphs are by ;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen, —
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink ;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling ;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers may come ;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died, — ay! they died: and we things that are now,
 Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
 Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
 Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
 And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge
 Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud, —
 Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.



The Old Politician.

NOW that Tom Dunstan's cold,
 Our shop is duller;
 Scarce a story is told,
 And our chat has lost the old
 Red-republican color.
 Though he was sickly and thin,
 He gladdened us with his face;
 How, warming at rich man's sin,
 With bang of the fist, and chin
 Thrust out, he argued the case!
 He prophesied folk should be free,
 And the money-bags be bled.
 "She's coming, she's coming!" said he;
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!
 Freedom's ahead!"

All day we sat in the heat,
 Like spiders spinning,

Stitching full fine and fleet,
While the old Jew on his seat
Sat greasily grinning.
And there Tom said his say,
And prophesied Tyranny's death,
And the tallow burnt all day,
And we stitched and stitched away
In the thick smoke of our breath,
Wearily, wearily,
With hearts as heavy as lead ;
But, "Patience, she 's coming !" said he ;
"Courage, boys ! wait and see !
Freedom 's ahead !"

And at night, when we took here
The pause allowed to us,
The paper came with the beer,
And Tom read, sharp and clear,
The news out loud to us ;
And then, in his witty way,
He threw the jest about, —
The cutting things he 'd say
Of the wealthy and gay !
How he turned them inside out !
And it made our breath more free
To hearken to what he said.
"She 's coming, she 's coming !" says he ;
"Courage, boys ! wait and see !
Freedom 's ahead !"

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer,
Would mutter, "Master,
If Freedom means to appear,
I think she might step here
A little faster !"
Then it was fine to see Tom flame,
And argue and prove and preach,
Till Jack was silent for shame,

Or a fit of coughing came
 O' sudden to spoil Tom's speech.
 Ah! Tom had the eyes to see,
 When Tyranny should be sped ;
 " She 's coming, she 's coming !" said he ;
 " Courage, boys! wait and see!
 Freedom 's ahead !"

But Tom was little and weak,
 The hard hours shook him ;
 Hollower grew his cheek,
 And when he began to speak
 The coughing took him.
 Erelong the cheery sound
 Of his chat among us ceased,
 And we made a purse all round,
 That he might not starve, at least ;
 His pain was sorry to see,
 Yet there, on his poor sick-bed,
 " She 's coming, in spite of me !
 Courage, and wait !" cried he,
 " Freedom 's ahead !"

A little before he died,
 To see his passion !
 " Bring me a paper !" he cried,
 And then to study it tried
 In his old sharp fashion ;
 And with eyeballs glittering
 His look on me he bent,
 And said that savage thing
 Of the lords of the Parliament.
 Then, darkening — smiling on me,
 " What matter if one be dead ?
 She 's coming, at least !" said he ;
 " Courage, boys! wait and see!
 Freedom 's ahead !"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan 's cold,
 The shop feels duller ;
 Scarce a story is told,
 Our talk has lost the old
 Red-republican color.
 But we see a figure gray,
 And we hear a voice of death,
 And the tallow burns all day,
 And we stitch and stitch away
 In the thick smoke of our breath ;
 Ay, here in the dark sit we,
 While wearily, wearily,
 We hear him call from the dead, —
 “ She 's coming, she 's coming ! ” said he :
 “ Freedom 's ahead ! ”

How long, O Lord, how long
 Doth thy handmaid linger, —
 She who shall right the wrong,
 Make the oppressèd strong ? —
 Sweet morrow, bring her !
 Hasten her over the sea,
 O Lord, ere hope be fled ;
 Bring her to men and to me !
 O slave, pray still on thy knee,
 “ Freedom 's ahead ! ”

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



My Friend.

MY friend wears a cheerful smile of his own,
 And a musical tongue has he ;
 We sit and look in each other's face,
 And are very good company.
 A heart he has, full warm and red
 As ever a heart I see !
 And as long as I keep true to him,
 Why, he 'll keep true to me.

When the wind blows high and the snow falls fast
And we hear the wassailer's roar,
My friend and I, with a right good-will
We bolt the chamber door ;
I smile at him and he smiles at me
In a dreamy calm profound,
Till his heart leaps up in the midst of him,
With a comfortable sound.

His warm breath kisses my thin gray hair
And reddens my ashen cheeks ;
He knows me better than you all know,
Though never a word he speaks, —
Knows me as well as some had known
Were things — not as things be ;
But hey, what matters ? — my friend and I
Are capital company.

At the dead of night, when the house is still,
He opens his pictures fair ;
Faces that are, that used to be,
And faces that never were :
My wife sits sewing beside my hearth,
My little ones frolic wild,
Though — Lilian's married these twenty years,
And I never had a child.

But hey, what matters when those who laugh,
May weep to-morrow, and they
Who weep be as those that wept not — all
Their tears long wiped away ?
I shall burn out like you, my friend,
With a bright warm heart and bold,
That flickers up to the last — then drops
Into quiet ashes cold.

And when you flicker on me, old friend,
In the old man's elbow-chair,

Or — something easier still, where we
 Lie down, to rise up fair,
 And young, and happy — why then, my friend,
 Should other friends ask of me,
 Tell them I lived and loved and died,
 In the best of all company.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

—◆—
Equinoctial.

THE sun of life has crossed the line ;
 The summer-shine of lengthened light
 Faded and failed — till, where I stand,
 'T is equal day and equal night.

One after one, as dwindling hours,
 Youth's glowing hopes have dropped away,
 And soon may barely leave the gleam
 That coldly scores a winter's day.

I am not young — I am not old ;
 The flush of morn, the sunset calm,
 Paling, and deepening, each to each,
 Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the summer fields,
 Not yet disrobed of all their green ;
 While westerly, along the hills,
 Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.

Ah ! middle-point, where cloud and storm
 Make battle-ground of this my life !
 Where, even-matched, the night and day
 Wage round me their September strife.

I bow me to the threatening gale :
 I know, when that is over-past,
 Among the peaceful harvest days
 An Indian Summer comes at last !

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Our Autumns.

WE, too, have autumns when our leaves
 Drop loosely through the dampened air,
 When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
 And we stand reaped and bare.

Our seasons have no fixed return,
 Without our will they come and go ;
 At noon our sudden summers burn,
 Ere sunset all is snow.

But each day brings less summer cheer,
 Crimps more our ineffectual spring ;
 And something earlier, every year,
 Our singing birds take wing.

As less the olden glow abides,
 And less the chillier heart aspires,
 With drift-wood beached in past spring tides
 We light our sullen fires.

By the pinched rushlight's starving beam
 We cower, and strain our wasted sight,
 To stitch youth's shroud up, seam by seam,
 In the long Arctic night.

It was not so — we once were young —
 When spring, to womanly summer turning,
 Her dew-drops on each grass-blade strung,
 In the sunshine burning.

We trusted then, aspired, believed
 That earth could be re-made to-morrow ;
 Ah, why be ever undeceived ?
 Why give up faith for sorrow ?

O, thou whose days are yet all spring,
 Trust, blighted once, is past retrieving ;
 Experience is a dumb, dead thing ;
 The victory 's in believing.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Cane-bottomed Chair.

I N tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
 And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
 Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
 I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
 But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure ;
 And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
 Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
 With worthless old knick-knacks and silly old books,
 And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
 Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
 Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed ;
 A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see ;
 What matter ? 't is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
 Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire ;
 And 't is wonderful, surely, what music you get
 From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp ;
 By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp ;
 A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn :
 'T is a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
 Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times ;
 As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
 This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
 There 's one that I love and I cherish the best :
 For the finest of couches that 's padded with hair,
 I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'T is a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
 With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;
 But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
 I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
 A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms ;
 I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair ;
 I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
 She 'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face !
 A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
 And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
 Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ;
 Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
 The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company 's gone,
 In the silence of night as I sit here alone —
 I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair —
 My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room ;
 She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;
 So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
 And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

If the Wind rise.

AN open sea, a gallant breeze,
 That drives our little boat —
 How fast each wave about us flees,
 How fast the low clouds float !
 “ We ’ll never see the morning skies,
 If the wind rise.”
 “ If the wind rise,
 We ’ll hear no more of earthly lies.”

The moon from time to time breaks out,
 And silvers all the sea ;
 The billows toss their manes about ;
 The little boat leaps free.
 “ We ’ll never see our true loves’ eyes,
 If the wind rise.”
 “ If the wind rise,
 We ’ll waste no more our foolish sighs.”

She takes a dash of foam before,
 A dash of spray behind ;
 The wolfish waves about her roar,
 And gallop with the wind.
 “ We ’ll see no more the woodland dyes,
 If the wind rise.”
 “ If the wind rise,
 We ’ve heard the last of human cries.”

The sky seems bending lower down,
 And swifter sweeps the gale ;
 Our craft she shakes from heel to crown,
 And dips her fragile sail.
 “ We may forgive our enemies,
 If the wind rise.”
 “ If the wind rise,
 We ’ll sup this night in Paradise.”

JOSEPH O’CONNOR.

I'm growing Old.

MY days pass pleasantly away ;
 My nights are blest with sweetest sleep ;
 I feel no symptoms of decay ;
 I have no cause to mourn nor weep ;
 My foes are impotent and shy ;
 My friends are neither false nor cold,
 And yet, of late, I often sigh,
 I 'm growing old !

My growing talk of olden times,
 My growing thirst for early news,
 My growing apathy to rhymes,
 My growing love of easy shoes,
 My growing hate of crowds and noise,
 My growing fear of taking cold,
 All whisper, in the plainest voice,
 I 'm growing old !

I 'm growing fonder of my staff ;
 I 'm growing dimmer in the eyes ;
 I 'm growing fainter in my laugh ;
 I 'm growing deeper in my sighs ;
 I 'm growing careless of my dress ;
 I 'm growing frugal of my gold ;
 I 'm growing wise ; I 'm growing, — yes, —
 I 'm growing old !

I see it in my changing taste ;
 I see it in my changing hair ;
 I see it in my growing waist ;
 I see it in my growing heir ;
 A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
 As plain as truth was ever told,
 That, even in my vaunted youth,
 I 'm growing old !

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
 The tale in my reluctant ears,
 And every boon the Hours bequeath
 But makes me debtor to the Years!
 E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
 The secret she would fain withhold,
 And tells me in "How young you are!"
 I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years! — whose rapid flight
 My sombre Muse too sadly sings;
 Thanks for the gleams of golden light
 That tint the darkness of their wings;
 The light that beams from out the sky,
 Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
 Where all are blest, and none may sigh
 "I'm growing old!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.



The Old Man dreams.

O H for one hour of youthful joy!
 Give back my twentieth spring!
 I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
 Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
 Away with learning's crown!
 Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
 And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
 From boyhood's fount of flame!
 Give me one giddy, reeling dream
 Of life all love and fame!

— My listening angel heard the prayer,
 And, calmly smiling, said,
 “If I but touch thy silvered hair,
 Thy hasty wish hath sped.

“But is there nothing in thy track
 To bid thee fondly stay,
 While the swift seasons hurry back
 To find the wished-for day?”

— Ah, truest soul of womankind!
 Without thee, what were life?
 One bliss I cannot leave behind:
 I’ll take — my — precious — wife!

— The angel took a sapphire pen
 And wrote in rainbow dew,
 “The man would be a boy again,
 And be a husband too!”

— “And is there nothing yet unsaid
 Before the change appears?
 Remember, all their gifts have fled
 With those dissolving years!”

Why, yes; for memory would recall
 My fond paternal joys;
 I could not bear to leave them all;
 I’ll take — my — girl — and — boys!

The smiling angel dropped the pen, —
 “Why, this will never do;
 The man would be a boy again,
 And be a father too!”

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke
 The household with its noise, —
 And wrote my dream when morning broke,
 To please the gray-haired boys.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Fount of Castaly.

I WOULD the Fount of Castaly
Had never wet my lips,
For woe to him that hastily
Its sacred water sips !

Apollo's laurel flourishes
Above that stream divine ;
Its secret virtue nourishes
The plants of love and wine.

No Dryad, Faun, or Nereid
Preserves its haunts in charge,
Or watches o'er the myriad
Of flowers about its marge.

But aye around the caves of it
The Muses chant their spells,
And charm the very waves of it
As out the fountain wells.

Its joyous tide leaps crystallly
Up 'neath the crystal moon,
And falling ever mistily,
The sparkling drops keep tune !

The wavelets circle gleamilly,
With lilies keeping trysts ;
Fair emeralds glimmer dreamily
Below, and amethysts.

Once taste that fountain's witchery
On old Parnassus' crown,
And to this world of treachery,
Ah, nevermore come down !

Your joy will be to think of it ;
'T will ever haunt your dreams ;
You'll thirst again to drink of it
Among a thousand streams !

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

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